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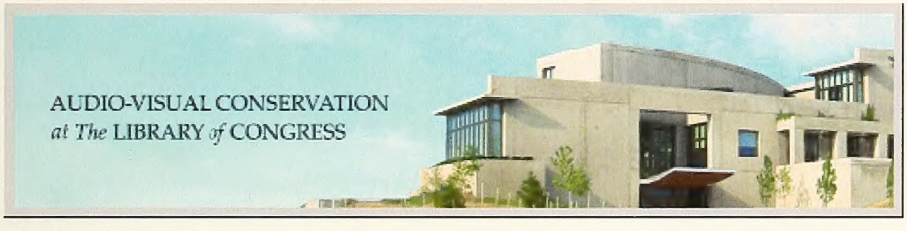

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JANUARY

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NEW PLAYERS AND OLD

ANNE GWYNNE

BE AN AMERICAN

PN1993
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JUNE PREISSER
Starring in
"HENRY ALDRICH FOR PRESIDENT"
a Paramount Production

I'm head over heels in love...

WITH THIS SILVERWARE - Yes, whether it's a man or silverware —any girl's idea of heaven is to have and to hold what she loves! To have the silverware you will love, simply ask your silverware dealer to show you this "silverware service of the stars". . . pick for your own the pattern that spells romance and beauty to you . . . see for yourself what a host of silverware every service includes. You'll be pleased as punch even at the price! Services start at $19.95—your dealer will gladly arrange Planned Payments.

52-PIECE SERVICE for 8
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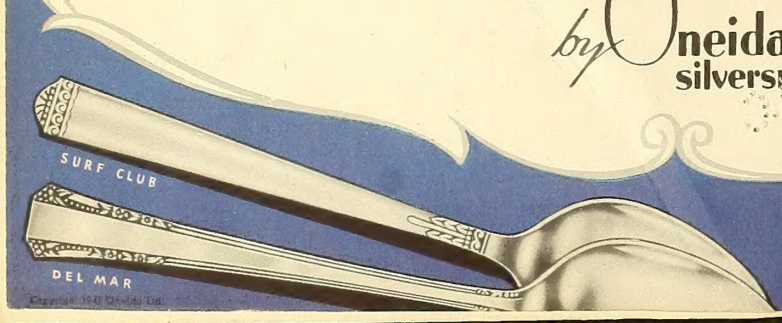
1881 ROGERS
SILVER-REINFORCED FOR EXTRA LIFE
by Oneida Ltd. silversmiths



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Beauty may not be your Birthright

BUT HEADS WILL TURN .. if your Smile is Right!

There's magic in a lovely smile! Help yours to be sparkling — with Ipana and Massage.

LOOK about you, plain girl! The most popular girl isn't always the prettiest girl. It's true in the world of the stage and screen—it's true in your own small world.

Heads do turn—eyes do follow—hearts do respond—to even the plainest face if it flashes a winning, glamorous, sparkling smile.

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Keep it as enchanting as it should be. Help it to be a smile that wins for you the best that life has to give. But remember that, for a smile to keep its brightness and sparkle, *gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist right away.* It may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. He may say simply that your gums need more work . . . the natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean, refreshing taste. And that invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is increasing in your gums—helping them to better health. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.

"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

'Tis the month before Christmas and all through the movie houses there are a lot of wonderful films to be seen.

★ ★ ★

This column is in the present and future tense. Since it is a Christmas issue, we will first talk about the present.

★ ★ ★ ★

There is the Garbo picture. Of "Ninotchka" caliber—debonairy and de-lovely.

It is called "Two-Faced Woman"—practically a double feature in itself.

★ ★ ★ ★

And every single feature of Garbo is something to behold. Ask co-star Melvyn Douglas.

★ ★ ★

Comes too, "H. M. Pulham, Esq."—which so many have read. Hedy Lamarr and Robert Young step right from the pages as the saying goes.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Panama Hattie", the famed Broadway trip-hammer of hilarity, gives us more Ann Sothern hospitality and Red Skelton's hornpipes of pandemonium.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy, the matinee and evening idol, and Katharine Hepburn, who also is no idle idol, appear in the picture of the year.

Entitled "Woman of The Year".

★ ★ ★ ★

And then also on this Yule season list, we're including "Babes on Broadway" which we deliver with all sorts of golden predictions of being something to dance in the streets about.

★ ★ ★ ★

That is, the dancing in the streets will be done after you've seen the dancing in the theatre.

★ ★ ★ ★

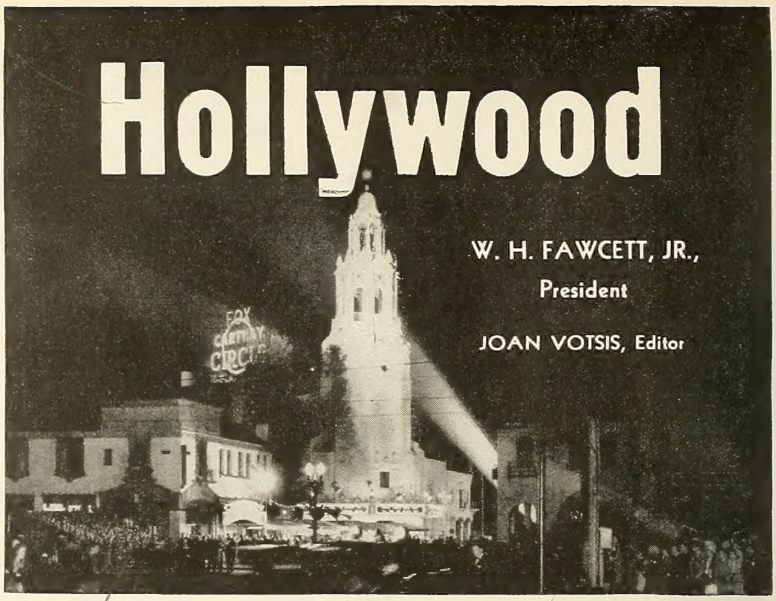
It's all to the merry, merry.

★ ★ ★

And at the same time let us wish you a happy, happy.

—*Santa Leo*

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*



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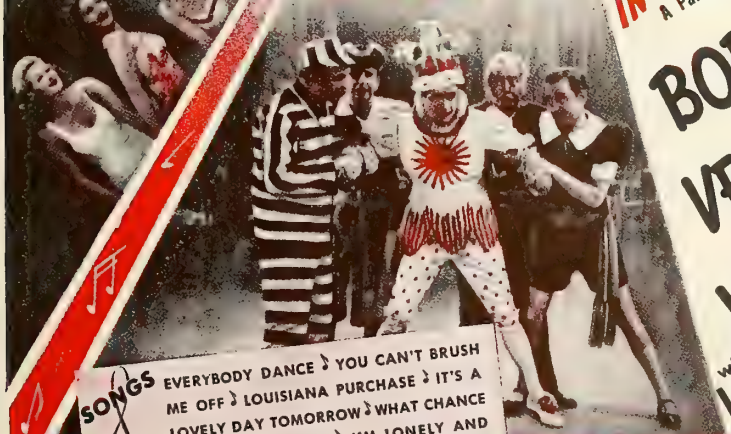
THE GREATEST MUSICAL COMEDY EVER FILMED !

Imagine! The funniest guy on the screen, Bob Hope —in Technicolor! Gorgeous dancing star Zorina—in Technicolor! Victor Moore, Irene Bordoni and a hundred lovely Louisiana belles—in Technicolor! A million laughs . . . scene after scene of indescribable loveliness . . . all yours, in the greatest musical comedy ever filmed!



LOUISIANA PURCHASE

IN TECHNICOLOR!

A Paramount Picture starring

BOB HOPE
VERA ZORINA
VICTOR MOORE

with

Irene Bordoni • Dona Drake

AND 100 LOUISIANA BELLES

SONGS EVERYBODY DANCE ♪ YOU CAN'T BRUSH ME OFF ♪ LOUISIANA PURCHASE ♪ IT'S A LOVELY DAY TOMORROW ♪ WHAT CHANCE HAVE I WITH LOVE ♪ I'M LONELY AND YOU'RE LONELY ♪ FOOLS FALL IN LOVE

Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS - Screen Play by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields - Based on the Musical Comedy by Morrie Ryskind - From a Story by B. G. DeSylva

"LOUISIANA PURCHASE" IS COMING SOON. ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE MANAGER FOR THE DATE!

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

Cesar Romero has been Ann Sothern's constant escort since the separation of Ann and her husband, Roger Pryor.

■ Jane Withers finds the cost of romance is pretty heavy. She has to have three pairs of shoes in readiness every evening. When she goes out with Buddy Pepper, Boy Friend No. 1, she wears low heels because Buddy is short. When she steps out with Freddie Bartholomew, Boy Friend No. 2, she wears medium heels. He's medium height. And when Robert Cornell takes her dancing, she wears high heels—to keep his chin from doing a rhumba on her head.

■ Alice Faye is going to have a three million dollar baby—the highest priced infant in the history of Hollywood. Alice's studio, 20th Century-Fox, had scheduled her for three pictures during the coming year that would cost two million dollars and would gross, the studio thinks, at least five million. But the stork intervened. Alice will desert the screen for a year and the studio is out three million dollars.

■ When can you do the Can Can and when can't you. Even the Hays office censors don't know. Three years ago Claudette Colbert did the famous French dance in the picture *Zaza*. And the movie censors cut out most of the scene. Now red-haired Rita Hayworth will do the same notorious dance in her new picture, *Eadie Was a Lady*, and the Hays office has approved the script.

■ Although she's free legally, Marjorie Weaver can not consider another marriage before next April unless she breaks her promise. She divorced Lieut. Kenneth Schacht of the U.S. Navy in Reno. But under the law she could not divorce him without his consent because he's stationed outside the United States in Uncle Sam's armed forces. He gave his consent to the divorce when Marjorie promised she would not become engaged to anyone else until he returns to Hollywood from the Philippines next April. It might mean a reconciliation.

■ A producer at Paramount became upset the other day because the noise of a piano came through to his office during a story conference. The producer ordered an office boy to "tell that piano tuner to cut it out." The office boy located the source of the nuisance and told the man at the baby grand that he was making too much noise. The man stopped playing. The man at the piano happened to be Irving Berlin, who was composing tunes for his new picture, *Holiday Inn*.

■ There's a feud behind every telephone pole in Hollywood, with Greta Garbo and Joan Blondell providing the best and latest. They're disagreeing over hair—the long and the short of it. Garbo, who recently cut her famous long bob for her latest film, is on the short end of the argument. Miss Blondell, ordered by the studio to acquire a similar bob for her role in *Lady For a Night*, refused on the grounds that it's impractical and unattractive. "How can you be a lady for even one night," asks Joan, "with a haircut like that?"

Paramount's attractive Eleanor Stewart gives a preview on how she will celebrate come midnight December 31st

Loretta Young and her wide-eyed husband, Tom Lewis, are shown at Joan Bennett's party at Ciro's after the premiere of *Sundown*. Having completed work on Columbia's *The Men in Her Life*, Loretta is currently working on *Bedtime Story*

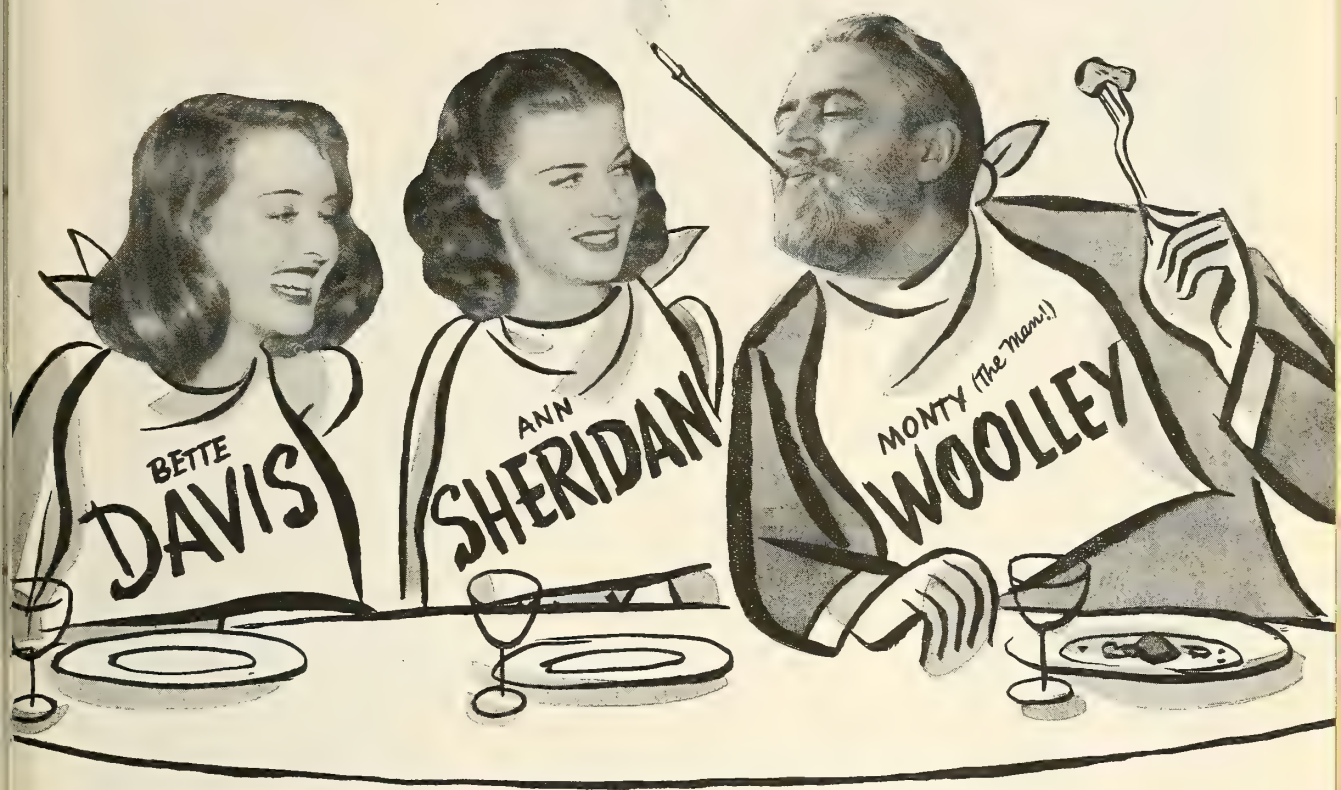
■ Success In Reverse: As m. c. at the Tower theater in Kansas City, Jack Carson presided over many amateur night shows. The other day he received a letter from one of his contest winners. It was written from a cell in California's San Quentin prison.

■ Joan Fontaine and hubby Brian Aherne's trip East was supposed to be a vacation, but Joan spent some time un-

[*Continued on page* 8]

It's on the screen so

ROAR AMERICA!



"The Man Who Came to Dinner"

NOTHING COULD BE FUNNIER!

WARNER BROS! NEWEST HIT. With
JIMMY DURANTE • RICHARD TRAVIS
BILLIE BURKE • REGINALD GARDINER
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY
Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein
From the 2-year-run stage success by
GEO. S. KAUFMAN and **MOSS HART**
Produced by Sam H. Harris

Your theatre manager will tell you the opening date... that's your night to howl!

Lovely Arleen Whelan and her husband, Alex D'Arcy, were among the many notables who attended the gala premiere of Walter Wanger's latest production, *Sundown*. Arleen will soon appear in the 20th Century-Fox film, *Castle in the Desert*

der an assumed name in Johns Hopkins hospital. Not because she was ill—but because she wants to become a mother.

■ Talk drifted to the Lubitsch touch the other day and the late Victor Schertzinger told this one about when he and Lubitsch were working together on *The Love Parade*. Schertzinger, who was supervising the music, played the entire score for Lubitsch and then asked the director what he liked best. Lubitsch said he thought the "March of the Grenadiers" number was by far the tops. Schertzinger asked why. "Because," said Lubitsch, ducking, "It's full of Lubitsch touches."

■ Best collection of home recordings in Hollywood is owned by John Payne, who has guests perform against type. Records include a gag song by Sonja Henie, Jack Benny reciting "Hamlet," a saxophone solo by Jane Withers, and Milton Berle doing an Edgar Bergen routine with Cesar Romero as his Charley McCarthy.

■ Talk Of The Sound Stage: The millenium in westerns! Something that hasn't happened since the days of Pearl White. A western picture without a villain! There's plenty of action but there's no villain in Republic's new Gene Autry picture, *Sierra Sue*.

■ In the stage play *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, Monty Woolley referred to his nurse as *Miss Bedpan*. But in the movie version, the censors changed it to *Miss Stomach Pump*.

■ Shirley Temple's mother has no ambitions for Shirley to become a straight dramatic actress, and hopes to continue her singing and dancing. "I'm afraid," says Mrs. Temple, "that a too dramatic role would take the fun out of acting for her."

■ If you want to find George Brent by telephone, call Ann Sheridan. That's what Warners had to do when they wanted Brent in a hurry. They couldn't find him, or his telephone number. They finally called Ann and she gave them the number.

■ Henry East, the Hollywood dog trainer, tells me that Pluto, the Walt Disney dog, is a perpetual headache for all movietown dog trainers. Says East: "Movie producers think my dogs can be as human as Pluto. The other day one of them told me, 'Now in this scene I want your dog to walk into the room, register disgust and then jump up on the table and clap his hands with glee!' I'm going nuts."

■ Shirley Temple has a boy friend. Shirley's biggest thrill every day is to telephone him, but her mother will not permit her to use the family phone to call boy friends. Here's how Shirley gets around the restrictions. She invites several of her girl friends in every evening, and it's all right for them to use the Temple telephone. One of the girls calls Shirley's boy friend, and then Shirley takes over. Mrs. Temple beams in the other room while Shirley talks in whispers and the other girls giggle to cover up up for Shirley.

■ There was a dramatic homecoming the other evening of a prominent actor whose wife is what you might call spirited. He was about two hours late for a dinner party she had arranged, and before he could even begin to mutter apologies to the hostess and guests, she snatched and hurled a small porcelain clock, which hit him on the jaw. He was staggered but not floored. His chin began to bleed. It was a tough test of stage presence, but he observed airily: "It's like I was just telling the boys at Chasen's—time certainly does fly!"

■ Six beautiful girls are playing the roles of angels in the new Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy picture, *I Married an Angel*. Someone, who prefers to be nameless to keep from getting shot, wondered whether every afternoon they will be served "tea and trumpets."

■ Technically speaking, Tyrone Power is all wrong when he kisses Gene Tierney, a Polynesian maid, in *Son of Fury*. Polynesians don't kiss. They rub noses. But nose rubbing doesn't sell tickets at the box-office.

Hollywood's cutest and most-in-love twosome is Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper. Jackie takes his best girl, and new co-star, for a ride between scenes of R-K-O's musical production, *Syncopation*

■ Vic Mature's stand-in and general handy man, Bob Blair, took time off from his job with Vic to play a role of his own in a new Monogram picture, *Bullets and Bullion*. "He is a better actor than I am," says Mature, "but he hasn't got the build."

■ Robert Taylor is having trouble living on the screen and he doesn't like it. Says Bob: "When you die you have to stop acting. And I like to act." He was killed in *Billy the Kid*, ditto in his current picture, *Johnny Eager*, and in his next, *The Man From the West Indies*.

■ Promised and hoped for: Paulette Goddard climbing out of a bathtub and donning only a towel for a scene in *The Lady Has Plans*.

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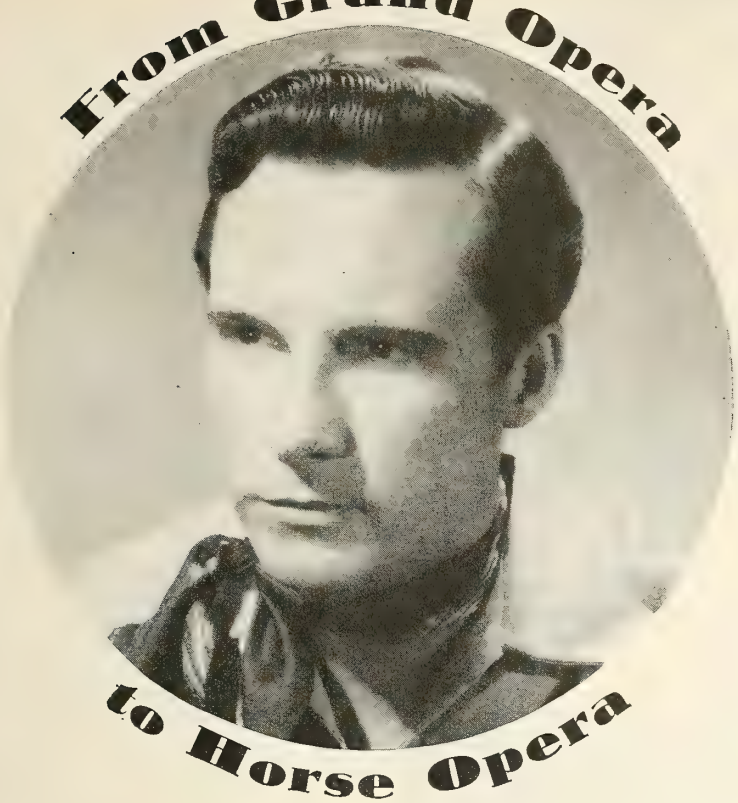
From Grand Opera to Horse Opera



By

E. J. SMITHSON

Ray Middleton brushed off a grand opera offer because he wanted to be a movie actor. He's striding ahead at Republic Pictures, where he has just completed *Lady for a Night*, with Joan Blondell

■ If you were a singer of note, and a representative from the world-famous Metropolitan Opera Company came along and urged you to sign a contract that provided you with leading roles, we wager you'd take pen in hand and sign on the dotted line before you got a chance to faint from gratitude.

But not Ray Middleton.

"Thanks for the great honor," Ray told him, "but I've got different plans. I'm going to be an actor."

"I'd made up my mind about my future career long before the contract was offered me," Ray explains. "In the first place, I didn't like grand opera. It leaned, it seemed to me, more than a little bit on the fuddy-duddy side. It remained the same year after year minus any effort expended for modernization. In the second place, the pay was nothing to write home about. The few top artists were well paid, but there was no cream left for the others. Fifty bucks per week was a fancy salary for those not good enough for the top brackets. Now I'm the last guy in the world to say that fifty per is something to sneer at, having, at one time or another, worked for much less. And happy to get it, too. But I had a hunch I could raise my earning power in another field. I wanted to become an actor. Well, I've been in Hollywood for some time and I've been on the screen in a few pictures. But whether or not the word has gotten around that I'm an actor isn't for me to say. However, there's no law against trying to be one—if that counts for anything."

As for his acting, he's doing okay. Republic recently signed Ray to a long-term contract with a hoist in salary that should make the Old Man With The Whiskers grin when he prepares to snip off his share for income taxes.

"I managed to cop off a vacation time job as office boy with a coal company in Chicago," Ray reveals, "and, if I do say it myself, was giving satisfactory service. At any rate, my boss seemed well pleased. That is, until that fatal morning when he came in and found me turning handsprings and flip-flops when I should have been tidying up the office. If I'd had a broom in my hand while doing my nip-ups I might possibly have gotten by with the explanation that I had been devising a new sweeping technique, the boss being a keen one for encouraging improvements. To make a short story shorter, I had a job at 8 a. m. but none at 8:10."

The ex-office boy landed himself another job in a grocery store before the day was done. Unfortunately, it proved to be a very short-lived affair. "I liked to sing while I worked," Ray explains, "and my new boss hated music. After the fourth day he said that my voice made his ears ache and would I please get out of his store? I did. Before that summer was over I got bounced at least a dozen times from fairly good paying jobs. And in no instance was the bouncing justified. Of course, I may be prejudiced in this opinion.

Following his graduation from high school in Chicago, Ray, ambitious, now, to become as famous a singer as his uncle who was a celebrated baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, entered the University of Illinois. He worked his way through school by "waiting on table" for four years at the end of which period he graduated with a degree in music. A fellowship at the Juilliard School of Music in New York followed and it was in this splendid institution that he received the finishing touches of his musical education.

During vacations Ray worked at hard manual labor as a sort of healthy "muscling up" regime to fortify himself against exactions of his musical training. One of these jobs was in the switchyards of the Rock Island Railway Company. Ray speaks of it with some reticence. "I took to railroading like a duck takes to water," he says, "and this was due, I thought, to the fact that the liking for the choo choos was an inheritance from my father who was a railroad man himself. (Middleton senior was assistant to the vice-president of the Rock Island at the time.) My immediate superiors, tough, hard men, began to give me more responsibility until finally, they gave me a chance to make up a freight train. That was their first great mistake—and mine. Before I got through I had that switchyard so mixed up, I was told later, (five days after he got canned!) that it took ten expert yardmen better than three days to get the yard back to normal. It seems that in my most unusual efficient manner I had tangled up two through freights. The one that was supposed to go to New York was headed for the West Coast and the West Coast train was headed for New York. My ears still burn whenever I think of the uncouth manner in which those yardmen addressed me. My railroading ended right then and there."

During his enrollment at the Juilliard school, Middleton appeared in provincial operas and did occasional concert work. His first real singing job was with the Detroit Civic Opera Company. It was while he was with this fine musical organization that his name as a singer began to carry prestige. Enough, indeed, so that he was lured away from Detroit to take over the leading male role in Jerome Kern's *Roberta*, with Lyda Roberti, Fay Templeton, Bob Hope and George Murphy. *Roberta* flourished on Broadway for more than a year. On the close of its New York run, Middleton went on the road with the same company. After a few weeks on tour, he felt that his voice was becoming almost "rusty" enough to squeak and he resumed his musical studies.

With his voice better than ever as a result of his studies, he put himself on the market for another role in a musical. "No singing jobs turned up," Ray says, "and I began to feel that I was a 'one role' flash in the pan. I started right in at the bottom again and before long was being offered

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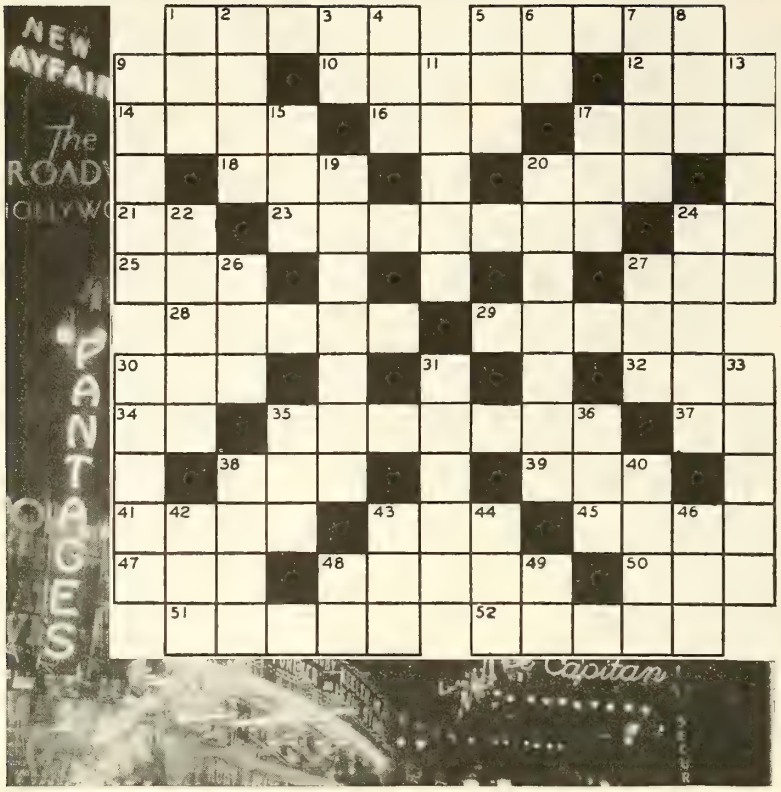
MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. *Baby Dumpling*, who often gets parents in a stew.
5. There's something funny going on when this occurs.
9. This goes over with a bang in war films.
10. She calls her husband "Georgie-Porgie" and he Burns.
12. Small part in a skeleton sequence.
14. What Miss Shirley got from *Green Gables*.
16. What you would be in hill-billy films.
17. Walter Pidgeon gets puffed up over this.
18. This displays more teeth than a movie star's smile.
20. Actors often wrestle with themselves over this.
21. Kind of shots not made by cameraman.
23. Star of recent film.
24. How the show must go.
25. This means a journey when it comes after "t."
27. What wedding belles make movie mothers do.
28. Actress has these at her fingertips.
29. Prima donnas, who often get a C-note for each aria.
30. It often has an all-star cast.
32. Haughtiest screen star will unbend a little for this.
34. You and me both.
35. Middle man in *Tom, Dick and Harry*.
37. He was sweet on Rise Stevens in *The Chocolate Soldier* (init.).
38. Songstress still carries torch for him.
39. Time: the present.
41. Turpin crossed them up a little.
43. "Is" when it's a "has been."
45. They didn't do right by her in old-fashioned melodrama.
47. Hero has to be on toes when gangster is well-heeled with this (slang).
48. Claudette Colbert first played here as a child.
50. This message gives one a sinking feeling in nautical films.
51. If you're a movie fan, follow him and you'll see stars.
52. First name of screen's most famous Butler.

DOWN

1. What McCrea reached for in certain film and got a shiner.
2. Hero often turns the tables in these.
3. Live mummy.
4. Descriptive of *Little Foxes*.
5. Metro puts on Ayres when he appears on screen.
6. Article slated for use in film title, rather indefinite.
7. What *Popeye* gets by eating spinach.
8. Extras yell "Hooray!" after a couple of these (sing.).
9. Hollywood's Swedeheart.
11. Once-over from villain—but twice.
13. *Rochester's* reel boss.
15. Certain stars over-do this and ruin their lines.
17. Musician's *do-re-mi*.
19. He's a howling success as *Lone Wolf*.
20. Screen *Spitfire* is one (on and off).
22. Places where cowboys count sheep after they finish counting cattle.
24. One who portrayed a certain citizen for cinema.
26. He "wanted wings" so they gave him *Skylark*.
27. Locale of *Two in a Taxi*.
30. Kind of man who went from comic strip to screen.
31. Man who came to dinner (the one given by Academy of M. P. Arts and Sciences).
33. After much drilling they gave us *Flowing Gold*.
35. When this precedes the "take," scene must be done over.
36. He was known to millions as the man with a thousand faces.
38. If you kept up with the *Joneses* he was *Pa* (poss.).
40. Place "where men are men" and girls are "gals" (in movies).
42. According to Columbia, one who'll "never get rich."
43. Hitler is villain in this tragedy.
44. Southerner's "suh."
46. Movie studio and its adjoining territory.
48. Initials of Miss Ellis.
49. What *Little Tough Guy* means when he says: "Pipe down!"

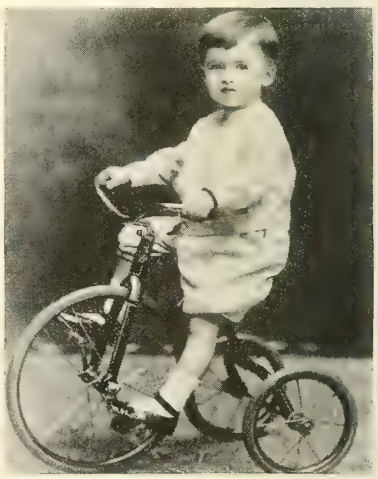
(Solution on Page 17)

occasional concert dates. Next came an offer to join the St. Louis Opera Company. Finishing this engagement, I went to Central City, Colorado, where I sang in thirty-six performances of *The Gondolier* in the annual play festival. During the winter of 1936, I sang with the Chicago Opera Company and after that went on tour with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra."

While in Hollywood, he knew that after he'd made one picture he'd better get back to the legitimate stage for more acting experience. "I certainly hammed that first film up," sums up his opinion of his first film venture.

Back in New York, he appeared in *Knickerbocker Holiday* with Walter Huston, in George White's *Scandals*, and in *American Jubilee*. While he was at it, he also gained invaluable radio experience, appearing on various commercial programs. Later he was starred in the *Honest Abe* serial which ran for thirty-six weeks in New York. His next radio chore was introducing Rogers and Hart's *All Points West* on the air.

Republic Studios, on the hunt for new acting talent, saw his film test, wasted no time in signing him for a role in *Gangs of Chicago*. The studio bigwigs, unanimously approving his work in this picture, placed him under a long-term contract and with the budding actor safely in the fold they spotted him with an important role in *Lady From New Orleans*, with Ona Munson and John Wayne. His next picture, after having recently starred in *Mercy Island*, is *Lady for a Night* with Joan Blondell in the feminine lead. As he goes along, Ray is being put into better pictures, with better support in the cast to lend encouragement to his efforts to become an actor. Joan Blondell, who loves to lend a helping hand to beginners in the acting business, will teach him plenty. All he has to do is to absorb it. And, being a smart guy, he undoubtedly will. ■



This youngster grew up to be more than a famous movie star. He recently caused a national stir when his selective service number was one of the first to be called. Turn to page 49 and see how handsome he looks in Uncle Sam's uniform

GREAT FAMILIES
make great pictures!

from the days of "THE BIRTH OF A NATION" and "CIMARRON"... through "CAVALCADE" and "BEAU GESTE"... down to "THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD," "THE GRAPES OF WRATH" and "GONE WITH THE WIND"...

great families make GREAT PICTURES!

...and now to the screen comes the brave story of a family never conquered—not by armed men or hardship, hunger or hate—nor by the turbulent years that stole the greenness from their valley.

WALTER PIDGEON
as GRUFFYDD

MAUREEN O'HARA
as ANGHARAD

ANNA LEE
as BRONWEN

RODDY McDOWALL
as HUW

DONALD CRISP
as GWILYM MORGAN

PATRIC KNOWLES
as IVOR

SARA ALLGOOD
as MRS. MORGAN

JOHN LODER
as IANTO

Twentieth Century-Fox presents

Richard Llewellyn's

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

with

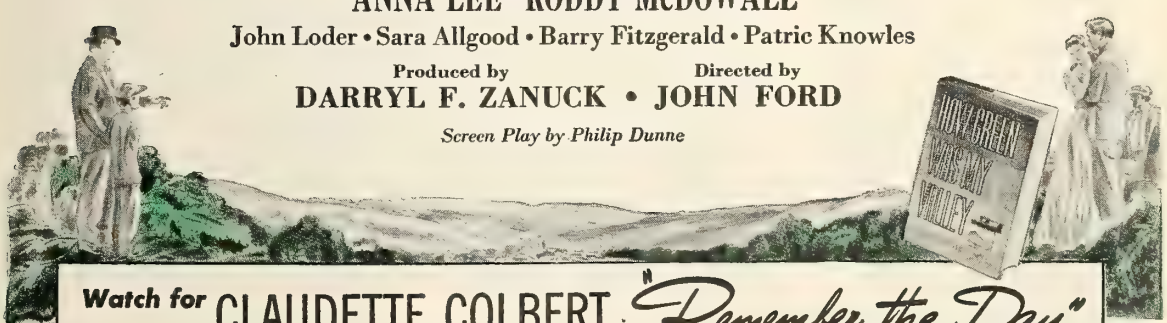
WALTER PIDGEON • MAUREEN O'HARA • DONALD CRISP

ANNA LEE • RODDY McDOWALL

John Loder • Sara Allgood • Barry Fitzgerald • Patric Knowles

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • **Directed by** JOHN FORD

Screen Play by Philip Dunne



Watch for CLAUDETTE COLBERT *in* "Remember the Day"

BIG DOINGS IN A BIG PICTURE

"LADY FOR A NIGHT" is *truly* BIG! Big in TERMS of story, THRILLINGLY TOLD in the CONFLICT BETWEEN ROISTERING MISSISSIPPI River life and proud SOUTHERN aristocracy! Big in TERMS of stars!

THE most brilliant CAST of screen FAVORITES EVER ASSEMBLED by REPUBLIC for one FILM! JOAN BLONDELL in the most DRAMATIC role of her great CAREER! Handsome

JOHN WAYNE, GREAT as a river GAMBLER, rogue, LOVER! Suave RAY MIDDLETON IN a role you'll never FORGET! Plus a GREAT aggregation OF Broadway's BRIGHTEST stage stars, including PHILIP MERIVALE, BLANCHE YURKA, EDITH BARRETT, LEONID KINSKEY and MANY more! Big IN terms of PRODUCTION! NOTHING was SPARED in EXPENSE or EFFORT to make "LADY FOR A NIGHT" the year's MOST memorable FILM triumph. It's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Deanna Durbin and husband, Vaughn Paul, had bushels of fun throwing paper snowballs at Ann Rutherford's twenty-second birthday party given by Mrs. Tom May

■ The eligible bachelor situation in filmtown is giving the R-K-O studio a headache. The publicity department has decreed glamour girl build-ups for Michele Morgan, the French star, and Ginny Simms, the singer turned actress. The girls have been told to start touring the night spots with "name" actors for the benefit of columnists and photographers. But so far the girls have been sitting home

Lew Ayres and Hedy Lamarr pay a surprise visit to afflicted kiddies being received at Los Angeles Orthopaedic Hospital on the occasion of their recent tour of that and other Community Chest Agencies made by a large delegation of film workers

alone for Hollywood has few available bachelors.

■ A dog no longer can have a fireplug of his own on the screen. If you recall the *Thin Man* series, you'll remember *Asta* and his pet plug. But *Asta* is out of luck in the new *Thin Man* picture. The Hays office took his plug away from him, claiming that the association of a dog with a fireplug might be injurious to the public's morals.

■ Clever introduction to *The Birth of The Blues*—"This picture is dedicated to those men from Memphis and New Orleans who took American music out of the rut and put it in the groove."

The gent in the stripes, plaids, checks and remarkable make-up is Alan Gordon, actor's agent, and Ann Rutherford's most constant companion. Ann feigns disdain as Mr. Gordon ogles the fair lady in delightful Harpo Marx fashion

■ Movie queens usually don't go out of their way to throw compliments at rivals. But while discussing Betty Grable the other day, Hedy Lamarr said: "She has more expression in her legs than a lot of people have in their faces."

■ Sign on Sunset boulevard: "This week only. Special. Bubble Bath For Your Car." It could only happen in Hollywood.

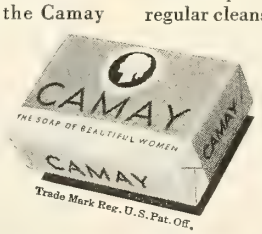
[*Continued on page* 14]

Loveliness may soon be Yours! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Robert G. Johnson of New Orleans, La., says: "The Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet is such an easy way to help bring out the loveliness of one's complexion."

Follow this way to a lovelier complexion—based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!

"I'M SO THRILLED . . . being a Camay bride! When people tell me that my skin is lovely, I'm rewarded in full for my persistent devotion to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet. Many nights I was so sleepy . . . many mornings I was in such a hurry, but never once did I neglect to follow the 'Mild-Soap' Diet routine faithfully." So says Mrs. Robert G. Johnson.



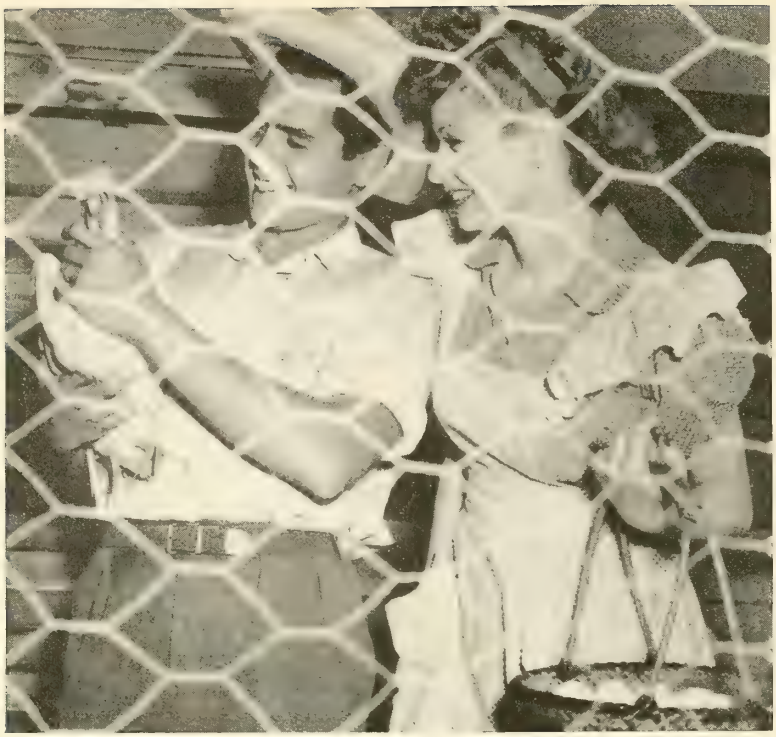
A little time . . . a little care . . . and you, too, can be lovelier with the help of the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. For no woman's skin can be truly beautiful if she fails to cleanse it properly. Or if she uses a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is more than just mild . . . it's actually milder than the 10 famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say your way to new loveliness is to "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet *tonight!*"

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.



Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, R-K-O stars, whose colorful romance culminated in marriage not quite a year ago, are Hollywood's latest recruits to farm life. They've purchased a five-acre ranch in Chatsworth, California, where they can be found spending their time when not "on call." Lucille is in R-K-O's *Valley of the Sun*

■ Trick hats which Paulette Goddard has sported in previous comedy roles will appear conservative and mid-Victorian compared to the creations which have been dreamed up for her in *The Lady Has Plans*. Among the niftier items are something that resembles a miniature ironing board with a veil draped over one end, and something that must certainly have started life as a lampshade.

■ There are 56 steps to stardom on the screen, if one is to judge from the record. At least that's the record of Preston Foster, who's playing Pat Morison's boy friend in *The Morning After*. Before crashing the movies, Foster worked at 56 different jobs. Some of them: Printer's devil, soda jerk, ten pin (bowling) boy, stage hand, janitor, auto driving instructor, auto salesman, berry picker, fruit truck driver, bus line driver, sewing machine repair man, bill collector, and phonograph record packer.

■ Pie throwing, favorite cinematic sport of the Mack Sennett era, is having a Hollywood comeback. The usually dignified Franchot Tone is the latest to join the custard hurlers. Script of his co-starring picture with Rita Hayworth, *Eadie Was a Lady*, has Tone hurling a pie at someone every time he gets mad.

■ Gene Tierney, who has trouble keeping her weight down, had to shelve fourteen pounds before starting work in *The Shanghai Gesture*.

■ How Peter Lorre convinced Hollywood he could portray an American gangster is one of the neatest bits of theatrical subterfuge I've ever heard. It happened several years ago in London when Lorre, fresh out of Budapest, couldn't speak a word of English. Columbia had seen his work in the film *M* and wanted him to make a test in London for the American gangster role. Working all night with a voice coach, Flossie Friedman, the actor memorized all the dialogue necessary, made the test without knowing the meaning of the words, and won the role.

■ Michael Curtiz, the double-talking director who pronounces dogs as "ducks," wanted some Alaskan Huskies for a scene in *Captains of the Clouds*. "I want eight slave ducks," he told a puzzled assistant, "but they gotta be puppies."

■ Goofeyville Gossip: Lupe Velez and Leo Carrillo, two of the most popular American film stars in Latin-America, have worked out an unusual arrangement with Columbia studio for the benefit of Spanish-speaking audiences who will see them in *Honolulu Lu*. They're gathering all the jokes and gags with a Latin flavor they can find and saying them in Spanish in between their English dialogue. "We're trying to include," Carrillo explains, "just as many laughs for Spanish audiences as for Americans. It's good business as well as a good neighbor policy."

Practically all Hollywood turned out for socialite Virginia Hill's Hallowe'en costume party. Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner, Mickey's newest and most serious romance to date, warm up musically, preparatory to getting in the "groove"

■ After hearing about John Carroll winning a prize in a Pebble Beach golf tournament, Johnny Weissmuller ribbed: "No wonder Carroll won. He played against fellows who didn't shoot in their eighties—they were *in* their eighties."

■ Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin, *Woman of the Year* scriveners, are spiking reports that Katie Hepburn's role in the picture deals with Dorothy Thompson. They chorus: *Woman of the Year* is not a photograph but a painting—a pigment of our imagination."

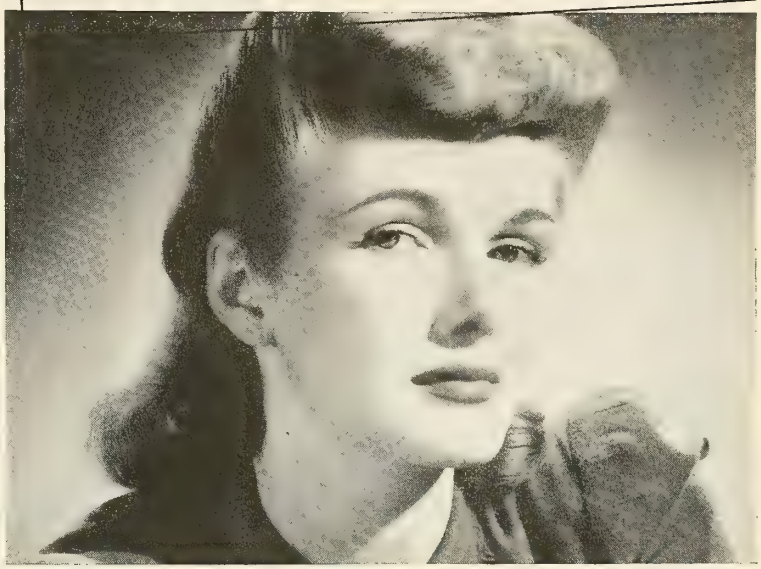
■ Jack Oakie tells it. A drunk staggered into a hotel lobby, picked up a freshly-watered potted geranium, and took a drink. "Whew," he sputtered, "they just don't make good mint juleps any more."

The former Cobina Wright, Jr., and Corporal Palmer Beaudette of Pontiac, Michigan, are shown after they were united in marriage at Riverside Church, New York City. Corporal Beaudette has returned to his training camp in Georgia, while his actress-bride returned to her promising career in Hollywood

■ John Barrymore surprised a night club waiter the other a. m. by ordering a glass of milk. When the milk arrived, Barrymore took a carnation from his buttonhole, put it in the glass of milk—and then gave his usual order.

■ Red Skelton, attired in the sailor outfit he wears in *Panama Hattie*, was driving home from the studio with his blond wife, Edna. As they waited for a stop signal, a motorcycle officer drove up beside their expensive sedan. Looking first at the blonde and then at Skelton, the cop grinned and said, "Nice going, sailor!"

Is it later than you think?



EVERY day your skin is different from what it was the day before. Slight changes, indiscernible except perhaps through the microscope, gradually encroach . . .

Until a day comes when a too-candid mirror shows blemishes you've always hoped you might somehow escape—enlarged pore openings, oily shine, blackheads, excessive dryness.

Ask other women who have had this experience what they have done. Hundreds of them would tell you, "I've found the very help my skin needs in the cleansing, lubricating action of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams".

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM (FORMERLY TEXTURE CREAM)
Give this remarkable cream a chance to work *at night*. Here's what it does: It softens and neutralizes accumulations often of an acid nature in the external pore openings. And because it contains cholesterol it holds moisture in the skin and so helps to keep it supple and pliant, and to relieve excessive dryness.

A smooth-as-silk foundation. Phillips' Skin Cream seems to have a special affinity for make-up. It prepares the skin by removing excess oiliness and softening rough dryness so that powder and rouge go on evenly, and *last*.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM
This special cream offers a method of cleansing that is *different*! It not only absorbs the surface dirt but penetrates the outer pore openings and floats away the accumulations which may daily lodge there.

Include this simple method in the daily care of your skin. Thousands of women have found in it benefits they've never known before.

SKIN CREAM (FORMERLY TEXTURE CREAM)
10c, 30c and 60c

CLEANSING CREAM
10c, 30c, 60c and $1.00

PHILLIPS' *milk of magnesia* CREAMS

"I'm Glad She's Dead!"

Says Laraine Day

■ When *Nurse Mary Lamont, Dr. Kildare's* love-o-life, was killed off in *Dr. Kildare's Wedding Day*, loud wails of bereavement were heard among followers of the *Kildare* series.

There were many who took very much to heart the sudden demise of *Nurse Mary*, and as a culmination of all complaints, 1,200 hard-boiled marines, mind you, penned a pained objection to the studio: "How could you kill our *Mary*? Haven't you a heart?"

But there was one person who was quite happy about *Mary's* departing spirit. And that happened to be *Mary* herself. In other words, Laraine Day.

Ever since Laraine became *Mary Lamont* in the perpetual *Kildare* series, she found herself joined to a Siamese twin so possessive she couldn't move without her. The day that Laraine did the scene in which, as *Mary*, she falls under the wheels of an onrushing truck and was pronounced cinematically *fini*, the bond was broken. She breathed a great sigh of relief. Freedom, at last!

Behind M-G-M's decision to kill off *Mary Lamont* and Laraine Day's eagerness to separate herself from *Mary*, lies a strange behind-the-scenes Hollywood story.

When Laraine first became a member of the *Kildare* pictures three years ago, it was the break of her life. She was a young, eager dramatic student, just signed by M-G-M, and being made a permanent fixture in a popular series was like receiving an annuity for life.

She might have gone along like that contentedly, but in a breathing spell between *Kildares*, she was cast as *Maeve* in *My Son, My Son*, and instantly became a promising new star on the horizon.

Her performance proved her a superb actress and she was even being talked of as a younger Bette Davis. It was assumed that Laraine would follow up her great success in *My Son, My Son* with other roles, equally dramatic and powerful.

But no—Laraine went back to her crisp nurse's uniforms and outside of a brief twirl in *Foreign Correspondent* was practically back where she started from, getting deeper and deeper into the love life of nice *Dr. Kildare* and farther and farther away from the fulfillment of all those brilliant predictions.

Here's what was happening: *Mary Lamont* was holding down Laraine to save her own skin. *Mary Lamont* had become a living person to followers of the series, and Laraine had become so closely identified with the role that she couldn't step out of character.

"I wanted to be a hell-raiser," says Laraine. "I wanted to be a girl whom audiences might disapprove of, but whom they would never forget. I wanted to stray from the straight and narrow—cinematically speaking, of course. But there was always the fear that if I did it would ruin the 'nice girl' I was in *Kildare*. I had to remain sweet and antiseptic."

So the gusto parts usually fell to someone else. Laraine, for instance, was anxious to play the trollop in *Adam Had Four Sons* and when she lost it, because it would have clashed with the personality of *Nurse Mary*, it almost broke her heart. Susan Hayward got it instead, and it zoomed her stock upward. Laraine cast envious eyes at the role of *Ivy*—pathetic, downtrodden little streetwalker in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. But Ingrid Bergman wound up with it.

She saw one solid role after another given to other actresses, while she remained where she was, plodding in the hospital corridors and looking coyly at Lew Ayres.

Of course, there is the other side, too. The studio had a stake which they couldn't very well relinguish. The *Kildare* pictures were something so close and personal to the hearts of fans that they might have resented their *Mary's* turning up as a tramp in some other film.

Laraine Day, rid at last of a screen shadow that haunted her for many years, smiles jubilantly over her role in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, *Kathleen*

A certain apathy, a sense of defeat, began to come over Laraine.

"It wasn't," she explains, "that I considered myself too good to be *Mary Lamont* or that I didn't like her. *Mary* has been good to me. She has brought me to a tremendous movie public steadily. But no ambitious actress feels that she can get ahead if she plays the same part again and again."

Laraine's statement about her tremendous popularity is no idle boast, for she was the first choice of over 12,000 movie exhibitors in their recent box-office poll.

"I was beginning to wonder where *Mary Lamont* had left off and Laraine Day began. We were becoming one."

She was beginning to think, too, that she would remain efficient *Mary Lamont* until either death or the Latter Day Saints rescued her, when she learned one morning of the amazing decision which is to change her career: M-G-M had decided that the character, *Mary Lamont*, was to go the way of all flesh. In *Dr. Kildare's Wedding Day* she would meet her end. For good.

Immediately, rumors mushroomed that Laraine had gone on an all-out strike and had refused to play in the *Kildares* any more. That was untrue, and it was unfair. Laraine keeps her minor rebellions to herself and isn't capable of such an ungrateful gesture.

It goes deeper than that.

When M-G-M made the first *Dr. Kildare* picture, they never thought it would catch on as it did and pyramid into a series. Otherwise, they might not have been caught short. For every series must have provisions for new faces

and new adventures to crop up and give it a lift and dramatic impact.

But nothing seemed to happen to the *Kildare* group. The series was so tightly knit about the tiny triumvirate of Lionel Barrymore, Lew Ayres and Laraine Day that it left room for no one else to enter. One of the three had to be eliminated to provide a wedge for a new face, and finally the harassed writers decided that the drawn-out romance between *Dr. K.* and *Mary* might better be done with and that would open the door for a new romance, new experiences and a new shot in the arm for the *Kildare* pictures.

But it turned out to be a shot in the arm to Laraine, too. And now with *Mary Lamont* out of the way, and the alter ego which held her down dead and buried, Laraine is free to follow her own destiny. And she means to take full advantage of it, for Laraine isn't the meek, conventional girl she has been represented on the screen. She has lots of spirit and is not like any other young actress in Hollywood. She doesn't want to be anything else but an actress, and even now when

NEXT MONTH

Linda Darnell goes highbrow! Only one of twenty exclusive stories for only five cents!

she returns home from the studios after a long, hard day before the camera, instead of collapsing into bed, she stays up with an amateur theater group (which she has organized) and rehearses until she falls on her face. The Hollywood Romeos who send her orchids get no place. Any man who wants to get in her good graces must throw himself enthusiastically into her little theater movement—a gay little group who put on daffy plays and have lots of fun. Her current beau is Ray Hendricks, a good-looking young singer, who woos Laraine between rehearsals of "Button, Button—Who Killed Aunt Lizzie?" their latest offering.

She is an intelligent girl, but not stuffy. She is addicted to Shakespeare, but she is also a nut on swing and you can find her jitterbugging like mad at any of the less exclusive ballrooms in town.

Quite a girl, this Day. You'll get a good chance to know her now that she's free from her screen shadow. ■

CROSSWORD PUZZLE SOLUTION

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B	B	■	T	I	E	R	N	E	Y	■	O	N		
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Imported Idol

A new threat to Gable, Taylor and Tracy looms up in the person of Jean Gabin, whose first American film is 20th Century-Fox's *Moontide*. Marlene Dietrich is his companion

By DRAKE HUNT

■ Actor George Brent built the house perched like an eagle's nest atop the mountains fringing Hollywood. Director Edmund Goulding lived in it and shaped its character.

But all trace of previous dwellers has been erased by the powerful presence of Jean Gabin, the tough, sensitive, natural Frenchman who calls it home today.

Gabin, who by all commonly accepted standards is no actor at all—just pure man—makes his own atmosphere. As simple as a Down East fisherman, as direct as a Bob Feller fireball, this newcomer to the Hollywood scene is destined to make an immediate place for himself in the hearts of America's movie-going millions. Already he has won the devoted following of the comparative few who have been privileged to see the imported versions of such Gabin masterpieces as *The Grand Illusion, The Human Beast* and *Port of Shadows.*

"The Spencer Tracy of France" is the label already applied to Gabin by some critics. The term is an injustice to both unique actors. They are friends, despite the fact that they exchanged no more than ten words during Spencer's visit to Europe a few years ago.

Their conversation then was restricted to pantomime, pidgin-English and pidgin-French, but they warmed to each other spontaneously. Gabin, who has no love for money and little enthusiasm for unnecessary work, sugested to Tracy that they both take a year's vacation and tramp around the world together, hunting and fishing.

That's the kind of carefree fellow Gabin was then, before the fall of France. Too old for sea duty in the French Navy, in which he served as a gob on minesweeping patrol in the World War, Gabin fretted on the sidelines until the disaster came. Then, no longer blithe and with a sprinkling of gray in his thick hair, he set out for a strange country to make a new life in a highly competitive field.

One look at the man assures you he will make good. The only obstacle to his immediate success upon arrival in Hollywood was his complete lack of English. But the way he set about learning it resembled the way Gene Tunney set about learning how to beat Jack Dempsey, by using his head and eternally striving for perfection.

After four months' tutoring, Jean Gabin's American speech is letter-perfect in all the simpler forms of every-day usage. He has mastered the tricky "th" sound and slowed down the rolling "r" characteristic of the Frenchman. Compared with Charles Boyer, domiciled ten years in this country, Gabin sounds like a native of Chicago.

Learning the language and the special American way of pronouncing it have constituted a full-time job. When he paces the wide terrace of his house 'way up among the airlanes he is repeating Mother Goose jingles to get the rhythm of English speech. His reading is chiefly newspapers, with emphasis on the slangy Broadway and Hollywood gossip columns, the society news and the sports pages.

Four hours a day he spends with a tutor, Mrs. Mary Lait Salemson, an American woman whose son was Paris correspondent for American newspapers for many years. Their conversation is entirely in English except when a deceptive American figure of speech can not be explained except by a French figure of speech.

English grammar is a nightmare to the Frenchman, who struggles manfully with it nevertheless.

"It is hard for me," he admitted, "because I never learned French grammar. I discontinued school at the twelfth year."

An accurate musical ear, a family characteristic inherited from his mother and from his father, Joseph Gabin, a French musical comedy idol, stands him in excellent stead, however. He is a perfect mimic and after an hour's session of listening to the radio (speeches and commercials preferred) he can reproduce flawlessly such stock advertising phrases as "No money down, easy convenient payments," "Are you weak, rundown, sluggish?" and "Visit the friendly credit dentist."

Night life he holds to a minimum, going out dancing occasionally with his old friend Marlene Dietrich. He was present during one of Hollywood's memorable cafe brawls and it left a bad impression on him.

"Now I remain with my schoolbooks in the evening," he says, like a dutiful child. "The only events that occur up here are fights between dogs. I act as the referee. It is better than watching fights in cafes."

He has familiarized himself with the wild life on the mountainside and recites his lesson proudly.

"We have birds and animals for neighbors," he enumerates proudly. "Mockingbirds, owls, doves, rabbits, deer and skunks. Also there is a tiny beast with a long name—the caterpillar."

Production was to have started long ago on the first Hollywood Gabin picture. Gabin was ready and the script was ready and Twentieth Century-Fox was ready. The slight hitch was that Gabin didn't like the screenplay that had been fashioned from Willard Robertson's story *Moontide*, although he had approved the book.

"The words were not natural for me," he explained. "It was not the kind of language I would use in French. In English I am still Gabin. I must have language that sounds like me or I am no good."

So they threw the script away and started again, with the high-priced and highly-skilled Nunnally Johnson at the typewriter.

His advisers are urging:

"You'd better go out now and have your fun before people recognize you. After your first picture you'll be mobbed wherever you show your face."

"We'll see," replies the man on the mountainside. "It is more important now to do my lessons." ■

Season's Greetings from Ann Rutherford

Appearing in *Tulip Time In Michigan*

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE— BUT WE'VE GOT 'EM *TOGETHER!*

The Ol-l-ld Professor of the Air Waves
And That Son-of-a-gun of the Royal Family
Convulsively Combined in Kay's Biggest Song-studded Comedy!

KAY KYSER

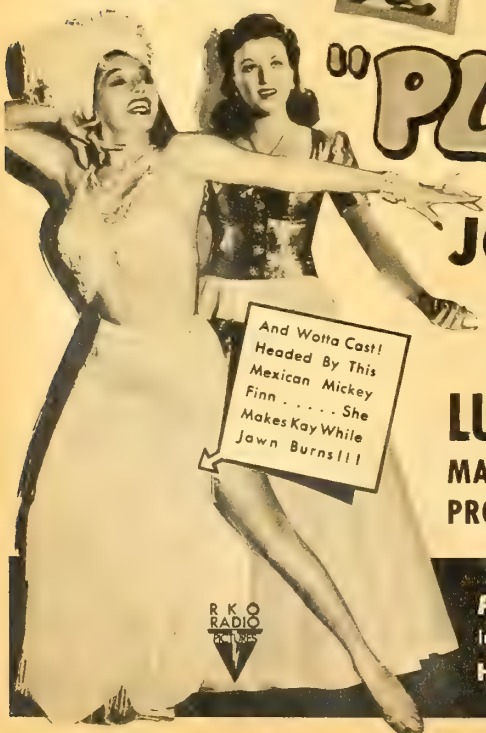
In

"PLAYMATES"

With

JOHN BARRYMORE

SEE KAY... Play Shakespeare ...Go Goofy Over Lupe ... Launch 5 New Song Hits.
SEE JAWN... Rumba with Robson ... Rassle with Lupe ... Duel with Kay.



And Wotta Cast! Headed By This Mexican Mickey Finn . . . . . She Makes Kay While Jawn Burns!!!

LUPE VELEZ • GINNY SIMMS
MAY ROBSON • PATSY KELLY • PETER LIND HAYES
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER
Screen Play by James V. Kern

RKO RADIO PICTURES

***Plus* KAY KYSER's Famous BAND**
In A Sensational Spectacle, "Shakespeare in Swing" featuring
Harry BABBITT • Ish KABIBBLE • Sully MASON

we step over to the piano for a workout he's as tough as one of the Warner Brothers' prison guards. It's wonderful."

And to drain off the ultimate creative urge, Judy writes music and lyrics. Her lyrics are not the casual kind of "June, moon" stuff that most tyros attempt, but complex word patterns remindful of Rodgers and Hart and Ira Gershwin. David has set a few of them to music and Freddy Martin, the big orchestral popularizer, has undertaken to give them their first radio hearing. The title of some of the earliest efforts are "This Is the Night," "One Love" and "Love's New Sweet Song."

Every schoolchild has heard the fable about the ambitious baby that tried to run before it could walk. Musically, that's Judy Garland. Although she's still on Lesson Twelve in the art of playing the piano, she has already plotted out a piano concerto called "Ode to an English Gentleman." She'll finish it if it kills her. At this date the betting is about even that it will. Delius is her favorite composer and the Ode admittedly owes something of its mood to Delius. But the perspiration was supplied exclusively by J. Garland. Whip-cracking by D. Rose.

The tempo on the Garland-Rose establishment is just about the fastest in Hollywood. The last dull moment was two weeks ago Thursday. If the household engineering isn't as smooth as at the Ritz it's because Judy had only two weeks' practice, the two weeks immediately preceding her marriage. With a girl friend she rented a beach house and insisted on doing all the housework, cooking and cleaning, just to get her hand in.

At the end of this practice period came the wedding ceremony, one day's honeymoon, and an immediate return to the movie treadmill. Judy's current chore is just about the most exacting she has undertaken. Her co-star is that other little dynamo, Mickey Rooney, and the story is a breathless chronicle of surging youth called *Babes on Broadway,* which features, among other super-charged performers, bouncing Virginia Weidler, Anne Rooney, Richard Quine and Ray MacDonald.

All Judy has to do is carry the love interest, introduce a new rube dance called The Lowdown Hoedown, act in a playlet called The Convict's Return, impersonate Blanche Ring and Sarah Bernhardt and sing her head off ("low, loud and flat").

Aside from these and her other after-hour activities, the girl is practically unemployed. Anybody need a good law partner? ■

Third Time's the Charm

Young Bob Sterling aims high in Metro's *Two-Faced Woman* and tries to "make woo" with glamorous Garbo

By CHARLOTTE KAYE

■ Young Bob Sterling is off in the great Hollywood race. Twice before he has nosed up to the starting gate but this time he is away and down the track. The posted odds are that he will finish in the big money.

The first stall Bob entered was Columbia's where he spent an experimental year learning the a, b, c's of the picture business. The next six months found him in the 20th Century-Fox stable where he never quite got the chance to take the bit in his teeth and run. And now he's racing under M-G-M's colors where, if the dopesters have it right, he's headed for stardom.

Let's see what the form chart reveals about this engaging young man, not quite 25, who has just finished making love to Garbo in her new picture.

First of all, he is a strapping, clean-cut American boy, pleasantly good-looking but not handsome in a pretty-boy or "beautiful hunk of man" fashion. His six feet one and 172 pounds are molded into an athletic build and he's more than proficient at most sports. In high school he played half-back on the football team, center on the basketball squad, and pitcher on the school nine. He has a fair skin, even white teeth, straight brown hair, dark blue eyes and lashes which probably have been the envy and despair of his two sisters all their lives. He also has poise, a friendly manner, an acceptable amount of self-assurance, and an alert mind. There is an earnest quality in his voice and a forthrightness to his speech which marks him as young, yet fun to talk to. He would never push himself where he wasn't wanted but I'd hate to be the one who tried to push him where he didn't want to go.

His father, who formerly was a catcher with the Chicago Cubs, christened him William John Hart when he was born in the Pennsylvania town of New Castle, back in 1916, probably in honor of his great-great-great grandfather who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

"His name was John Hart," Bob says proudly, "and his was the smallest signature on the document."

It was Columbia who rechristened him Robert Sterling because his own name conflicted with that of beloved Bill Hart.

Ancestors are popularly supposed to pass on to one or more of their descendants the burning desire for theatrics. Bob had one such ancestor, a great uncle who deserted a well-established law practise to become an actor in the early days of motion pictures, but apparently all Bob inherited from him was a mild yen for the stage which he took out in occasional appearances in high [*Continued on page* 42]

Director Irving Cummings gives a delightful dissertation on the directing of one Bob Hope. Bob's in Paramount's big musical, *Louisiana Purchase*

The Care and Feeding of Bob Hope

As Told to Duncan Underhill

By IRVING CUMMINGS

Directing Bob Hope, which I believe I am doing now in *Louisiana Purchase* (it's a little confusing; maybe Bob Hope is directing me) is a comparatively easy job, like wrapping up a typhoon in an eye-cup.

A sample of what happens every day is the love scene with Zorina in which Bob is trying to cut out Victor Moore, who plays a Republican Senator from the No'th who is making trouble for the South, suh.

First, Bob, illustrating the sort of affection Zorina will get if she accepts Victor's proposal of marriage, kisses her absent-mindedly on the forehead. Then he offers to demonstrate what she can expect if she marries the up-and-coming Mr. Hope.

I suggest a rehearsal of the last half of the scene. Bob, rubbing his hands together and giving me that celebrated schoolboy grin of his, inquires, "Shall I give her the full treatment, boss—I hope?"

I agree and Bob seizes Zorina and goes into one of the most vigorous clinches it has been my privilege to witness.

Time ticks on. The hundred people standing on the sidelines are as breathless as Zorina must be by this time. But Bob, with the characteristic Hope heartiness, is just warming up to his work.

The cameraman finally puts an end to it by remarking, "That's about all Mr. Cummings. No camera holds enough film to photograph a scene as long as that."

So Bob reluctantly releases the lady.

Before accepting the direction of *Louisiana Purchase* I was warned by Bob's previous directors that it would be next to impossible to make him stick to his script. Not only impossible but unwise, since many of his best lines are customarily ad libbed after the camera starts to roll.

So at the outset I recognized that some disciplining was going to be necessary. *Louisiana Purchase*, unlike all Bob's recent pictures, is adapted from a stage play. Not only that, it was a stage play that had run 58 weeks with three members of our movie cast as stars. Victor Moore, Zorina and Irene Bordoni all had developed priceless bits of stage "business" which I could not bring myself to abandon.

Furthermore, the Broadway producer of our show was none other than Buddy DeSylva, who is now the production boss of Paramount. As an expert on his own show, I felt that he might be faintly critical if I permitted our Bob to rewrite it right under his nose.

Did this feaze Mr. Hope? Not more than 50 per cent. Like the genuine professional he is, he agreed to break a precedent and memorize his lines—and stick to them—in all the movie scenes that were lifted out of the stage play. But on the added scenes, which did not appear in the Broadway show, Bob reserved the right to throw in some of his own ideas. This was all right with me and I'm sure it's going to be all right with Mr. DeSylva, the cast and whoever sees the finished film.

One of these added scenes is a session of the Louisiana Legislature, which Senator Victor Moore has invaded to enter charges of conspiracy against its members. No sooner had the subject been opened for debate than Bob leaped to his feet and started a filibuster, which he described as a "tonsil marathon."

"This is gonna go on, my learned friend," he informed Senator Moore in his own words, "until you begin to grow moss on your northern exposure. As a prelude to this discussion I should like to read a few remarks on the glories of the South, suh." Here he pulled a book out of his desk and exposed the jacket to the camera. "It's a pamphlet called 'Gone With the Wind.'"

"You can't do this," roared Senator Moore.

"I can so," Bob replied. "Didn't you see *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*? I got special permission from Jimmy Stewart."

Some of Bob's other bright ideas to continue the filibuster included reading his own recipe for Brown Betty and instructions on how to make a dimity apron. On this last ad lib he got to talking so fast he verbally tripped himself up, but continued the spiel, as the camera kept turning, with occasional side remarks such as, "I wish I knew what the hell I was talking about."

You distinctly can't get mad at a guy like that. His inventive mind is matched by a tireless body. Both are good for 24-hour stretches of ceaseless work.

They tell me Bob doesn't write the entire script of his radio shows. This is unbelievable to me. I have seen him throw away more quips in a single day than most radio comics can assemble in a month.

Perhaps I'm a natural audience for the Hope brand of humor. At any rate, I, the director, have been guilty of ruining scenes by laughing at Bob's unexpected wisecracks when the camera was rolling. Even the offhand remarks he makes between takes, when he's not consciously trying to be funny, are enough to upset any dignity I might hope to maintain in the presence of my assembled company.

If I live through this experience with Bob Hope it will be something to look back on. And I can't wait until I'm in a position to look back on it.

The zooming career of Gene Tierney received another hoist when she was awarded the leading role in *Shanghai Gesture*, the sensational play which shocked even seasoned Broadway audiences. Intensive censoring was necessary before the film was approved by the Hays office. Above, Miss Tierney in a dramatic moment with Victor Mature. Left, Mrs. Mature, the former wife of the late Hal Kemp, visits her husband on the set. Right, Phyllis Brooks portrays a girl of the streets. The coveted role of *Mother Gin-Sling* fell to able Ona Munson, below, left. Claude Fillmore is the pompous Oriental gentleman. Lower right, lovely Miss Tierney and John Abbott

The Jinx Behind the Filming of

By HELEN WELLER

When the last day of shooting was ended on *Kings Row,* the stars of the picture, Ann Sheridan, Bob Cummings and Ronald Reagan, decided to present Director Sam Wood with a gift. That is the custom. They put their heads together to decide on the most suitable one. Ann made a suggestion, they all giggled and then shook hands on it.

An hour later, a messenger boy delivered a small jewel box, elaborately wrapped, to director Wood. He opened it, noted the contents and turned around and gravely thanked them. "The perfect gift. Exactly what I needed," he said.

It was an aspirin tablet.

No picture has been beset with so many headaches as *Kings Row.* From the first day to the last, difficulties have erupted like pimples on a volcano.

Some trouble had been expected, for Warner Brothers knew that *Kings Row* was no *Snow White.* If they had filmed the story as it stood, the Hays office and the Legion of Decency would have jumped on them. Yet, the horror and the sensationalism of the story couldn't be entirely whitewashed, or the vigor would be destroyed.

The book, which became a best seller, deals with passions and emotions gone berserk, and integral parts of the story are subjects that are fearful and taboo: incest and sadism, insanity and violent love. It takes place during the turn of the century, and it revolves around the love of young *Parris Mitchell* for the strange and beautiful daughter of *Dr. Tower, Cassandra.* In the book, the doctor kills his daughter for a reason so shocking it left readers stunned.

That had to be retained without losing the cold horror of the act. *Cassie* had to be killed, and by her father—but why? Finally, four sweating script writers turned up with the answer. In the picture, the doctor observes signs of insanity in his daughter. Rather than have her marry *Parris,* a medical student, and eventually destroy the boy's career which the doctor fanatically believes promises much to science, he kills his daughter—and himself.

Intertwining this is another love story, equally tragic, concerning *Randy Monaghan,* girl from across the tracks, and *Drake McHugh,* a rich boy. *Randy* marries *Drake* in a magnificent gesture when he has lost his money and after his legs have been amputated—an amputation all the more tragic because it was unnecessary. It was the revenge of a bigoted, madman doctor who used his scalpel to punish the wild and reckless *Drake.*

An omen of the jinx that was to pursue the picture came the first day when work was halted by sudden tragedy. James Stephenson, who was to play *Dr. Tower,* died the night before. A frantic search was made for another actor who had the same sensitive, cultured, but mystic qualities of Stephenson. Claude Rains was summoned from his Pennsylvania farm and flew to Hollywood.

Ann Sheridan as *Randy,* Robert Cummings as *Parris* and Ronald Reagan as *Drake* all considered their roles to be the most important in their careers and were overjoyed at their break. Previous to *Kings Row,* all three had been mostly decorative in whoopla pictures. Now each had roles of such tremendous power that the picture will no doubt prove to be the turning point in their careers.

"I drive carefully to work every morning," grinned Ronald. "I wouldn't miss a day of this!"

Ann, particularly, was thrilled. *Randy* is shrewd and a little common, but her nature has depths that only tragedy brings out.

"I've never been anything more than an ornament," said Ann. "It's fun to be an actress at last!"

Director Sam Wood was firmly behind her, determined to do for her what he did for Ginger Rogers in *Kitty Foyle,* the role that won for her the cherished "Oscar."

So anxious were Ann, Bob and Ronald to be in *Kings Row* that although they were each working in another picture at the time, they begged to be in it and said they would double in two pictures at once. Which was done—but with confusing results.

Ann, for instance, once became mixed up and reported on the set in the skin-tight modern evening gown she wears as the actress in *The Man Who Came to Dinner,* and had to change to the 1903 coverall of *Kings Row.* Bob, alternating in *It Started With Eve* at Universal, forgot himself one day and checked in at that lot. And Ronnie, who was simultaneously whooping it up in *International Squadron,* got his lines mixed and quoted a pungent speech from that epic when he was supposed to be making love to Ann!

On top of all that, there was difficulty in getting all three principals together on the set at the same time. Once, when they were all free from their other commitments to work together, technical problems were the voodoo. Ann, Ronald and

***Randy Monaghan* (Ann Sheridan) marries *Drake McHugh* (Ronald Reagan) in a magnificent gesture after he loses his legs in an unnecessary amputation**

Bob were driving a horse and buggy on the back lot at the studio. It was a shot that looked simpler than it really was and it was done again and again. Everyone was getting a bit fed up with the situation, including the horse, when Ronald let the reins drop in disgust.

"You know, a funny thing happened down at the end of the street on that last take, Sam," he told the director. "The horse turned around and looked me right in the eye and said: 'Errol Flynn does this in one take!' "

But everything else was a minor calamity compared to the prolonged search to find an actress to play the tragic *Cassie*. *Cassie* was a strange girl and, as Director Wood described her, "She must look 17 years old and have 40 years' experience."

That limited the field considerably, but what narrowed it down even more was one of Hollywood's most ridiculous prejudices. Because *Cassie* gets bumped off by her pa early in the picture, seven young actresses considered ideal by Wood for the part turned it down because it wasn't large enough! One well-known young actress read the script then rejected the role indignantly. "Why, there are only 188 lines. You know I never play a role that has less than 500 lines!"

This brought Bette Davis angrily into the melee. "I never heard of a sincere actress turning down a part because it was too small. *Cassie* is a character who will be remembered even if she only said 'Boo.' I've pleaded for the role myself, but the studio won't give me permission to do it."

Ida Lupino then was offered the role, but after she read the script she too refused it. "I wanted it until I learned that *Cassie* goes mad. I'm afraid to play any more neurotics. If I play any more fugitives from an insane asylum I'm afraid the public will never get used to me playing normal females."

Laraine Day, who would have played the role for nothing, could not get a release from M-G-M because they wanted to keep her a nice girl, and *Cassandra* had a streak too wild for their sweet Laraine.

Jane Bryan flew to Hollywood to test for the part and declared it was the only thing for which she'd come out of retirement. But her husband wanted her home.

In all, thirty-eight actresses were tested! *Cassie* had become such a stormy petrel that after months of searching, no actress could be found who would be both acceptable for the part and willing to play it. Or whose studio would give her the final okay! So, although *Cassie* is an integral part of the picture's plot, *Kings Row* was shot around her. It was only in the final two weeks—when the picture was practically completed, mind you—that *Cassie* was found, to everyone's immense relief. After an all-night session during which Jack Warner and Sam Wood studied the tests of the five remaining actresses in the race, Betty Field was chosen.

Betty was elated. "I don't care if I get 'done in' early or if I have to paint my face black and wear a green wig, as long as it's a colorful 'acting' part."

And that's what *Cassie* is. ■

Months were spent in searching for the girl to play *Cassie*—a gem of a role that finally went to Betty Field. Robert Cummings is *Parris*, brilliant medical student

When Louise (Nancy Coleman) threatens to expose the maniacal operations of her father (Charles Coburn), he strikes her and locks her in her room

Oldest and youngest members of the star-studded cast of Warners' *Kings Row* are Maria Ouspenskaya and Scotty Beckett

Looking In On Jeanette and Gene

Let's look in on Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond who are outside looking in on HOLLYWOOD'S staff photographer, Charles Rhodes. That's sunshine in background—not snow

Much of the Raymonds' spare time is spent in their swimming pool and playhouse, seen in the above background. They're both excellent swimmers

Informality is the keynote of their living room, one of Gene's favorite spots for a quick luncheon or afternoon snack. The rugs, chairs and walls are ivory—a grand foil for Jeanette's famous red hair. She likes plaid, too (witness above pictures)

Jeanette has a weakness for precious antiques, and some of her choicest pieces are in their living room. She's especially proud of the clock atop the fireplace

A swordfish which Gene caught in Florida is the focal point of the pub-room. Barrels have been cleverly utilized for chairs and coffee table. Furniture in the room is oak

Christmas dinner in the Raymond home is a family affair with a fifteen-pound turkey prepared in truly magnificent style

There's lots of happiness in the little English home these days. Gene and Jeanette recently celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary, as well as their screen debut—in the Metro picture, *Smilin' Through*

Bette Davis—

By HELEN HOVER

When Bette Davis discovered Richard Travis, HOLLYWOOD *immediately assigned Helen Hover to get the story which appears on this page. However, Bette pulled a fast one on us, and set to work discovering John Sutton, whose story, written by John Franchey, appears on the opposite page. There seems to be no stopping the Davis lady, for a last minute flash brings word that Bette's latest "find" is Ernest Anderson, a young Negro singer, who was given a role in Bette's forthcoming picture, "In This Our Life."* *The Editor*

■ Now to look at strapping six-foot-two Richard Travis, you'd say he was the last person in the world who needed someone to push him. He's a cross between Joel McCrea, Gary Cooper and Billy Conn—which makes him a fellow who can take care of himself.

But the truth must be told: the direct force which changed Richard overnight from a nobody to a coming star, from a mouse to a man, is a nervous little 103-pound blonde named Bette Davis.

To show you how trifling are the circumstances on which a person's Fate hinges: If Bette Davis hadn't wanted her steak well-done instead of medium rare one evening, Travis would still be an obscure young hopeful instead of a promising leading man who makes his debut in *The Man Who Came to Dinner.*

Bette and her husband, Arthur Farnsworth, were having dinner prior to attending the opening of *The Bride Came C.O.D.* Bette returned her steak for an extra once-over. That caused a delay of ten minutes and when Bette arrived at the theater she had missed the beginning of the picture. That was to change Richard Travis' life!

Ordinarily, Bette leaves right after the main feature, but this time she whispered to Arthur, "Let's sit through the entire show. I want to see the beginning." So they sat through the newsreel. Then a movie short on national defense followed. Bette slumped into her seat. Suddenly, she sat up briskly, her eyes fixed on a good-looking, blond husky on the screen. The next morning Bette walked into the executive office of Warner Brothers and insisted that the young man be given a test for the romantic lead in *The Man Who Came to Dinner!*

Bette has always believed that new talent should be developed, in spite of the fact that such a philosophy might endanger her own security. Her judgment is held high at the studio, so the boy was given a chance.

And that is how, one recent morning, Richard Travis happened to be called to the hall phone of the boarding house where he shared a $35 a month apartment with two other fellows, and heard the order to report to Warner Brothers to test for *The Man Who Came to Dinner.*

"Huh?" grunted Richard groggily. But the caller had hung up.

Now we must interrupt the little drama here and introduce our bewildered hero. At this point, Richard Travis was one of thousands of handsome young men trying to crash into pictures and getting nowhere. He had come from Paragould, Arkansas, a shy, ambitious small town boy, with no connections and no theatrical background. That morning, just before he received the telephone call, he wrote his folks that he was coming home.

He wasn't the type who looked like an actor, anyway. A brief appearance in a high school play had made him stage-struck, and he followed that up by working in the town's movie house where he functioned as head usher and setter of the marquee lights. Then he made a trip to Hollywood to test his chances. He met Josephine Dillon, famous Hollywood coach who trained and was once married to Clark Gable. She looked him over like a racehorse on the auction block. "Hmmm—clean and wholesome type. You're the kind every girl likes for a boy friend and every fellow likes for a pal," she told him, while Dick reddened. "I'll teach you to act, but you must promise me never to change. Remain nice and natural because if I find you going hammy or Hollywood on me, so help me, I'll send you back to Arkansas."

She advised him to join a little theater group, and through that he was given a small part in a defense short called, *Here Comes the Cavalry.* The part wasn't big, the pay wasn't much and the whole thing didn't dent the sensibilities of any producers. The job over, Dick was out of work, moping in the apartment one morning, wondering where he'd be going from here—when he was called to the phone! He walked slowly back to the apartment and told his two roommates that Warner Brothers wanted to test him for Bette Davis' next picture.

"Miss Davis herself recommended me," he said.

"Someone must be ribbing you," they hooted.

Dick thought that too on his way to the studio. It must be a joke. But strangely enough, the receptionist recognized his name, had him ushered to a sound stage where everyone was waiting for him to make his test.

Remembering her own bitter struggle to gain a foothold in Hollywood, Bette Davis goes out of her way to give promising beginners a helping hand. She is shown with one of her discoveries, Richard Travis, who has a fine role in Bette's film, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*

Talent Scout

"I was in a daze—in so much of a daze that I didn't have sense enough to be nervous," explains Richard, still a little baffled by his luck. "When I was told later that the test had won me a big role in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, I just turned around like a sleepwalker, wired the folks that something had hit me on the head and I hadn't awakened yet."

He was promptly initiated into the hectic routine of being transformed into a prominent leading man. He was photographed and interviewed by the press. A stand-in and a secretary were hired for him.

"I can understand the stand-in," he said. "But why the secretary?"

"Oh, to handle your fan clubs," was the nonchalant answer. He reeled.

His real name, Bill Justice, was changed to Richard Travis for no apparent reason, since Bill Justice suits his virile handsomeness much better. He can't get used to the new name, so Bette Davis still calls him "Bill" to make him feel at home.

"All this fuss over me," says Bill blinking. "Imagine Bette Davis calling me 'Bill.' Why I used to set her name up on the marquee of the Paragould movie house last year. The folks in Arkansas wouldn't believe me. I had to send them a picture of me and Miss Davis together!" ■

By JOHN FRANCHEY

■ Heaven knows what would have happened to John Sutton if it hadn't been for Bette Davis. And as for Susan (the very thought of it is enough to make you shudder!), she probably would have ended up a tramp.

This is how Bette managed to rescue the Sutton gentleman from himself and to save him for the movies.

The time was mid-afternoon; the scene, Stage 11 on the Warner lot; the picture in production, a costume piece called *Elizabeth and Essex*. Miss Davis, of course, was playing *Elizabeth*. According to the script Miss Davis was to be encountered by a very minor character designated as the "Captain of the Guard." He was to dash in, salute, pay his respects, say a few lines, click his heels, and then beat it.

Well, there she was all set for the captain of the guard to show up and make his microscopic speech so she could get on to a more dramatic scene with Errol Flynn when all of a sudden in dashed a knightly figure, pranced up to her, flashed his eyes in her direction, saluted like a real soldier, spoke his lines with a manly abandon, and disappeared.

"Who was *that?*" Miss Davis, somewhat out of breath, asked the assistant director.

"John Sutton. He does occasional bits."

"Only bits?"

"That's right. He doesn't seem to give a darn."

Later that afternoon Bette Davis and John Sutton met for a chat. Bette wanted to find out more about this man Sutton. She did.

She asked him what he did between bits and was astounded to discover that he spent his time "looking for a job." What kind of a job? Any old job. Just so long as he and Susan had a roof over their heads. Didn't he have an ambition? None especially: he didn't have any qualifications. What about that military manner of his? Oh, that. He had picked it up at Sandhurst Military Academy in England. What about acting as a career? He wasn't cut out to be an actor. He did bit parts simply because he could find no other jobs.

Smiling John Sutton owes his new star classification and attractive contract to Bette Davis, who insisted he buckle down to work. John appeared in 20th Century-Fox's *A Yank in the R.A.F.*, and more recently as the male lead in *Moon Over Her Shoulder*

This is where Bette Davis saved him from himself. She told him that as an actor he had fine possibilities. She was sure of that merely from what she had seen him do that afternoon. She thought he ought to give acting a real try. Furthermore, she would do all she could to help.

That pep talk from Bette Davis did the trick. He went home to Susan a new man, determined to give Miss Davis' theory a real tryout, just as soon as his ten-day stint in *Elizabeth and Essex* was over.

Bette went to bat for him the very next day with the Warner front office. The Warner chiefs listened very patiently and said they'd keep him in mind.

She talked to the big boys over at T.C.-F. They said they'd test him the first chance they got. Meanwhile, she passed the word around to every studio in town.

That talking campaign of hers bore quick fruit. Hardly had he kissed the Warner paymaster good-bye when he got a call from Universal. They wanted to test him for a part in *Towers of London*.

He took the test, got the part, landed a contract, and settled down to the business of becoming an actor.

That role in *Towers of London* was a killer. He played the part of a tinsel hero who was, in his own words, "a blooming bore who saved the queen's jewels and won the girl, only God knows why, in the end."

He hung around doing small roles over at Universal until he began to wonder if maybe Bette Davis had thrown him a curve in suggesting that he get serious with pictures. In time, he was shoved into a picture called, *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*, in which he played a stooge to Broderick Crawford. Sutton quit Universal when his year was up and there he and Susan were once more, at sixes and sevens.

For two months he waited for a call from someone who might need a slightly disillusioned captain of the guard, and not one yip out of Susan, the ever-understanding. At the end of the ninth week he noticed she was getting slimmer.

At which point, just like in the movies, a call came in the nick of time from the boys over at Twentieth Century-Fox, the very boys whom Miss Davis had worked on. It seems that an outdoor saga called *Hudson's Bay* was going into production and needed someone along the lines described by Miss Davis. Mr. Sutton dropped by the next morning, got the test, the part, Gene Tierney for a heroine, and a wave of favorable mention from the critics for the nice job he did.

The John Sutton whose performance in *A Yank in the R.A.F.* has brought him a memo, with gold star attached, from Darryl Zanuck, has a background which explains his diffidence to the movies up until the time Bette Davis gave him that pep talk. The man certainly has lived, as they say.

He was born in Rawalpindi, India, the scion of a com- [*Continued on page* 45]

A Season Full Of Skiing Joy

It looks like a good snowy winter ahead so what could be better to find under your Christmas tree than this Ski Lark suit. The quilted, reversible jacket is as warm as toast. The instructor type pants contrast with jacket. Both the jacket and pants (lined with kasha) are of Ironside poplin, Zelan processed. Sizes 12-20. $14.95 at Gimbel's, New York

By CATHERINE ROBERTS

TURN TO PAGE 61 FOR LIST OF ADDITIONAL STORES

Santa Sends A Sweet Sweater Set

Santa's a smart man! A turtle-neck pullover in featherweight wool is a good choice at $2.95. But what makes it perfect is the addition of the Jiffy Jerkin in black knit to contrast, $1.95. Wide range of colors. Sizes 34-40. From Lit Bros., Philadelphia

Fresh As Paint And Twice As Pretty

Maria Montez Greets The World Smartly

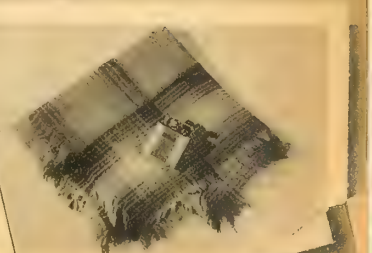
Please Santa—

Something To Wear!

To paint or to be pretty is easy in this darling one-piece play suit with its dirndl skirt. Preshrunk, washable poplin in gay colors, $2.98. Juniors and misses. At Sabra Lee, Philadelphia

Maria, of Universal Pictures, is a Christmas dream in her green butcher linen shorts and weskit and red and white crepe blouse, $10.95. All colors to mix or match. Hartley's, Miami

Accessories: Maria's Ropeez play shoes, $2.95 at Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago. Ronson Whirlwind lighter, $5.95, Filene's, Boston. Marvella pearl choker, $2. Bracelet, $2. Bloomingdale's



These are busy days for Rita Hayworth. Close on the heels of her success in *Blood and Sand,* she went into *You'll Never Get Rich* as Fred Astaire's dancing partner. Her next big picture for Columbia will be *My Sister Eileen*

The dashing good looks and glib tongue of Cary Grant won him the choice role of the dapper reporter in the film version of the Broadway hit, *Arsenic and Old Lace.* Priscilla Lane is Cary's co-star

Maria Montez, Universal's sizzling beauty, reveals how she goes about "snaring" her men. She has lead role in *South of Tahiti*, with Brian Donlevy

Glamour Is Her Dish

By TOM De VANE

■ "Men," said Maria Montez, casually toying the largest and most expensive aquamarine ever set into a ring, "like their women to be *women*. I feel sorry for the poor girls who believe that they can hold their men by beating them at golf or tennis—the girls who believe that men are really attracted to the 'good pal' type.

"The minute a woman becomes a 'good pal' she is lost.

"I like to golf and play tennis—but you do not catch me playing with my men friends. They will never see *me* looking hot and wilted after a brisk day at the country club! I never let a man see me at anything but my best."

Miss Montez paused and fixed the interviewer with two beautiful brown eyes. "Don't laugh, please—but I like to believe that my men friends think of me as a lovely flower!"

The interviewer did not laugh. To him, it was a point well made. The lovely flower continued: "You know, *men are suckers for glamour!* They can't get too much of it. The successful wife, or sweetheart, must realize this. And glamour is more than beauty of face and body. It is beauty of soul as well. If you just lift—shall we say, a *corner* of your soul to a man, he will adore you!"

Although she has been under contract to Universal for a year and a half, and known to most magazine readers as "Maria Montez, Hollywood movie star," the breathtaking lady has actually only just finished her first leading role in *South of Tahiti*. She plays a Dorothy Lamour-ish sort of role and wears another type of South Sea garment called a "slendang." Quite as revealing, but different—"*not like* Lamour," says Montez, earnestly.

The twenty-two-year-old Spaniard (she was born in Santa Domingo, where her father was the Spanish consul) has been one of the most widely discussed figures to arrive in Hollywood in many years.

"It was all part of my plan," confessed Maria. "I am no fool. I know I have beauty and that I am glamorous to many men. When I arrive in Hollywood I deliberately start a campaign to put myself over. The first three months here, I was out every night. I deliberately set about making my face known. I danced my feet off—but always I was photographed, and always I was mentioned in the gossip columns, until finally people begin to say 'Who is this Montez, anyway?' That was what I wanted. I am a Hollywood glamour girl without even setting foot in front of a movie camera!"

That started the Montez legend. The other girls, watching Maria bewitch practically every unattached male in Hollywood, gritted their teeth. "Just a party girl," they muttered nastily.

"The women criticize me for going out with all the Hollywood wolves," said Maria placidly. "But they are nice boys, the wolves. They like to be seen with me, and I enjoy going out."

While dancing her nights away, Maria was studying avidly during the day—studying to rid herself of her accent. She has succeeded pretty well, too—and what little accent she has left will be quite appropriate for her half-caste role in *South of Tahiti*.

Miss Montez has the assurance that comes with extraordinary beauty and her poise far exceeds her years. "All my life I have been spectacular," she said blithely. "As a result I have been gossiped about unmercifully—mostly by women. Women consider me more dangerous than I am. Silly women! I do not want their men. I am not a home wrecker. I am a career girl. I want to become a movie star."

Maria lives alone and likes it in a furnished apartment in the unfashionable part of Beverly Hills.

"I have never been alone before," she said, "and I enjoy it. I come from a large family—four sisters and five brothers—and we were mostly together until recently. When I arrived in Hollywood I felt like a bird that had just gotten out of a cage. But I did not let my freedom go to my head. I always behave with dignity."

Her father, says Maria, was a very wise man, and her greatest inspiration until his untimely death several years ago. "He taught me a great deal," she said. "Most of all, he taught me how to think things out for myself.

"When I was fifteen, and we were living in the Canary Islands, father gave me a room all my own, as a surprise. He called it a Chinese meditation room. He had it decorated with yellow silk walls, and there were no chairs—only cushions. There were several beautiful Chinese statues, but otherwise, the room—my room—was bare.

"I hope," Maria continued hastily, "that this does not sound ridiculous. I assure you it was not. My father taught me to think—to meditate—to be alone with myself. Even now, when many people think of me as Maria, the party girl, I still must find time to be alone and meditate. I need it the way other people need food."

"At first," said Maria seriously, "I did not know why the men say, 'Woo woo!' when I walk into a night club. When I find out, I am embarrassed. Then I decide that is a compliment.

"I hope that the movie audiences will also go, 'Woo woo!' That will mean that Montez has arrived." ■

Calling On Helen Parrish

Home to Helen Parrish, Universal's rising starlet, is the charming, unpretentious white bungalow she shares with her mother. There is plenty of lawn space in both front and back, for Helen likes to romp with her handsome dog. *Overland Mail* is Helen's next film

Mrs. Parrish is a grand cook and she's seeing to it that Helen learns the fine points. A stream-lined kitchen makes the lessons fun

Focal point of Helen's bedroom is a four-poster bed with satin-bound spread. Picture on the wall is Helen's beau, Charles Lang

Against a wall background of cool green trees, Helen likes to entertain at small dinner parties. The dining room furniture is solid walnut

The living room reflects Mrs. Parrish's good taste. She tries always to maintain a homey, informal atmosphere for Helen and her young friends

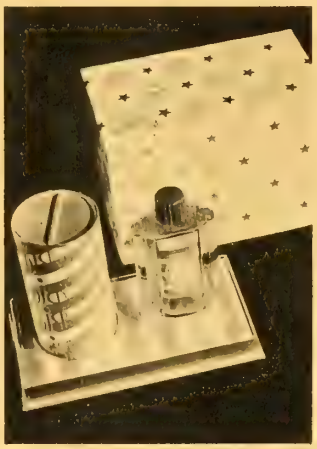
Advance Showing

By Ann Vernon

Hollywood's Beauty Editor

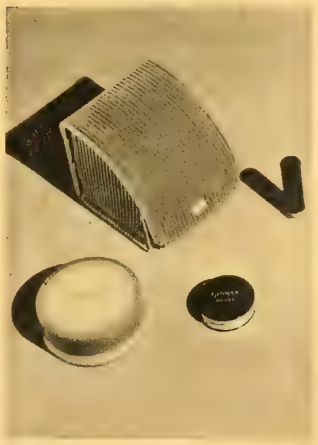
Any glamour girl, in the movies or not, will be as enthusiastic as M-G-M's Bonita Granville about this de luxe set of Max Factor preparations. It contains Pan-Cake Make-up, Face Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lipstick and Cleansing Cream and is matched to four typical colorings. It's a welcome gift and a real bargain at only $4.55

Your Beauty Editor proudly presents her suggestions to make your Christmas shopping easy. On these pages are all sorts of happy ideas for gifts for everyone. And they're good values, too, some of them costing only a fraction of a dollar, others, more prodigal, proportionately priced. You can be sure your gift will be received with genuine joy if it's a Gift of Beauty—for it will mean weeks and months of pleasure and usefulness . . . These gifts run the gamut—all the way from a fine new hand lotion to a set of men's new preparations. And don't think that the men in your life would rather have ties or socks than some nice toiletries. They appreciate the thoughtfulness inherent in good grooming aids as much as any woman. Please don't be practical about your gift for that hardworking mother. Instead of a waffle iron, give her a frivolous set of cosmetics or bath preparations to bring luxury and beauty into her life . . . But don't forget your own appearance in the rush and gaiety of the holidays. Keep on writing to your beauty editor for advice on your problems. Just address Ann Vernon, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and be sure to enclose a stamped envelope for her reply.



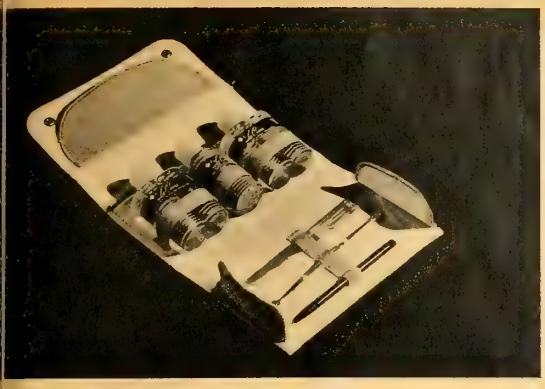
Fastidious, perfume-loving females of any age will be thrilled at receiving this green-and-gold set of Djer Kiss Cologne and Talcum, for the scent is universally popular. The attractive pair costs only $1.50

Out just in time for Christmas giving is this luscious new lotion by Bristol-Myers. Called Toushay, it's recommended for softening skin on hands, legs or body with speed and efficiency. 50 cents

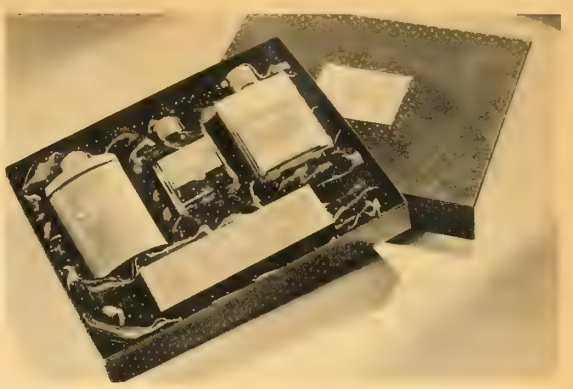


Tangee's "Tuckaway" fits easily into crowded suitcase or drawer and the contents fit into anyone's make-up scheme. You'll get thanks galore if you give this set of Tangee Powder, Rouge, Lipstick. $2.50

If she loves nice things, she'll be grateful for these Early American Old Spice toiletries: toilet water, talcum and soap, in that exquisite scent. And she'll use the "Band Box" for trinkets ever after. $2



The lucky girl who gets this La Cross Manicure Set, Beauty Date, should rate plenty of attention, because men love well-groomed hands. A roll case in lustrous simulated leather, it contains all you need for manicuring. In black, gold, maroon. $2



Smart as British tweeds is this gift set of Hinds preparations for men. The individual articles are packaged in saddle tan tone with white "stitching" and the box is maroon with white dots. Give it to your dream man in the Army or Navy. 50 cents

Hang these cunning "ornaments" on your Christmas tree and tag them for members of your family who love perfume. The tiny "tree" and the "Santa" hold generous bottles of that romantic Blue Waltz Perfume. Clever novelties, ten cents each

The perfect gift for any gal who goes dancing a lot and loves elaborate coiffures is this package of "Nite Glo" Grip Tuth Hair Retainers. They keep each lock neatly in place and also provide a luminous bit of ornament. A box of four, $1

Colorful Morning Glories decorate this feminine-looking Gift Box containing a generous bottle of Jergens Morning Glory Cologne and a large box of Jergens Face Powder in a choice of shades styled by Alix. Any woman will treasure it. $1

Jane Wyman, Warner Bros. featured player in *You're in the Army Now*, displays her choice gift. It's the new House of Westmore Hollywood Pickup Kit and holds Cleansing Cream, Freshener and Dry Skin Cream —all for only 50 cents

Do you Secretly long for Romance?

Linda Darnell and George Murphy starring in 20th Century-Fox' Musical "Rise and Shine". Easily have thrilling hands, yourself—with Jergens Lotion.

Know the Lovely Part soft Hands can play—Linda Darnell

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

Linda Darnell's Lovely Hands

YOUR hands, too, can be rose-leaf smooth, cuddly-soft!

A little coarse, now? Jergens Lotion will soon help that! It's almost like professional hand care—with those 2 ingredients many doctors use to treat neglected, harsh skin.

If you'll use Jergens Lotion regularly—you'll help *prevent* that disappointing roughness and chapping. Because Jergens supplies softening moisture for your skin. No stickiness! $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Always use Jergens Lotion!

JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT ADORABLE HANDS

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE (MAIL THIS COUPON NOW)

(Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 5413, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: Perth, Ontario)

I want to have those soft hands Linda Darnell advises. Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion—*free.*

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Third Time's the Charm

[*Continued from page 25*]

school dramatics. He did, however, inherit a strong "itching foot" from some unknown antecedent which led him to the open road after a couple of spasmodic sessions at college.

To support his meanderings, Bob in turn worked as a junior salesman for a fountain pen company, a laborer on a state highway construction job, sang in a Florida night club, drove a taxi, chauffeured a rich old fussbudget, and was an inspector in an orange grove.

By the time he was 19, Bob decided to do something definite about his future, so he became credit manager for a rubber company in Pittsburgh. He worked at that a year and might still be there had he not been given a three-week layoff without pay due to a lull in business. Twenty-one days of free time gave him an unexpected chance to indulge his "itching foot" and the notion of becoming a movie actor in Hollywood. Bingo! He took his small reserve of cash, got in his car and headed west.

Instinctively, he said, he knew better than to try to "crash" the studios cold, so he lived in a cheap room in a boarding house and spent his days reading everything he could about the business and studying great plays at the public library. Not until he read where Columbia was searching for a newcomer to play the lead in *Golden Boy* did he move. Then he wrote for an interview with the casting director, got it, and was told he was not the type.

"I wanted to play that role and I thought I could," he said, "so I got an agent. Drove down the street and picked one out because I liked the looks of his building. I gave him a great song and dance about all my 'experience,' including a whopper about having sung at the swank Royal Palms in Miami. That proved to be a real brodie because he was the agent who had booked all the talent for the Royal Palms that year! However, he skipped it and arranged a screen test for the role in *Golden Boy.*"

Bob didn't get the role. Bill Holden (whom Bob strikingly resembles in appearance and personality) was the lucky guy. But Bob did get a stock contract and for a year played small parts in various Columbia pictures. The parts were unimportant but they gave him a chance to work with veterans like Cary Grant, Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell, and he watched, listened, worked and learned from them.

About that time he was set to do a play in New York, but the author's wife had a baby and production was postponed. So late in 1939, Bob signed a new contract with 20th Century-Fox. First crack out of the bag he was given the lead in *Manhattan Heartbreak.* He was good in it, but one good performance doesn't spell success. His next appearance was in a little opus which was so bad, he said, even his mother walked out on it!

"Ordinarily," he said, "Mother is a patient woman."

By the end of six months, the term of his

contract, things had fizzled out pretty badly. Fox had a number of other young and promising lads under contract, which meant a constant fight for the good roles available. Possibly they had more to offer, he admitted, but he never got a chance to find out. He was unhappy, discouraged, and getting nowhere fast. Standing still in Hollywood is dangerous; one must move up or else. And so Bob asked for his release and got it.

Metro scouts had been keeping an eye on him. The studio had two advantages to offer him. One was faith in his ability and the other the absence of any other young men in his age and class field under contract. In October of 1940, Bob signed his third contract and entered upon the grooming routine for which M-G-M is noted.

After three B productions, his big chance arrived. It was the role of the young fighter, *Terry Dolan*, in *Ringside Maisie* with Ann Sothern. Bob worked as he had never worked before (including getting knocked unconscious in one of the fight scenes when he forgot to duck!) The result? Critical acclaim, an avalanche of fan letters, and one of the six principal roles in the Garbo picture.

"Screwy things certainly happen in this town," Bob smiled. "One minute I was being formally introduced to Miss Garbo and the next I was making love to her."

Not that he played the romantic lead in the picture, he hastened to add. Melvyn Douglas takes care of that. He is cast as a young man rhapsodically smitten with the older woman, and their love scenes are played for comedy.

Bob's parents and unmarried sister recently moved to Hollywood, and the family now lives in an unpretentious home in Beverly Hills. After all, he isn't in the big money class yet, and he is a cautious young man who isn't counting his chickens before they're out of the shell. Or his dollars before they are in the bank.

Romantically, he is footloose and fancy free. In fact, he claims he hasn't had a date in three months. And him one of the few very eligible young bachelors around the town!

"I figure it this way," he said. "I like to dance and have fun as much as the next fellow, but I'm not going to throw my dough away on someone I don't care two pins about, just to have a seat on the merry-go-round."

He's no dummy, that one. ■

"I'M A WAR WIDOW!"

MARY ASTOR SPEAKS FRANKLY OF THE PROBLEMS OF A HOLLYWOOD WAR WIDOW, AS BASED ON HER OWN PERSONAL EXPERIENCE. DON'T MISS THIS POWERFUL CONFESSION OF A GREAT ACTRESS IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF HOLLYWOOD.

ALIX SETS A NEW STYLE IN BEAUTY...

You'll look more Alive in the exciting new powder shade Alix styled for you. Alix' color genius has created 5 thrilling shades, one to beautify every type of skin. Available now in the new

JERGENS FACE POWDER

Great Fashion Genius now turns to designing Powder Shades for you

There are 5 of these natural-beauty powder shades, styled by Alix. One is matchlessly right for you, to unveil the intrinsic loveliness of your own skin-tones.

Your skin looks more faultlessly fine textured! Jergens Face Powder helps conceal enlarged pores, tiny flaws. This powder is velvetized-fine by a new precision process. No betraying coarse particles allowed! It clings like a loveliness inherent in you. You can easily have this new flawless-skin look! Change to this glamorizing, hauntingly fragrant new Jergens Face Powder now.

New Jergens Face Powder now on sale at beauty counters, $1.00 a box; introductory sizes 25¢ or 10¢.

FREE! ALL 5 ALIX-STYLED SHADES

(Paste on a Penny Postcard . . . Mail Now!)

The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 2807, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: Perth, Ontario)

Please send—free—Alix' 5 shades in the new velvetized Jergens Face Powder.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Easy As Pie

By BETTY CROCKER

Charming Claire Trevor gives you her special recipe for her famous Deep Dish Chicken Pie which is the envy of Hollywood's finest hostesses. Claire's new film is Columbia's *Martin Eden*

■ Claire Trevor may be a glamorous screen actress but she prefers to call herself a working girl.

"When it comes to meals," Miss Trevor told me, "I prefer simple, old-fashioned dishes—a worker's meal. I like my meal to be attractive but not glamorous, if you understand what I mean. We work hard out here and we need good solid food."

Claire Trevor and her husband, Clarke Andrews, rarely entertain more than six or preferably four people for dinner. They feel a small intimate group provides for a more relaxed and restful evening.

The interior of their home in Westwood is cozily in contrast to its dignified white Georgian-Provincial exterior. And those who are fortunate in being invited, look forward to the intimate, at-home atmosphere of the not-too-large living room with its fire-place and low, soft twin-divans which face across the hearth; its small oval den, with deep crush-carpet and loungy chairs, and the classic little dining room with its warm, gold-toned walls and regal blue drapes.

It is here Claire likes to serve what she terms a "worker's meal"—and she means just that. There's always a substantial entree, such as old-fashioned, deep-dish chicken pie. The entree is preceded by a vegetable soup, chuck-full of vegetables, and with the main course comes a raw vegetable or aspic salad, followed by a frosted fruit dessert.

During dinner there is agreeable disagreeing on every subject from pictures to politics. After dinner, if it's a foursome, there is bridge, or an enjoyable sit-by-the-fireside concert by the Andrews' enviable collection of symphonic records.

Occasionally, when it's a party of six, Claire and Clarke invite a musician—sometimes a pair, to sing and entertain at their magnificently toned grand piano. With a sixsome too, very often there is a unanimous enthusiasm for playing Claire's favorite game—"hide-and-seek-the-object." A handful of small articles are selected—say, a penny, a ring, a silver dime, a wooden gadget, and so on. One person hides the articles, selecting a spot where the object must be in clear sight of the seekers, but by means of clever planting may be so camouflaged that it is scarcely discernible. For instance, the silver dime is placed on something silver, the wooden gadget near something of the same color, the penny on a copper vase—and so forth.

Players are given lists of the objects and must locate the objects silently, and only when they have found them all do they speak out. First person to locate them all, of course, is the winner.

"It's so much fun," Claire will tell you, "that it's not advisable to play if you want to make a long evening of it. The time passes so swiftly the party's over before you realize it. But definitely it is recommended for non-conversant guests and those inclined to doze after the chicken pie."

CHICKEN PIE

1 large fat chicken (4 to 5 lbs.)
2 sprigs of parsley
2 small bay leaves
Tops from few stalks of celery (or 3 or 4 coarse stalks cut in 3-inch lengths)
2 carrots, cut in 3-inch pieces
1 small onion, thinly sliced
⅛ tsp. thyme
⅛ tsp. marjoram
2 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
½ cup "Kitchen-tested" flour
1 cup cold milk or water
4 cups chicken broth
Rich biscuit dough

Clean and cut up chicken. Place in kettle, and cover with boiling water (about 2½ qts.). Add parsley, bay leaves, celery, carrots, and onion. Bring to boiling point, and boil 5 minutes. Reduce heat. Cover, and SIMMER gently until tender (1½ to 3 hours, depending on age of chicken). Add thyme, marjoram, salt and pepper after first hour of cooking. Keep covered, but add more water if broth cooks down much. When chicken is tender, remove from heat and drain off the stock. Discard skin and bones, and cut meat into good-sized pieces. Cool the chicken stock in which the chicken was cooked. When cooled, remove part of excess fat that gathers on the top. Reheat 4 cups of the stock to boiling point. Blend flour with the cold milk or water, and stir slowly into the hot stock. Boil until thickened and starchy flavor disappears (about 10 minutes), stirring constantly to keep from lumping. Season with more salt and pepper to taste. Place the prepared chicken in baking dish. Pour over it the boiling hot gravy to about 1 inch of the top. Cover with Rich Biscuit Dough (rolled about ½ inch thick), making slits in dough through which steam may escape. Bake immediately.

Time—Bake 15 minutes.

Temperature—450 degrees F., hot oven.

Size of baking dish—One 2-qt. casserole (9 in. in diameter and 2 to 3 in. deep) or ten individual casseroles (3¾ in. in diameter and 2 in. deep).

RICH BISCUIT DOUGH
For Chicken Pie

2 cups "Kitchen-tested" flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
⅓ cup shortening
¾ cup milk

Sift flour once before measuring. Then sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Cut in shortening with pastry blender or 2 knives until finely blended. Add milk and mix gently until smooth. Round up on lightly floured board, roll out and cut with biscuit cutter or doughnut cutter. Place on top of hot filling.

FREE

Betty Crocker
HOLLYWOOD
1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Dear Madam:

Please send me your selection of Holiday Recipes.

Name ....

Street ....

City and State ....

Bette Davis—Talent Scout

[*Continued from page* 33]

mander of an Irish regiment which kept getting shunted all over the globe. You know how the sun never sets on the British possessions.

He spent his youth tagging along with his father and the Irish regiment, settled down long enough to enroll at flossy Wellington College, then to Sandhurst Military Academy where his best chum was a hell-raiser named, David Niven.

After Sandhurst he tried the military life, found it dull, "chucked it," and went into the trades which he found even more dull. He took off for South Africa where he became a rancher. He was one helluva flop as a rancher.

This was the last straw. So he quit business altogether. As it happened, a sizable sum had been left him by his father. He promptly set out on a life of lazy leisure. Someone told him that California was nifty for all-year-round polo playing, so he hurried right over. That was in 1934.

He had a bang-up time in California—polo, horseback riding and the like. After six months of the leisurely life he went back to England. The first day back in London he ran into Director Edmund Goulding who told him he ought to be in Hollywood making pictures.

"But I've just come from Hollywood," Sutton explained.

"But you must return," Goulding exclaimed.

He returned when he got around to it, was offered a test for a lead in *Only Yesterday,* met a beautiful lady named Charlotte Meier, a nonprofessional, married her, went off to Mexico and stayed there until his money ran out, and returned to Hollywood.

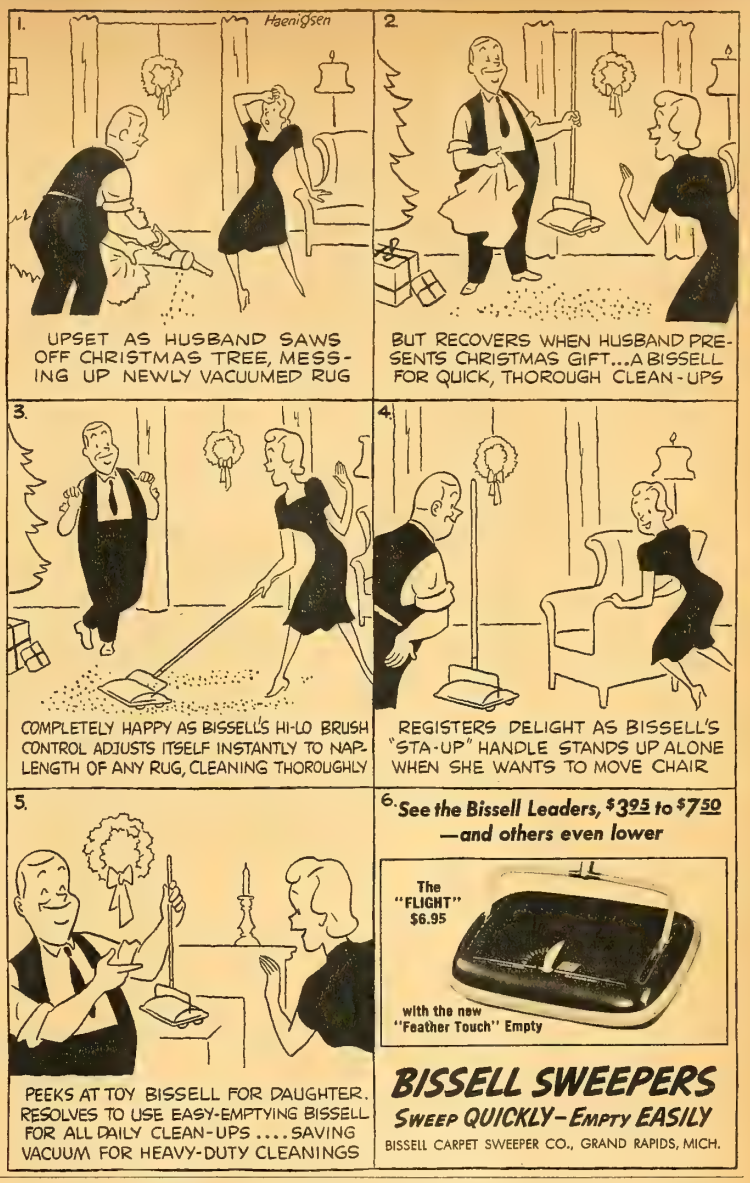
In time he managed to snag a bit in *Last of the Mohicans,* and a pirouette or two in *Dodsworth.* After that he fooled around in the *Bulldog Drummond* sagas for Paramount until he got bored.

What turned the tide was a morsel he landed in *Robin Hood,* just when he and Susan were thinking about hitch-hiking back to England. All he had to do was to gallop up a hill, deliver a message, dismount with zip, deliver a message and gallop down the hill again.

Seven months later when he called around at Warner's to ask if they could use him for a few days, the casting director looked him in the eye and said:

"Oh, you're the one who gallops so beautifully, aren't you?" Then he handed him the role of the dashing captain of the guard in *Elizabeth and Essex,* Bette Davis playing *Elizabeth.* Not to mention Sutton's benefactress.

As for Susan, she will never forget Bette's good deed if she lives to be twenty. If there is anything Susan likes better than eating, she is keeping it quiet, as a well-bred great Dane would. At this writing it looks as if Susan will never have to worry about involuntary dieting again. Not that Susan can't take it. The point is that dieting takes the sheen out of one's coat. And Susan is a proud one, she is. ■



LOSE A POUND A DAY THIS EASY WAY

YOU don't have to starve. You eat three meals a day. And yet you can actually lose 10 pounds in 10 days simply by eating scientifically balanced foods—the kind you now prepare regularly in your own home. Thrifty cuts of meat properly combined with ordinary every day fruits and vegetables are the basis of this remarkable diet that lets you lose pounds—without losing your pep and energy. It is all explained in this handy little purse-size booklet published by the publishers of this magazine. Send for your copy today, and please enclose 10c to cover handling and mailing costs. Address your request to Pauline Rawley, Fawcett Publications, Inc., 22 W. Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.

Hans Yaray – Tomorrow's Dream Prince

The continent's latest contribution to the American screen is the talented young Viennese actor, Hans Yaray, who was seen in *Lydia*. Left: Writer Charles Samuels, Editor Joan Votsis, Merle Oberon, Mr. Yaray and Sara Corpening at a party for the two stars.

By CHARLES SAMUELS

■ These are wild, woefully embarrassing times for all prophets, great and small. But the prophets are sticking their necks out this time with a sureness of redeeming themselves by saying that Hans Yaray, matinee idol from Vienna, whom you saw for the first time supporting lovely Merle Oberon in *Lydia*, will prove to be Hollywood's new great male star.

For years now, scores of talented and good-looking young men have struggled to make a foothold in the movie citadel, but through lack of ambition, talent and a stern determination to "carry on," have failed. But never before has a Hollywood newcomer possessed more talent, intelligence and masculine oomph than Hans Yaray.

Furthermore, as you will agree if you saw Mr. Yaray playing the blind pianist in the Alexander Korda picture, this is one fellow directors won't have to teach to act. He knew how to act with deftness, poise and a wit long before he invaded Hollywood.

"Once acting was hard work to me," he said, "now it is the best fun in the world. Perhaps that is because I have watched and participated in events that all but tore my heart out by the roots. Today I could be cast in the grisliest screen melodrama and play my part with gusto and a light heart—because it is only make-believe."

Despite everything that has happened to him, Yaray, who is thirty-five, looks ten years younger. He started his stage career in Vienna when he was seventeen. A few years later he became the leading juvenile actor in that once gay European capital. Since then he has written seven plays, in all of which he starred with great success. In addition, he played everything from Hamlet to roles in goofy theatrical farces. In Europe he is called "the Viennese Noel Coward" because he can direct shows as well as write and act in them. He will be best remembered by motion picture fans for his foreign-made films, *Unfinished Symphony* and *Last Love*.

"In 1937 I had several flattering offers from Hollywood," he explained. "But I was undecided whether or not to come to America because I believed I could work best in my native German tongue.

"But with the mounting political excitement in Vienna, attendance at the Reinhardt Stage, where I'd appeared in repertory for six years, began to fall off. People only wanted frothy entertainment. Oddly enough, just before Hitler marched into Austria we started to draw packed houses once more.

"Everybody knew what was coming but nobody knew just when the invasion would be staged. The Viennese, always a gay and fun-loving people, seemed hungry for a last taste of good theater before the debacle caught up with them.

"On the night of March 11, 1938, when the German armies swept in without a declaration of war, I was playing the lead in a Jacques Deval comedy called *Is Geraldine An Angel?* Hours before the performance every seat in the theater had been sold.

"A few moments before the first curtain went up, the stagehands of the Reinhardt Stage asked me to come down to their

little clubroom. They had turned the radio on. Kurt Schuschnigg, our Chancellor, was announcing his abdication and broadcasting the news that the Nazi legions had already crossed our frontiers. That meant the end of independence for Austria.

"I only had time to hear the tag-end of the historic speech, then hurried upstairs to play the first act of *Is Geraldine an Angel?* It was a weird experience. We on the stage knew that our country was doomed but the thousand persons in the audience hadn't the slightest inkling of it.

"There they sat, expectant, still, intent only on enjoying the show. They were astounded when in the middle of an hilarious scene my leading lady began to sob and shake hysterically. She turned her back to the audience but they could see how her shoulders quivered with emotion. We went on—God knows how—until the first act curtain came down.

"Then everyone in the company rushed out into the street to see what was happening. The audience strolled out for a between-the-acts smoke. In the streets storm troopers were marching in full uniform down the middle of the avenue. From the rooftops of great buildings huge flags bearing the Nazi swastika were being draped over the building fronts.

"But the show had to go on. The show always has to go on if there's an audience. But there were only about thirty persons out front who sat through the second and third acts. The rest of that crowd of more than a thousand men and women had rushed home to find out what was going on. Some of them had rushed away without even recovering their hats and coats."

A few days later Hans Yaray left for Switzerland, telling the suspicious Nazi frontier guards that he had a theatrical engagement at Zurich. That was true but the actor never filled that engagement. He went on to America.

"The day I landed in New York," he said with a smile, "I could not speak or understand a single word of English. You may not believe it but it was astonishing to me that I should be in New York and not understand the language.

"You see, everywhere I went I saw friendly faces. I watched them talk, laugh and gesticulate. They seemed so much like the good people of my own Vienna—warm-hearted, gay, generous—that it seemed impossible that I wasn't home among the men and women I have known all my life.

"I don't know why but it seems to me that America is home to me. It has been home, ever since that first day.

"Instead of going to Hollywood right away I stayed in New York. I wanted to learn to speak English fluently before stepping before a movie camera.

"I was fortunate enough to find an excellent language teacher there, Mrs.

Morris Bentinck. For a year and a half I went to her home every day and took lessons. Then I went to a typical American home in Connecticut and lived there for several months. I spoke only English, tried to think in English.

"You say I speak almost without any accent. That is because I was patient, waited, learned; and gradually, because of the friendship of Americans I met, my confidence that I could act in English established itself."

Last season Hans Yaray appeared in the Broadway play, *Another Sun*, by Fritz Kortner and Dorothy Thompson. It was not very successful, but Alexander Korda, whom he had known in Vienna, saw the show and signed the actor to a five year contract. His first role under this contract was as one of the four ex-lovers of Merle Oberon in *Lydia*.

When the last scenes had been shot and all the necessary retakes made, Mr. Yaray came back to New York to meet his mother who made the passage from Europe aboard the now notorious "hell ship," the Navemar.

Horror overwhelmed Hans Yaray when he saw his 59-year-old mother come falteringly down the gangplank. She looked as emaciated as any starving refugee. Fortunately, she hadn't eaten any of the contaminated food served on the ship, food which is said to have killed many of her fellow-passengers. But she was in bed for several weeks after reaching New York.

"All she had to eat during the thirty-seven days of horrible sailing," he declared, "was twelve small cans of sardines and a little zweiback. A kind friend in Lisbon had given her those after looking over the filthy, insanely crowded Spanish freighter."

Then a slow smile lighted up the dark, handsome face of Hans Yaray. "She is better now. But don't you see why I say that acting, pretending before a camera, can never be hard work for me now? I saw my country collapse and be over-run by a foreign army. Nerve-wracked with worry, I waited in New York for weeks for my mother to come here through zones of the Atlantic infested by submarines. It is wonderful to think of living here and working here for the rest of my life where such things can't happen, won't happen! You Americans don't know how lucky you are to live in a land where there is no blackout of human happiness, where freedom of thought and expression is something more than a phrase on the lips of hypocrites!"

Hans Yaray, the actor, the matinee idol, the "Viennese Noel Coward" wasn't acting when he said those things. But listening and watching his sensitive, interesting face, one felt that he could act with the *creme de la creme* of Hollywood talent, and will!

He has returned to Hollywood for his second American-made picture. "I don't know what Alexander Korda has for me in the way of a part. But he has taste and discrimination, that man. I can trust him to bring out whatever talent I have. After all, he did all right and better than that, for Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Miss Oberon and many others who have since become important film players." ■

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Ambition Is Broccoli

By TOM CASEY

■ What happened to Anne Gwynne has the youth of the land wondering whether ambition isn't broccoli and this business of planning for the future mere kid stuff. You set out to become a mining engineer and you're a cinch to end up operating a tea plantation in Ceylon.

With Anne it was a case of prepping to become a great criminal lawyer and blossoming into a movie star with no more effort than a twist of the wrist, just enough of a twist to sign her name to a long-term contract.

Don't for a minute get the idea that this yearning to be a lawyer was a girlish pipe dream. There are citizens in San Antonio, Texas, who, to this day, have not forgiven her for tossing overboard her brilliant future in law. In their mind's eye they still see her delivering impassioned speeches before a weeping jury in behalf of a cute little cupcake who had only recently assassinated the man who had wronged her —the dirty rat.

Miss Gwynne, please be advised, had all the earmarks of a great courtroom lawyer. Records show that she was one of the best little orators in Texas. During her junior year in high school she entered the statewide oratory contest and was named runner-up. She most certainly would have won the cup and the championship the following year, if only her parents hadn't upped and moved to St. Louis. Soldan High in S. L. doesn't go in much for oratory. So there she was—stymied. And with no silver goblet with which to awe her children's children.

You are not going to hear from your faithful correspondent that once she had got her high school diploma cruel economics drove her into a crueler world. Papa Gwynne (actually the last name is Trice. This Gwynne business is a steal: it was the maiden name of Anne's mamma) does all right for himself, as the Eastern representative of the Pacific Knitting Mills, specialists in bathing suits. What she did right after graduation was to enroll in a very swanky secretarial school to sort of get hep with bookkeeping, typing, etc., so as not to be at the mercy of her secretary when she hung out her shingle. After that, she was ready for college.

She picked out la de da Stephens College because it was handy and also, as her mother explained, because it was the ideal place to pick up the three p's, poise, polish, and personality which are hardly a liability to a lawyer lady.

She certainly was no stick-in-the-mud at Stephens. In fact, she was quite the cute one. She had a couple of roommates (no more silly than the next female freshies) who cut up no end. They called each other Rat Number One, Rat Number Two, and Rat Number Three. Our Anne was Rat Number Three, although you can forget it right away. That first year of school was so entrancing that when June came around and school was over she hated to leave. But the family was headed for Los Angeles, where Papa Gwynne was to attend the annual convention of his firm. She wept when she said good-bye to R. No. 1 and R. No. 2.

"See you in the fall," she said, just before she climbed into the cab with her four bags.

Ah, life!

To prove to you that Anne Gwynne never had any intention of becoming a movie star let it be recorded that the trip in question was her third visit to Hollywood, yet not once had she asked her father to pull wires so she could make a Cook's tour of the studios and maybe get to shake the hand of Tyrone Power. This summer was no exception. She arrived safe and sound with her family, checked in at the place where the family always stayed summers, and settled down to do a lot of reading, mostly accounts of celebrated trials, biographies of

Anne Gwynne was all set to become a great criminal lawyer, but fate stepped in and made her one of the outstanding young ingenues on the Universal lot. Anne's in *Keep 'Em Flying*

great lawyers and chief justices, and a very disturbing book called *Women Make Woeful Lawyers.*

A month of this frantic reading and she had exhausted all reading matter, excepting, of course, the dry law journals which could wait. She found herself all of a sudden with time on her hands and nothing to do but write letters to Rats Number One and Two who were perfectly dreadful correspondents. She was thinking about going hunting in British Columbia when her mother suggested that she join the Brentwood Little Theater.

"It will occupy your mind," she said.

Well, what could she lose? She applied, was accepted, and was even given a part—cold. The only catch to it was that everyone in the play had to sell (or buy) exactly forty tickets. Consequently, almost every minor executive of the Pacific Knitting Mills (or their friends) was on hand when Anne made her debut in a little item called *Mrs. Moonlight,* exactly fifteen days before she was due back at Stephens.

Mrs. Moonlight upset the apple cart. Instead of folding up schedule in two weeks the play turned out to be a hit and was held over, which baffled nobody so much as it did our Anne. Whereupon she was suddenly brought face to face with the necessity of making a horrible choice: either to stay on for the duration of the play like a true trouper or to catch the first plane out and be on hand for the opening of Stephens College the next morning.

She bawled her little heart out, talked to friends who said she must stay by all means and to others who told her she would be a sap to desert Stephens. In the end her legal turn of mind sold her down the river. She felt that she was bound by an implied contract to stay with the play. And stay she did. She would return to Stephens the following September and no harm done.

She spent all that winter and the next spring doing plays in little theaters all over Southern California. And enjoying herself immensely. Come spring and she was actually installed in a play at very particular Bliss Hayden, a play called *The Colonel's Lady.*

She was cast, strangely enough, as a hard, immoral named *Donna Varden,* a part that had possibilities if played right. That is how she must have played it because on the next morning she was besieged by three agents, not of the Myron Selznick stripe, to be sure, but bright as new pennies and all of them eager to "represent her."

"For what?" she asked the first applicant.

"Are you kidding?" he came back. "Pictures, of course."

A little dazed, she entrusted her future to a Mr. Gus Dembling with the understanding that if nothing came of his valiant efforts by fall, she was resuming her education at Stephens. Hardly the type to let grass grow under his feet, Gus suggested that they do the studios the very next afternoon.

"Of course, I can't guarantee to get you a chat with Zanuck, but you never know what will happen on these tours."

Right you are, Mr. Dembling.

They were cooling their heels in the office of the casting director at Universal Pictures when who should enter the room and head for the office marked Casting Director—Private, but a gentleman in a white shirt, blue tie, beige pants, and no coat. He got a glimpse of Anne and smiled. She smiled right back, as friendly Texas girls always do. The man seemed to hesitate, changed his mind, and disappeared.

Five minutes later the receptionist asked Mr. Dembling and protegee if they would mind stepping right this way.

The casting director leaned back in his chair and inquired what was on Mr. Dembling's mind. Mr. D. pointed to our Anne, fetching in her tailored suit.

"Why, of course," said the casting director. Whereupon he launched a miniature quiz program, as follows:

Had she ever acted on the stage professionally?

She hadn't.

Had she ever been in pictures?

No, she hadn't.

Would she like to be in pictures?

She would.

The c. d. seemed to be giving the matter some thought when the man in the beige pants spoke up.

"Would you mind if I made a suggestion?"

"Please do."

"I think you ought to give up wearing large hats. They hide your face. And that isn't right."

"Thank you. It's a thought."

The casting director was now ready with a suggestion. If Mr. Dembling and his client would drop by later that afternoon, a contract would be ready for signatures.

Once out of earshot, the Gwynne girl popped a question at Mr. Dembling, who was in very high spirits indeed.

"Who was the man who doesn't like big hats?"

"Why, that was Joe Pasternak. I thought you knew."

"Connected with the studio?"

"Sort of. He's going to produce your first picture." ■

Corporal Jimmy Stewart it is, folks. He is shown making an appeal for the sale of national defense stamps and bonds. See page 10 for Jim's baby picture

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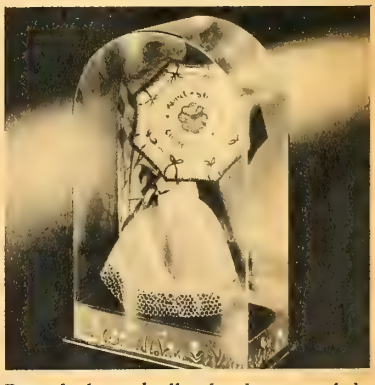

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Men Love "The Fragrance of Youth"

Rosalind Russell and Fred Brisson were married in a large church ceremony on October 25th. Cary Grant, left, was best man, while Cary's favorite girl, Barbara Hutton, right, was among those in attendance

So many floral decorations were sent to Rosalind Russell's leather goods shop opening that passersby actually dropped in to buy flowers! "We" consists of the star and her former maid, Hazel Washington, right. Rosalind, shown receiving congratulations, is in *Design for Scandal*

"We," Inc.

By KAY PROCTOR

■ "We" is now in business.

"We" has incorporation papers with a red seal, state licenses, a shop on a Beverly Hills street, and a sign over the door. The sign says simply *Hazel, Inc.*, but it means "we," and "we" is Rosalind Russell and Hazel Washington, her former colored maid.

Don't jump to conclusions about one thing, however. By making Hazel's dream come true, Roz is not playing Lady Bountiful. She backed the venture financially because she thought it a sound investment and believed whole-heartedly that a talent like Hazel's should be given a means of expression.

The business is the creation, on order, of exquisite hand-made leather belts, gloves, picture frames, boxes, brief cases, luggage, bottle cases, waste baskets, desk sets, jewel cases and even fine hand-sewn shoes.

It was seven years ago the strange partnership of "we" first began. Hazel was out of a job and Roz gave her one, as her personal maid.

"It scares me, now, to think how close I came to missing Hazel," Roz said.

An attractive, well-educated girl in her early thirties, Hazel is the wife of the only colored lieutenant on the Los Angeles police force and the aunt of Kenny Washington, the famous Negro football player. In the past she had worked as personal maid for Garbo, Ginger Rogers, Billie Burke and Betty Compson. But on none of them did she lavish the fullsome devotion, the unquestioning allegiance she at once gave to Roz.

"We wear size 9½," she would tell sales clerks when buying hose for Roz.

"We won't stand for you overcharging us just because we're a movie actress," she would storm at the butcher.

"We are not getting married," she would tell snoopy news and gossip sleuths.

"We would not go to Ciro's without our petticoat," she would tell Roz, marching her back upstairs to put on a slip. "Do you want to disgrace us in front of all those fine people?"

First hint of Hazel's extraordinary talent for designing and creating leather goods came shortly after Roz returned from a six-months' stay in Europe in 1938. Hazel had remained behind, not wanting to leave her husband for that long. On the set one afternoon, a few moments before six o'clock, Roz called Hazel and told her to get a new belt of white crushed leather for a costume she wanted to wear that night.

"I have absolutely no sense of time," Roz said. "It never occurred to me that the stores were practically closed. Hazel checked by phone and reported no white belts like I wanted were available. Yet when I went to get dressed that night, there was a beautiful white belt, exactly what I wanted."

Hazel had whipped it up by hand after getting home! Roz found out about it only by accident when she inquired for the bill weeks later and Hazel confessed to having made it herself.

Another time Roz wanted some long red gloves at the last minute. The stores were closed but there again were the lovely red gloves, exactly as ordered. Hazel had dashed out to the 20th Century-Fox studio, bought the leather from them, and fashioned the gloves herself!

"Then I discovered the secret," Roz related. "All the six months I was in Europe, Hazel had been attending a leather-work school, just as she had attended secretarial school and hair-dressing school in the past. What's more, she had paid an extra $50 to learn how to make gloves!"

Hazel's first gift to Roz was a leather script case. The next was an unusual dispatch case to hold calling cards, personal papers, visas, insurance papers and so on. With it came a lecture.

In her hurry to leave for Europe, Roz had picked up a cheap case to hold the

necessary traveling papers. Hazel had extracted a solemn promise from her employer to get a presentable case in New York before sailing, but Roz had returned with the same shabby article. Hazel was furious.

"You have disgraced us in all those fine cities and in front of very big people!" she scolded. "Haven't we got any pride?"

By the end of 1939 many of Roz's friends were giving Hazel special orders for things, which she made at home at night. Meticulous, she was, about not working for others on "our time." It was then Roz first suggested putting Hazel in business. Hazel wouldn't hear of it. "We've got to be together at the studio when they take up our option," she insisted.

Finally, a few months ago, Roz won her over to the idea and "we" began to make plans.

Incorporation papers were filed and the necessary licenses obtained.

"Rockefeller had nothing on us!" Roz said, shaking her head in memory of that first baffling dip into the business world. Next they hunted for a shop and found just the spot at 406 N. Camden Drive and set interior decorators to work on a beige and apple green color scheme. Stocks of leather were bought and Hazel began the making of sample articles for display in the shop.

It was Hazel who designed their unique trademark which will be found on all articles and which is being cleverly blended into the leather for fine airplane weight luggage. It is two brown hands (the die was made from a photograph of Hazel's hands) upraised in work. In various angles the hands are holding a tiny star, reaching for it, or pointing to it.

The hands, of course, represent Hazel, the creator. The tiny star is Roz. Hazel was most adamant about Roz's part of the venture being represented in the trademark and figured out the star part.

At last everything was in readiness. White clerks were engaged to tend the shop while Hazel and a small staff of leather workmen held sway in the small workroom in the back and the larger workroom in another part of town. Informal invitations for the opening were mailed, the doors opened bright and early on Tuesday, September 23rd, and "we" were in business.

It was a teary scene, the day Hazel turned over her personal maid duties to her best friend, Blanche, who once served lovable Jean Harlow. She came on the set of *Design for Scandal*, the last picture Roz made under contract to M-G-M, to be sure Blanche knew just how to take care of "us" and exactly how "we" liked things done. She wept, Roz wept, Blanche wept, and even Director Norman Taurog began to blow his nose rather loudly.

"Miss Russell, what's going to become of us?" Hazel wailed.

"I don't know, Hazel," Roz sniffled back. "We feel lost already!"

So far business is booming for *Hazel, Inc.* Top stars of the town have been flooding the shop with orders for Hazel's exquisite creations and work. (Simplicity and good taste are the keynotes of the shop and all it contains.)

"We hate gingerbread on things," Hazel explained. ■

"I'M NOT GUESSING one bit when I tell you Royal Crown Cola's my year-round favorite," says Joan Bennett. "I made a taste-test, tried leading colas in plain paper cups. Very definitely one stood out above the others. 'It's tops to *my* taste,' I announced.

'YOU'VE PICKED THE CERTIFIED FAVORITE,' they told me. 'of more than fifty stars—winner in 5 out of 6 group taste-tests—Royal Crown Cola!' From now on my favorite 'quick up' is a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola!" (Not 1 but 2 full glasses in every bottle—only 5¢.)

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My Son, "Andy"

By "Ma Hardy"

As told to Vivian Cosby

In the picture, *Life Begins for Andy Hardy,* there is a scene where Lewis Stone and I are seeing Mickey off for New York. My eyes fill with tears as I say to Lew, "The hardest thing a mother has to do is to wipe the tears from her eyes and the years from her heart."

Every time we did the scene, my voice faltered. I just couldn't utter the words. It took seven takes to get the scene right. That's pretty bad for an experienced actress like me. My only excuse is that that scene was very real to me. It is exactly the way I feel about Mickey.

I'll never forget my first meeting with this young man. Mickey was sixteen at the time and quite bored with the business of going to school. He used to sit in a chair, strike a pose like the statue of "The Thinker," and run his hand through his tousled hair. Watching him, I was willing to bet he was either thinking up a new tune or some gag he could play on his unsuspecting teacher instead of figuring out a mathematical problem.

Incidentally, Mickey's tousled hair has been a bone of contention between us for years. I never could get him to keep it combed. Even my argument that he should keep himself looking nice for the girls failed. His only answer was that girls were a lot of fun, but they were an awful nuisance. Of course, there was one exception, Judy Garland. Judy was different, she was his pal. They spent many happy hours together rehearsing song and dance routines. I'll never forget the day Judy showed him the lyrics she had written for one of Dave Rose's songs. Characteristically, Mickey wise-cracked, "When a girl writes lyrics for a guy, it must be love." Wasn't he surprised when he found out it was!

I remember a great injustice I once did Mickey. For days he'd been looking rather tired. I severely told him I thought it was silly of him to stay out late, using up the strength and energy he needed for his work. Mickey took my scolding without offering a word in defense of himself. This wasn't natural, for he is always quick on the trigger with an alibi. You can imagine how I felt when I later learned he had been spending his evenings coaching a little theater group. He was doing everything he possibly could to train these young people and help them to get a break.

When Mickey makes a pal, he keeps him. Take, for instance, his friendship with Dick Paxton, whom Mickey met one evening in a bowling alley. Upon learning that Dick didn't have a job, Mickey immediately took him home with him. As soon as possible, he got Dick a job as his stand-in. Most people would let the kind deed go at that, but not Mickey. He was determined Dick was going to get somewhere. He kept working with him and plugging until Dick finally became a full-fledged actor in the *Henry Aldrich* series. On Dick's first day on the *Aldrich* set the assistant director called for Dick's stand-in. You can imagine everyone's surprise when none other than Mickey Rooney answered the call.

"Why not?" Mickey asked, talking about it afterwards. "After all, Dick was my stand-in. Turnabout is fair play."

From the way I've been talking, you might think that bringing up my screen son, *Andy,* has just been one smooth path. I assure you this is not the case. There have been times when Mickey has been difficult. One day I was doing an extremely emotional scene. I was supposed to be very ill. In a faint voice I was giving my son some words of motherly wisdom. All during the scene Mickey looked at me woefully. But under his breath he kept saying, "Ham! Swift's Premium. What a ham!"

I was furious, but of course, Mickey immediately found a way to pacify me. His "I'm sorry" gesture on this occasion was to take me to my first prize fight. However, I didn't see much of the fight. Mickey was so excited he sat in my lap most of the time.

Mickey is a very unpredictable person. I never know just what to expect from him. One morning when I arrived on the set he greeted me with his usual breezy, "Hiya, Ma," then started humming a tune to me. When he finished, he told me to try to remember it. Toward the end of the day he came around and said, "Ma, can you hum that tune to me?"

A bit bewildered, I made a brave effort to hum a bit of the tune.

"I got something!" Mickey cried excitedly. Confused, I asked for an explanation. Mickey told me that if I remembered the tune all day, he figured he had something that might become a popular song. If I hadn't been able to remember it, it was just a wash-out.

Mickey has certainly taught me what mothers have to put up with. But like all mothers, I admire him tremendously. I think he's a genius and I can't resist raving about him to my friends. But I've learned one lesson. I'll never again ask Mickey to perform for my friends when they visit me on the set. The last time I did, he gave a superb imitation of a drunk, but it hardly fitted the occasion. This, I think, proves that Mickey never goes out of his way to make a good impression. He's a very down-to-earth person and likes people who are themselves.

Not all the gags pulled on the *Hardy* sets are Mickey's. Occasionally the tables are turned and Mickey himself is the victim. Lewis Stone, in his quiet way, is sometimes a match for the young man.

Mickey has a great respect for Lewis. Whenever he finishes a scene, he looks to his screen father for approval. If Lew shakes his head, Mickey asks the director to let him do the scene over. If Lew

Fay Holden, Mickey Rooney's screen mother, does a delightful job of tattling on *Andy Hardy*. Mickey's in *Babes on Broadway* next

nods his head, Mickey knows the scene is okay.

Once Mickey was doing a scene which called for him to fall down a flight of stairs. As usual, at the finish of the scene, Mickey looked over to Lew for approval. Lew shook his head, so Mickey did the fall all over again. This happened four consecutive times. Finally Mickey went over and asked Mr. Stone what was wrong with the scene.

"Not a thing," said Lew with a smile, "I just like to see you fall."

In spite of his bruised body, Mickey saw the humor of it and thought it was a good joke. But he got even with us the next day by coming on the set simply reeking with garlic.

I think Mickey must have inherited his sense of humor from his father, who incidentally never calls his son "Mickey," but refers to him as Michael. Recently I came upon Mickey and his father, huddled in a corner, laughing uproariously. I asked to be let in on the joke. It seemed that Mickey's father was working in another picture on the lot. He uses the real Rooney family name of Yule. Evidently the director on the picture did not know this, for he constantly complained about Mr. Yule imitating Mickey Rooney's walk.

The comradeship between Mickey and his father is a fine one. There are many activities Mickey shares with no one but his father and every Sunday morning they attend the services at a small Christan Science church in North Hollywood.

I had known Mickey a year before I met his real mother. In fact, the *Hardy* family had become so real to us all, that it had just never occurred to me that Micky had another mother besides *Ma Hardy*.

At a party which Louis B. Mayer gave for Mickey and me, I was taken quite unawares when Mickey brought over a lovely woman and said, "Ma, I'd like you to meet my mother."

I guess Mickey's mother must have sensed a little of my surprise for she said sweetly, "I think Mickey's awfully lucky to have two mothers, don't you?"

Her willingness to share him with me made me very happy. For I love my son *Andy* off the screen as much as I do on. One of my proudest possessions is an autographed picture of him with the inscription, "To Ma, The Swellest Girl I Know." ■

The stage play that convulsed Broadway audiences for two years becomes a movie! You don't want to miss our on-the-set story of *Arsenic and Old Lace*, co-starring Priscilla Lane and Cary Grant, in the big February issue.

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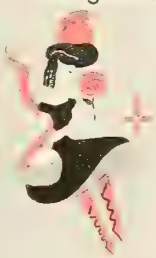

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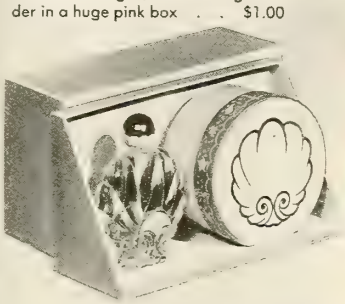

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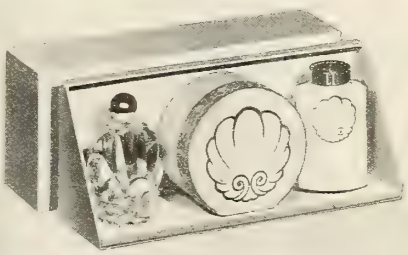

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ON CHRISTMAS COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

What I Know About the "Other Woman"

By JANE FULLER

■ This is a story for women only.

Specifically, for those women who know that to have doesn't always mean to hold—when it concerns a man.

Every day, Gail Patrick receives letters from bored husbands and frustrated wives. Gail has been the "other woman" in so many films that some people have begun to regard her as a home-wrecker de luxe and she'd probably be clawed if she walked into a convention of the Brides Club.

"I've been the third angle of a domestic triangle in so many pictures," says Gail resignedly, "that I must look like a V by now!"

While Gail is no such domestic vulture in real life, she did own up to an interesting point.

"I know what makes the 'other woman' tick. I've played so many husband-snatchers in pictures, that when I realized it was to be my fate, I decided to thoroughly understand the type in order to catch her in my performance. So I made a study of the 'other woman'—learned her psychology, her strong points and her short suits. I found out the situation that creates her and how she mooches into a happy marriage—and I learned, too, why she can not hold her man for long. That's what makes her the 'other woman' and not the wife. I learned all this through the girls I have played—those ruthless, fascinating glamour girls who are hell bent for another woman's man. And," added Gail slowly, "what I learned is interesting—for the wife!"

So! Well, draw up, girls.

Some time or other, according to Gail, the "other woman" crops up in most marriages. A man's susceptibility to her depends upon his wife. A husband who is bored with his own wife may be a push-over for the come-on of the "other woman." Also, there is the male psychology to consider. After years of a steady marriage, a husband is good bait for another woman. The mere fact that some woman outside of good old Bess thinks he's a Gable brings out the daredevil in him and he wants to play. Especially during the breaching over from youth to middle age when a man likes to have one last fling before he settles down.

That's the time the "other woman" can edge in. *Unless*—the wife is smart enough to counter-attack the invasion.

The smartest thing to do, says Gail, is to annex the tricks of the other woman.

"Most wives, after years of marriage, become so involved with keeping house that the romance of life slips into the background. They are always saying that 'some day' they are going to diet or find the right lipstick. But somehow their plans never materialize. It isn't exactly the question of the caught bus. It is mainly that the pressure and uncertainty of getting a man has been lifted, and now they have reached bedrock.

Gail Patrick gives valuable tips to wives on what makes the "other woman" tick, and tells how to combat the menace. Gail's the "other woman" in *Kathleen*

"That smugness is missing from the 'other woman.' She is never sure of her man, so she is constantly on the *qui vive* to keep him interested. She never takes anything for granted, like many wives. She *daren't*. She is careful about her looks. In all of my pictures where I am the 'other woman,' I am given the most glamorous wardrobe. I am supposed to outshine and outdazzle the wife. My hair is just so—I am always chic and there's oomph in every stitch on my back. But can you say that for many wives? Oh, those sloppy house dresses! Those cold-creamed faces at the breakfast table!

"I have always tried to give my 'other woman' a sense of humor, because I found out that is part of her make-up. She's fun to be with, and a man likes to come to her because she doesn't fill him with the grimness and woes of the world. She's escape. Do you remember the conniving female I played in *Love Crazy*? That girl treated William Powell like a little boy and made a joke of everything. Recall the scene where we were stuck in the elevator? Now wouldn't it be like some wives to grab the controls, fix him with a baleful glare and snap, 'That's just like you, Bill, to get stuck in this elevator.'

"Instead, this girl I played—who was no dope—got a huge kick out of it, laughed and made the whole thing a little escapade. The 'other woman' would never humiliate the man or take digs at him. His wife sometimes does, because of a lack of patience brought on by familiarity. But that wolf in she-clothing knows better than to tear a man down. She constantly hands him the old blarney—with syrup!

"She tries to be a little mysterious and provocative in her effort to keep him returning to her. She is never the same. Her mood changes—her haircomb—her perfume. She's always unexpected.

"Wives can take a tip and annex these styles in wiles, but in the end the 'other woman' invariably loses her man, anyway. Mainly because the relationship is based on a precarious foundation and sooner or later it cracks.

"But more important, while the 'other woman' is very shrewd, she falls down on the most important quality of all: *genuine* understanding and sacrifice. She can't help it. There isn't that common sharing of destiny that the wife has. The 'other woman' is essentially calculating and she has a well-rehearsed lingo, but in a pinch she can't muster up enough real warmth and interest to dish it to a man when he needs it. Her position places her constantly on guard and her first thought is always for herself. Sooner or later, it catches up with her.

"The 'other woman' is like a streak of lightning," said Gail, summing her up patly. "She makes a big flash, she throws a scare into you—and then she's gone. Once in a while she'll cause a serious conflagration. But any wife who is wise to the come-on tricks of the 'other woman' can be her own lightning rod and nip the flash before it flares up!" ■

MEN TELL ME THE SECRETS OF THEIR SINS

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Mary Rhonnon EDITOR

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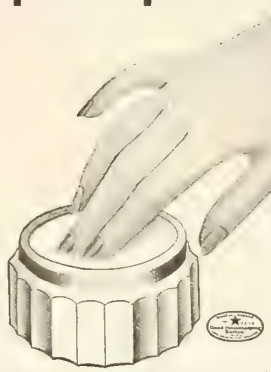

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Meet Mr. Mishap

By JANE PORTER

Badly battered and plenty bewildered, it's a wonder Henry Wilcoxon is still alive! He's appearing in Universal's *White Savage*

■ Henry "Biff" Wilcoxon picked up the script of his new Universal picture, *White Savage*, read the two pages and groaned mightily.

Excerpts from the scene ran as follows:

MED. CLOSE SHOT—MOOSE BEHIND LARKIN
He fizzes the brandy through his teeth onto the back of Larkin's coat.

CLOSE SHOT—BACK OF LARKIN
as Bob takes a match and touches it to Larkin's brandy-soaked coat. The coat takes fire.

MED. SHOT—GROUP
He jumps up and starts to belabor Larkin. Chuck and Moose pile in, cracking Larkin on the back and otherwise using the fire as an excuse to manhandle him.

MED. CLOSE SHOT—LARKIN
With a roar Larkin swings on Bob, misses him, hits Moose. Chuck hits Larkin and the fight is on . . . Larkin rushes in. Again he is attacked, dodging a bamboo chair which smashes against the wall . . . the barroom brawl is going full blast with tables being overturned, chairs crashing through the air into mirrors.

"I might have known," Wilcoxon said sadly. "Here we go again!"

For "Biff" was cast as *Larkin*, the gent who gets set on fire and generally bashed about in the melee. And bitter experience through his eight years in Hollywood had taught him only too well that he always wound up the "innocent bystander"—the guy who gets hurts—despite all the precautions taken to eliminate every element of personal hazard to him in the dangerous scenes. Stunt men could be rehearsed, every detail of the action worked out along safety first lines, yet the unexpected always happened. As a result, "Biff" literally has been shot, run through, sliced, scraped, beaned and torn apart from head to toe.

"I am," he confessed, "a one-man museum of movie battle scars."

"Biff" modestly neglected to mention the irony of the dubious record: that he was brought from England to play romantic leads to lovely ladies. One of these days, perhaps, producers will wake up to the fact they are missing a second Cary Grant in "Biff" and start casting him in gayly sophisticated comedies where his virile good looks and flair for joyous nonsense, his buoyant, easy manner and perfect sense of timing, his roguish charm and rollicking sense of fun can be seen and appreciated. It's downright criminal to waste all that on swashbuckling costume classics and a succession of heels and heavies as Hollywood has been doing with "Biff." Besides, at the rate his "accidents" continue to happen, there soon won't be enough of him left to make a junior Boy Scout, let alone a second Grant!

In physiological order, the saga of "Biff's" mishaps in the line of duty started with the concussion he got in *Mystery Sea Raider*. He was playing a tough sea captain and was supposed to be cracked on the

skull with the butt of an automatic revolver. A special weapon was devised of thin metal covered with rubber to soften the blow. The weapon worked fine, but the gentleman wielding it forgot to pull his punch as directed—and "Biff" went to the hospital in a state of *non compos mentis* which lasted three days.

Next came his eye. Several months ago he was doing a pistol duel with Akim Tamiroff in *The Corsican Brothers*. The scene called for John Emery to sneak up and shoot "Biff" in the back with an 1850 dueling pistol. The authentic old fireballer exploded prematurely, and "Biff" got a charge of wadding and powder particles so close to his eye, it took a doctor three hours to remove 52 particles from the eyeball and lid!

In *Chasing Danger* he was bound hand and foot while a horse dragged him hell for leather across the screen. For protection he lay on his back on a steel sled which was invisible to the camera. In the midst of the action, however, the sled hit a bump in the road, throwing "Biff" on his side, still helplessly bound. Before the horse could be stopped, one of the Wilcoxon ears was ripped from its mooring and the entire left side of his face scraped raw.

Look closely at his nose next time you see him on the screen, and you'll detect a crescent scar on the left nostril. That happened in *The Crusades* when his duelling partner became a bit too enthusiastic in his work with his sword and neatly sliced off a quarter inch of the Wilcoxon proboscis. Another slip of the sword in *The Corsican Brothers* gashed the roof of his mouth, fortunately missing his lips. And winding up the head injuries was the dislocated jaw he got in *Keep Smiling* (just try!) when he was supposed to be knocked cold in a fist fight. Oh yes, the blow was "arranged" to glance off his chin but as usual, something happened and he caught it square on the button.

In *Woman Alone*, "Biff" led a spectacular cavalry charge which was supposed to wind up in wild confusion as a herd of cows blocked the racing horsemen on a narrow road. Long shots were filmed on location and close-ups in the studio. Following instructions for the close-up, "Biff" kicked his horse into a gallop and charged into the camera where he was to stop short on a special grass matting covered with dirt. Somehow the matting pulled loose and "Biff" and horse crashed headlong into the camera. The exciting scene was used in the picture, which was some consolation, I suppose, for the badly torn back muscles "Biff" got out of the fray.

It was his chest which took a beating in *Scotland Yard*. A night shot called for him to be swimming in the Thames river while police searchlights tried to find him. Four straight hours in the cold water at night and "Biff" wound up in bed with pneumonia! Less romantic but equally painful was the 5-inch slivver he got in the logical place sliding down a bannister in *Mystery Sea Raider*.

So much for the torso.

In retrospect, the knife wound "Biff" got in *Eight Bells* had its funny side. Funny to everyone but "Biff." The scene called for the blade to be thrown at him with great force but wide of the mark, for safety sake. Instantaneously, a second knife, deeply imbedded in the wall, was to appear, creating the illusion of the first knife landing with great impact. The thrower missed, catching "Biff" in the arm, but the second knife appeared on cue, just the same.

"One time," he said, "the hand was NOT quicker than the eye!"

It was his heroism which resulted in his badly burned hands in *That Hamilton Woman*. Again by accident, the flaming head of a torch (used to fire a cannon) flew off, setting fire to Laurence Olivier's curly wig. Without a second thought, "Biff" snatched the blazing wig from Olivier's head with his bare hands—and wore bandages for days as result. And a retake of a sword duel scene in *Cleopatra* nicked a solid inch of flesh from the little finger on "Biff's" right hand. With quick wit, "Biff" stuck the flesh back on, and miraculously, it grew.

The accident in the original scene in the picture was far more serious. A stunt man was to throw a broken sword at "Biff" as he warded off the weapon with his shield. At the crucial moment, the man stumbled and the ragged blade pierced "Biff's" thigh to the bone, hospitalizing him for six weeks and requiring 29 stitches to close the cut.

Action in *The Crusades* demanded "Biff" jump from a high rock to the back of a horse. The nervous horse moved at the moment of the 10 ft. jump, and again "Biff" wound up the loser with torn leg ligaments which kept him on crutches for weeks. Previously, in the same picture, he had received a nasty gash on the ankle when an extra player inadvertently raked him with his spurs in a wild fight on horseback around the mammoth war machine.

Last item in the head-to-toe inventory of "Biff's" screen injuries was the infected foot he received from a hidden nail in the boots he wore in *Souls At Sea*.

"Here I am, starting all over again with my neck on fire!" "Biff" mused. "Of course the coat will be fire-proofed and everything else 'arranged,' but a dollar will get you ten something will go haywire and I'll end up with blisters!"

At that, "Biff" said, none of his screen mishaps ever engendered such agony as he underwent one afternoon two years ago. It was the day he became the proud father of Wendy, his golden-haired daughter. Even the physical prowess which earned him the nickname of "Biff" as a heavyweight boxer couldn't stand up to that strain.

"When the nurse finally broke the news," he said, "I fainted dead away!" ■

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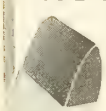

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Martha Scott's penchant for saying the wrong things puts her in plenty of hot water. She's in Warners' *One Foot in Heaven*

Mrs. Malaprop

By VIRGINIA WOOD

Martha Scott has a way of looking at you out of those big brown eyes and a way of saying things that are really rather astounding. Because the way she looks and the words that come out are so totally different!

Her husband, Carl Alsop, says he knows pretty well, now, when it's coming on. It will invariably, he will tell you, be caused by Martha's anxiety to always say the right thing in her effort to be nice. Because at heart Martha Scott wants nothing so much as to be friendly. She honestly likes people and wants them to like her right back. It's probably because she's over-anxious that she gets into so much trouble.

Her near-sightedness is no help, either, as she will tell you. It has been the cause of a great deal of embarrassment when she passes someone by without a sign of recognition. To avoid this, Martha has adopted a set little smile which she turns on every time she sees anyone even faintly nod in her direction.

Martha was coming in to town one day to do some shopping for the new arrival that is due in the Alsop family shortly. Carl, who was working at the broadcasting studio and had left early that morning, suggested she meet him for a late breakfast at the Brown Derby. Arriving somewhat early, Martha took a seat in a booth up front to wait. The place was empty at that hour of the morning and Martha just sat there, smiling a little to herself in anticipation of the forthcoming blessed event and the tiny knitted garments she was going to buy. Suddenly, she saw a figure a few feet away which seemed to be nodding in her direction.

Just as Carl came in, Martha was murmuring, "Hello" and turning on her prop smile. Carl looked at her, puzzled.

"Darling," he said, "who in the world are you talking to? There isn't a soul in this place!"

"Why, there is so, Carl," Martha answered patiently. "That cowboy over there—I'm sure he's someone I know, but I just can't make out who it is."

Following her glance, Carl saw, to his amazement, that Martha had been politely greeting a cowboy all right, but he was made entirely of ice! The vague motion Martha had seen had been caused by the chef, who was arranging the figure in the center of the counter, in accordance with his daily custom of supplying a work of glacial art as part of the decoration.

Then there was the time when Carl had a big business deal on. He was dickering with the well-known novelist, Leslie Charteris, about a radio show. Carl was in a stew. He muttered and mumbled about the house.

"He's a pretty difficult egg, you know," he would tell Martha. "I'm just afraid he won't understand what I'm trying to put over. I wonder," he would go on, "if I should approach him in this way" . . . and then he'd outline his plan, using Martha as a sounding board. Martha would sit silently, listening, nodding a word of encouragement now and then. Inwardly, she was upset. This man must be an awful old ogre, she thought to herself, to get Carl in such a state. Carl, who understood people so well . . . who always knew just the right attack.

Their meeting was to be a combined social and business affair. Mr. and Mrs. Charteris had invited them down to Palm Springs for the week-end. Martha was on her mettle, determined to help Carl swing his deal.

The Charterises met them at the door of their cottage—friendly, attractive people.

Martha breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well," she announced, "I certainly am delightfully surprised! Carl has been telling me all about you, and you're not at all as I pictured you!"

In five minutes, of course, Carl had relieved the tension, as he usually does, with his contagious laugh and his ready wit. But Martha could have bitten her tongue off—and there was nothing she could do about her *faux pas*.

Martha is a tiny little thing and all her life has been struggling to put on weight. To her, plumpness is a sign of beauty and nothing pleases her so much as to have someone comment when she's put on a few pounds.

At one of her first cocktail parties, Martha discovered there are some people who do not feel the same way.

Meeting a famous woman, whom she had greatly admired, Martha greeted her cordially.

"How do you do," she said. "My, but you look well since you put on weight!

It is really quite becoming to you."

Much to her surprise, the woman turned coldly away. Later, Martha discovered that for the past two years she had been trying desperately to lose weight and that she didn't relish in the least the reminder that she hadn't been too successful!

Martha and Carl were spending the week-end at the Del Monte hotel when she pulled her prize boner.

Martha had just finished a picture and was dreadfully fatigued. She was sitting alone out on the terrace of the hotel, waiting for Carl. Suddenly she heard her name called.

"Why, Martha," a masculine voice was saying, "what in the world are you doing here? I'm so happy to see you!"

For a minute, Martha was speechless. It had been only a couple of years since she'd seen this man, but he had aged a great deal in the interim.

"I mustn't let him see how shocked I am," she was thinking. And then was completely horrified to hear herself saying, "Why, hello . . . and how old *are* you?"

And her friend looked just as surprised as she was when he answered, "Thirty-seven!"

Well, as Martha says, there's not a darn thing you can do when you pull something like THAT! Fortunately, Carl appeared just at that moment—as he usually does—and the atmosphere cleared.

Carl himself was the recipient of what he claims was the insult supreme.

It seems Carl has always been extremely sensitive about the difference in their ages. Martha herself told me one time she had a lot of trouble talking Carl into marrying her on account of it. As a result, Martha spends half of her time trying to make him forget it.

"It's so silly," she says. "Why, it isn't any difference to speak of at all, but Carl has always been so conscious of his wrinkles—which I love. They're all from laughing, you know, and working hard. *I* think they're a sign of character!"

The subject came up at home one evening.

Martha had just been to see the eye doctor about some new glasses.

"I hope those glasses aren't too strong, honey," Carl remarked, jokingly. "Otherwise, you're liable to get a good look at me and say, 'Why, who is that old man I married?' "

Martha was indignant. She looked him over carefully, thinking how like his father he was—those same wrinkles, that same ridged forehead.

"Darling," she said, stoutly, "you mustn't talk that way. You couldn't have any *more* wrinkles than you have right now!"

Carl, of course, burst out laughing. As he gathered her into his arms, she looked at him wonderingly, as he whispered:

"You silly little Mrs. Malaprop, you!" ■

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The Actress Nobody Knows

By LAURA POMEROY

Ona Munson's role of *Mother Gin-Sling* in *Shanghai Gesture* (above), is her most important one to date. Left, informal study of the actress

■ Ona Munson walked wearily out of the studio where she had been working under tons of make-up as the Oriental no-good in *Shanghai Gesture*, only to be confronted by a crowd of autograph hunters waiting at the gate, pencils in hand, glint in eye.

The studio make-up girl caught up with Ona and hissed: "You'd better turn back. They're on the watch for movie players and they'll wear you out. Let's sneak out a side entrance and get away from them."

Ona smiled quizzically. "Don't worry. No one will bother me. Wait and see."

She walked through the crowd to her car and an amazing thing happened. Not a ripple out of a crowd which is so Hollywood-minded they can spot a movie actress wrapped in a sheet three miles away in a heavy fog. But they paid as much attention to Ona as a taxi driver does to a traffic signal, and they might all have been under the influence of sleeping pills as far as their awareness of her went. A few minutes later they really went wild. Phyllis Brooks walked out and the scramble began. And when Walter Huston and Victor Mature appeared, pandemonium broke loose.

But it's strange about Ona Munson. It really is. She's been knocking around Hollywood so long that she says she will soon take her place with the footsteps outside of Grauman's Chinese Theater as a landmark. But unlike the footsteps, the tourists don't make a beeline for Ona.

They would, mind you, if they could. But they don't know Ona from an extra on a De Mille set.

For in spite of the fact that Ona snares the acting plums and is one of Hollywood's most-in-demand actresses with a respectable upper-bracket salary, no one seems to know her. She goes alone, and has to love it.

This curious state of affairs is due in part to Ona's private life and partly to her cinema goings-on.

When the feverish casting of *Gone With the Wind* was at its height, dozens of yumphy Mae West types were considered for the hard-boiled *Belle Watling*, but Ona won it, hands down. Ona is 4 feet 11, weighs 98 pounds with her lipstick and looks as much like *Belle Watling* as Shirley Temple does like Lana Turner. Ona achieved the perfect *Belle* by means of heel lifts, paddings and darned good acting.

At the very lavish premiere of GWTW, Vivien Leigh, Olivia de Havilland—even Hattie McDaniels—were mobbed. But Ona was the Forgotten Star. The fans passed her up without a second look.

Any similarity between Ona and her screen characters is purely a coincidence. In *Lady From Louisiana* she was buried under phony curls and a Southern accent, and in *Wild Geese Calling* she was a tramp from Alaska!

The prize, however, is the role she is currently weighted down with, that of *Mother Gin-Sling* in *Shanghai Gesture*. Connie Bennett and a dozen other top-flight stars wanted to play the Oriental madame of the gambling parlors in this hefty melodrama, but little Ona, quietly and without fanfare as usual, snared the plum.

"As *Mother Gin-Sling*," says Ona, "I hardly recognize myself. It takes me four hours to have the make-up applied every morning. I get up so early I wake the chickens! My eyes are pulled back, a wig is pasted on, my face is pushed out of shape as though it were rubber. I was off one day and decided to visit the set. Would you believe it, the gateman wouldn't let me in because he didn't recognize me *au natural*.

"He said he had never seen me and besides I didn't look like an actress!"

The only time Ona has ever looked like herself was when she first hit Hollywood in 1932. She was tiny, red-haired and a looker and she had been a song-and-dance

queen on the Broadway stage in *No, No Nanette* and similar hanky-panks. Ona showed her legs and tried her voice in a few Hollywood musicals, but when she played straight in *Five Star Final* she decided to leave the tra-las to other girls and stick to heavy emoting. Since then, Ona is the girl called in by frantic producers when they have a role that sticks them, and she has become a girl of a thousand faces—sort of a female Lon Chaney.

However, it's not only all these disguises that have made Ona a mystery woman, but her own private life, which is so decidedly private that Garbo is a goldfish by comparison.

Ona is a stranger to the places where movie people gather to have fun and be photographed. Hers is not the face lurking behind a table at Ciro's. Invitation lists of the gay soirees seldom include her name. And she is the exception among Hollywood's bachelor girls as being the one who has never dated Franchot Tone, Bruce Cabot and the other flitting *bon vivants*. She is the one top-ranking actress who doesn't get around and whom few people in Hollywood know.

But while Hollywood was cataloguing Ona as a strange duck, she was carrying on a long-distance courtship every bit as thrilling and romantic as the front page didos of the less inhibited film boys and girls. The man in her life is Stewart MacDonald, the ex-housing administrator, distinguished, brilliant and conservative. Business keeps him in the East and he is the reason why Ona stays home nights close to the telephone.

"I didn't mean to keep him a secret," say Ona, hedging a bit. "But no one asked me. I guess people never credited me with having a beau because I didn't chase around. But after all, a girl doesn't paint the town pink without her fiance, does she?"

Ona is trying to figure out a date for the altar trek. Having tried marriage once before, with Eddie Buzzell (now a director at M-G-M), when both worked in the same Broadway musical, she is taking her time now. The big problem is the lack of proximity—MacDonald is in the East and she doesn't feel like giving up her career now that it's going places.

"But that will work out in time," says Ona philosophically. "At any rate, my husband will never have to complain about being the backseat husband of a Hollywood star. We'll never have to duck fans when we walk down the street or undergo the usual travails of a Hollywood wife and a private-life husband.

"I guess there are compensations in being the one movie actress who isn't a celebrity." ■

HOLLYWOOD SHOPPING GUIDE

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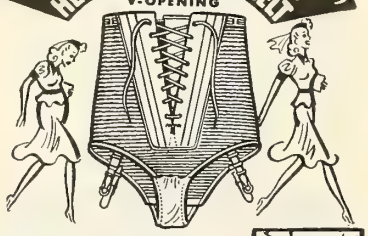

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of HOLLYWOOD published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for October 1, 1941.
State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of HOLLYWOOD and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1941.

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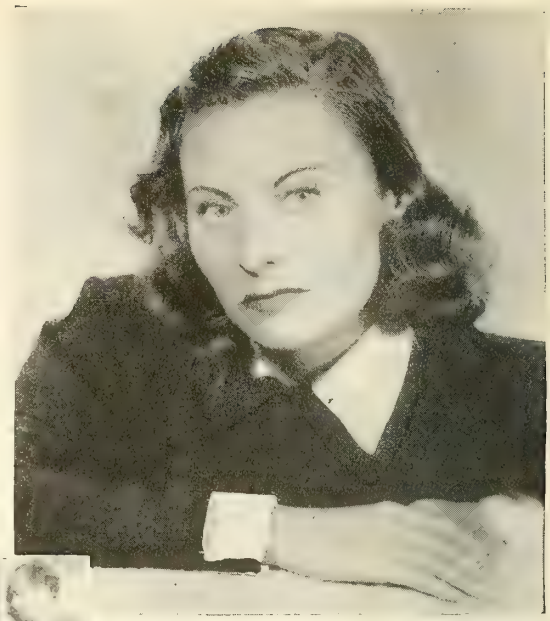


R-K-O's *Joan of Paris* gives American moviegoers a long-awaited chance to witness the charms of Michele Morgan. Below, Miss Morgan receives a box of good luck posies from David Hempstead, her director

French Find

By FREDERICK McFEE

■ "I will not be a hypocrite!" exclaimed Michele Morgan, her green eyes flashing.

"That's why I have annoyed some of my French friends in Hollywood. They criticize me for having become *too American.* They say that I've forgotten that I'm a Frenchwoman. They get indignant when I insist upon talking English to them.

"But I *want* to become Americanized! This country has made me welcome—helped me escape the sadness that is Europe today. I am eager and willing to accept American ways. I should be a hypocrite if I pretended that I'm not happy to be here, and able to follow the career that means so much to me."

Miss Morgan's voice rang with sincerity. "I love my country, and always will," she said, "but I love my new country, too."

The young French actress, often acclaimed abroad as the finest of her generation, was being interviewed in her dressing room at R-K-O Radio Studios. The interviewer, who had expected to talk to Michele with the aid of an interpreter, was immediately struck with her flawless English, her superb beauty and her candidness. She loves to talk.

It seemed odd that she could acquire such a perfect command of a strange language in the eight or nine months she had been in Hollywood. Michele explained.

"I studied English for three years before I came over here. You see, I always felt that my destiny would lead me to Hollywood—and it has. Oh, I loved doing all those pictures abroad—but American movies were my goal."

Miss Morgan, whom some of you may have seen in *Port of Shadows,* with Jean Gabin, left France in June, 1940, after the Nazi invasion. She tries to forget about her flight across the continent—first to Marseilles, then to Cerbere on the Spanish frontier, where she motored to Barcelona and caught a plane for Lisbon. There she spent several anxious weeks waiting for the boat that would take her to America—and a new life.

"One thing I *can't* forget," she said soberly, "is the eyes of the hungry children everywhere. It is not right for children to starve."

Tall and slim, the actress has blond hair that makes an effective contrast to her long-lashed green eyes. For her interview chat, she was wearing a two-toned slack suit, Hollywood style, which would probably have shocked her critical compatriots.

R-K-O Radio has kept its Gallic star more or less under wraps since her arrival in this country. But she has just completed her first picture, *Joan of Paris,* co-starring with another recent continental importation, Paul Henreid. Robert Stevenson directed, and such seasoned actors as Thomas Mitchell, Laird Cregar and May Robson are in the cast.

"I feel that it is a fine picture," said Michele. "The story is ever so dramatic. It tells of the adventures of a plane full of R. A. F. fliers who are forced down behind the lines in occupied France—a few miles outside Paris. I am the girl who befriends them, and attempts to get them back safely to England.

"There is talk of my doing a picture

with Charles Boyer," Miss Morgan told us. "That makes me very happy. My first big picture was *Gribouille*—over here it was called *Heart of Paris*—with Mr. Boyer. Later, we made *The Storm* together. I understand it was very widely shown in this country."

Michele made over a dozen films and became one of the foremost French stars in less than three years. Being a linguist, she even made a picture in Sweden.

Her real name is Simone Roussel. She was born in the Parisian suburb of Neuilly on February 29, 1920—which makes her just past voting age. She's only had five actual birthdays, however, February 29 being that famous Leap Year day.

Papa Roussel was an exporter, a strict, conservative Frenchman who believed that woman's place was in the home, and that the theater was a lot of nonsense. So it came as quite a shock when his wife announced that a fortune-teller had predicted that Simone, then three, would become a famous actress.

"When I was older, Mother made the mistake of telling *me* about the prediction," Michele recalled. "It changed my whole life. From then on, I had but one desire—to become an actress.

"I was *lousy* in school. (*Indeed yes, Miss Morgan is Americanized!*) I liked drawing and music, but that was about all. I was really a problem child. My one desire was to make the fortune-teller's prophesy come true."

When she was 15, Michele proved to her parents that she was serious about becoming an actress. The family was spending the summer at the seacoast resort of Dieppe, and Michele, by saving every penny of her allowance, finally got the price of a ticket to Paris. One night she stole out of the house and took the train. In Paris, she sought refuge from her grandmother, but that lady gave her a cool reception—and sent a telegram to Papa Roussel. He arrived snorting, and Michele was taken back to Dieppe.

Michele promptly went on a hunger strike. "I am obstinate, too, like my father," she smiled. "And finally I won out. It was agreed that I could return to Paris and live with my grandmother and go to dramatic school. Once there I was happy—really happy. I threw myself heart and soul into my studies—not only dramatics, but singing and dancing."

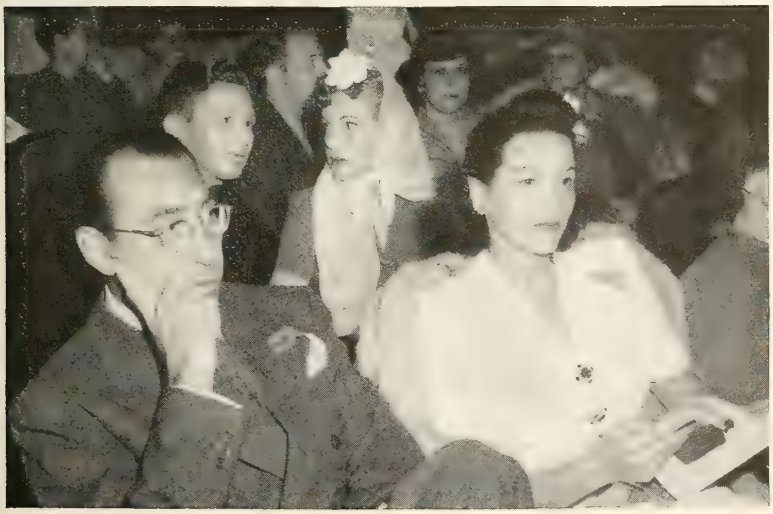
A gawky youngster when she entered the dramatic school, in two years Michele bloomed into the vivid beauty we see today. And she was a prize pupil. So much so that a French movie company took a risk and gave her an important lead opposite Charles Boyer.

Miss Morgan worships Hollywood, and has had a wonderful time ever since she arrived. She is an ardent movie fan, and loves to see the stars in person. Shortly after her arrival, she went to the premiere of *The Dictator*, which had a great stellar turnout—only she sat in the bleachers built outside the entrance for the fans and tourists! And she had the time of her life applauding stars as they stepped from their limousines.

Around the R-K-O Radio lot, Michele is a great favorite with everyone. They think she's regular. She spends long hours on the sets watching other people make pictures. "I am glad that I wasn't given a picture immediately," she confessed. "The swift tempo of Hollywood might have confused me. But not now. I've grasped the Hollywood methods of production."

She took the name of Michele Morgan when she entered dramatic school. The "Morgan" she chose because it seemed to her a typical American name (as we mentioned, she was already looking into the future!). "Michele" she adopted after she met a typical American young man named Mike, who made quite an impression on her.

The lady is quite fancy free, although her name was linked romantically with that of the great Jean Gabin before they both left France. The *Americanized* Michele Morgan, she says, has little time for romance! ■



Gale Sondergaard, the lady who chills and thrills movie audiences, and her director-husband, Herbert Biberman, attend opening of the play, *They Can't Get You Down*

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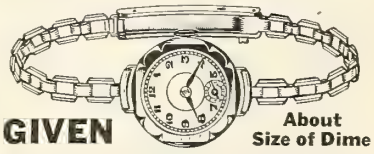

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Important Pictures

By SARA CORPENING

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY ★★★★

20th Century-Fox

■ Out of the homely virtues of a group of Welsh mining people has come a motion picture of rare beauty and majestic simplicity. The haunting theme of the popular novel has been expertly captured in the film.

The story is told in retrospect, running through a period of years. It is the tale of the *Morgans*, a Celtic mining clan, as seen through the eyes of young *Huw* (Roddy McDowall), youngest member of the family. If you read the book, you will find here all the characters you met in the written page—"*Dada*" (Donald Crisp), the sweet and tireless mother (Sara Allgood), the fearless brothers, and the beautiful sister (Maureen O'Hara), who married well but not too wisely. Walter Pidgeon is *Mr. Gruffydd*, the pastor who inspires *Huw* with a thirst for knowledge. And back of the pathos, the wistfulness, the beauty of the story lie the mines—the black coal which is wrung from the earth and darkens the lives of those who dig it.

Roddy McDowall, in his second screen appearance, turns in a performance to equal that of any child we've ever seen on the screen.

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY ★★★★

RKO-Radio

■ Although many liberties have been taken with Stephen Vincent Benet's Faustian fantasy, *The Devil and Daniel Webster* (including the change of title), it emerges as a striking film. The allegorical quality of the story has been retained, however, for which Director Dieterle must be thanked. The story takes place on a farm in New Hampshire in 1840. *Jabez Stone* (James Craig), about to be evicted from his home for debts, sells his soul to *Mr. Scratch* (Walter Huston) who is of course the devil masquerading as a Yankee scoundrel. Later he accidentally discovers gold on his farm, befriends the devil's beautiful assistant (Simone Simon), and becomes a mean and hated man. In the unique ending he finds he has sold his soul for a poor bargain.

All the characters are excellent—James Craig as the young farmer who has a run of bad luck, Anne Shirley as his patient wife, Jane Darwell as the mother, and Simone Simon as the sleek temptress.

But most memorable is Walter Huston as *Mr. Scratch*. His portrayal of supernatural cunning, his deceitfully winning ways, will stay in your memory long after you've seen the picture.

TARGET FOR TONIGHT ★★★★

(War Documentary)

■ In a simple, unpretentious little short, the story of the heroic young fliers who drop the bombs of destruction on Germany is told in straightforward, unembellished fashion. It takes the audience on a bombing raid on a German oil depot, as seen from one of the ships of the par-

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ticipating squadron. It is a simple, vivid recital of the grim duty of the fliers in the R.A.F.

There are no women in the film, nor any professional actors. The R.A.F. men play the role themselves.

DUMBO ★★★½

(Walt Disney Production)

■ Walt Disney's newest imaginative creation is completely captivating. It is a pictorial masterpiece in which Disney again creates the enchanted world of talking animals. Technically, *Dumbo* is far superior to his other productions, even the superb *Fantasia*. Little *Dumbo*, the baby elephant with the grotesquely big ears, is the appealing hero. He is forever tripping up on his flopping appendages, which makes him the freak of the circus. He finds a friend in a cocky little mouse who takes him in hand and exploits him. When he discovers he can use his fantastic-looking ears to fly, he becomes a world wonder and is happily reinstated in everyone's favor.

Nothing more delightful than the opening scene, where the storks zoom through the air with their precious little bundles, has come our way in a long, long time. But perhaps you'll prefer the scene where little *Dumbo* and his pal get tight and witness a cock-eyed parade of pink elephants the like of which has never been equalled.

THE MEN IN HER LIFE ★★★

Columbia

■ The background is 80 years ago, and Loretta Young portrays a talented ballerina—how she works for success, and the men whom her beauty attracts. She marries Conrad Veidt, in appreciation for making her a star, although she loves John Shepperd. After his death, Dean Jagger, wealthy shipping magnate, comes into her life, and she marries him and has a child (Ann Todd). When they separate, he takes the child and life for the ballerina is colorless, until a happy reunion is effected.

Miss Young was never lovelier, and her performance is excellent throughout.

HOT SPOT ★★★

20th Century-Fox

■ This is a "whodunit," but better than the average mystery film because of the capable actors in the leading roles. Laird Cregar, as the unrelenting captain on the trail of a debonair promoter (Victor Mature) walks away with the show. The action takes place in a glamorous night club, where Mature becomes the suspect in the murder of a beautiful showgirl, Carole Landis. He finds himself in love with the sister of the dead girl (Betty Grable) which leads to a dramatic, unexpected finish.

APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE ★★★

Universal

■ There is a gaiety about the whole screwball proceedings of *Appointment for Love* which you'll find delightfully stimulating. The story concerns the romantic love affair between playwright Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullavan, a woman doctor. After the marriage, Miss Sullivan displays a very dependent, psychological approach to marriage—she insists on having her own apartment, but obligingly turns up for breakfast each morning at 6:45. Boyer manages to take her unorthodox behavior in his stride until he discovers she has spent the night away from home. The truth of the matter is that each spent the night in the other's

[*Continued on page* 66]

Richard Greene was granted special leave from his war duties to star in *Story Unpublished* which is being filmed at Denham, England. Dick is shown chatting with his charming and talented co-star, Valerie Hobson, and other members of the cast

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 65*]

apartment, but until the matter is straightened out, there's a lot of fun all around. Gus Schilling, as a bewildered elevator boy, contributes an outstanding bit.

TWO-FACED WOMAN ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ Two years ago, marquees across the country blazed with the news that Garbo had laughed. In her newest film she runs the gamut—she swims, skiis, rhumbas, sports a crisp new haircut, and overindulges in champagne in a delightful scene. But in spite of the grand performance of Miss Garbo, the picture has a dated tone which makes the onlooker feel he has happened into a reissue of an old film. A far-fetched plot is given credence by the amazing Miss Garbo, who portrays dual roles—a serious young ski instructor, and her imaginary twin sister, a city sophisticate who is her direct contrast in looks and personality. One of the brightest contributions to the proceedings is turned in by Constance Bennett, as the young playwright who is dead set on stealing Melvyn Douglas away from Miss Garbo. For our money, Miss Bennett's new "feather curl" is the most becoming one we've seen yet. It forms a pert, intriguing frame for her perfectly chiseled features, and in the moments where she peers nearsightedly through her horn-rimmed glasses at her rival, she is swell.

BLUES IN THE NIGHT ★★½

Warner Brothers

■ A pleasing mixture of music and drama make *Blues in the Night* excellent entertainment. The story is about a group of young musicians who befriend an escaped convict, and in turn are given a spot to settle down and continue their musical work. Richard Whorf, recruited from the stage, adapts himself in outstanding fashion to his role. Priscilla Lane sings charmingly, and Betty Field is the bad girl who is responsible for all the trouble.

UNHOLY PARTNERS ★★½

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ Even such able actors as Edward G. Robinson, Edward Arnold and Laraine Day are unable to make *Unholy Partners* into much more than an average movie. It is a newspaper story, with Arnold as sponsor for Robinson's idea for a new kind of paper. An intense feud develops which ends only when Arnold is shot by Robinson in self-defense.

Laraine Day, whose career has had an impetus of late, profits little by this one. Pretty Marsha Hunt sings a song in pleasant fashion.

WEEK-END FOR THREE ★★

20th Century-Fox

■ This is an amusing little bit of fluff which you'll enjoy if in a light mood. Philip Reed is the best thing in the picture in his role of a noisy braggadocio whose week-end visit extends interminably. As in *Aloma of the South Seas*, he carries off the picture. Jane Wyatt is lovely as the neglected wife, and it's a pleasure to see her in pictures again. Dennis O'Keefe, Edward Everett Horton and ZaSu Pitts contribute some funny moments.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST (M-G-M) Cast: *Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.* Based on the noble work done by Mrs. Edna Gladney of Texas in finding homes for orphan children. Greer Garson is enchanting in Technicolor.

CITIZEN KANE (R-K-O) Cast: *Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore.* Orson Welles' controversial film is one of the grandest bits of entertainment ever offered by Hollywood. The story relates in engrossing manner the highlights in the life of a notoriously wealthy publisher. Don't miss it.

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN (Warners) Cast: *Martha Scott, Fredric March.* A milestone in motion picture history. An absorbing study of the life of a Protestant clergyman.

SERGEANT YORK (Warners) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Joan Leslie, Walter Brennan.* The true story of a man from the Tennessee mountains who became a hero on the battlefield of World War I. One of the best pictures of the year.

THE LITTLE FOXES (R-K-O) Cast: *Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Theresa Wright, Richard Carlson.* An even finer film than the magnificent stage play from which it was adapted. May easily be the best picture of 1941.

TOM, DICK AND HARRY (R-K-O) Cast: *Ginger Rogers, Burgess Meredith, Alan Marshal, George Murphy.* A [illegible]shful Cinderella tale of a girl who couldn't [illegible]ike up her mind which beau to choose. One of the year's gayest comedies.

★★★½

A YANK IN THE R. A. F. (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Tyrone Power, Betty Grable, John Sutton, Reginald Gardiner.* Timely and exciting war picture, with Tyrone as an American flyer who volunteers for service in England.

IT STARTED WITH EVE (Universal) Cast: *Deanna Durbin, Charles Laughton, Robert Cummings.* Deanna's first screen appearance since her marriage. It's a pleasure to report her vibrant, warm personality emerges more pleasing than ever.

LADIES IN RETIREMENT (Columbia) Cast: *Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester.* The successful stage play loses none of its grim horror in being transplanted to the screen.

LYDIA (United Artists) Cast: *Merle Oberon, Joseph Cotten, Hans Yaray, George Reeves, Alan Marshal.* Women are going to love this, and men will enjoy it too. It's the story of a woman who had four men at her feet, and of the choice she made.

SUN VALLEY SERENADE (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Sonja Henie, John Payne, Milton Berle.* Sonja is at the peak of her skating and skiing form in this one. And Milton Berle is one of the funniest of the new comic recruits.

★★★

BELLE STARR (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Gene Tierney, Randolph Scott.* All about the notorious woman outlaw of Missouri history, in which Miss Tierney acquits herself well in the title role.

BIRTH OF THE BLUES (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, Brian Donlevy, Carolyn Lee.* This is the story of jazz—how it was born and how it grew. Bing Crosby's voice is particularly well suited to the old numbers.

DIVE BOMBER (Warners) Cast: *Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray, Alexis Smith.* A fine film about the men behind the scenes in the Air Corps—the flight surgeons. An exciting newcomer, Alexis Smith, has a brief breath-taking sequence.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (M-G-M) Cast: *Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Ingrid Bergman.* The remake of the Robert Louis Stevenson classic is not so good, depending on the stellar value of the leading players for merit. But you should see it for the startlingly dramatic performance turned in by Miss Bergman.

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (Columbia) Cast: *Robert Montgomery, Evelyn Keyes.* Fantastic, but thoroughly absorbing.

HOLD BACK THE DAWN (Paramount) Cast: *Charles Boyer, Paulette Goddard, Olivia de Havilland.* Boyer in one of his best roles as a European gigolo who tries to get into the United States via Mexico by marrying an American schoolteacher, Olivia de Havilland.

HONKY TONK (M-G-M) Cast: *Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Frank Morgan.* Best thing in this rousing action film is the romance of the two leads. Watch for the famous Gable-Turner kiss!

LADY BE GOOD (M-G-M) Cast: *Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young.* Bright and sparkling musical in which Ann Sothern clicks in a big way.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard.* Can a man tell the truth, the whole truth, for 24 hours? See Bob's hilarious new picture and find out.

SKYLARK (Paramount) Cast: *Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Brian Aherne.* Hilarious marital farce of a wife, who on her fifth wedding anniversary finds herself playing second fiddle to her husband's job and decides to do something about it.

SMILIN' THROUGH (M-G-M) Cast: *Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Brian Aherne.* First screen appearance of Jeanette MacDonald and her husband, Gene Raymond. All in Technicolor, which gives audiences a chance to admire Jeanette's gorgeous Titian locks.

THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER (M-G-M) Cast: *Nelson Eddy, Rise Stevens.* Brings forth a warm, rich personality in Miss Stevens, who has a glorious voice in addition to lots of charm.

THE MALTESE FALCON (Warners) Cast: *Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor.* One of the best mystery films that has come out of Hollywood in a long time.

YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH (Columbia) Cast: *Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth.* Astaire performs six intricate numbers, which should please his fans immensely. Rita is a beautiful and exceptionally clever partner.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS (Universal) Cast: *Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery, Preston Foster.* Gay and sparkling comedy in which Miss Dunne is given an opportunity to use her lovely singing voice.

★★½

TEXAS (Columbia) Cast: *William Holden, Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor.* A Westerner—but a grand one. Lusty and action-crammed.

THE FEMININE TOUCH (M-G-M) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche, Kay Francis, Van Heflin.* All about the pretty wife of a serious young college professor who doesn't believe in jealousy. Rosalind was never better.

★★

ALL-AMERICAN CO-ED (Hal Roach) Cast: *Marjorie Woodworth, Frances Langford, Johnny Downs.* Light musical in which Miss Langford's voice is the outstanding attraction.

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK (Universal) Cast: *W. C. Fields, Gloria Jean, Butch and Buddy.* If you're a Fields fan—and most of us are—you'll like this. Gloria Jean's singing voice is grand.

THIS WOMAN IS MINE (Universal) Cast: *Carol Bruce, Franchot Tone, John Carroll.* Noteworthy because it introduces the Broadway star, Carol Bruce, to the screen. Only mildly entertaining.

TILLIE THE TOILER (Columbia) The well-known comic strip character is brought to the screen in a pleasing little film. Kay Harris acquits herself well in the title role.

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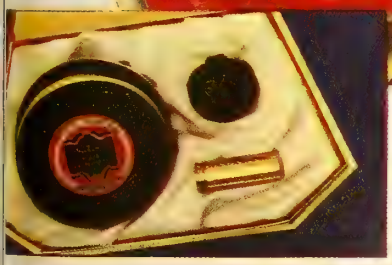

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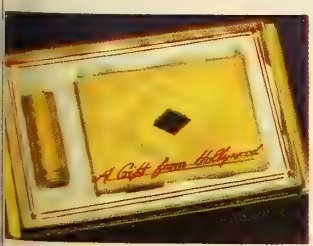
"My Make-Up Secret"...autographed by famous screen stars. *Max Factor Hollywood* Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lipstick. $2.50

It's thrilling to give her the gift she herself desires...a beauty secret of the screen stars created by *Max Factor Hollywood*. You can choose the correct gift easily, too . . . because whether she is blonde, brunette, brownette, or redhead, there's a *"Gift from Hollywood"* containing the correct color harmony make-up for her.

DELUXE MAKE-UP ENSEMBLE
The gift of gifts...a luxurious presentation of ten *Max Factor Hollywood* Make-Up requisites that would thrill any woman. $8.55

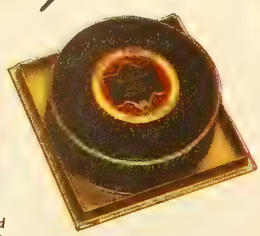
Max Factor • Hollywood



VANITY LIPSTICK SET
Max Factor Hollywood double vanity and Tru-Color Lipstick. $3.00
Double Vanity, individually boxed...$2.00

Max Factor Hollywood
PAN-CAKE MAKE-UP $1.50

Max Factor Hollywood
TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK $1.00



Max Factor Hollywood
FACE POWDER $1.00

PARFUM COLOGNE SET
The popular *"Trocadero"* and *"Cocoanut Grove"* fragrances. $2.00
Parfum Cologne, individually boxed, $1.00

MAKE YOUR PACKAGES *the Prettiest* UNDER THE TREE !

TWO SIMPLE STEPS

and your Gifts are wrapped beautifully!

1. Seal the flaps and folds with transparent Scotch Tape. Just a touch of your finger and this magic tape seals tightly — no water required. Two or three small pieces hold wrappers in place making it easy to add decorations. Transparent Scotch Tape is almost invisible on any wrapper, and you'll find it handy for attaching bows, sprigs of holly and other decorations.

2. Decorate with Scotch Gift Wrap Tape and Scotch Tape Christmas Seals which come in a variety of colors and designs. With these beautiful tapes you can create new, unusual gift packages. Scotch Gift Wrap Tape 10c a roll. Christmas Seals—108 seals in 7 designs in Dispenser 25c.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME SCOTCH TAPE"

Utility Dispenser with ½ x 360 inch roll transparent tape 25c. At Stationery, Drug, Hardware, Department and 5 & 10c Stores.

FREE BOOKLET tells how to wrap and decorate the beautiful packages above. Also how to save time every day with transparent Scotch Tape. Just write: Scotch Tape, 900 Fauquier Avenue, Dept. FG12, St. Paul, Minn.

SCOTCH *Cellulose* TAPE

TRANSPARENT AND COLORS • SEALS WITHOUT WATER

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TWENTY COMPLETE STORIES—NEW PLAYERS AND OLD

HOLLYWOOD

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HOLLYWOOD

5¢

FEBRUARY

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JAN 23 1942
PERIODICAL DIVISION

HEDY LAMARR

STAR HOROSCOPES FOR 1942 BY NORVELL

Ladies!

HERE IS SUCH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

TO READERS OF

HOLLYWOOD

WE HOPE YOU DON'T MISS A WORD OF IT

SEND YOUR NAME...WE'LL SEND THE RINGS

SEND NO MONEY

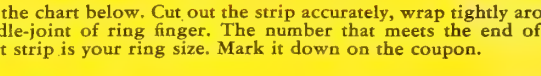
MAIL COUPON TODAY...TEST 10 DAYS ON GUARANTEE OF FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK! The beautiful, sentimental solitaire has a gorgeous, brilliant center replica, nearly ¾-karat size and two dazzling replicas on each side. The mounting reproduces in fine detail the same popular ring styling which has been the rage from Miami to Hollywood. It is the ring of youth, of love, of affection. You have your choice of genuine sterling silver or yellow gold-plate mountings. Remember, we're not trying to tell you these are real diamonds. The originals would cost $100.00, $200.00 or perhaps more. But these replica diamonds *ARE* one of America's greatest imitations. Not too big, not too flashy, it takes the closest inspection to tell the difference. Stage stars, celebrities, social leaders and millionaires don't risk their precious originals but wear replica diamonds without fear of detection.

The solitaire is offered to you for only $1.00. The solitaire and wedding ring to match are specially priced at only $1.69 . . . the perfect pair for only $1.69. Send no money. Just mail the coupon below and deposit $1.00 for the solitaire alone or $1.69 for both the solitaire and wedding ring, plus 10% Federal Excise Tax, and postage charges. Inspect these beautiful replica diamonds. Wear them, see how real-like they sparkle, how amazingly brilliant they are, how envious your friends may be. Convince yourself—compare these replica diamonds with originals. Consider them on-approval, on free trial for ten full days. Then, if you can bear to part with your rings, if you aren't satisfied in every way, return them and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait, but mail the coupon, today!

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 61, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR RING SIZE

Use the chart below. Cut out the strip accurately, wrap tightly around middle-joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.



Send a Letter or Order From Convenient Coupon

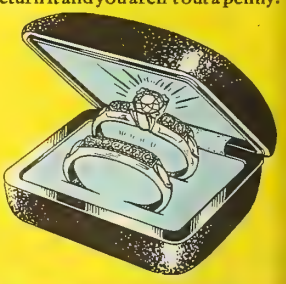
Ladies . . . have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Well, you know that the marching armies of Europe have brought the diamond centers of the world to a virtual standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward, it might be a long, long time before your dreams come true. But here's amazing news. If you act now, today, you can obtain a beautiful solitaire *replica* diamond ring, nearly ¾-karat solitaire, one of America's greatest imitations, in a gorgeous sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, during one of the greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! Simply mail the coupon below. Inspect this remarkable solitaire replica diamond, wear it for 10 days. If you aren't delighted in every way, you need not lose a penny!

HAVE YOU EVER WISHED TO OWN A BEAUTIFUL EXPENSIVE-LOOKING REPLICA DIAMOND SOLITAIRE?

Just think! No other type ring so beautifully expresses the sentiment of true love as a solitaire . . . a replica diamond solitaire, gleaming in its crystal white beauty . . . exquisitely set in a sterling silver or yellow gold-plate ring that proudly encircles "her" finger . . . the perfect symbol of life's sweetest sentiment . . . an adorable token of love and affection. Replica diamonds are decidedly new and very fashionable. So closely do they resemble real diamonds in flaming, dazzling colors, the average person can scarcely tell them apart. So you, too, should inspect this replica diamond solitaire. Mail the coupon, see for yourself that it is one of the world's most popular ring styles. Consider your replica diamond on-approval for ten days. If it doesn't amaze you and your friends, return it and you aren't out a penny.

"The Perfect Pair"

The solitaire replica diamond ring, in either a sterling silver or gold-plate mounting is offered at $1.00. The wedding ring to match is only 69c extra, both the solitaire and matching wedding ring for only $1.69. Mail the coupon today.



CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 61, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send for my inspection and approval, replica diamond rings as checked below. I will pay the postman amount indicated, plus postage on arrival, on the understanding I can return the rings for any reason in 10 days and you will refund my money immediately without question.

☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire—$1.00 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax
☐ Replica Diamond Solitaire and Matching Wedding Ring—Both For $1.69 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax

Size..... ☐ Sterling Silver ☐ Yellow Gold-Plate

Name.....
(print plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

Eyes Applaud, Hearts follow a Sparkling Smile!

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

HAVEN'T YOU noticed that it isn't always the prettiest girl who is the best-liked, the most popular?

Heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl who *smiles!* Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a real smile—generous and gay. A smile that says, "Look, I'm in love with life!"

So wake up, plain girl—wake up and *smile!* You can steal the show if your smile is right. You can be a star in your own small world—you can win compliments—you can win love and romance.

But your smile must be *right*. It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. And remember, for a smile to keep its sparkle, *gums must retain their healthy firmness*.

So if you ever notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

For a Lovelier Smile—
Ipana and Massage

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

JAN 21 1942

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Begins the nineteen hundred and forty-second Annum Domini and the third year of this column.

★ ★ ★ ★

May our foes wither like the chilled leaves. May Decency find, with renewed vigor, the mislaid path plotted in the year one.

★ ★ ★ ★

So wisheth the philosopher Leo, Coeur de Lion.

★ ★ ★ ★

Each of us, in his own way, has his job to do. And ours is to entertain, to divert, to interest, to serve.

★ ★ ★ ★

We offer the best that the screen can provide. With each year the movies come to fuller flower. In addition to technique they have mastered pace and the tempo of the times.

★ ★ ★ ★

When you see—and you will see—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in "Woman of the Year", note this blending of action, merriment and modernity.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's the snappiest yarn that has come to the studio editor in many moons.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spence plays a hail-fellow sports writer named Sam. Kate plays a high-brow political columnist named Tess.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tess gets pretty stuffy about sports and one day Sam takes her to the ball game where she asks some pretty cute questions, to the disgust of the press box.

It's either war or love twixt Sam and Tess. All's fair in both.

★ ★ ★ ★

But, baby, what comedy comes out of the mixing of the two worlds—the people and the tall brows. That party where those who came over in the Mayflower rub elbows with the boys who are more on the cauliflower side.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Woman of the Year" is the Picture of the Year.

—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

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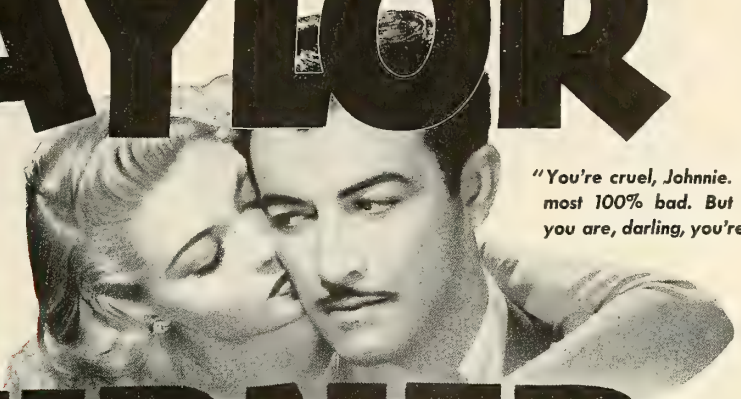


"You're cruel, Johnnie. You're almost 100% bad. But whatever you are, darling, you're my man!"

They're dynamite in

JOHNNY EAGER

The flaming drama of a high-born beauty who blindly loved the most icy-hearted Big Shot gangland ever knew.

A MERVYN LeROY Production with

EDWARD ARNOLD

VAN HEFLIN · ROBERT STERLING · PATRICIA DANE

GLENDA FARRELL · HENRY O'NEILL · DIANA LEWIS

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and James Edward Grant
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Directed by MERVYN LeROY
Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ After 17 years of stardom, Joan Crawford has decided to quit the screen forever sometime within the next two years. Joan has talked the matter over with her studio bosses and they approve. She wants to become a producer at M-G-M, the same studio which took her out of the chorus and built her into one of the nation's top box-office stars. Her boss, Louis B. Mayer, has promised her the producer job any time she wants to quit acting, and she's told him it will be within the next two years.

■ Cary Grant's theme song these days is "Barbara Hutton and I, But We Don't Talk About That." The actor has just ordered his studio not to link his name with Barbara's in any publicity stories because he doesn't want to trade on her friendship.

■ Here's a new Hollywood battle—the Hays office censors vs. Jimmy Durante. Jimmy's female impersonation in the Warner picture, *You're in the Army Now* was too voluptuous, especially in the publicity stills. The studio posed Jimmy, nose and all, in a series of typical glamour girl pictures on a bearskin rug. The Hays office killed half of them because they were too hot. "Am I boint," said Durante.

■ For the first time in the history of Hollywood a fight over top billing in a picture will be settled by listing the players in alphabetical order instead of the order of their importance. It happened at 20th Century-Fox, where a dozen of the biggest names in the industry appear in *Tales of Manhattan*. The cast includes Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant, Charles Laughton, Rita Hayworth, Charles Boyer and others. Each one insisted on top billing and a free for all was expected. Then a master diplomat in the front office remembered the alphabet. So now the stars will be listed in ABC order—with Boyer on top.

■ Even murder must have the gentle touch in Hollywood. When Republic studio tried to kill 10 badmen in a new western film the Hays office censors turned thumbs down, claiming too much violence for one picture. But Warner Brothers kill 24 people in *Arsenic and Old Lace*, film version of the hit Broadway play, and the censors approved the script. *Arsenic and Old Lace* is a comedy. In other words, says Mr. Hays, if you're going to kill 'em—make 'em die laughing.

■ Several months ago an R.A.F. pilot, Bob Hollingshead, wrote a pal in Hollywood saying he'd like to receive some letters from film stars. The pal, Jack Mulcahy, passed the word on to some of his movie star friends, including Mae West. Yesterday Mulcahy received another letter from the R.A.F. pilot in England. "Thanks a lot for the letters," he said, "especially for the one from Mae West. It's the sensation of my squadron. I'm going to thank Miss West personally—but I can hardly ask her to come up and see ME sometime."

A new face this year in the annual Santa Claus Lane parade on Hollywood Boulevard was Red Skelton, M-G-M's sensational comic, and his pretty wife, Edna. Red's in *Panama Hattie*

■ John Barrymore, the old scene stealer, had the old professor, Kay Kyser, chuckling throughout the filming of their R-K-O movie, *Playmates*. Seems Barrymore, getting all he could out of the band leader's name, never called him just Kay. It invariably came out as "Kay-er-er-er-er." "Half the time," says Kyser, "I didn't know whether he was addressing me or imitating a dog's growl."

■ Dorothy Lamour, Bill Holden and Eddie Bracken were discussing pictures and players. The name of Spencer Tracy naturally came up. "I used to like Tracy," said Bracken. "In fact, I still do. But he was so great in *Edison, the Man*, that I couldn't enjoy *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Why, even in the church scene I was waiting for Spencer to invent something."

■ If you're the type that sees qualities in others you'd like to possess yourself, you have something in common with Barbara Stanwyck. On the set the other day, she told me the things she admires and would like to attain. She'd like to look like Ingrid Bergman, act like Jean Arthur, have legs like Dietrich, possess the flair of Ann Sheridan, have the hair of

[*Continued on page* 8]

Ann Sheridan manages to keep Hollywood guessing about her romances. Just after receiving a gorgeous ring from George Brent—supposedly her No. 1 Beau—she appeared at Ciro's with Cesar Romero, who used to be one of her favorite escorts. Ann follows her good work in *Kings Row* and *The Man Who Came to Dinner* with *Juke Girl*

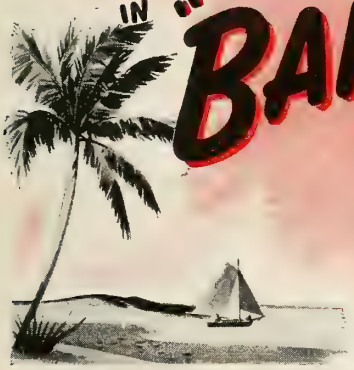
MADE FOR EACH OTHER!

MADELEINE CARROLL · STIRLING HAYDEN

TOSSED BY THE TIDES OF LOVE...

IN "BAHAMA PASSAGE"

IN TECHNICOLOR!



with FLORA ROBSON · LEO G. CARROLL

MARY ANDERSON · CECIL KELLAWAY

Produced and Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp Based on a story by Nelson Hayes A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

How does your skin rate in the *Close-up?*

Men's eyes magnify coarse particles on your skin . . . exaggerate harsh, unbecoming color. So use superfine Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder to give your skin enchanting *smoothness* . . . appealing *naturalness.*

DISCOVER today, how flattering Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder can be to your skin. So superfine is this powder that it veils your skin with a gossamer film that shows no powder particles even in that telling close-up. And it imparts such flattering color that even a dull sallow skin suddenly looks more appealing.

Try the close-up test yourself. Powder with Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. Look at yourself in the mirror. Now you'll see what a man sees in a Cashmere Bouquet close-up . . . *naturalness; supreme smoothness; lifelike color.* Glamor for you, too—in the perfume of Cashmere Bouquet, the fragrance men love!

6 ravishing shades. In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

Another member of Cashmere Bouquet – the Royal Family of beauty preparations.

Connie Bennett. She would like eyes like Paulette Goddard's, she'd like to sing like Connie Boswell and dance like Jessie Mathews. "But I'm just human enough, too," she said, "that if a genie appeared with a wand and offered me all those things, I'd probably choose to remain just Mrs. Robert Taylor."

■ Movietown Close-Ups: Carole Lombard always signs autograph books with "Carole Gable" . . . Hedy Lamarr sleeps with a revolver on the nightstand beside her bed . . . When nervous, Dick Powell rolls his ear into a ball and then lets it snap back into shape . . . Errol Flynn puts honey instead of sugar in his tea . . . Melvyn Douglas is a better cook than his wife . . . And Greta Garbo's favorite tune is *I Get Along Without You Very Well.*

■ Bette Davis out foxes *The Little Foxes* for her new role in the Warner film, *In This Our Life.* She steals and marries her sister's husband and then jilts him, and runs over a woman and a child, killing the child with her automobile. "I feel," Bette told me, "like a female Hitler."

■ The script's description of a love scene between Stirling Hayden and Madeleine Carroll in *Bahama Passage*: "Without a word she surrenders. Her arms go about him and their lips meet in a prolonged kiss. They kiss hungrily and possessively." Yoo, Hoo, Mr. Hays!

■ Hollywood's No. 1 glamour girl—blond Veronica Lake—gave studio executives a shock a year ago when she announced she was going to have a baby. They'd spent a fortune building her into a star—and they thought the blessed event might hinder her career. Yesterday Veronica gave the same studio big shots another shock, "I'd like," she said, "to have another baby next year."

■ Sight of the Month: Hedy Lamarr dancing with Charles Chaplin at the Mocambo in her stocking feet—to cut herself down to his size.

■ It's Leon Erroll's story about Herbert, the pigeon, who failed to come home for dinner one night. Long about midnight he staggered in drunk. "Herbert," admonished his wife, "you look like a dead human."

■ A building in Beverly Hills may have a change of name, all because Nelson Eddy has taken one of its offices. Word of Eddy's tenancy came yesterday to Allan

[*Continued on page* 10]

After completing his stint as the newspaperman in 20th Century-Fox's exciting war drama, *Confirm or Deny*, Don Ameche took a short vacation in New York. One of the spots he visited with his pretty wife, Honore, was the popular Stork Club

A WARNER BROS. PICTURE from the play by famous **GEO. S. KAUFMAN** and **MOSS HART** • Produced by Sam H. Harris
with RICHARD TRAVIS • BILLIE BURKE • REGINALD GARDINER • **Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY** • Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein

"Listen!"...

I SAID TO THE CALENDAR, "you can't do this to me!"

"BOB'S telephone call—and *my* cramps—came just at the same time.

"Bob said, 'Big news, honey! I've picked up two good seats for tonight—you know, the show you've been wanting to see. We'll splurge a little, afterward—supper, where we can dance. See you at 7:30!'

"All the while the calendar was saying, 'Tell him *no.*' But I was sick of its tyranny! Right then I did something I'd been meaning to do for a long, long time. *I tried Midol.*

"Bob and I enjoyed that show. Yes, we *danced,* too. And nobody knew—even *I* almost forgot—that sheer habit of giving in to 'regular pain' had almost wrecked our fun!"

• • • • • • • •

Isn't it time *you* broke the habit—the *old-fashioned* habit—of giving in meekly to functional periodic pain? Isn't it time *you* tried Midol?

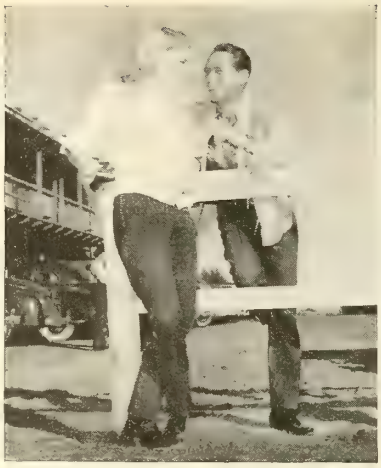
If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should redeem your "dreaded days" for active, comfortable living. It is made expressly for this purpose. You can use it confidently, for Midol contains no opiates. One comforting ingredient is often prescribed for headache and muscular pains. Another, *exclusively* in Midol, increases relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

If you don't see Midol on your druggist's counter, ask for it. The large size, a trim case to tuck in purse or pocket, is only 40¢; the small size, 20¢.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

MIDOL

Relieves Functional Periodic Pain



Franchot Tone and his new bride, Jean Wallace, honeymooned at Palm Springs, after which they spent a few days in New York. **See story on page 30**

Jones, who happens to own the building, while Jones was between scenes of Paramount's *True to the Army.* Jones expressed himself as proud and happy to have Eddy for a tenant. "I cannot let this pass without due recognition," he said. "I shall rename the place. How would this do?"

THE ALLAN JONES BUILDING
with Nelson Eddy

■ Bing Crosby's description of his agent brother: "Everett has more pleats in his pants than any other man in America."

■ Bert Lahr, who did the lion impersonation in *The Wizard of Oz,* will do an impersonation of a porpoise for an underwater scene in R-K-O's *Sing Your Worries Away.* "And of course," says Lahr, "I'm a jackass quite often."

Penny Singleton finds the adventures of the amazing *Captain Marvel* diverting reading between scenes on her latest Columbia picture, *Blondie Goes to College*

■ I wonder whether Paramount will retain Author Francis Swann's introductory note to his Broadway comedy hit, *Out of the Frying Pan.* It said: "The characters and events in this play are purely imaginary, and anyone claiming resemblance or similarity ought to be ashamed to admit it."

■ Ever since her arrival in Hollywood 18 months ago, Gene Tierney has been studying voice and perfect English diction. Her screen roles to date: A hill billy, a gun moll, a girl outlaw and native African. And now she has only SIX words of English to speak as the Polynesian princess in 20th's *Son of Fury!*

Jack Carson gets a warm welcome from Olivia de Havilland when he returns to the scene of his college triumphs in Warners' *The Male Animal.* Henry Fonda and Joan Leslie are also in the cast of the picturization of the Broadway play

■ Funny introduction to *Arsenic and Old Lace,* "This story is concerned with what the rest of the world thinks goes on in Brooklyn. But first, we spend a few minutes across the river in the United States proper."

■ On the set: For several hours Director Leigh Jason has been trying to film Joan Blondell and John Wayne in a particularly tender and lengthy love scene. It's to be the climactic point in the picture, a costume drama of 1880, and the Jason demands nothing less than perfection. Take after take has been junked.

But at last it looks as though success is nigh. Miss Blondell's eyes are softly pleading. Wayne's voice is low and throbbing. Jason leans forward in his chair. There's a hush on the set. This is it! And then it happens. Joan Blondell's bustle

[*Continued on page* 12]

To make 1942 your greatest entertainment year!

20th Century-Fox is now producing these grand, new pictures you'll soon be seeing in your favorite theatre!

ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE MANAGER WHEN HE'LL SHOW THEM!

TYRONE POWER
in
SON of FURY
The Story of Benjamin Blake
with
GENE TIERNEY
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

BETTY GRABLE
VICTOR MATURE
JACK OAKIE
in
SONG OF THE ISLANDS
in TECHNICOLOR

GINGER ROGERS
in
ROXIE HART
with
ADOLPHE MENJOU
GEORGE MONTGOMERY

JEAN GABIN
IDA LUPINO
in
Moontide
with
CLAUDE RAINS

Rita HAYWORTH
in
MY GAL SAL
in TECHNICOLOR

JOHN PAYNE · MAUREEN O'HARA · RANDOLPH SCOTT
in
TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI
in TECHNICOLOR

20th CENTURY FOX

NOW! STIRRING THE HEART OF THE NATION!

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • Directed by JOHN FORD

Special Easy Work for

MARRIED WOMEN PAYS UP TO $22 In A Week!

Take Orders from Friends for Beautiful Dresses at Sensationally Low Prices

No Experience or Money Needed—Use Your Spare Time!

Don't just wish for money. Here's an amazingly easy way to earn all the money you want quickly. I need ambitious married women (and a few exceptional single women) in every town to make up to $22 in a week demonstrating and taking orders for beautiful smart new Spring and Summer styles of famous Harford Frocks. I send you ABSOLUTELY FREE complete line—over 125 styles—of exquisite, last-minute models featuring the very newest fabrics and colors in all sizes, including complete range of extra sizes at no increase in price. Show them to friends, neighbors, everyone, and see them flock to give you orders for "Most Gorgeous Dresses and Sensational Values."

Two-Piece Ensemble at Money-Saving Price

Start In Your Own Home No House-to-House Canvassing

I show you how to make the same brilliant success enjoyed by thousands of other women. Mrs. Lee Walker, Alabama, earned $7.30 one afternoon making a few pleasant calls on neighbors. Mrs. Eva Mitchell, Indiana, earned $28.00 just showing Harford Frocks to a few friends. Over 1,000,000 satisfied customers. Gorgeous dresses at LOW PRICES. Women can't resist values. Your opportunity to go into dress business of your own—full or spare time—without penny of investment. I supply everything—FREE. Mail coupon below.

Gorgeous Style Presentation FREE!

You'll be amazed and delighted with my plans for you. I send you gorgeous, elaborate style presentation with opportunity for steady cash income and also chance to own complete wardrobe of beautiful dresses of your selection and size ABSOLUTELY FREE OF A PENNY COST. No money needed, now or ever. Rush coupon today. Be sure to give your age and dress size, and mail this quick action coupon NOW—TODAY!

Harford Frocks, Inc.
Desk C-15
Cincinnati, Ohio

LOOK! YOUR OWN DRESSES FREE OF EXTRA COST! MAIL THIS NOW!

Harford Frocks, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Desk G-15

I want to earn up to $22.00 in a week for my spare time—and I also want to get my Spring wardrobe free of a penny cost. Please RUSH the big, complete Spring 1942 Style Presentation to me—ABSOLUTELY FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

My age is _____ My dress size _____

Pretty Jane Wyman takes time off between scenes of her current Warner picture, *You're in the Army Now*, to pose for some fetching "cheesecake"

creaks, spoiling the scene. The movie censors would never approve of Director Jason's dialogue.

■ The hard-boiled school of realism at last has caught up with Ginger Rogers. After three years of playing starry-eyed working girls who find love in Cinderella fashion, she's changing her celluloid character. In *Roxie Hart*, she becomes a tawdry, slang-slinging honky-tonk dancer. Instead of the customary pompadour, which a million salesgirls copied, her hair is frizzled in the fashion of the '20's, the era of the film and her dresses are short and tight.

Miss Rogers' change of character is not accidental. She deliberately chose *Roxie Hart*, which William Wellman is directing, from numerous scripts 20th Century-Fox submitted.

"I got bored playing working girls," she tells you, "and if I were getting tired of them, then I figured the movie audiences had suffered far too long. I felt, too, that I was getting into a rut. People won't fall in love with this two-timing, publicity-seeking *Roxie Hart*. They may hate the little wildcat but they won't go to sleep. Roxie Rogers will make too much noise for that to happen."

■ A movie villainess slated by the script to commit suicide ran afoul of the Hays office censors this month. They ruled Blanche Yurka couldn't cheat justice by taking her own life in the final scene of Republic's *Lady for a Night*. A courtroom scene will supplant the suicide, and Miss Yurka will be sentenced to prison instead.

■ A famous Brazilian artist, Candido Portinare, recently painted a portrait of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who accompanied her movie-star husband on a goodwill tour of Latin America. When the portrait was completed, the artist sent it to her. Much to his surprise, the portrait came bouncing back. Mrs. Fairbanks wrote that since her husband had been out of work for some months, and was devoting his time to the service of his country, she found it impossible to buy the portrait. The price was $500. With a gesture which only a Latin could conceive, Portinare calculated the number of hours Mrs. Fairbanks had spent in sitting for the portrait, multiplied it by the hourly wage of an artist's model, and sent her a check. Then he gave the portrait to his two-year-old daughter.

■ It's Harold Huber's story about an English couple who were awakened by an air raid alarm. They jumped out of bed, ran out of the house and dashed madly for a shelter. Suddenly the man turned and started running back to the house. "What's the matter?" yelled his wife. "I forgot my teeth," he shouted back. "You dope," screamed the wife, "they're dropping bombs—not sandwiches."

■ Priscilla Lane had a flat tire this month and four March Field cadets think they're the luckiest guys in Uncle Sam's armed forces. Priscilla took her Uncle George E. Hicks from South Bend, Indiana, to see her studio and the set where she's working in *Arsenic and Old Lace*. Outside the studio Pat's tire went swoosh. The four air cadets, waiting for a bus, offered to repair the damage. When they finished, Pat asked them what they wanted. A kiss, they said. She kissed them all. Uncle George just watched.

■ The funniest man in Hollywood is very sad. At least he was the other night at a party when a friend walked up to Charlie Chaplin and said: "What's the matter, Charlie. Why so gloomy?" With a faraway look in his eyes, Charlie said, sadly, "Well, it's fall, isn't it? And when the leaves leave my wives usually leave me."

[*Continued on page 20*]

What looks like a friendly meeting of two proud papas really conceals a lot of hidden drama. The scene is from *Heliotrope Harry*, and Preston Foster is quizzing jewel thief Brian Donlevy on everything from his baby's diet to his latest job. It's an Edward Small production, released through United Artists

"Lovely skin makes hearts beat faster"

MERLE OBERON

ALEXANDER KORDA STAR

"I never neglect my daily Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL"

1 "Here's all you do to take a Lux Soap facial," says this famous screen star. "First pat Lux Soap's lather lightly in."

2 "Then rinse with warm water —follow with a dash of cool —and pat your face gently with a soft towel to dry."

3 "Now touch your skin. See how softly smooth it feels—how fresh it looks! This facial's a wonderful beauty care. Try it!"

9 out of **10** Screen Stars use **Lux Toilet Soap** – *It's PURE! It has ACTIVE lather! It's MILD!*

Definitely Demure

HERE'S a Hair-do that features an Off-Center Part. The side sections are brushed over the fingers into soft, loose Curls. The back hair is arranged in shining clusters. Those Casual Curls are gently but firmly held in place with DeLong Bob Pins—they never slide out.

All Bob Pins Are Not Alike

You don't have to be annoyed by loose, falling pins that do not keep their shape. Look your *best* with DeLong's . . . they have a strong, lasting grip . . . *they won't slip out.*

DeLong

BOB PINS
WON'T SLIP OUT

He Loafs For a Living

By ERNEST BELL

Chris-Pin Martin—a fellow with a distaste for labor—doesn't give a whoop about billing as long as he gets his weekly pay check. He's appearing in Paramount's *Badmen of Arizona*

That Chris-Pin Martin happens to be earning $400 a week for serving as Cesar Romero's fat friend in the Cisco Kid stories, and performing other assorted errands for Darryl Zanuck is purely an act of God.

This fellow, Chris-Pin Martin, emphatically did not work hard to tap that $400-a-week bonanza. In fact, he never worked hard at anything, if he could help it. Confidentially, it was this distaste for labor that gave Chris-Pin the nudge that sent him to Hollywood.

He was busily engaged in shooing away tedious toil by resting his-then hulk of 230 pounds (it is now 250) in a broken-down seat at a nickel movie palace in Tucson, Arizona, when what should be flashed on the screen but a movie in which an Indian guide was shown squatted beside a brook and doing nothing more laborious than contemplating Nature.

"That ees thee job for me," he is alleged to have said to his portside neighbor, a lady who had never set eyes on him before. Whereupon, he toddled home to his wife and brood, reported his inspiring idea, and announced he was bound for Hollywood to become a movie Indian. He would send for them later.

"Eet ees easier work than carrying water," the droll one told his wife. "I do not like to keel myself working."

That last sentence was totally unnecessary. Everyone in Tucson knew how Chris-Pin Martin felt about labor and how wary he was of being exploited by capital. That he did condescend to tote water for fifty cents a day was a concession to his sense of duty as a husband and father. But he made no pretense of enjoying this travail.

It dawned on him just about the time he had packed his valise and had stuffed a paper sack full of tamales, enchilladas, and pears to eat on the way that he didn't have the train fare. He excused himself and set out for the railroad station. Maybe someone had lost a ticket to California and he would find it. Or who knew but that he'd run into some foolish compadre who would lend him the price of a ticket.

He arrived at the station a second or two before a West-bound train pulled in for a ten-minute stop. And, to his amazement, one of the coaches began disgorging Indians: Yaqui Indians, he could tell at a glance.

Naturally, being part Yaqui himself, he lost no time in starting a pow-wow.

Where were they headed in full fighting kit?

"Hollywood," replied one of the more talkative braves.

To act as movie Indians maybe?

The braves nodded.

Well, for the next five or six minutes Chris-Pin talked like a Philadelphia lawyer. In the end the braves decided to lend a helping hand. They smuggled him clean through to California, hiding him under a heap of blankets and feeding him when the conductor was out of sight. He lost seven pounds getting to California.

The point is that he did land that supreme soft touch in employment, the job of movie Indian. He sat in front of tepees, looking thoughtful, puffed on any number of peace pipes for the benefit of camera and was even induced on one occasion to wield an imaginary tomahawk on a paleface, although he did ask the director if it wouldn't be all right for him to scalp the next paleface sitting down.

The wonderful job paid $5 a week. When the movie Indian racket expired he became an extra at $1 a day.

Being an extra was real work: mostly you had to stand up or even walk around. And there were times when you actually had to run. The agony would have been endurable if only the work were steady. But it wasn't.

So to bolster his income, he talked a barber into letting him cut hair Saturdays at $3 per day.

On a certain Friday night the casting director was bawling out the names of the extras who were to report on the following day. When he reached the name of Chris-Pin Martin there was an angry rumble:

"On Saturdays, never, Senor Director! Never!"

"And why not?" inquired an amused, clipped voice.

Chris-Pin explained that it was silly

economics to work as an extra for $1 when he could make three as a barber.

"From now on you're a three-dollar-a-day extra," the amused, clipped voice said. It was Charlie Chaplin, who was producing the picture.

This was the turning point in his life, but, of course, it had its drawback.

For that kind of money directors expected a man to work himself into the grave. Among other things, they began demanding that he climb aboard a horse. Chris-Pin had ridden wild mustangs as a boy back in Tucson. But 230 pounds is 230 pounds.

Most horses don't like it.

Like it or not, he did a lot of pony-pushing those next few years, playing Mexican rancheros, corpulent Latin soldiers on horseback, and honest but insolvent peons who managed somehow to be in possession of fancy Morgan horses. Mostly he played these roles for laughs.

Came the year 1936 and he was virtually the Alcalde of Los Angeles' Little Mexico, veteran of lord knows how many pictures, and averaging $100 a week or more. People on Effie Street began taking their hats off to him. Didn't he own a huge 11-room house, not exactly a mansion to be sure, but a house (thanks to five wings he had added) big enough for his four married children, nine grandchildren, and any number of relatives up to twenty-two? And didn't he own the only telephone on the hill? And sign checks when he paid the milkman?

Si! Si!

Senor Martin was rocking along as content as could be when the afore-mentioned year 1936 rolled around. It mixed him up all over again, just as Chaplin had done when he made him a three-dollar-a-day man.

What happened was that in 1936 he was handed the fattest part of his career—the role of the lazy, jovial and rollicking bandit in *The Gay Desperado*.

He turned in such a nifty job that Darryl Zanuck remembered it for three years, so that when he decided to let Cesar Romero do a new Cisco Kid series, he promptly recalled Chris-Pin, called up his manager (who happens to be Mrs. Martin) and asked what about it? Mrs. Martin said she hadn't heard Mr. Zanuck mention price. Mr. Z. apologized, suggested $350 a week. Mrs. Martin thought $400 a week was a better deal—and for seven years, with options. Mr. Zanuck came around and the papers were signed.

As a $400-a-week man (he costs five times that amount on loanout from T. C.—F.) Senor Martin is mostly the same lackadaisical fellow who took off from Tucson some thirty years ago to find a job that wouldn't kill a man off too quick. He doesn't give a whoop about billing. He doesn't hanker to play fat parts. In fact, he would just as soon the studio didn't break its neck finding him parts with such astonishing regularity: he'd prefer just idling around or maybe cleaning one of his countless revolvers in that outlandish manse of his, a modest little house before he started adding stories, wings, and partitions.

Chris-Pin, in short, is sitting on top of the world and enjoying it. As he puts it:

"Thees word 'worry'—wot ees she?" ■

Be Lovelier! So very Soon! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

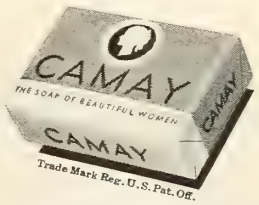
This lovely bride, Mrs. Alfred L. Powell of New York, N. Y., says: "I'm so devoted to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet! I tell all my friends about this wonderful aid to loveliness."

Start this exciting course in beauty care! It's based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

WHISPERED praises in the moonlight—"Your skin is so lovely to look at, so delightful to touch"... Every woman should hear these compliments. Do you?

If not, then the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet offers you a promise of new loveliness. For, unknowingly, you may be clouding the real beauty of your skin through improper cleansing. Or, like so many women failing to use a beauty soap as mild as it should be.

Thousands of brides have found the key to loveliness in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. One such bride is Mrs. Powell who says: "My skin has reacted so beautifully to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet I'd never try any other beauty treatment."



Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet ... TONIGHT!"

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

Working Her Way Through College

By KAY PROCTOR

Linda Darnell is working her way through college. She enrolled in regular classes at UCLA (The University of California at Los Angeles) and her entire tuition and sundry expenses will be paid from the money she earns on the payroll of 20th Century-Fox. That adds up to the same end, doesn't it?

Going back to school is no publicity stunt on Linda's part. By it she hopes to find an important something she wants and feels she does not now have—balance and a cultural foundation for the future.

Frankly, I was a little surprised when Linda told me she was going back to school. In the first place, it is a glamorous and exciting life she leads—a beautiful movie star under contract to a big studio; kow-towed to by older men and eagerly courted by younger men; made love to by the screen's handsomest heroes and flattered by the public wherever she goes. Almost any co-ed in the land would give her eye teeth for one-tenth of what Linda already has. In the second place, her 18th birthday in October brought legal release from many of the restrictions under which she has been chafing, and I figured she would shy from further rules and regulations like a pony from a sidewinder.

Then she explained why she went back to school, and suddenly it all made sense. Linda had had but half a year of schooling at Sunset High School in Dallas, Texas, when she made that first exciting trip to Hollywood after a furore of screen tests and daydreams come true. The beautiful bubble burst after 6 weeks and back she went to Dallas and high school, a 14-year-old youngster whose whole world suddenly had gone boom! Back to English, history, biology, math and Spanish.

"I went to classes all right," Linda confessed, "but I'm afraid I didn't do too much thinking about the date of the Restoration or the nervous system of a frog. Most of the time I was figuring on how I could get back to Hollywood—and stay!"

Chronologically, of course, the rest is history—how the studio sent for her within the year, gave her the lead in *Hotel for Women* followed by co-stardom with Ty Power in *Daytime Wife* and a succession of pictures, all in the A bracket.

Rather to her surprise, Linda discovered that her schooling must go right on, movie star or no movie star. The California law states that all minors must attend school through a full high school course, and to that ends all studios maintain schoolrooms and teachers right on the lot. In the case of minors working in pictures, the law goes one step further; they must have welfare workers to serve as constant guardians every moment they are at the studio until they are 18 years of age.

"The guardians see to it that we have our meals at the proper times, that we aren't under the lights too long, that there is no profane language used around us and things like that," Linda explained.

Linda pursued her studies as diligently as necessary and last spring received her certificate of graduation from high school. So that she would miss none of the graduation trimmings, she was invited to join the graduating class of a Los Angeles high school, University High, and like the other girls, wore a simple white formal. Legally she had fulfilled her schooling contract with the sovereign state of California.

What decided her to go to college? The gay parties? Sorority life, perhaps? I fully expected to get the old answer about wanting to "live the normal life of a normal girl"—as if that were possible for any girl in Linda's shoes. Linda fooled me. She pointed to a hunk of rock on her dressing table.

"It's a fossillized shell," she explained. "I found it when we were on location for *Brigham Young*. My teacher explained something of its origin and I became interested in rock formations and geology. And that started me thinking. When you see a rock millions of years old, you suddenly realize how unimportant you are in the scheme of things. That's what happened to me. And then I realized that I didn't even have much of a philosophy of life. You need a sound philosophy for balance, particularly in Hollywood where a lot of things seem pretty unbalanced. To get that philosophy I knew I needed more schooling."

Because it has become a pet hobby, Linda plans to continue her study of geology. She also is going to register for courses in psychology because she believes it will help her understand her roles better, help her in her relations with her coworkers, and be of great value later in life when she is married. In addition, she plans courses in French, art and music appreciation and economics.

"I know those studies may not have an immediate bearing on my work, and my career probably could get along nicely without them," she said. "However, a movie career doesn't last forever, and I will need those studies to be a well-rounded, well-informed person, equipped to take my proper place in life a few years from now. I think they will help give me the perspective on things which I lack."

Although she will be enrolled in regular classes, fitting them as best she can to her picture schedule, Linda does not plan on trying to graduate from UCLA. Neither does she intend to enter into any extra-curricular activities of her fellow students.

"I know I am running the risk of sounding smug," she said in a worried little way, "but I'm going to school for a serious purpose and I intend to stick to that purpose."

In view of her well-formulated and considered plans, only one thing puzzled me, I told Linda. Why hadn't she entered college for the fall term instead of postponing it until the midterm at January?

Linda's eyes twinkled naughtily.

"*Shh!*" she said. "As you know, I had to have the welfare worker with me all the time until my birthday on October 16th. I wanted the thrill of making one picture after that without a guardian to boss me around!"

Linda Darnell isn't blinded by Hollywood's stardust. It's back to school for her. Linda's in 20th's *Rise and Shine*

"I love him because he don't know how to kiss—

the jerk!"

Samuel Goldwyn, master producer, scores again with a picture both heart-warming and uproariously funny—the story of a sedate professor who knew all about dead languages and nothing about live ladies until a night club gal crashed his bachelor quarters and rhumbaed right into his heart.

Samuel Goldwyn presents

GARY COOPER · BARBARA STANWYCK

in

Ball of Fire

Directed by HOWARD HAWKS

Released through RKO Radio Pictures Inc.

Screen Play by CHARLES BRACKETT and BILLY WILDER

Hear Gene Krupa with his drums and his famous orchestra

Rise and Shine

By MARY BAILEY
Hollywood's Beauty Editor

You can't overdo it! To shine is to be well-groomed and that's a state which should be achieved immediately upon arising and maintained throughout the day. It's possible that you don't do anything as thrilling as attending Hollywood premieres—or even have an extra-special date every evening. But we'll wager you our best compact that not a day in the week goes by that you don't mingle with other people. And that's why you must never forget how very important the little things are that make for a beautifully groomed appearance.

Susan Peters, who is playing in Warner Brothers *The Male Animal*, is young—and smart. In these pictures she shows you the good care she takes of her clothes. She knows the value of good grooming. And she's wise enough to realize that the effect of her tailored suit and hat and her immaculate white blouse and gloves would be very much lessened if she didn't work from the inside out. She does exactly what we are going to tell you to do for that shining finale—good grooming.

START Clean . . . . Clean Hair. Clear Eyes. Clean Teeth. And, of course, first in any beauty regimen, Clean Body.

It doesn't matter whether you bathe in a tub or a shower. But it's important that you work up a soapy lather all over your body. Even though you've just awakened, don't do a sleepy job. An all-over workout with soap and wash cloth will have you singing in your tub in no time at all.

Naturally you shampoo your hair once a week. Each morning all you will have to do is brush it. Don't skip this treatment. Go at it like mad.

A sparkle in the eyes is a delight to behold—and no trouble to acquire. A few drops of lotion in your eyes will instantly brighten them and protect them from dust.

Let your teeth compete with your eyes for brilliance. A clean, firm brush and a good dentifrice properly used are all the materials you need to guarantee a smile.

KEEP Clean. You want the freshness of your morning bath to stay with you all day long. Well then, don't forget the probability of underarm perspiration odor. Daub on the deodorant you like—cream or liquid—and relax. Now you know you'll remain sweet and lovely whatever the day may bring. Don't be careless about this precaution just because the weather's cold. Heavy clothes and warm rooms make perspiration checking a necessity.

Just before you get into your street clothes, give yourself a thorough once-over. See any bumps or bulges that don't belong? Any places you would like to build up? We want you to look your very best, so why don't you write for our brand new exercise chart designed to help you attain a perfectly proportioned figure.

Now copy Susan's tips on clothes care and be off to take your place in the whirling world that is big business today.

Turn to page 36 for HOLLYWOOD'S Beauty Headliners.

The February issue of HOLLYWOOD'S Beauty Bulletin is chock full of helpful information, with products you'll need to keep you lovely. To receive your copy, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mary Bailey, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Ready for her triumphant exit from home, Susan Peters takes time out for a final once-over. She does her inspecting from the ground up, starting with shoes, checking them for polish and heel perfection. Run-down heels make walking difficult, are detrimental to proper carriage and are a telltale sign of carelessness. Notice the attention Susan gives her smart jacket and hat, brushing them well to insure removal of dust, threads or strands of hair. Her immaculate white gloves and blouse indicate how well she knows the importance of neatness and cleanliness. Susan's appearance is proof of the reward of strict attention to every item of your wardrobe. We submit it as final evidence that you can't overdo good grooming.

Silkier, Smoother Hair...Easier to Manage Lovelier Beyond Belief!

New hair-do with soft, natural-looking wave and curls . . . by Thomas Frank, famous Chicago hairstylist.

Amazing improvement in Special Drene Shampoo! Now contains wonderful hair conditioner to give new beauty thrills!

● If you haven't tried Special Drene lately —since it has that thrilling hair conditioner in it—you simply can't realize just how much lovelier your hair *can* look! Because it now makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair so much silkier, smoother . . . makes it behave better, fall into place more beautifully, right after shampooing!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all *soaps* do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color. Do you wonder that girls everywhere are so delighted with this new improved Special Drene Shampoo?

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

And when it comes to removing dandruff, no special "dandruff remover" shampoo known today can beat Drene! You know how important *cleansing* is in removing dandruff—so just remember that for cleansing Drene is supreme! Try improved Special Drene right away—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!

All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

HAIR CONDITIONER

and is for *every* type of hair . . . dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene —in the blue and yellow package!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos —which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% *more lustre!*

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 12*]

■ The Universal studio publicity department called a new young contract actor the other day and said: "You're the luckiest man on the lot. We just made a date for you to take a beautiful gal to a preview tomorrow night." "Swell," said the lad, excitedly, "what's the name of the picture?"

■ Ber-Mar, the fortune teller at the House of Murphy, recently went to the owner of the place, Bob Murphy, and said he was thinking about going to Reno to work in a night club there. Ber-Mar said to Murphy: "What do you think, do you think I should go?"

"What do I think," yelled Murphy. "You mean what do YOU think. You're the fortune teller."

Ber-Mar thought maybe he'd go and did. Several days later he was back. "Business," he said sheepishly, "was bad."

■ Talking about a certain Hollywoodsman, Jimmy Durante said: "I couldn't warm up to that guy if we was cremated together."

■ Odd sights: Ann Sothern arriving for work wearing an orange blouse, purple slacks, a chartreuse turban, canvas sneakers and a mink coat.

■ Jan Grippo, a Hollywood agent who does card tricks as a hobby, has got himself the most envied job in town at the moment. He's teaching Veronica Lake some of his tricks for her role in *This Gun for Hire*.

"Nice job," I told him, "but I'd hate to concentrate on cards with Veronica around."

"Yes," said Grippo, "sometimes I look at Veronica and forget where I put a card. And then when I remember where it is, I don't know whether it's an ace or the two of clubs."

■ Ida Lupino finally gets a crack at comedy in *This Changing World*, the British-American charity film. She'll play a cockney girl.

"Quite a relief," says Ida, "after all those neurotic characters I've been playing."

■ On location with *Valley of the Sun*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Dean Jagger were fishing side by side in a stream. Jagger pulled in one fish after another while Sir Cedric had nary a nibble.

"I guess I just don't have any fish appeal," said Sir Cedric, in exasperation. "I've never been able to catch a fish—not even in those trout club pools where the fish give themselves up."

■ Off The Sound Track: Swell story behind Sidney Miller, who helps Mickey Rooney write those songs and is his off-and-on-the-set shadow. Their mothers became friends and the kids became pals, while working in their first picture together 15 years ago.

Nice No Longer

By JACK DALLAS

■ The coveted title of "nice girl" is now available over at Twentieth Century-Fox. It has been freshly vacated by Brenda Joyce who hopes it doesn't happen to her mortal enemy, if any.

Catapulted into fame and stardom as the result of her very first role in *The Rains Came,* the ex-title-holder has watched her career toboggan as close to the bottom as a career ever could.

Brenda reigned as the studio's "nice girl" for almost three years. And nice girls in the picture business are their own enemies, especially when they're as nice as our Brenda.

Brenda happens to own one of the most perfect figures on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. But, mark you, when the competitions come up and the best figure in Hollywood is being chosen, her name isn't even entered. With the result that the name of Betty Grable IS entered, said lady walking away with the trophy.

The plain truth is that up until recently Brenda Joyce has been quite unaware of her "figger." Consequently, she has never stressed it. Ditto the T.C.-F. publicity boys who have made the Grable curves as familiar as the Grand Canyon—with Betty's hearty co-operation.

The Joyce lady's upbringing has been a handicap to her almost from the day she signed her contract. Brought up not only to respect but to protect the rights of others, she assumed that the principle worked both ways. She joined the ranks of the T.C.-F. glamour girls firmly convinced that "if I show up on the set well made up, my hair in order, my gown well-fitted, my lines memorized, and a cordial greeting for everyone, I've done all that's expected of me."

So in the wake of *The Rains Came* she was cast in a picture with one of the studio's top dispensers of sex appeal whose part, by the way, was less important than our Brenda's. But that isn't how it came out on film.

Miss S. A. went a little further than our Brenda. Instead of just "Good morning," Miss S. A. discovered what kind of beer the gentleman liked and kept a case on ice in her dressing room. Result: in the scenes where Brenda and the electric one played together, Brenda found herself standing in a dimly-lighted corner while the other girl got all the lights.

You'd think that that would have put Brenda wise. But it didn't.

A few months later a new glamour girl was put under contract. And once more Brenda's nice-girl instincts came to the fore. She had noticed that twice in a row the new arrival had eaten lunch by herself, and, furthermore, that she looked lonely sitting there alone, the caste system being what it is in Hollywood. So Brenda made a speedy gesture of friendship.

She walked over, introduced herself, and chatted a while with the newcomer. She even went so far as to suggest that the two get together for a tennis game.

Meanwhile, Miss Just Arrived wasn't even listening. She was looking over Brenda Joyce's shoulder at a studio big shot who was heading toward the table to chat with Brenda. Brenda was still talking and wishing Miss S. A. all kinds of success when the cunning little cupcake got up, smiled sweetly at the executive (who normally would never have noticed her), maneuvered herself into an introduction, and engaged him in conversation.

Being a "nice girl" didn't help Brenda Joyce's career any, so now she's turning on the heat in her new 20th-Fox picture

It never dawned on Brenda that the girl had no intention of playing tennis with her or even of being friendly. Younger than Brenda by two years, she was up to the fact that glamour girls are competitors and the devil take the hindmost.

This same nice-girl complex has bobbed up in other ways to stymie her career.

For one thing, it has taken her three years to learn what with most career girls is second-nature: the value and manufacture of publicity. She had only to say "yes" and those Zanuck publicity boys would have trumped up some publicity romance that would have sent her box-office rating sky high. But she never gave them the go-ahead signal. In fact, she confined her dates almost exclusively to Owen Ward, her high school sweetheart, which made things kind of difficult for the publicity boys. When she married Owen Ward and settled down to a quiet life as the wife of a $250-a-month accountant, she all but disappeared from print.

Too, she never quite got around to mastering the art of pushing herself, although every other girl on the lot had. As a result the other girls got the good parts, while Brenda got the left-overs.

But all that is past history.

With the emergence of the new Joyce in *Right To The Heart,* the Joyce who is wise to herself, 1942 will witness a boom in her stock, a faith shared by Darryl Zanuck, himself.

For years she has been telling Fox executives that she could sing. They all smiled very paternally, remarked "How nice!" and changed the subject. On the heels of her abdication of the "nice-girl" title, she has decided to use direct action. She will spend six weeks getting her voice into top form, after which she will make a series of records, classical, semi-classical, pop, and even jitterbug to show the boys what she means. At her own expense.

Furthermore, she has quit waiting around for parts to come to her and is going out after them. She is reading every best-seller that comes along. She is making friends right and left with producers on the lot. And she is keeping her ear to the ground.

As for the Joyce figure, at long last it is coming into its own. Hallowe'en night when she made one of her rare tours of the Ciro circuit, the photographers didn't recognize her. They exploded flashlight bulbs at her from Ciro's to the Scheherezade.

Mr. Zanuck's cote of glamour girls would do well to look to their defenses. Brenda is tired of being nice. She is going to be wicked, but good. ■

Norvell Tells On The Stars

Famous Hollywood Astrologer Reveals Startling Movieland Predictions For 1942

By NORVELL

Three marriages for Jane Russell?

Will Clark Gable retire?

Can John Garfield make a comeback?

Serious illness for Spencer Tracy?

Stirling Hayden . . . he'll be back!

■ For ten years I have been court astrologer to Hollywood. I have always told the whole truth as I saw it in the stars. Of course, some of the players become annoyed with an unfavorable reading, but most of them are good sports and enjoy having their horoscopes read, even if the predictions are not always "constructive."

There are Tyrone Power and Jeanette McDonald for instance. I have set up their charts numerous times with great care and each time I get the same result: failure in marriage. Tyrone thinks it's funny and always says when we meet: "Well, old Uranus hasn't caught up with Annabella and me yet." Jeanette has red hair; is a little more peppery, and sometimes gives me a verbal spanking, but she always submits to having her horoscope read again.

I have made one or two enemies, of course. There's Bruce Cabot, who walked in on me one day when I was advising his wife, Adrienne Ames, to leave him. If you ever see me diving under a table at Ciro's, it's because Mr. Cabot has just made an entrance.

About the first of the year a long line of limousines pulls up to my door and in troop the movie great to find out what the ensuing twelve months have in store for them. This year I am going to share my findings with the readers of HOLLYWOOD and you may read my predictions under the sign in which your favorites were born.

ARIES

Persons born under this sign are fiery, aggressive and ambitious. Naturally it is well represented on the screen. The pioneers of pictures were practically all Aries born: Pickford, Chaplin, Swanson and many others.

The greatest Arien today is Bette Davis. When I first met Miss Davis she was unwilling to have her future read. "What!" she said registering horror, "I consult a fortune teller!" However, she finally became interested. Last year I was able to scoop everyone in predicting Bette's marriage to Arthur Farnsworth. Smooth sailing for her in 1942.

Another Academy award winner of Aries birth is Spencer Tracy. He went slightly off beam in that hoary classic, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, but his star has not set. The new year holds professional advancement for him, but there are serious warnings about his health.

That brilliant meteor Stirling Hayden, born March 26th, is an Aries with a Pisces hangover, which explains his restless attitude toward life. Don't fret, lassies! He will be back. Fame is his destiny.

I see marriage for Joan Crawford, and if she marries someone born in Leo or Sagittarius, it will last. Her career has years to run.

I predicted Bill Holden would marry Brenda Marshall but not with the approval of the stars. The stars say this marriage can't last.

TAURUS

I call this the fireside sign because those born under it are quick to rush to comfort and security and leave adventure far behind. It took a national emergency to take one of them out of a rut. I predict that when Jimmy Stewart gets out of the Army, he will marry the first sensible glamour girl he dates. Sensible and glamorous! Could that mean you, Miss De Havilland?

Alice Faye was wise to retire when she found love. Her chart shows that she can have a happy marriage or a career. Not both!

Joan Crawford will wed again!

Bachelor days over for Glenn Ford?

Who'll Dorothy Lamour wed next?

MARRIAGE?

Will Jim Stewart propose to Olivia?

Of course there is still Glenn Ford. Enjoy your dreams, girls, because before long Glenn will make a beeline for the altar and the vine-covered mansion so dear to the hearts of all Taureans.

GEMINI

This is the most difficult sign to be born under. It produces a dual personality, which is tough on a marriage partner. Paulette Goddard is the best example of this sign. Grimly ambitious, she works relentlessly to further her career, then thumbs her nose at old Mrs. Grundy whose good opinion is necessary to her success. Astrologically, her marriage to Charles Chaplin should never have been. Her chart shows one more marriage.

Orson Welles is a true Gemini, he writes acts and directs with genius. He should never marry Leo-born Dolores Del Rio. It can not last.

CANCER

Those born in this sign are under the influence of the moon. Romantics! Annabella and Barbara Stanwyck have birth signs in common. While the stars frown on their marriages, they go quietly on their way, laying out the slippers and pipes of the world's two ranking glamour boys. They're not perturbed when their astrologer tells them: "But, darlings, it can't last!"

You may be sure when Olivia de Havilland marries it won't be some nice cozy oil millionaire, but a high voltage glamour lad. I've given her my blessings on her choice.

Ilona Massey ran true to Cancer form when she wed Alan Curtis, formerly of the collar ads. This union will last.

An exciting newcomer who will cause whistles from the balcony is Jane Russell. Because she just missed being a Gemini by one day, Miss Russell is going to keep the reporters busy. Three marriages are indicated in her chart.

LEO

I see a surprise marriage for Norma Shearer. A divorce is indicated for William Powell!

VIRGO

Garbo will make her perennial comeback. She will not marry this year or ever.

Richard Greene's horoscope shows good auspices—probably marriage. Any news from the boy who left us so quietly and is missed so much will be good news.

No marriage this year for George Montgomery.

LIBRA

Mickey Rooney keeps asking me when he should marry. Stop rushing it, Mickey! You should wait a year or so.

George Raft will not marry Betty Grable.

Linda Darnell's chart shows marriage this year.

Although Jean Arthur and Carole Lombard are both planning to retire from the screen, their charts show them remaining with us for many years.

SCORPIO

The year 1942 will be the happiest one of Hedy Lamarr's life. Not only will she emerge as an actress but there is a man coming into her life who will change it. It looks like the real thing at last for Hedy.

Gene Tierney, who has had so much illness, will be well and strong again. I am sorry to add my unfavorable astrological prediction about her marriage, but the stars agree with her parents and studio. It won't last.

SAGITTARIUS

Marriages for Betty Grable and Dorothy Lamour are shown.

Deanna Durbin must remember that she is a big girl now and curb the fireworks of which Sagittarius-born are so fond. When she does that, she will find supreme happiness in her marriage and work.

CAPRICORN

No change in the status quo for the stars born in this sign except for Carole Landis, who will marry again.

AQUARIUS

I see marriage for Wayne Morris and George Sanders and (say it isn't so!) John Barrymore. Clark Gable will forget his retirement plans. His chart shows another five years of stardom.

Divorce is imminent for Victor Mature.

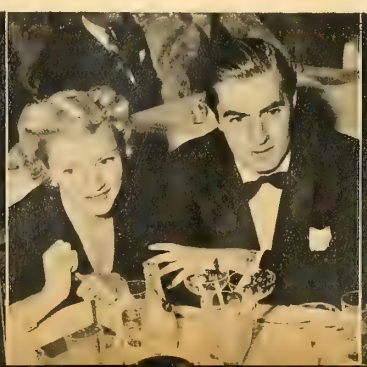
[*Continued on page* 37]

Can it last for the Bill Holdens?

DIVORCE?

Will the Bill Powells shock their friends?

Marital woes for Annabella and Tyrone?



Will the Vic Matures kiss and make up?

Ginger Lands In Jail

By JOHN FRANCHEY

Ginger Rogers and her current real life romance, handsome George Montgomery, are teamed for the first time in the 20th Century-Fox picture, *Roxie Hart*

While on the set of 20th Century-Fox's new picture, *Roxie Hart*, Ginger Rogers' agent, Mr. Edward Rubin, was busy explaining what a wonderful job he had, traipsing from one studio to another and looking out for Ginger's public relations.

"I'd give my right arm for that girl," Mr. R. was sayng—when suddenly your reporter spotted Ginger, stepping out of her dressing room. She walked over to Director Wellman, smiled fetchingly, and pretended to hand Mr. Wellman something totally invisible.

"Here, follow this."

It all sounded like perfect pixie dialogue.

Mr. Wellman was looking a mite uncomfortable. Miss Rogers had handed him a piece of string.

"Come on, Bill, be a sport," Ginger was saying. "All you have to do is follow it."

Well, what with the workmen still busy getting things in shape, and what with everyone not busy on the project yelling "Aw, come on, Mr. Wellman," there was hardly any alternative but to give in. He got up a little reluctantly, and you could see his heart wasn't in it. Following a piece of string can make a man look and feel pretty silly.

An accused murderess, *Roxie Hart* (Ginger) lands in jail. Above: *Roxie* gets in trouble

Jealous of *Roxie's* excessive publicity, *Velma Wall* (Helene Reynolds) tries to stab her rival

"The trail of the lonesome pine" was as nothing compared to the trail of the awesome twine. It twisted and squirmed its way through passages negotiable only if you held your breath, up dizzy scaffoldings fifty feet off the ground, along crazy catwalks, and helter skelter through a maze of electrical equipment. Just when it seemed as if Mr. Wellman—and party—was out of the woods, the string did a reverse play, and once more the mad steeplechase was on.

Fifteen minutes later, Mr. Wellman, his cohorts shouting tally-ho in his ear, found himself in front of Dressing Room Number 7. He opened the door, and there, sitting in a chair and giggling to beat the band was Ginger Rogers.

"Cute kid," Mr. W. said; "very cute."

"But you haven't finished yet," Ginger said, still giggling.

Which was perfectly true. The string wasn't anchored to Ginger. It led downward and under a chiffonier, of all things.

Mr. Wellman kneeled down very skeptically, stuck his hand under the furniture, and pulled out a peachy traveling bag with a gold plate on which was engraved W. W.

"Surprise! Surprise!" yelled Ginger.

Mr. Wellman stammered a little thank-you speech and the entrourage yipped like looney. Mr. Rubin nudged us to inquire:

"Isn't she wonderful?"

By this time the boys had finished putting the jail in order, so that Ginger could do her stepping. In fact, Mr. Hermes Pan, T.C.-F. dance director, had arrived to supervise the hoofing.

Mr. Pan walked up to Ginger and introduced himself.

Miss Rogers smiled and said it was a pleasure.

"I don't think you remember me," Mr. Pan said. "We've met before."

Ginger looked thoughtful.

"You'd better give up. It happened a long time ago."

Ginger wrinkled her brow.

"All right, I'll tell you. It was back in New York—during your first Broadway show, *Top Speed*, I think it was—in which I was a lowly and underpaid chorus boy. You've probably forgotten all about it, but one afternoon we went out and had a coke together and. . . ."

"Forgotten about it my eye," Ginger came back, quicker than a wink. "I remember that you were broke and that I paid for your coke. You may now hand over the nickel you owe me."

Mr. Pan blushed, and paid off.

By this time Mr. Wellman was ready for that Charleston sequence. And so was Ginger. She bounced onto the set looking as much like a floozy as the Hays office would let her look.

To start with, she was dressed in a short little black velvet costume that hugged her curves for dear life. She was berouged and belipsticked with a vengeance. The familiar Rogers pompadour was gone and in its place was a bizarre coiffure that was frizzled beyond recognition. Long stockings, the spider-web variety, covered the Rogers' gams. And she was chewing gum lickety-split.

What has come over our Ginger?

Nothing—nothing at all. It's all part of the story.

You see *Roxie Hart* is a re-make of the smash stage play, *Chicago*, a saga of the insane twenties, involving fabulous reporters, incredibly weepy sob-sisters, scoundrelly attorneys, and curious police officials.

In the play *Chicago*, *Roxie Hart* actually killed her lover. In the film, *Roxie* is merely accused of killing her lover and is cleared in the end so that she can wind up in the arms of George Montgomery. George plays a cub reporter who falls in love with the honky-tonk dancer when he comes to interview her in the wacky jail which is teeming with publicity-mad wardens, screwball keepers, and slap-happy flunkeys.

All of which explains how come Ginger, an accused murderess, is about to do a dance number in jail, a number in which the whole joint, including the jail matron, takes part.

"Camera!" calls Mr. Wellman.

That is all that Ginger needs. In two shakes she is slithering, writhing, and twisting in a Charleston routine that is positively crackling. It is the Charleston all right, but at times it resembles La Conga, especially when Ginger gives her head a jerk on the up beat.

The dance lasts about a minute or so, and is crammed with flashy action. Everyone hopes that Mr. Wellman will demand retakes. And he does.

"That was swell, Ginger," he says. "But would you mind doing it just ONCE more?"

Ginger doesn't mind. Off she goes.

"Isn't she terrific?" Mr. Rubin wants to know—again. "Do you know she hasn't done the Charleston for heaven knows how many years. Not since she won that Charleston contest back in Texas, the one that got her the big break."

Two minutes later Mr. Montgomery, hale and handsome, drifts by. Your reporter turns to Mr. Rubin to inquire if it is really true that Ginger and George are an item.

"Will the Dodgers take the Yanks in 1942? What a question!" says Mr. Rubin. "The pennant, maybe. But the world series—never."

Six Eskimo pies later we are watching a scene we have been waiting for. George Montgomery, reportedly Miss Rogers' heart lo these last six months, is doing his first big scene with the lady he calls "Gingersnap." He is looking very awed, gazing at the Academy Award winner kind of starry-eyed like, when Director Wellman hollers, "Cut!"

"Now wait a minute," Mr. W. says with good humor. He turns to Ginger's dashing new leading man. "Look, George, why don't you forget this real-life thing. *This* romance is just make-believe. You've just met Miss Rogers. You haven't had time to fall in love with her. Act as though she's just another dame."

Geore tries to make-believe. He manages to get a disinterested look in his eyes, but the minute Wellman yells "Cut!" the sparkle comes back. "How about Romanoff's tonight?" George asks her.

Ginger shakes her head. "Make it Saturday night instead," she suggests. "I'm a working girl and I've got to have my sleep. And so do you, George."

"That's right," chimes in Wellman.

"Shucks!" says George, all a-blush.

There is a gentle tap on the reporter's shoulder. It is Mr. Rubin.

"Come to think of it, I like the Cardinals in the National League next season." ■

Ginger manages to escape the wound by clipping her opponent in the stomach. The jail matron breaks up the fight

Reporter Lynne Overman discovers *Roxie Hart* hiding on the fire escape when body of her lover is found

Hedy Turns White Collar Girl

By HELEN WELLER

***H. M. Pulham, Esq.*, adapted from John P. Marquand's book, is an important step in the careers of Robert Young and Hedy Lamarr**

■ During the filming of that best seller, *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*, Hedy Lamarr was quaking inwardly like a bowl of Jack Benny's favorite dessert. She knew she was on the spot. *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*, will either be the making or the breaking of Hollywood's top glamour girl.

When M-G-M announced that Hedy was to be *Marvin Myles*, efficient American white collar girl of the flapper era in *Pulham*, eyebrows shot up like inverted V's.

"Hedy behind a typewriter? Hedy a whizbang in a high-powered New York office? Good heavens, they'll have Charles Boyer playing *Andy Hardy* next!"

The ten million or so readers of the book wrote spirited letters of objection to the studio. Their choice was invariably Rosalind Russell or Ginger Rogers—women of that type who are brisk, thoroughly American, longer on sympathy than glamour.

So author John Marquand was called in to referee, and he promptly cast his vote for Hedy—much to everyone's surprise.

"What most people seem to forget," said the creator of *Marvin*—and he should know, "is that *Marvin*, above all, is a

woman whom a man must remember twenty years. And I can't think of a better answer than Hedy."

So it was settled. But not for Hedy. She knew that the readers of the book had their own conception of *Marvin*—and that she was not it. They were all from Missouri—and she would have to show 'em.

"For four years I have been preparing to play a typical American girl," explained Hedy, on the set. "My English lessons every day—the way I have been dressing in sweaters and skirts and slacks—I even go to football games—I live simply. They were all part of my own personal campaign to become a typical American girl and now—boom—I get my wish and play a strictly American type, a business girl. But some people think I should spend the rest of my screen days swaddled in satins and turbans and making gummy eyes at my leading men."

Hedy did everything to make her *Marvin* believable. Gone was her glamorous swaying bob. In its place was a womanly coiffure with a low neck coil. No lavish screen clothes, no long pointed nails which might catch on typewriter keys. She even insisted upon glasses. Hedy in specs! Oh, Mr. Ripley!

"A girl who works hard in an office would wear reading glasses at least—yes?" she asked. It was yes.

But make no mistake, *Marvin* is no frump. She's a knockout, for as readers of the novel know, *Marvin Myles* is the girl whom *Harry Pulham* couldn't forget, even after twenty years of marriage to another girl. *H.M.*, played by Bob Young, is a typical member of a wealthy, conservative Boston family, and is reared in a mold. He falls in love with *Marvin*, a beautiful and spirited copy writer. When *Marvin* meets his family she is repelled by the smugness of their life and tells *Pulham* she couldn't accept such a life herself. But *Pulham*, accustomed to it, can't understand her and they separate.

"I'll always be waiting," *Marvin* tells him, "if you come away from that place."

Eventually *Pulham* marries *Kay Motford* (Ruth Hussey), cool and correct, has two children and develops into a placid, contented man of routine. But during all those years he never forgets *Marvin*, never loses the excitement that comes with thinking of her. They meet again and the old love flares up. But each realizes they can't go back; and *Harry Pulham* returns to his wife as *Marvin* goes out of his life—and finally out of his thoughts.

Director King Vidor, who was all for Hedy as *Marvin*, knew, however, that all preconceived prejudices against languorous, exotic Lamarr playing a dashing American career girl had to be knocked down, and he met the problem.

"I decided to forget Hedy's beauty. When a director has a glamorous beauty in his picture, he is often tempted to sacrifice action or dramatic achievement for a pictorial effect. Beauty on a screen is a magnet for posed camera angles, so I kept Hedy in motion all the time. Once in a while I was tempted to "shoot" her in a beautiful pose which would photograph glamorously, but I met that temptation by adding more action."

You'll notice it. In Hedy's first love scene with Robert Young, instead of swooning in his arms with eyes half closed and mouth dripping with sex, as she did in *Algiers* and *Lady of the Tropics*, Hedy jumps on the couch, switches on a light, fixes a sofa pillow, pulls down a shade. She's alive. She's fun.

"You know," said Hedy. "It's mighty hard to pose or think of your profile when you're actually doing something."

Robert Young sensed Hedy's nervousness at tackling *Marvin* their first day of work together and he decided that Hedy needed a good laugh to brace her up.

It is the momentous meeting of *Marvin* and *Pulham*. Hedy is writing high-powered copy for a toilet soap when Bob, the new employee, still in his World War uniform, walks into the little office.

"You are introduced," Vidor explained. "You greet him curtly. You condescend to shake hands. Then you say you're going to lunch, go to your locker in the corner, grab everything in it—your coat and hat—and exit."

Hedy did the scene briskly. She emerged from the locker carrying a heavy winter coat, two umbrellas, a riding whip and a man's derby. Though the sequence was spring, Bob had planted those props. She strode halfway across the room before she realized what she was carrying, then she stopped in her tracks and threw back her head and laughed. That did it. From then on, the edge of her anxiety was gone. Hedy was in a mood to cut loose.

She had a chance to top Bob's joke. Bob was supposed to take a bath before the camera for a scene where he has supposedy just returned from the World War, and is discovered by his friend, Van Heflin, taking a bath in a New York hotel.

Property men worked around the bathtub getting the water just right when Hedy walked quietly on the set and called one of the workmen toward her. She whispered something to him then left. Later, Bob, decorously clad in bathing trunks, got into the tub. As soon as the water enveloped him he let out a howl of dismay. The water was heavily charged with bath salts and perfume! Poor Bob went around the rest of the day smelling like a fugitive from a perfume factory.

There never was any dissension about Bob as the erudite *Mr. Pulham*. Bob, a model of propriety himself and just about the most normal young man in Hollywood, was made to order for it.

We happened on the set the day that Bob was to do a scene alone in which *Pulham* walks into his office and gets ready for the day's work. At first glance it looked to us as though Bob was doing slow motion calisthenics. There was no sound on the set—nothing but a metronome beating its tick-tock, tick-tock.

The rehearsal over, Bob noticed our puzzled look and called out, "I'm just being *Pulham* to rhythm."

Then we got it. *Harry Pulham* is a gentleman who did everything to time. He never changed his pace. And the metronome saw that Young doesn't either. Bob walked into his office, hung up his hat, unbuttoned his overcoat, hung it up, took off his [*Continued on page* 60]

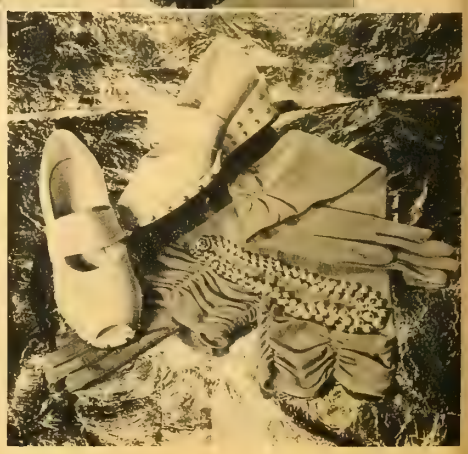
Lovely Ruth Hussey becomes *Mrs. Pulham*. Bob appears in every scene and his portrayal covers the entire span of a man's life

Hedy had to tone down her 18-karat oomph considerably in order to play *Marvin Myles*, efficient white collar girl

This scene shows why Hedy and Bob enjoyed working together so much. The two stars pulled many gags on each other

WHITE

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 61 FOR LIST OF ADDITIONAL STORES



MID-WINTER MOONLIGHT! Frosty white chiffon and lace for glamorous evenings. Junior sizes. Under $15 at James McCreery, New York

CHANTILLY lace shoulder scarf in black may also be worn as a fetching mantilla to protect the hair-do. About $4 by Glentex. A. & S., Brooklyn

PATIO PARTY evening shoes by Joyce, nail-studded, $6.95. Rayon 20 button evening gloves, $3, Ohrbach's, N. Y. Coro pearls, $3, Sterns, N. Y.

Anne Nagel, Universal's vivacious young starlet, selected these evening fashions for mid-winter dancing. While posing for these pictures, Anne said, "They're perfect! The white one for when I'm feeling romantic and waltzy. The printed jersey one when I want to feel sirenish!" She was delighted with the very new and smart playshoe styling of the evening slippers. Of course, there is nothing so completely comfortable for a long night's dancing as flat shoes. You can dance for hours and hours in them and never feel it. "It's like dancing on clouds," Anne says. Then, the long rayon gloves, one pair 24 button length and smartly shirred at wrists and top, the other 16 button length and more tailored in effect, are enchanting. They come in delightful pale colors

OR BRIGHT EVENING FROCKS

By CATHERINE ROBERTS
FASHION EDITOR

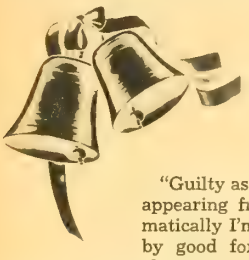
Anne's picture at the right was snapped while she waited for her cue to go on stage in her recent tour. The printed rayon jersey dress she's wearing is due for a big career. There's something about that fabric that makes a girl look positively regal. Perhaps it's because it falls in such beautiful folds. Anyway, on Anne, it's something special and it will be equally fetching on you. Notice her flattering hair kerchief? That's a black chiffon lace-edged handkerchief doubling as a mantilla. Very smart and very practical. She wears Chantilly perfume with it. See Anne in Universal's *Sealed Lips*

Worldly rayon jersey gown, colorfully printed with gold kid daisy trim on gold kid belt. Sizes 9-15, 10-16. $15

Rayon gloves, 24 button, by Aris, $2.50. Arnold Constable, New York. Gold kid sandals, $3.99. At A. S. Beck stores

Franchot Tone's Advice To His Bride

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL



When the street-corner mathematicians figured out that at thirty-six he was just twice the age of his opulently beautiful showgirl bride, Jean Wallace, Franchot Tone was the least resentful man in Hollywood.

"Guilty as charged," the debonair and youthful-appearing free lance admitted blandly. "Mathematically I'm old enough to be Jean's father. But by good fortune it turned out that somebody else was, making it legal for me to marry her. Being an old graybeard has its advantages, not the least of which is that youngsters listen respectfully to old folks' advice.

"Advice is not the smallest part of the dowry I can offer my bride. When I point out a professional pitfall, she can be sure it's a genuine pitfall. I know about Hollywood pitfalls—I've been in all of them."

Appearing singularly unscarred despite his confessed misadventures, Franchot tolled off on his fingers some of the errors he has made since forsaking the family business and setting up shop as an actor.

"I let myself get tabbed as a dilettante, a fellow who was just in pictures for the fun of it," he admitted. "Hollywood takes itself seriously, doesn't understand the light touch in connection with a career. The biggest stars in town never have a frivolous thought, never take time out to enjoy a laugh at themselves.

"Maybe I was born with a perverse streak, but I like to sit on the sidelines occasionally and get some amusement out of watching my fellow creatures. I work hard enough when I work and I like to loaf on the grand scale when I loaf.

"If Jean is wise (who wants wisdom in an eighteen-year-old?) she will heed the warning of Old Doc Tone and adopt the standard Hollywood attitude about her career. If I were wise I'd do the same myself, but you can't teach an old hound new tricks, so I suppose I'm beyond redemption.

"Jean is going into pictures with her eyes open. Despite her actuarial youth, she has been around long enough to understand some of the values of show business, as what Earl Carroll girl doesn't? She's no baby, regardless of the clever remarks the columnists made when we were married.

"Being an American, I recognize that a mere husband has only a still, small voice in household affairs," Franchot went on, quoting freely from experience. "But with what authority I can muster I am going to advise Mrs. Tone about getting a fixed habitat and making it the center of her existence.

"In Hollywood it's fashionable to have a new address every year. This is the bunk. My family, which is as solid as Plymouth Rock, has lived in the same house for fifty years and altered it only when such new-fangled devices as air-conditioning popped up to make family life more comfortable.

"I am going to suggest that as soon as we move out of the house we rented from Hedy Lamarr, my bride find some staid and substantial manor house that we can live in comfortably forever. My idea now is to settle down in a genuinely permanent abode that will be known to the grandsons of today's college boys as 'The Tone place,' a landmark around the countryside and a symbol of solidity and stability.

"'Get in a nice comfortable rut,' I'm going to tell Jean as soon as she gets accustomed to the role of wife. And I'm going to set her a good example. In my early days, when I was just out of college and knocking around in the theater, I was capable of tremendous enthusiasms about things that were not essential to my career. With Mrs. Tone's help I am going to revert to that attitude and encourage it in her.

"For a few years I think I was the leading collector of symphony records. I'd spend as much as five evenings a week collating my music library. At the same time I was getting together a monstrous assortment of books about the theater, and in such spare time as I had I was seriously taking singing lessons, strictly for my own amusement.

"My voice was no remarkable instrument, but it amused me, chiefly because it was bass, a rather unexpected thing to issue out of the person of Franchot Tone. I spent a small fortune with the great Signor Otto Morando cultivating my slight singing talent.

"This is the sort of extra-curricular activity that I am going to foster in Jean, the little homely touches that help add up to happy living."

His best friends and sincerest critics have accused Franchot of marrying the little blond apple dumpling in order to exploit a Pygmalion complex, to make a notable woman of a malleable child. Bridegroom Tone himself is the first to admit the truth of the accusation.

"Jean is eager, alert, intelligent and suggestible," Franchot avers, an opinion he shares with the entire male Hollywood contingent. "From my plateau of experience I, in my role of aged Hollywood observer, can visualize in her the ideal kid I might have been had circumstances been different—instead of a headstrong wise guy I appeared to have been when I was in a comparable position.

"It will be a pleasure to point out the joys of the simple existence in this metropolitan, platinum-plated town. I have already remarked to her that the best season I had here was the one when I was practically flat broke, drove a flivver, and smoked all my cigarettes twice.

"The next year I broke out with a rash of flamboyant spending, equalled only by Oklahoma Indians. That was the season when I had more clothes than Adolphe Menjou and as many automobiles as Alfred P. Sloan. I was miserable."

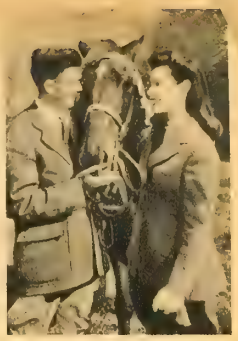
About Hollywood social life, Franchot, one of its leaders for ten years, has this to whisper in the ear of his bride:

"Don't wear yourself out being a hostess. It's the most exacting job there is, even harder than [*Continued on page* 37]

Eager to see his pretty wife, Jean Wallace, carve a niche for herself in the movie hinterlands, and more important, to make their union a permanent one, Franchot Tone gives his bride advice on what pitfalls to avoid in her marriage and career. Jean is in Paramount's *Louisiana Purchase*

NEW YORK-TEXAS ROMANCE

Eugenia Loughlin's engagement to S. Gail Borden Tennant of Houston (pictured together at right) has stirred far-reaching interest. This beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be will be married this winter, after her fiancé completes his officer's training at Fort Riley.



HER STAR-SAPPHIRE

Engagement Ring. The platinum and baguette diamond setting was designed by her fiancé. "I guess Borden and I made over a hundred sketches for it," she says.

Another POND'S Bride-to-Be!

Lovely-to-look-at Eugenia Loughlin met her fiancé at a party in Houston when she was visiting there. Four days later they considered themselves engaged! Eugenia has a true SOFT-SMOOTH Pond's complexion—fresh, sweet, pink and white as apple blossoms! "*I'm absolutely devoted to Pond's Cold Cream,*" she says. "It keeps my skin feeling so soft and clean."

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid

Exquisite EUGENIA J. LOUGHLIN

She's ENGAGED! She's Lovely!

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1. Eugenia SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream *thick* over her lovely face and throat. Pats it on briskly with quick little upward pats. This softens dirt and old make-up. Then she tissues off the cream. "*I adore the cool, clean feel Pond's gives my face,*" *she says.*

2. Eugenia RINSES with *lots more* Pond's. Tissues off the cream again.
This *second time* helps clean off every little smitch of soil, leave her fine-textured skin flower-soft.

You'll love Eugenia's SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care with Pond's Cold Cream.
Use it *every* night—and for daytime clean-ups.
See your skin look softer, smoother, prettier.
You'll know then why so many *more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.*
Buy a jar today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely *big* jars.

Send coupon for 5 POND'S Beauty Aids

1. **Pond's SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Cold Cream**
2. **Vanishing Cream**
3. **New Dry Skin Cream**
4. **New Dreamflower Face Powder (6 shades)**
5. **Pond's "Lips" (5 shades)**

POND'S, Dept. 6-CB. Clinton, Conn. Send me samples of 5 Pond's Beauty Aids listed at left used by lovely engaged girls and society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover your distribution expenses, including postage and packing.

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(Offer good in U. S. only)

Born For Romance

By FREDDA DUDLEY

■ The newest sensation in Hollywood is a hunk of glorious manhood with vertical dimensions of six feet three inches, and the horizontal chest perimeter of a heavyweight champion.

His American name is Paul Henreid—a foreshortened version of Baron Paul von Hernried. He was born in Vienna of a Swedish father (who had been awarded his barony by the Emperor) and a Viennese mother. Beginning like a legend, his life continues to be breathlessly romantic.

Dedicated by his family to the publishing business, the moment Paul was out of college, he worked on books by day and enrolled by night at the Konservatorium in Vienna, which corresponds to the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. He completed a two year course in one year. At the end of that year, he was placed under contract by Otto Preminger, then managing director of Max Reinhardt's Vienna theater, and all Austria began to murmur about the exciting new leading man appearing in German versions of such American successes as *Men in White* and *White Cargo*.

Vienna's Baron Paul von Hernried —now known as Paul Henreid— is in R-K-O's *Joan of Paris*, his first American film

When the Nazis occupied Austria, Paul had to choose between going to Berlin or to London for further stage and picture work. He chose London, where he appeared as *Albert* in *Victoria Regina*.

Although he had made innumerable pictures in Vienna, and continued his picture work in England, the only picture in which American theater-goers have seen him is *Night Train*, in which he played the German officer who was gagged and bound in one scene, and who rode an ore bucket in another. R-K-O-Radio officials, noting this hardihood, enticed the Baron across the submarine-infested North Atlantic in August, 1940, with a contract.

His first American picture is a thriller called *Joan of Paris* in which the trophy is Michele Morgan and the "heavy" is Laird Cregar.

He has been in love with his wife, Elizabeth Gluck, since he was fourteen years old and she was ten. He was a student at a school equivalent to our private military academies, and he had to go to dancing class in Vienna once a week. A group of little girls were brought from an equally exclusive seminary to become Terpsichoreans.

Love, at the age of fourteen—according to Paul—takes on the negative cast of grudging admiration. Little Miss Gluck's great virtue, in the eyes of her partners, was that she did not giggle. Neither did she scowl nor complain to the dancing master when native masculine awkwardness overwhelmed acquired male grace and Elizabeth got stepped upon.

Time gradually improved Paul's dancing —he is now one of the most gifted of Hollywood waltzers—but his favorite Viennese partner was sent to other schools and he lost track of her. Meanwhile, young blade Henreid did a typically Viennese amount of dancing, going to the theater, the opera, concerts, and simple dining out.

French-speaking Europeans have a particularly telling name which combines all the implications of "glamour," "sex appeal" and "charm." The word is "trouble"—pronounced "troob-l." No continental man recognizes a divine spark until a girl gives him "trouble."

During all Paul's years of dancing and romancing, he never met a girl who gave him any "trouble."

Until, that is, one night after the final curtain of the play in which he was appearing. He was invited to a swanky party attended by everyone prominent in the arts in Vienna. "I caught sight of this arresting girl the instant I entered the reception room. She was talking with people I did not know, so I couldn't fight my way over to her. I just waited," Paul remembers. The evening stretched out interminably, but he had no opportunity to reach the girl's side. He asked a friend her name and was told, "I thought everyone knew her. That's Elizabeth Gluck." Not until that instant did he connect the identity of this goddess with the little girl in dancing school.

As the party was breaking up, Miss Gluck asked if everyone had a way of getting home. There were three guests to beg a ride, one of which was—you guessed it.

After the other two passengers were delivered, Miss Gluck turned to Paul and said, "If you'll give me your address . . ."

"Oh no," protested Paul. "I will ride to your home with you, and from there I'll take a taxi."

Elizabeth said, "I don't feel in the least like calling it an evening."

Paul asked Miss Gluck if she wouldn't like to drive up to a beautiful mountain tavern, not too far away. She did. And there they sat, in a candle-lit tap room, and talked until dawn.

"She made me wait a full year before she would marry me," Paul admits, laughing. "She said she wanted me to be certain of the way I felt."

He was certain, and the certainty appears to grow with the years. They have now celebrated seven wedding anniversaries.

Mrs. Henreid has never had but one rival for Paul's affections. That romance occurred on shipboard, when they were on their way to America.

"I had a sweetheart on the boat. When we were given a warning that there was a submarine nearby, I went directly to her and kept her with me until the danger was past. She was just eighteen months old," Paul says. "I made myself her temporary guardian because her mother had two other children for whom to care. Sometimes I wonder if I will ever see the little one again."

Offhand, it would seem that the answer must be yes. A man who can marry the little girl he admired in dancing school, may someday launch the picture career of a little tyke he met on a blacked-out ship running from a submarine. Because Paul Henreid is a romantic, and there's nothing the fates love as much as romance. ■

Watch These Three Danger Zones of Your Skin!

① EYE CRINKLES—Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you guard against signs of age—at *this* Danger Zone!

② NOSE PORES—Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you guard against big pores—at *this* Danger Zone!

③ BLACKHEADS—Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you guard against blackheads—at *this* Danger Zone!

By *Lady Esther*

There are three little areas of skin that you must watch with special care. For they are "danger zones" where blackheads may appear suddenly—where pores tend to become coarse—where little lines etch themselves into the skin.

What are these "danger zones"? Well, there is zone No. 1: the corners of your eyes, where tired lines and laugh crinkles form so easily. There is zone No. 2: the curve next to your nose, where pores get coarse-looking. And there is zone No. 3: the tiny valleys of your chin where dust and grease accumulate and sometimes harden into blackheads.

You don't need a lot of different creams and lotions to guard these "danger zones." For now there's one cream that takes care of four important needs of your skin! Yes, just one cream! My 4-Purpose Face Cream is *complete* in itself—asks no help of other creams or lotions. Not only does it guard the 3 "danger zones"—*but it keeps your skin looking its cleanest, freshest and loveliest* at all times.

Here's what it does: **(1)** It thoroughly but gently *cleanses* the skin. **(2)** It *softens* the skin and relieves dryness, flaking. **(3)** It helps nature *refine* the pores, helps beautify the skin. **(4)** It *smooths* the skin, prepares it for powder and make-up. You can expect a softer, smoother skin almost from the very first application!

Send for Generous Tube

Mail coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! Try it as a powder foundation in the morning—as a cleansing and softening cream at night. See why more and more lovely women every day are turning to Lady Esther Face Cream!

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Confessions of a Hollywood War Widow

By HELEN HOVER

Mary Astor bravely faces the problems of carrying on alone, while her husband, Manuel del Campo, answers his call to duty. They are shown celebrating their last evening together before he left to join the Royal Canadian Air Force. Mary's in a sequel to *The Maltese Falcon*

■ Mary Astor said: "Please—no hearts and flowers. Promise?"

She smiled, but her voice was firm. Those were the conditions under which she talked to me about her position as a "war wife," and with that she blitzed any attempt at sentimentalize the story of two people who are doing their bit quietly and unselfishly in these times.

All over the country today there are thousands of women separated from their husbands by Uncle Sam's call to duty.

Mary's case is even more acute. Her husband is ready to take off any day as a Bomber Pilot and fight overseas. What makes it such a fine gesture is that the sacrifice was a voluntary one, compelled only by Mary's and Manuel's conscience, long before the United States was engaged in actual combat.

You may have read some months ago, in a glossed over paragraph of Hollywood gossip, that Mary Astor's husband, Manuel ("Mike") del Campo had left for Canada to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force. There were no accompanying pictures of Mary kissing him a damp farewell, no martyred statement from Mary, no follow-up pictures of Mary knitting socks, bravely holding back tears and Carrying On.

None of that—because neither Mary nor Mike want it.

Life for Mary Astor and Mike del Campo had been ideally happy and smooth since they married four years ago. They had a baby boy, now a little hell-raiser of 2; Mary's career, given a spurt by *The Great Lie,* was at its most interesting; Mike was a film editor at M-G-M and was slated for an assistant producer's job. They had a lovely, red brick Colonial home, a wide and varying group of friends and a very secure outlook on the future.

Then one evening last May, Mike gave all this up—quit his job, cut short his career, kissed his wife and children good-bye, and was off for Vancouver to enlist in the R.C.A.F.

It came as a surprise to Hollywood, but not to Mary. When Mike came home one evening last May and told her he had already quit his job and was leaving for Canada, there was no word of protest. She had expected it of him and said, very simply, "That's good, Mike. I'm all for it."

"There was nothing else for him to do," says Mary, refusing to dramatize her situation. "It was his duty to go. Mike is a British subject; born in Mexico, but raised in England. For the past few years he has been in Hollywood, holding down a fine position, and living a pleasant, secure life. But that didn't change the complexion of things.

"Just because circumstances placed him six thousand miles away from England in a beautiful city with everlasting sunshine and palm trees, just because he met and married a movie actress, and just because he is protected by certain laws which prevent England from drafting him, didn't mean that he should hide behind those convenient loopholes. My husband isn't the kind who has to be dragged by the scruff of his neck to serve his country. And that makes me proud of him.

"So it was no surprise to me when Mike came home that evening and told me he was enlisting in the R.C.A.F. Instead of getting panicky at the thought of my husband going away for the duration of the war—and heavens knows how long that is—instead of worrying about him facing the dangers of combat and possible death, or being upset at the thought of my cozy, pleasant existence being broken up, I was very happy.

"We're not the only couple separated by war. Just because I'm a Hollywood actress and more famous than the other wives who are now 'temporary widows' is no reason for me to take extra credit for behaving sanely about the thing. These are extraordinary times. Mike and I had a lot on our side, and we know it. I can take care of myself and the children. I have a full, active life here and Mike doesn't have to worry about us at home. I'm not the sort of woman who falls to pieces when I have to stand alone, anyway.

"So when I said goodbye to him at the airport with just a few friends present we had no sobby, prolonged farewell. And when I finally saw his plane disappear out of sight into the sky, I took hold of myself to keep my emotions from getting the better of me. Then I turned around and faced the life I had to lead from then on—alone."

Mary's sensible attitude and modern approach to the situation have helped make her own existence tolerable. Mike is doing considerable flying, naturally, in the R.C.A.F., and instead of getting into a sweat about him, she decided to see for herself what he was going through. So she took up flying, herself, and in no time developed into a very capable pilot.

She keeps herself busy every minute—too busy to do much thinking about "things." There are the two children (in addition to the baby boy there is a young daughter by a former marriage) to keep her hopping. Then there's her movie work and radio work. Mary devotes every possible moment to war relief work. There really isn't time for the lady to mope—even if she were so disposed.

"Of course I do miss Mike," she said. "I don't pretend to be a superwoman. And so often there are those hollow moments—but when you're busy they don't come

often. But life goes on and I go on with it. I still go to a few dinner parties at the homes of friends and I still see my chums. I gave a party the other night for all the kids on my radio show and it was more fun than any party I'd been to in years. We made recordings and I sent them to Mike.

"A good friend of mine, Barbara Spencer, has moved in with me. Her husband is in the Navy and we're both 'temporary widows'; so we joined forces.

"I've been able to visit Mike twice. I don't know when I'll be able to see him again. On one of these trips to Canada, I arrived a day early. Mike was on sentry duty so I went to the hotel to rest, but lo and behold, Mike walked in. Seems that the boys in his unit offered to take over sentry duty for him to give him an extra day with his wife. What a grand bunch of boys! We gave a party for them while I was there, and later we all piled into a dilapidated old jaloppy to see the barracks. The boys wanted to know all about Hollywood and when I left I promised to send them autographed pictures of Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner and other glamour girls—and since then I've been tracking down every actress I see like the most pesky autograph-hunter.

"On that visit, I talked to the women in town. There's courage for you! One woman has three sons and a son-in-law in the R.C.A.F. about to take off for England any day. She was cheerful and laughing and you'd never think she had a care in the world. I asked her how she stood the strain with such fortitude.

" 'What's the use of worrying now,' she told me. 'If I think of it now I'll break down. When the time comes for them to leave, I'll face the problem—not a minute sooner.' "

That led us to ask Mary the inevitable, too. "How will you feel when your husband is overseas with the R.A.F. flying a bomber plane in actual battle?"

Mary shrugged her shoulders. "I've adopted the philosophy of the Canadian women. I won't think about it now. When the time comes . . ."

And for the first time, Mary's smile left her. ■

SORRY!

Lack of space forced us to hold over our on-the-set story of *Arsenic and Old Lace,* co-starring Priscilla Lane and Cary Grant, which we promised you this month. It will be in the March issue. Look for it!

Movie stars are experts in the care of hair and scalp. They can tell you the importance of using the *right* treatment! If you've tried *scented* hair preparations without results, switch now to this famous MEDICINAL treatment, used by millions. Try GLOVER'S, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. You'll actually *feel* the exhilarating effect, *instantly!* Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

Here's a convenient way to convince yourself! Send today for a generous *complete* FREE application of Glover's Mange Medicine—also the New GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO—in hermetically-sealed bottles. This gift is distributed by *coupon only.* Complete instructions and booklet, The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair, included FREE!

TWO BOTTLES, FREE! Glover's Mange Medicine and the New Glo-Ver Beauty Soap Shampoo, as pictured. SEND THE COUPON TODAY!

COMPLETE APPLICATION FREE!

GLOVER'S, 460 Fourth Ave., Dept. 262, New York
Send FREE samples, Glover's Mange Medicine and new GLO-VER SHAMPOO. I enclose 3¢ to cover postage.

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★ Joan Blondell, starring in Republic's "Lady for a Night", with Ray Middleton. It's easy to have lovable soft hands, with Jergens Lotion.

"Men *ARE* that way— they love Soft HANDS"

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Why ever have unromantic, rough, chapped hands? Regular care with Jergens Lotion helps *prevent* them. Many doctors help harsh, coarse skin to heavenly smoothness with a certain 2 ingredients—both in this famous Jergens Lotion. No sticky feeling! Jergens is by far the favorite Lotion!

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I want to have those soft hands Joan Blondell advises. Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion—*free*.

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Beauty Headlines

By MARY BAILEY

This is the time of year when we're all looking for the perfect make-up base—one that will offer protection from the wear and tear of winter winds. Well, you need look no further, for there's a brand new one which meets all the requirements. It's a foundation cream containing *lanolin*—an ingredient with a decided softening effect on the skin. And besides having this generous lanolin content, the product has all the virtues you're accustomed to look for in a make-up base. It spreads easily and keeps make-up fresh looking for many hours. You'll find four flattering tints . . . choose the one most nearly matching your own coloring or get one slightly darker. It costs but a dime at all 5 & 10 cent stores.

An already popular liquid soapless shampoo has just been improved. We didn't think there was room for improvement, but it seems there was one point on which the manufacturer wasn't completely satisfied . . . and that was leaving the hair easy to manage. So their chemists set to work and discovered the solution. The answer is the same super-cleanser you've become wedded to . . . with a hair conditioner added. This new ingredient leaves your locks far more manageable right after a shampoo. Your hair behaves, lies smoothly, is much easier to comb and arrange. Try it and you'll have no use for the alibi, "I just washed my hair and can't do a thing with it."

An entirely new type of product has been brought to my attention—and I'm sure you'll want it brought to yours, especially if you're troubled with beauty-marring surface blemishes on your face. It's a water soluble corrective cleansing cream . . . not just another formula, but actually a scientific discovery. The manufacturers have made tests on skin of all types and ages and have found that the cream helps to improve both normal and problem skins . . . that it clears up blackheads and pimples, spotty complexions. It's used differently from other cosmetics—all you do is work it over your skin with moistened fingertips and rinse away with clear water. There's absolutely no glamour about the product itself, nothing fancy looking about it—in fact, in appearance and scent it's devoid of feminine appeal. Its only claim to glamour is in its effect on your skin, which is the ultimate in any corrective product.

Write before February 15th for HOLLYWOOD'S Beauty Bulletin for February. It contains gobs of helpful information and gives the names of products to use, also the brand names of the items you've just read about. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York, New York.

Norvell Tells on the Stars

[*Continued from page 23*]

PISCES

A comeback year for John Garfield and Ann Sheridan.

A happy marriage at last for the beautiful Madeleine Carroll but *not* to Stirling Hayden.

That, briefly, is how I read the stars for 1942. Despite my record for being ninety percent accurate, I am always willing to admit that once in a while I am mistaken. For instance, several years ago I went to a party at Pandro Berman's house. I read horoscopes for six hours and was limp with fatigue. When I finally collapsed on a bench in the garden, I found myself sitting next to a girl whose horoscope I had not read and who looked rather forlorn and out of things. Thinking to cheer her up, I told her that she had movie possibilities.

"You are the Ruby Keeler type," I said, "but you must not imitate Miss Keeler."

"Don't worry, I won't!" the young lady replied.

"I'm sorry I did not catch your name," I murmured.

"Ginger Rogers!" the young lady said, walking haughtily away. ■

Franchot Tone's Advice to His Bride

[*Continued from page 30*]

playing the female lead in a Western picture. By this I don't mean that you shouldn't give teas and dinners and luncheons and parties. I only mean to suggest that you should blend with the guests instead of taking the whole weight on your fragile shoulders. The hosting business, if taken seriously, will give you the yelping meemies in one season."

With regard to her career, lately launched at Paramount, Franchot has this to say to Jean:

"Be a dutiful worker. If the studio wants leg art, get in there and pitch. Temperament is for aged and untalented actors; the efficient thing is to work quickly and quietly and leave the emotional explosions to the hams, of whom there is never a scarcity."

And as a final admonition from the lofty perch of his Hollywood experience, Franchot handed his bride the uxorious watchword:

"Stay as sweet as you are." ■

NEXT MONTH IN HOLLYWOOD

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New Formula For Fame

Although Pat Dane defied all the accepted rules for success she has a fat role in *Johnny Eager*

By GLORIA BRENT

■ One afternoon last year the beauties in *Ziegfeld Girl* got together and held a popularity contest among themselves. You know, one of those "most beautiful," "most ambitious," "most so-and-so" things.

It was a pretty close election, but on one title the girls agreed unanimously. The tag "Least Likely To Succeed" went to their sister chorine, Patricia Dane.

All right. You guessed it. Of the entire crew, Pat Dane is the only one who has a long-term, juicy picture contract. She was the brunette bombshell who almost lured Mickey Rooney to ruin in *Life Begins for Andy Hardy* and she's stacked up against Lana Turner for Bob Taylor's affections in *Johnny Eager*.

If you think you can learn any quick rules on how to get ahead from Miss Dane's story—skip it. Because if you follow her cockeyed guide you'll end up selling apples. Pat did everything the wrong way. She violated all the rules of Emily Post, Dale Carnegie and Horatio Alger—but oh my, is that girl doing all right!

When Pat was a dizzy little co-ed at the University of Alabama she picked up the neat philosophy which has been her Golden Rule ever since.

There was the tall, terrific football hero whom all the girls mooned over. But in spite of this onslaught of competition it was our heroine who wound up with his fraternity pin. Reason:

"I didn't look at him twice," explains Pat in a tired tone. "The other girls ran after him, but I pretended he wasn't alive. I stood him up. I insulted him. I treated him like dirt. So he chased me. Simple?"

Pat used the same routine on Hollywood. So they chased her as though she were the reincarnation of Sarah Bernhardt.

Pat, who essays a blase attitude about everything, came to Hollywood a year ago for fun, not a picture contract. She was a sunkissed beauty from Jacksonville, Florida, who had left the family home to make good in New York. Make good she did. Became one of the highest paid models in New York and had a fur coat for every day in the week. During her night club gaddings she met Rudy Vallee and Howard Hughes, who urged her to come to Hollywood and see them. So one afternoon she hopped on a California-bound plane, was taken on a whirl of the town's boites by Vallee, looked bored but beautiful, and was noticed by every producer at Ciro's. Just as soon as she came within breathing distance of a screen test, she was off for New York. A month later she came to Hollywood again, did her twirling with Howard Hughes, was noticed and then breezed off. She did that all year—dropped in out of the sky, made her appearance, then flew back. She was Eliza fleeing the bloodhounds—the bloodhounds being the agents and talent scouts at her feet.

"Why don't you let us sign you up?" they begged.

"Humph," said Pat airily, one foot already in the Eastbound plane, leaving the

anxious pack popeyed at the only girl in their experience who said no to pictures.

On her umpteenth drop-in at Hollywood, Vic Orsatti cornered her and said, "You're not getting away this time. I'm putting you into *Ziegfeld Girl* even if I have to drag you by the hair to get you to the studio."

Pat must have had a good laugh up her sleeve, because she was the only girl who was hired on the spot without a screen test!

Instead of trying to worm her way into the good graces of director, producer and cast—a smart and workable trick—Pat sauntered into work hours late, and was often A.W.O.L. which drove everyone crazy. Half the time, the assistant director ran around yelling: "Where's Dane?" while Pat was at home taking a beauty nap. Eventually she was given the heave-ho.

Everyone predicted then that she was washed up in pictures. A little nobody who keeps a company waiting hours, at mounting production costs, gets the inevitable blackball from other studios.

Pat didn't mind. Somehow, miraculously, nothing seems to bother her. She was packing to leave for New York again when the phone rang. It was the head producer of a major studio calling her in person.

He wanted her to come to the studio the following day for a test.

"I'm sorry," said Pat stifling a yawn. "I'm catching a plane in two hours."

History doesn't record what the executive sputtered. No one yet has heard of an unknown talking that way to a top producer.

"Then come out immediately. I'll send a car for you," he coaxed.

"All right," said Pat grudgingly. "But don't keep me waiting. And I'll only stay half an hour. I'm leaving this town." At this point, the producer almost collapsed.

She was immediately offered a contract at the studio—big salary, not even a screen test necessary!

Pat said she'd think it over. That evening she met Mervyn LeRoy.

"Why aren't you in pictures?" he asked.

"Not interested," said Pat.

His eyes popped. Before the evening was over, he had managed to wrangle a reluctant consent from Pat to consider signing up with his studio, M-G-M.

After that, an amazing thing happened: the other studio and M-G-M both fought for the services of a girl with no dramatic experience, who had appeared only as a showgirl in *Ziegfeld Girl* and at that had been fired!

There were thousands of beautiful, ambitious, talented girls in Hollywood dying for such a chance—and it went to the girl who didn't give a hang.

Is she dumb—or is she smart? I ask you!

Pat signed with M-G-M and was immediately plunged into good roles.

Pat's formula works in romance, as well. Since Cedric Gibbon's divorce from Dolores del Rio, he has been the top eligible. He's begging her to become Mrs. G.

Pat shrugs her shoulders and says, "Well—maybe yes and maybe no."

So she has him jumping the hoop, too. What a girl! What a line! *Zowie!* ■

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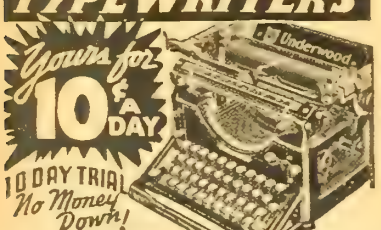

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Acting Is His Sideline

Dr. Edgar Buchanan's new sideline is about to crowd him out of his profession. Columbia's *Mr. Twilight* is next on his screen program.

By GEORGE HOWARD

■ If your dentist is behaving a little strangely these days, think nothing of it. There is no cause for alarm. If he is doling out homely wisdom all over the place, rubbing his chin and looking philosophic, or manipulating the forceps with the air of Tyrone Power excavating the Suez Canal, everything is quite all right. He is merely on the beam. In short, he is undergoing a brush with the Buchanan complex.

A good way to find out for sure is to inquire:

"Say, doc, what's with you and the Little Theater?"

The man responsible for it all is Dr. Edgar Buchanan, the prosperous Pasadena dentist who acts in pictures on the side, the identical Dr. Edgar Buchanan whose latest performance in *Texas* has made him the foremost contender for the Academy Award for the best supporting role of 1941. One more performance such as the one in *Texas* and he will be practicing dentistry on the side, if at all, a state of affairs which will pain his father even more than it will pain him, which is plenty. Dr. Edgar Buchanan loves nothing better than hunting down a bankrupt bicuspid, nothing unless it's capering before a camera. Dr. William Buchanan, his father, loves nothing better than hunting down a bankrupt bicuspid. Period.

Hence, it will not surprise you to hear that Buchanan pere is praying that the Academy Award goes to Charles Coburn for his outstanding job in *The Devil and Miss Jones,* and not to his own flesh and blood. He had him one helluva time making a dentist out of Edgar. Naturally, he doesn't want to see his work go for naught.

It took a heap of persuasion to get Edgar enrolled as a pre-medical student in the University of Oregon but not even persuasion had any effect on him once he matriculated. By the end of the freshman year he was quite a card, Edgar was, and his grades were nothing to warm the cockles of an anxious father's heart. To make matters worse, sophomore year he switched his major from biology to dramatics, not only because dramatics was a cinch but also because of the accidental discovery that he got a kick out of "fooling around on stage." When his father got wind of what was happening to his offspring's medical career, he yanked Edgar out of the U. of O. as neatly as if he were a wornout molar. Then, after laying down the law to his scion, he clapped him into the North Pacific Dental College at Portland.

Everything went along pretty smoothly at North Pacific until he clipped one of the instructors on the chin after which episode he deemed it advisable to accept an offer to assist the head of the drama department back at the U. of O. where he had been such a card.

He taught stagecraft to the stage-struck for a year, acting all over the place in his spare time. It didn't seem right this business of leading a hilarious life and getting paid, too. His rapture was short-lived.

When he returned home for the summer holidays his father announced that he had straightened everything out at North Pacific Dental so that come fall, Edgar could pick up where he had left off before he had launched that offending lefthook.

Like the dutiful son that he was, he returned to his dental delving but his heart emphatically wasn't in his work. It is a cinch that he never would have stuck it out if he hadn't bumped into a pretty and petite N.P.D.C. co-ed by the name of Mildred Spence. She took her studies so seriously and he took Mildred so seriously that willy-nilly he became a good student, graduated with honors, and married his inspiration.

That first year as Edgar Buchanan, D.D.S., was an ordeal. He couldn't put acting out of his mind. The logical thing was to join the local Little Theater and get drama out of his system. It was logical but not practical. The patient got worse. He became a Little Theater fixture. And the town's finest dentist.

He carried on as a dual personality for some ten years at the end of which time his wife made an interesting suggestion about a change of scenery.

"For instance?" inquired Dr. B.

"California might be interesting."

"Any place in particular?"

"Oh, Pasadena, perhaps."

Dr. Edgar Buchanan needed no coaxing. He knew that in Pasadena (by coincidence, of course), there was located the famous Community Theater, one of the best workshops in the land. In no time at all he had moved his practice and was enrolled as a member of the Community Theater.

Never was man happier. By days he filled cavities and whistled airs from *The Mikado* or *The Gondoliers*. Nights he would put dentistry out of his mind. Right after dinner, which he generally bolted, he trekked down to the Community Theater.

There never was any doubt about his talents. He did ten important parts, one right after the other. He had completed his eleventh, the role of the soldier who was always losing his pants in Maxwell Anderson's *Valley Forge*, when he received an urgent summons from the casting director of Columbia Pictures concerning a flashy "heavy" role in *Arizona*, a Wesley Ruggles epic.

He drove through four red lights in his mad dash to the studio. On arriving, he discovered he had taken the word urgent too literally. Anyhow, he waited patiently for two hours after which the casting director ushered him into the Ruggles presence.

Mr. R. didn't even look up, mumbled something about letting him know later, and dismissed him.

Disillusioned and disgusted, he headed for the door and down the steps, but not until he had unleashed a mouth-filling oath which cast doubts on Mr. R.'s ancestry. He had come in response to a call and had been treated as an interloper. He was climbing into his ramshackle car, still fighting mad, when the casting director, hatless, coatless, and puffing like a punch-drunk club-fighter, drew up alongside.

"Mr. Ruggles wants you to come back," the C.D. said between gasps.

"Did he hear what I said about him?" the dental expert queried.

"Of course he did," replied the C.D. "What else?"

Well, folks, you're not going to believe it but Mr. Ruggles received Dr. Buchanan with a grin.

"Mighty interesting vocabulary," was his first sentence. "How would you like to be in my picture?" was his second. His third will simply slay you. "You can read over a couple of parts that I haven't cast yet and take your pick," is what he said.

Poor Dr. B. almost keeled over.

"Me!" said our Edgar.

"You!" said Mr. Ruggles.

Which explains how a dentist acquired a sideline which is about to crowd him out of his profession to the redounding sorrow of his father. And which explains, perhaps, why your dentist is a man changed.

It's that Buchanan complex.

Remember? ■

NEXT MONTH!

Hollywood's No. 1 woman-hater selects the world's ten greatest women! Don't miss this startling article

by *MARLENE DIETRICH!*

HOW TO TELL TWINS APART
or Pepsodent to the Rescue

1. Twins are confusing enough. But when one of them deliberately tries to fool a fellow . . . well . . . I was all at sea . . .

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Valiant Lady

By DUGAL O'LIAM

■ Kaaren Verne's advent in Hollywood was a press agent's dream. Born in Berlin in 1918, she began life as a sheltered daughter of great wealth. Her father was the head of the famous Bechstein Piano Company, makers of the world's most expensive pianos. His name was Klinckerfuss-Bechstein and Kaaren Verne was born Katharina Ingeborg Klinckerfuss-Bechstein.

There was a frenetic effort to make a pianist of her, but it didn't take. Time spun on. A madman in Munich began to build a Frankenstein that was to upset the entire world. The Bechstein branch of Katharina Ingeborg's family (her mother's) leaned toward Nazism, the Klinckerfuss side toward the old German ideology.

As Hitler's power grew, the family drifted and her parents divorced because of political incompatibility. Katharina Ingeborg remained with her father. Herr Klinckerfuss-Bechstein remained as head of the piano company, but soon the Nazis harassed him into bankruptcy. Realizing that his 12-year old daughter might some day have to shift for herself, Herr Klinckerfuss-Bechstein sent her from the usual Lyceum to the Staats Theater School of the Drama in Berlin.

Having her home in Germany taken over by Nazi storm troopers is but one of the ordeals Kaaren Verne has suffered. She's in *Kings Row*

There Katharina Ingeborg, before she was fourteen, was being cast in leads in school plays and by the time she reached sixteen, she was ready for the examinations for her coveted diploma.

She passed the technical examinations with honors. Then came the political quiz without which there could be no diploma. One of the first questions asked was "What position does Herr Rudolph Hess hold in the Reich?" By an amazing coincidence, Rudolph Hess' flight from Germany was added to the script of *Underground*, her first American film, after it had been finished and she was recalled for retakes. But she didn't know this, then, or anything else about Herr Hess and the Nazi government and said so.

A large, thick-necked man with a bright, salmon colored uniform and an authoritative breath told her to leave the room at once. She insisted that she had studied to be an actress and believed political folderol was foolish. The large man then picked her up by the armpits and threw her through the door. She alighted on a cobbled walk and received gashes on her knees and legs from which she still carries scars.

Within a week her father, harassed, bankrupted and ill, had taken his own life under Nazi threats. Storm troopers took over the household and ordered Katharina Ingeborg to the Studentenheim, a state home and school. Utterly without money, she was subjected to constant surveillance and indignities until one day, quite by accident, she met a man who was to completely upend her life and for no immediate good.

"I was standing on a street corner in Berlin when a bus came past," she explains. "On it was a friend of my father and he called to me and I got on. He introduced me to a man named Arthur Young. He was what you call a jazz pianist, which is very bad, isn't it?"

After a quick shudder, she explained that Young manifested enormous interest and spoke glibly of his financial resources. She saw him frequently after that and developed the idea that he was more interesting, at least, than the Studentenheim.

She learned, eventually, that his principal grip on the larynx of immortality was the fact that he had composed an opus called "Kitten on the Keys, Or Doggone the Piano." When one realizes that not even this shocking intelligence stayed her decision to escape Germany by marrying Young, one gets a rough idea of what she thought of Germany.

It would be difficult for anyone unfamiliar with conditions under which she was virtually a political prisoner to condone the headlong plunge the little German girl took into martimony with Arthur Young. But anyone who knows her, and has talked with her, sincerely and at length, will understand and sympathize with her in the bitterness and humiliation that followed that marriage.

She'd known him less than a month when they began shopping for preachers. Young was a British subject and German regulations would not permit him to marry her in Germany, particularly since she was known to be unfriendly to the Nazi cause. They decided to go to Scotland, where Young had been born, but just outside Hamburg, Storm Troopers overtook them and returned her to Berlin.

She was told that if she could find her mother and obtain her consent to leaving Germany, the Reich would be glad to give her a passport. The mother, the officials said, would have to make a deposition that Katharina Ingeborg was pure Aryan.

She found her mother, but Frau Klinckerfuss-Bechstein advised her to remain in Germany and work for the Reich's success. At mention of the Nazis, she bridled fiercely and her pro-Nazi mother, apparently feeling she was doing the Reich a great service, signed the papers.

The bride-to-be wanted to go to London but Young appeared to look upon all of England with a haggard distaste. So they went directly to Scotland, only to discover that protracted absence had vitiated Young's civil rights and they couldn't be married there, either. He bundled her off to Denmark, then, and there they were married.

After the wedding, Katharina Ingeborg again wanted to go to London, but the mere suggestion made the bridegroom as nervous as a bank cashier working with his hat on. So they went, for the sake of his nervous system, to Continental Europe. They made the principal cities of Austria, France, Czecho-Slovakia, the Balkans and Poland and it wasn't long before the bride noticed that they usually left these communities in somewhat of a hurry and with fewer articles of luggage than they'd had on arrival.

They'd been married a year and a half when she found that they were practically out of luggage. It was then that she started for London with her baby, now eight months old, one dress, a toothbrush and eight marks. Her husband had spoken of his many pals in London and upon arrival she began calling them.

In spite of a tepid reception she managed, within a week to raise five hundred pounds. In American money this is $2,500, a segment of specie spoken of respectfully, even in Hollywood.

"I spent four hundred of it paying off his worst debts," she says, "and sent him the rest to come to England on."

It seems that Young couldn't believe that his wife could raise such a sum of money and sent up a few trial balloons before he ventured across the channel. Eventually he arrived in London and then Katharina found herself confronted with the job of paying back the five hundred pounds.

One of the people who helped her was Larry Adler, the harmonica virtuoso. He took her to Irving Asher, then representing Warner Brothers in England. Mr. Asher put her in a picture called *Ten Days in Paris* with Rex Harrison and she proved to be what the British extravagantly called "ripping" which would be merely terrific in Hollywood.

After another picture Asher left England to become a producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Hollywood and got her a contract there. She placed her son in the home of a friend and sailed for America, arriving in Hollywood on March 6, 1940.

If she had any idea that she had come into Canaan she was quickly disillusioned. She was something less than a conflagration in a thing called *Sky Murder*.

Since she admits that her favorite recreation is sitting, she had no complaints against M-G-M. For the next seven months she did nothing.

When her Metro contract ran out Warners put her in *Underground* after which they signed her to a starring contract and hurried her into *Kings Row*, their top picture of the new season, and then into *All Through the Night*.

When she went to England to enter pictures, she went as Katharina Ingeborg Klinckerfuss-Bechstein. Since it was obvious that there wasn't enough neon tubing in all Albion to put that name on a marquee, her producers cut it to Kathleen Ingeborg, a unique wedding of Gaelic and Teutonic. Later, Asher induced her to make it Karen Verne (with one A) and as Karen Verne she made her second English and first American picture.

Warners' first move was to insert the second "A" in her first name, because a decade before, when Karen Morley had appeared in Hollywood, there had developed a scourge of Karens comparable to the Brenda epidemic of later years.

With the additional "A" in her name and a starring part she was soon the hottest publicity figure in Hollywood, pursued avidly by itinerant correspondents, local newspaper men, visiting authors and Hollywood columnists. In the course of her first thirty days on the *Underground* set more copy was written about her than about any Hollywood discovery since Hedy Lamarr.

Her ambition? To be the best actress in the world, to speak English without an accent and to have Alistair Peter Michael with her here in America, in a green house on a purple hill. ■

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Laborer In Grease Paint

By HOYT BARNETT

Besides being a movie dandy in United Artists' *Heliotrope Harry*, Brian Donlevy chops wood, paints fences, builds brick walls and works on his mining claims in his spare time. Right: Laborer Donlevy and his pretty missus, Marjorie Lane

■ Anyone as busy as Brian Donlevy should be working enough to satisfy any Hollywood actor, but the broad-shouldered film player wants more than the grinding routine of his studio obligations. He isn't satisfied unless he can chop wood, paint fences, build brick walls or work on his several mining claims in the Panamint range overlooking Death Valley.

Immediately after completion of his new picture, *Heliotrope Harry*, Brian dressed in rough clothes, heavy boots, horse-hide gloves, grabbed a pick and pushed into one of the wildest, roughest and most God-forsaken parts of the United States, to pry from a mountain a metal badly needed in national defense.

Mining is neither new for Donlevy, nor a hobby. He has staked and worked several gold claims in the Panamints. One produced for a time, but never enough to pay expenses since costs run heavy in the rough wilderness of that 6,000-foot plateau.

But there are things more valuable than money to a man who has mining and manual labor in his blood. There on the Panamints, looking down more than 6,000 feet upon the glistening, sun-scorched floor of Death Valley, the lowest point in North America, this "set" has a gargantuan backdrop of grandeur in towering Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in continental United States.

This breath-taking contrast first drew Donlevy to the Panamint mountains. His love for labor and the excitement of driving a pick into earth never before disturbed by man, plus the thrill of producing something where nothing was known before, have held him there. If it were not for the distance between Death Valley and Hollywood this man would need no other recreation.

But one can not face the cameras of Hollywood by day and mine the Panamints by night. So Donlevy has provided a nearby escape in Brentwood Heights where his five-acre place gives him much work to do.

When he first bought the home for his wife, nee Marjorie Lane, whom he married in 1936, the place was a "gold mine" of things to do. He had an excuse to tear it apart and build it over. Every minute he was free from studio work he was out there in overalls, indistinguishable from other workmen, helping tear down, change and rebuild.

Two jobs he completed without help. The first was the building of a series of shelves in the cellar to hold wine bottles at the proper angle. This he shows to guests with unmasked pride. The second

task was to insulate and seal off a storage room above the garage.

Sometimes his zeal for work makes him the victim of a good laugh. When he remodeled his home he found that many trees had to come down. Another actor might have indicated the trees to be removed and gone on about his acting business. But not Donlevy. He got on the business end of a cross-cut saw and hollered "timber" each time a tree came down.

Then he took a double-bitted axe and chopped off the limbs in lumberjack fashion. After that he decided to utilize the felled trees for fuel, so for weeks he sweat over them until they all were cut, split and piled into neat ricks of fireplace fuel.

As pridefully as a little boy with a new cave, Donlevy measured his wood. Thirty-five cords. He was smiling when a neighbor strolled up.

"Nice bunch of wood," the caller admitted, "but why cut it up before having it hauled away?"

Donlevy looked at his visitor as one tolerates the questions of a three-year-old. "I don't know about you," Donlevy replied, "but I'm not going to buy wood when I can get it just by cutting it."

With that the visitor laughed uproariously. "Gosh, Brian, that wood is green spruce. It won't burn."

At first Donlevy thought he was being ribbed by an expert. Inquiries proved the statement true. But only 20 of the approximately 35 cords cut by the work-hungry actor were green spruce. The rest was California Eucalyptus, which is very close to tops in firewood. And, as Donlevy explains, "I still had the fun of cutting those 20 cords that wouldn't burn."

Fortunately for Donlevy the work on his home is never done. He always can find a wall that needs tearing down, painting or extending. In addition to this work about the place, he maintains a six-day-a-week schedule at the Beverly Hills Athletic Club where he spends two hours a day either at handball or with a squash racket.

At present, Donlevy has a mass of film work lined up for 1942. As the shade of *Andrew Jackson* in Paramount's *The Remarkable Andrew*, Donlevy showed an ability to handle whimsical comedy, and in his next picture, *Trinidad*, he will be sympathetic although somewhat tough as a modern buccaneer of the Caribbean. But regardless of his obligations, Donlevy declares he will push the development of his antimony claim, not only for the fun he gets from his gamble with nature, but for the healthy enjoyment of living in the open, working hard, cooking over an open fire and bedding down in a sleeping bag with nothing between him and the stars but miles and miles of clear, cold air. ■

The big, sparkling March issue of HOLLYWOOD brings you stories on Deanna Durbin, Carole Lombard, Dan Dailey, Jr., Joan Bennett, Carl Esmond, Peggy Moran, Evelyn Keyes, Billy Gilbert, Joan Merrill, Mary Martin and many others. The March issue goes on sale at newsstands everywhere February 10th!

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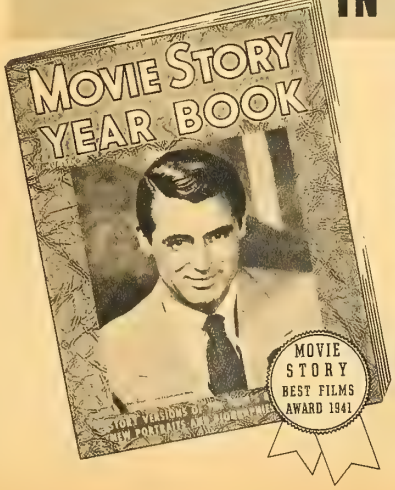

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Call Her K. T.

By JAMES BUTLER

Gloria Wood, daughter of director Sam Wood, found her famous name a hindrance instead of a help. K. T. Stevens is in Paramount's *A Great Man's Lady*

■ Any day, any hour you can drop into the glittering 5-and-10 cent wine cafe on Hollywood Boulevard, Simon's Cafeteria or any other reasonably priced hang-out in movie town where the extras and young hopefuls gather, and you'll hear the same plaintive complaints:

"If I only knew the right people, I'd become a star in a year!"

"Without an 'in' you haven't got a chance in pictures!"

"Drag with the right parties counts more than looks or ability!"

I suppose that I, like every other fan writer, have listened to such pathetic beefs hundreds of times. Until now there was not much of an answer to make to these broke and unhappy outsiders clinging to the ragged fringe of the Hollywood picture.

But now, at long last, the right answer pops up in the comely person of K. T. Stevens, 21-year-old newcomer. Miss Stevens not only knows the right people, she is the right people herself.

Her father is none other than the great Sam Wood, a top director for 27 years. And all having a poppa among the mighty of Hollywood has brought the devastatingly shapely K. T. is rebuffs. She even had to change her name to her present screwy appellation before she could make a score either in pictures or on the stage. With her, having an 'in' worked in reverse.

There was never more than a grain of truth in the legend that pull counts in Hollywood. Small jobs you can get if you have an uncle named Darryl Zanuck or your mother's second cousin is named Louis B. Mayer. But that's a long way from having your name in lights, or getting important credits on the screen.

Perhaps you saw the sparkling-eyed and slim K. T. in *Kitty Foyle*, playing Ginger Rogers' room-mate. She drew a better and bigger role in the Paramount release *A Great Man's Lady*, starring Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea.

But we'll let K. T. tell her own strange story, including how and why she got her fantastic tag, in this, her first fan magazine interview.

"For over two years I tried to get into pictures without getting anything more than a screen test," she explained. "Everybody I knew was sure that being Sam Wood's daughter would swing open the gates of the big studios so fast that all the guards behind them would get black eyes.

"I was foolish enough to believe that myself. Sure enough, those gates did open for me. Every executive saw me. They were almost disgustingly polite. But when I left their lavish sanctums I had no more job than a coal furnace salesman has in equatorial Africa. To the casting directors and important producers I was just another relative of a big shot trying to crash into pictures on his reputation.

"I don't know how I came to overlook such a thing but there are more relatives in Hollywood than there are actors. That's why I never had a chance to go to bat as Gloria Wood, which is my real name.

"Daddy had faith in me but was reluctant to give me a job until I'd done something worthwhile as an actress without his help. But that wasn't the only reason he hesitated.

"My mother was a movie actress before she married Dad and she was dead against my following in her footsteps. Her argument was that living a normal life is more important than being Greta Garbo or Helen Hayes.

"Maybe, she's right. But even as a child, acting was the only thing I ever wanted to do. When I was eighteen months old I played the crying baby in the old silent version of *Peck's Bad Boy*, starring Jackie Coogan, who was then eight. Dad directed that one and he gave me a scene or two in one other picture of his.

"After that Mother took over. 'I didn't bring my child up to be an actress' was her theme song all through my childhood. I graduated from Los Angeles High School, then attended the University of Southern California for a year. But all my spare time I spent with Dad, watching him and trying to learn about acting, particularly when his companies were on location.

"Three years ago the big explosion came in our house. We don't live in the celebrities' colony. Since I was three we've

stayed in our home in Los Angeles, near the corner of Crenshaw and Wilshire Boulevards, far from Beverly Hills, Bel-Air. Mother insisted that we live modestly.

"Well, when I became eighteen I calmly announced I was chucking school to become an actress," continued Miss Stevens with a smile. "I should have started an earthquake—it would have been less exciting and dangerous. Mother, usually the gentlest creature in the world, set her little foot down hard.

"Dad was in the middle of the cyclone, was getting it from all sides. I finally ran away. I didn't run far, however, only to my married sister's house. I enrolled in Neely Dickson's dramatic school. After a week, Mother sent for me to come home. She gave in and we were all happy again.

"I'd always hated my name and changed it to Katherine Stevens. When I joined the Bliss-Hayden Little Theater Group in Hollywood, everybody insisted on calling me Katie. That gave my publicity agent, Russell Birdwell, a swell exploitation idea. He suggested that I go down to a Los Angeles Court and have my name changed legally to K.T. Stevens.

"No actress had ever been known by initials before. Newspapers all over the country ran the story with my picture. But even that publicity didn't get me movie parts. Hollywood still wanted to know if I could act.

"I came East, loaded down with letters from Dad to theatrical producers. But I didn't use them. I wanted to be on my own. If I was going places it would have to be not as Sam Wood's daughter, but as the weirdly-named K.T. Stevens.

"That summer I played a full season with the stock company at Clinton Hollow, New York. Determined not to get the brush-off from any more film producers, I went to New York City instead of returning to Hollywood.

"That's when I got my first break. After four days, George S. Kaufman gave me the leading feminine role in the Chicago company of his successful comedy, *You Can't Take It With You*."

However, it was only after K.T. made a big personal hit in the West Coast company of another Kaufman smash, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, that her father gave her her first chance on the screen in *Kitty Foyle*, which he directed.

"I hope people don't think I'm showing you any favoritism," he told K.T. She laughed as she kissed him, and said, "Just keep it dark that I'm your daughter and everything will work out fine."

Her work in *Kitty Foyle* got her the part in *A Great Man's Lady*, directed by William Wellman. This in turn won her the blue ribbon of all film contracts, one with David O. Selznick. It calls for one film with options on her future services.

At this writing, K.T. was playing in the new George S. Kaufman-Edna Ferber stage show, *The Land Is Bright*. She got some lovely press notices and the critics didn't mention her dad once.

"You'll never hear me complain of autograph-hunters bothering me, if and when I become a star in pictures," K.T. laughed. "I'm going to love them. I expect to adore people who even like my work a little." ■

Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "*Song of the Islands,*" with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"

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Jack of All Trades—

Master of Acting

By JOHN FULLER

Because Akim Tamiroff is a sucker for homework, he is a man of fabulous accomplishments outside of his own field. He is in the new Edward Small action-packed picture, *The Corsican Brothers*

■ By the time he is ready to retire from the screen (an event not even remotely in sight), Mr. Akim Tamiroff, the distinguished character actor, should be a man of fabulous accomplishments outside of his own field.

Even now Mr. Tamiroff can, among other things, crack a bull whip at twenty paces so as to douse cigarettes held in quivering mouths, hold parley by means of the deaf-and-dumb language, play "Londonderry Air" on a fiddle, and hunt salmon with the most experienced of sportsmen. He is also more or less equipped to perform a grade-A surgical operation, of which talent, you may rest assured (as may the medical profession), he will never avail himself.

These attainments and many more are the result of a curious Tamiroff theory that if a part calls for some particular skill or accomplishment—be it the ability to spit through a knothole or to dance the Crakoviak, a rather lively Polish dance—a true artist ought to be able to make at least a stab at the real thing.

His skill with the murderous bull whip is a memento of his role in *Union Pacific*. When Cecil B. DeMille, who directed the railroading saga, cast him in the role of the Mexican bullwhacker, he took it for granted that the bull whip sequences would be abetted by a double and a trick camera. Mr. DeMille was wrong.

Hardly had production begun (and a full six weeks before Mr. DeMille planned to film the sequences in question) ere Mr. T. had become the terror of the Paramount lot. A day never passed but that some player, grip, extra, or coffee hawker did not feel the swish of a lash as it whistled by his ear. At the end of three weeks of diligent practice, the Tamiroff was begging for volunteers to the cause of art: all they had to do was just stand there, twenty paces off, smoking a cigar, and he would dust the ashes off the cheroot. He got little co-operation. So that he had to fall back on ruse and guile. There would be the sudden crackle, and presto! A startled smoker found he was inhaling the afternoon air.

When Preston Sturges picked him to play the rascally political string-puller in *The Great McGinty*, he spent six weeks prepping for the part. First off, he read an entire library concerning the activities of one "Boss" Tweed, whom the electorate of the State of New York will not forget in a hurry. Next, he made a study of local political string-pullers—their smoking habits, mannerisms in speech, tastes in jewelry, cars, and women. He consulted their barbers, tailors, and muscle men. He even mastered the peculiar back-of-

hand which bosses are so fond of administering to hirelings who irritate them. That his homework paid dividends, can best be established by referring to the reviews of the picture. In a word, critics thought his performance was "immense."

Some of Mr. T.'s investigations and prepping-up for roles can be very vexing, especially to Mrs. Tamiroff. Take the time he was cast as the surgeon in *Disputed Passage*. Mrs. Tamiroff, for her part, would like to forget the whole affair.

Well, hardly had he landed the part before he went medical with a bang. First, there were long absences from home, dozens of meals missed, any number of social engagements broken—all because the passionate realist was out visiting hospitals and clinics with Dr. William E. Branch, the technical director of the picture. Three weeks of prowling around operating rooms, not to mention autopsy chambers, and Dr. Akim Tamiroff (courtesy of Director Frank Borzage) was ready for his homework, the real homework, which, by the way, was colossal. For forty-three days Mrs. Tamiroff alternated between being a nurse slapping instruments into a doctor's hand and being a patient suffering from a succession of ailments. Dr. Akim Tamiroff all but operated, although there were moments when Mrs. Tamiroff, resigned to the worst, feared that it was coming to that.

It is small wonder that critics paid tribute to the "Tamiroff touch," hailing it as "honest, moving, and convincing," which is tribute indeed.

This same "Tamiroff touch," this passion for realism, goes way back to the year 1918 when young Akim Tamiroff, scion of a wealthy oil man of the Russian Caucasus, stood nervously in line as one of the 500 young hopefuls clamoring for admission as apprentices to the illustrious Moscow Art Theater. The 500 had been sifted from 10,000. And out of the 500 only four were to be chosen by Richard Boleslavsky, then a teacher and actor with the group and later to be a Hollywood director, who passed slowly down the line scanning the eager faces.

When he reached Tamiroff, he stopped dead cold.

"You have interesting eyes," he said. "You appear to be suffering. Please read these lines for me."

Obediently but tremblingly Tamiroff read.

"Very satisfactory," Mr. Boleslavsky said. "Application granted."

Not until years later did Boleslavsky learn the truth: young Tamiroff WAS suffering. He had deliberately wedged his size nine tootsies into a pair of size eight boots and the torture was ecstatic.

As an apprentice player, the clever one from the Caucasus was sensational. After he was accepted as a regular member of the Art Theater, he outdid himself. In 1923, when the illustrious company succumbed to pleas and made a trip to America, he was invited to make the tour. But when the group prepared to return, Tamiroff discovered that he liked America. He stayed. So did another member of the company. Her name was Maria Ouspenskaya.

He established himself, practically overnight, as a first-rate American actor via a series of plays produced by the New York Theater Guild, *Miracle at Verdun* among them. He toured the hinterlands with Al Jolson's musical, *Wonderbar*. At loose ends, he launched the "American Academy of Stage Make-Up," and had for pupils such people as Katharine Hepburn, Jean Muir, Helen Gahagan (wife of Melvyn Douglas), etc. He even did a trick at a Chicago night club.

All of which labor went for naught when the stock market crash of 1929 laid him low along with numerous others. Broke and jobless, he heeded the advice of his wife, Tamara Shayne, an actress whom he had married in New York, and headed West in a rattletrap car to try the movies.

Lana Turner may have been discovered by Director Mervyn Leroy, sitting at a fountain sipping a strawberry malted milk. Akim Tamiroff almost starved waiting for recognition. Occasionally, he would land a small role, do it up brown, collect his modest stipend, and tumble back into obscurity again.

Not until 1934, after his appearance in *Here Is My Heart*, was he offered a Paramount contract, which, needless to say, he snapped up. From then on his rise was meteoric. Thirty pictures later Cecil B. DeMille was to say:

"Tamiroff is the finest workman as an actor that I have encountered in almost 40 years of association with the theater. He has an incredible success for interpreting a part so as to obtain the maximum comedy and pathos."

Part of this "incredible success" is due to his grotesque screen make-up. Awed fellow actors still speak of the rubber mask he wore in *The General Died at Dawn* and of his eyelids which are still filed in the Paramount Make-Up Department in a drawer marked "Akim Tamiroff's Eyelids."

For the most part, though, his success is due to his passion for realism, his mania for homework. His latest accomplishment, a fencing skill that is the envy of Basil Rathbone, himself—you will have an opportunity to remark for yourself when you get around to seeing *The Corsican Brothers*, in which little epic, disdaining the services of both double and trick camera, he fights two fierce sword duels with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

You know, of course, who wins these duels. Only it's a darn shame!

Mr. Akim Tamiroff lost eleven pounds doing his homework. Every day for six weeks he spent three hours studying fencing with Fred Cavens, the expert who taught the elder Fairbanks his swordplay.

It isn't right, all that waste. ■

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Crude But Comical

It just seems to come natural to Marjorie Main to blow into things with a bluster. Her amusing awkwardness is currently delighting audiences in *Bugle Sounds*

By PAUL KAREL

■ "Well," drawled Marjorie Main, striking her famous arms akimbo stance, "I never was one of those raving beauties, as you can easily see. But," she indicated her sturdy proportions, "I've got a good solid foundation, and maybe *that's* the reason I'm actin' in the movies. Goodness knows it isn't because I'm a glamour girl!" She smiled broadly and affected a sly, humorous wink.

"I sure won't have to explain that I never was the height of fashion or the mold of form, either. All you've got to do," she chuckled, "is to take a good look for yourself. Fact is, ever since I was a child I've been putting my foot in it wrong, somehow. That's why it's quite a surprise to find myself being in the movies and being paid just to be actin' kind of natural. You know, I was born right in the middle of a corn field out on the Indiana plains . . .

"And when I was three, they tell me, I was the most ungainly child in captivity. At ten, I regularly set the house on fire catching my lace curtain veil in a lamp or candle while play-acting at being Lady Macbeth. And Lordy, I tell you truthfully, as I grew older I didn't grow any more graceful. So, you see, I hardly understand myself just how all this happened." Her open-armed gesture included all the complicated jumble of a busy movie set.

Fabulously funny Marjorie was affecting the same strident, amusing delivery she uses on the screen in recounting just how it all came about that she is the one and only exponent of gravel-throated, feminine gumption in the whole film industry.

"There's not a single doubt that I was the corniest child actress on record. And my father being a preacher didn't make my ambition any easier to nurse. Why, when Papa began preachin' his convictions about the stage being a tool of Satan, believe me, friend, there was no mistakin' the smell of that fire and brimstone.

"But being my father's own child there was no standing in the way of the pigtailed, freckle-faced ambition of a would-be actress of ten. I took to recitin' with a vengeance, and, of course, always came face to face with some dire calamity before I finished. Some of the visiting clergymen, as I remember, got pretty shocked at the choice of things I'd recite at them by suddenly popping out from behind a sofa."

Marjorie stopped suddenly and motioned to a chair. "Won't you have a seat, friend. Some of the things I'm going to tell you might be easier to take sittin' down.

"My acting, of course, wasn't appreciated at home, but it was at the village socials. Why, I did a western epic that was really somethin'. I played both parts of *Pard and Ruff*, which ended by *Pard* shooting and mortally wounding *Ruff*, then reverently whisperin' a prayer over the prostrate body. I arranged for the choir to chime in at that point singing, 'Nearer My God To Thee.'" Marjorie's eyes twinkled at the recollection of the colossal drama of it all.

"Oh, it was beautifully sad, all right. It brought down the house. And I mean *actually*. In the middle of my most fervent moment the roof of the old school just caved right on top of me. But it didn't

dampen my ardor one whit. I got to expect something like that, it was always happening to me.

"Of course, the year I won the county fair finals for recitin' it was just the same. I was leaving the stage after delivering *The Light From O'er the Range,* when I tripped and, with petticoats flying, sprawled full length into the footlights. I don't know why or how I still got the prize. But I do know I never tried to borrow another pair of high-heeled slippers to make my recitin' more stylish.

"I can't say just how many years this sort of thing went on before I realized that I might be a comedienne. I do know that I did a twenty-minute monologue of *The Tale of Two Cities* in a traveling Chautauqua. My voice alone painted every scene. My arms stayed glued tight to my sides. I was the stony image of higher art unattached to any human encumbrance until at the bitter end with a tragic and dramatic gesture, I shifted my body to a grandiose and heroic stance—just as the twenty-third head rolled from the guillotine into the basket.

"Imagine," she giggled, "this voice of mine supposed to be doing such a thorough job of creating illusion. Why this twang has always caused quizzical craning of necks in my direction whenever I really let it out. I'm getting pretty used to people telling me they never heard another voice quite like mine. I don't mind a bit because I know without this strange rasp I might never have met my late husband.

"It was because of my voice that I felt I could get Dr. Krebs, a lecturer with our traveling Chautauqua, to look in my direction if I really wanted him to. And I did want him to. I thought he was awfully nice. So one night upon leaving the show, I shouted at the doctor that I thought he was the smartest man I had ever heard talk. He turned all right. The raucous sound of my voice scared even me. I turned, too, to disappear as quickly as I could, and I fell flat on my face in a large, soupy mud puddle." With a grin Marjorie finished the incident by adding, "The doctor and I were married shortly after."

The next really memorable milestone in Marjorie's fantastic career, came when she appeared on Broadway with, of all people, Mae West. She played the rowdy, burlesque queen mother of voluptuous Mae and the incident was made particularly indelible to Marjorie, because of the unforgettable notice she received and which she'll always remember. "Miss Main," the reviewer pointed out, "very amply filled her tights."

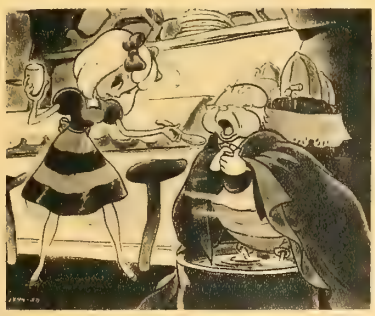
Professionally speaking, most of the awkward moments in Marjorie's career were a tremendous distance from her role of the mother in *Dead End,* which she played for 460 consecutive performances in New York. After that dramatic and powerful portrayal Marjorie was a full-fledged tragedienne. But drama crowded around her then in doses too large.

"I got to feeling that my name was really Marjorie Dead End or somethin'. Every role I was offered was a slight variation of that poor mother. That's why I accepted *Lucy* in *The Women.* That's why I'm doing comedy now. And I'd like to keep on doing it. That is, if people seeing me on the screen really like it. It comes kind of easy, from remembering some of the honest and quaint characters back on the farm. And I must say, a sight more natural. I just unconsciously sort of blow into things with a bluster. I always have. Why, I'm tellin' you, if they dressed me up to play in society I bet I'd keep bumping into all the butlers and forever be stumbling up and down staircases. I don't have to do an awful lot of acting to appear kind of bungly. I feel mighty sure that the contract I signed with Metro will keep me doing the kind of things I like to do. Why, do you know, the night I signed my contract I dreamed about my father, and that's a *very* good sign!"

Marjorie is without a doubt the greatest interpreter of dreams in the entire film colony, and she can tell you with the aid of her many books on the subject, the significance of any nocturnal escapade, whether it concerns fleas or fan dancers. Psychics, dramas, and lectures on any subject, even snakes, are Marjorie's consuming interests in life. She lives in what is unquestionably the most modest apartment of any actress in Hollywood, and she keeps it up to snuff with her own two hands. She's dead set against the use of tobacco and alcohol. By arrangement with Louis B. Mayer, the boss, you'll never see her touch the stuff on the screen.

"Now, just between you and me, friend, most folks don't realize that I know they are laughing at me because of the quaint and awkward way I have of expressing myself. Of course I do know they're laughing. But, lordy me, let 'em laugh—whether they're laughing *at* me or *with* me. Just so they *keep* laughing instead of cryin'."

Marjorie Main is a very capable, a very determined, and a very funny woman, and it's an exceptional tribute to her honesty that she has capitalized on her amusing bent for being awkward. ■



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Look Hot But Act Cool

By MAY DRISCOLL

■ Rita Hayworth's chic turquoise and white suite in one of New York's swankier hotels was in bedlam. Rita had left Hollywood on two hours' notice and after a bumpy passage by air, she wanted nothing more than a soft bed and 24 hours alone.

But here she was swirling through a series of cocktail receptions for the press, posing for fashion illustrations, selling stamps for national defense, rehearsing for five radio broadcasts and agreeing to an energetic proposal to take four stalwart youths from the armed forces on a tour of the city.

She was in the midst of one of these hectic afternoons, being fitted by a dressmaker, parrying with a half-dozen fresh reporters who wanted to know if she and her husband had pfffffft (Answer: nope), surrounded by an army of photographers, selecting a new hat, reading a script for a radio show she was to do that evening, and having a late breakfast at the same time.

The phone was ringing incessantly, but when it clanged this time, the girl from the studio publicity department answered it. "No—no," she was saying impatiently, "Miss Hayworth is very busy. Tell them to leave their books downstairs and she'll sign them later. But she can't see them. Impossible!"

"Just a minute," said Rita quietly. Her voice is always quiet and soft. "Who is it?"

"A couple of kids from Brooklyn who want your autograph. They want to see you but, of course, that's out."

"Brooklyn is twenty miles away," said Rita dreamily, "and they came all that way to see me. Ask them to come up, please," she ordered, while everyone gaped.

So the two kids from Brooklyn came up, thrust their precious books before Rita, kept their eyes on her in fascinated silence, gulped when their idol bestowed a wide, glamorous smile on them, and then left in a cloud of joy.

"See," said Rita. "It takes less time to be nice than nasty. Now, let's see, where were we—"

Rita Hayworth is nobody's fool. Her secret of success can be summed up in five words: "Look hot but act cool."

Rita looks as hot as a firework display in the middle of the Sahara on July 4th. By all the laws of Hollywood and public imagination, she should be just as explosive and exciting.

You'd think that anyone who drips glamour the way Rita does must be quite chi-chi. The truth is that in private life the "Flame Girl" is a subdued glowworm, easy-going and somewhat inert, who turns on the lush S.A. only when she's luring men to their destruction before the camera.

Rita is nothing like her screen disposition and to know her is either to be duly disappointed or delightfully surprised. Somehow, you don't expect a girl who wears her clothes so tight that she can hardly sit down in them (Rita's orders to her dressmaker) to be just a "nice girl."

Lana Turner, Betty Grable and Paulette Goddard are hot-cha. They're screwballs. They're unpredictable, they're theatrical, they make news and break conventions and they're apparently injected with a lot of Barnum and Bailey. Ann Sheridan has her romance with sleek George Brent, her wicked rhumbas at Ciro's, her strike for more dough at the studio to make her a reputable member of the glamour mob. Hedy Lamarr has her *Ecstasy*, her two glamorous marriages, her secret romances. Dorothy Lamour has her night club didos. They all pack a punch in private, and they all measure up to public fancy.

But not Rita. She has the same husband, the same studio and the same headsize as when she started. She takes orders docilely, does no tearing around and would no more think of going on a temperamental binge than Garbo would think of doing a strip-tease. A friend advised her to strike for more money—Rita earns $800 a week but it's half the "take" of Turner, Sheridan and the other girls, and she's top box-office right now, too. Rita looked puzzled. "Strike?" she asked. "What for? I can live on what I'm earning very nicely. When the studio thinks I'm ready for more money, they'll give it to me." Such a naive and unassuming attitude is unheard of.

She doesn't care for night clubs but goes because it's expected of her. Rita takes her obligations seriously. She has a thousand volt body with a 30 degree Fahrenheit personality. On her recent trip to New York she met the New York press for the first time. They are a hard-boiled crew, ready to put any fancy glamour girl in her place, but they didn't know how to take Rita. She wasn't typical. She amazed them by being sedate and retiring, cool and collected. She was very subdued and not at all hysterical, spoke hesitantly in a low, hardly audible voice and if it weren't for her eye-compelling close-sheathed black dress, she might have been one of the least conspicuous persons there.

"She looks like such a lady I'm afraid to ask her to cross her legs for a picture," whispered one photographer who was thrown for a loss by her lack of push.

Someone told this to Rita, who laughed and walked over to the camera lad. "Where do you want me to pose? Leg art started me in pictures. Fire away."

Of course, Rita realizes there are dividends in being nice to the press, and her bulging scrap book, proof that she is the most publicized girl in Hollywood, attests to that wise philosophy. But she's obliging even when she doesn't have to be.

She was at Ben Marden's Riviera one evening with her husband and some friends, and when she was about to leave, the manager came to her wringing his

[*Continued on page* 54]

Rita Hayworth, the screen's hottest commodity, is as cool as a cucumber in private life. Rita has snared the lead in Columbia's *My Sister Eileen* and has an important role in *Tale of Manhattan*

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Look Hot But Act Cool

[*Continued from page 52*]

hands. "There's a mob of boys and girls outside waiting to see you," he wailed. "They learned you were here and came here by taxi. I'll get you out the back way so they won't bother you."

Rita leaped into action at once. "Those poor kids! Why they must be freezing. Where are they?"

She went out, and the crowd went wild. She signed autographs, gave her handkerchief and lipsticks as souvenirs, then treated them all to coffee and sandwiches and sent them home in a taxi. This was practically unheard of.

"Why not?" said Rita. "Those are the kids who help pay my salary. A couple of years ago nobody gave a hang about me."

She even went so far as to have lunch with a young Newark boy when she learned he had filled eleven scrapbooks of her. "More than I have," she said amiably. "I must meet him."

Her studio cooked up a good publicity stunt by having Rita go out with four youths from the armed service, one each from the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard. The lucky boys were thrilled at the prospect, but were even more pleased when they met Rita and discovered she wasn't a haughty big shot looking down her nose at them. They went on a sightseeing tour which encompassed the Central Park Zoo, the Waldorf Astoria Hotel for lunch, The Statue of Liberty, the exclusive "21," the Stork club and the like. A full entourage of newspaper reporters and photographers dogged them, which was the functional purpose of the "date," but about midnight, after fourteen hours of it, the reporters and camera-clickers yawned and went home. At that, one of the "dates," a young draftee, realizing that the publicity value would be nil from now on, suggested very sadly, "Well, I guess that means we all go home."

"Not at all," said Rita. "Now that they're gone we'll really have fun. Have you boys seen Chinatown?"

And off they were! Rita wasn't going to let those boys down and she didn't. She wanted them to enjoy themselves, and not be the convenient stooges of a publicity campaign for a Hollywood glamour girl. She ordered the chauffeur to return her gorgeous white fox jacket for a sport coat, and dressed in the less conspicuous coverall, she showed the boys the town. It wasn't so much because Rita doesn't like glamorous clothes, for she does—but she thought the boys would feel more comfortable if she were less dressed up.

But that's the Rita Hayworth no one suspects. It's hard to believe that the screen's hottest siren who toyed with Tyrone Power's affections in *Blood and Sand* and hoofed so expertly with Fred Astaire in *You'll Never Get Rich,* is a thoroughly nice girl. The next time you see a picture of Rita displaying her teeth in a broad sexy smile, wearing a gown that fits like the cellophane on a cigar, and looking like a sixteen-cylinder Circe about to mesmerize some poor male, remember, folks, it's just a mirage. She doesn't mean it. ■

Jeffrey Lynn soon to be seen in Warner Brothers' *The Body Disappears*

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Back To Sanity

Once the most troublesome performer in Hollywood, Joseph Schildkraut is now a changed man. He's in the Metro film, *The Telltale Heart*

By CHARLES SAMUELS

■ "I'm sane!" Joseph Schildkraut bellowed amiably. "I quit being a lunatic about ten years ago. The trouble is that not enough people in Hollywood have noticed it. But love and an overwhelming sorrow were the forces that drove me out of the movie colony's bughouse brigade."

You can gather from this that the former wild man of Broadway and Hollywood is immensely proud of his conversion from eye-popping eccentricity. He is quite content, he says, to let John Barrymore and Monsieur Jacques Oakie retain their crowns as the reigning screwballs in the picture business.

"It's utterly discouraging to me that the memory of my boyish pranks should linger in the minds of so many big-shot producers," he declared. "All over Hollywood you hear the same dismal remark in front offices whenever my name comes up for a role. 'Schildkraut? Yes, he is a fine actor and I like him personally. But he's too tough to work with.'

"Actually, I am a sweet little marshmallow, as calm and peaceful as a lamb chop in a butcher's window. There is nothing more peaceful than a lamb chop. Unfortunately, word about this hasn't yet circulated sufficiently in Hollywood. The only news that gets around fast in that town is bad news."

Joe Schildkraut, the actor who a few seasons ago won the Academy Award for his splendid supporting work in the part of *Captain Alfred Dreyfus* in *Life of Emile Zola*, sighed so heavily that the soup-plates on our luncheon table began to jig.

Mr. Schildkraut wasn't always the Little Lord Fauntleroy of his profession. Some experts on thespian hi-jinks and temperamental hamminess acclaimed him in his youth as the most ranting, vociferous and troublesome performer America ever knew. And Joe loved it then if he doesn't love it now.

Once Mr. S. was starred in a splendiferous stage production of Ibsen's classic, *Peer Gynt*. He threatened to quit because in one scene the stage designers had the audacity to give him papier-mache rocks to leap down from.

"How can I act on these phony stones?" he demanded of the producer. "The world is full of rocks, people are forever digging them up out of their gardens and throwing them away. I demand rocks! I won't appear unless I have real rocks to jump from!"

Joe Schildkraut only relented from his Napoleonic attitude when the man who had invested a fortune in the show produced engineers who signed affidavits that said real rocks would be so heavy the stage would fall into the cellar under their weight.

When Schildkraut's first wife, Elise Bartlett, divorced him she complained that her gem of a husband "would stand in the theater lobby before a performance and tell everyone coming in that he was the best actor in America." We reminded Joe of these and similar incidents in his ham-blemished past.

"Those days are gone forever," Schildkraut told me. "Two events brought me

to my senses. The first was the death of my father. We worshipped one another. When he died all of the blustering and faking and trouble-making I had done suddenly seemed childish and futile.

"I grew up, but not entirely. What really made me an adult was meeting my present wife, Marie McKay, an English girl. She knew nothing of the stage. I met her at a reception given in the American Embassy in London. She had come there with her uncle, a distinguished British judge. I had gone to England after my father passed on to make two pictures.

"Marie and I were introduced. 'You have an interesting and expressive face,' she told me. 'You should be an actor. You might get somewhere.'

"At first I thought she was kidding me. I was still so conceited that I couldn't believe that there was anyone in the world who hadn't heard of me. 'I don't think you caught my name,' I told her angrily. I drew myself up to my full height and glowered down at her as I said grandly, 'I, Miss McKay, *I am Joseph Schildkraut!*'

"She looked at me in amazement for a moment, then said, 'Well, why let that discourage you? You can always change your name!' That's when I fell in love with her, but it took a year of coaxing before she agreed to marry me. I couldn't be a ham living with that lovely, sensible, well-balanced creature. Everytime I begin to strut about the house, she just laughs, and says, 'Remember 1930!' That's when we met. She means by her remark, 'Don't become the silly, conceited fellow you were in those days!' "

When Joseph Schildkraut first went to Hollywood in 1925 to star in a series of Cecil De Mille super productions, the movie town held its breath in anticipation of a head-on collision between Schildkraut and Mr. De Mille.

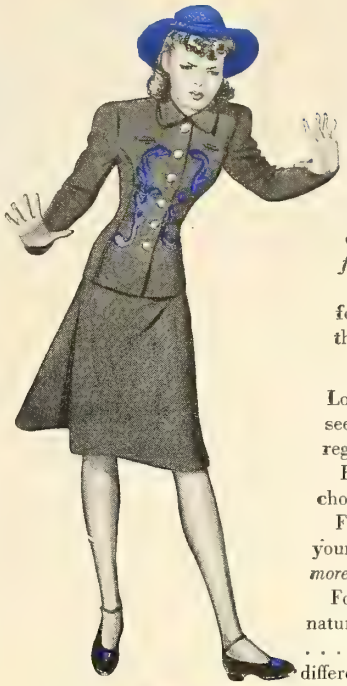
Hollywood wasn't disappointed. De Mille and Schildkraut engaged in the biggest battle of personalities and egos since the days when Pola Negri was astounding the film world with her hi-falutin' emotional somersaults.

Schildkraut and the great director both survived. Among the twenty-eight pictures Joe made in the five years that followed were *Showboat, King of Kings* and *Orphans of the Storm.*

"I had three huge cars in those days. They were each a block long and looked like fire engines. I had thirty-three prize-winning dogs and men wearing uniforms to take care of them. But all this is changed now. I have only two dogs. I have one car, a black one.

"I have just made a two-reeler for M-G-M adapted from Poe's *The Telltale Heart.* It is experimental, uses psychology in a way never before done on the screen. I am very interested in the way the public will receive it. And for the first time in years I'm going to act in a Broadway play. I have a swell part in Clifford Odets' *Clash by Night,* starring Tallulah Bankhead. Broadway will be surprised at the new Joseph Schildkraut. I don't rave or stamp or make faces at the audience in this one. I am sane, I tell you, and I find it very relaxing to be myself instead of faking and posturing all over the place." ■

You're fit to be tied!...



WHAT A DAY! Words with mother over that perfume you charged . . . late to your first class . . . and now this!

Actually, you're afraid to think of tonight! That blonde tigress had a gleam in her eye last time . . . what if she stalks your "Mr. Big" in earnest? Can you charm that prom bid out of him? . . . *feeling the way you do?*

Well, calm yourself! There's little excuse for letting trying days of the month ruin a sunny disposition!

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Look around you . . . other girls *always* seem to be carefree and gay, regardless of days circled on their calendars.

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Filling the Cookie Jar

By
BETTY CROCKER

■ Gloria Jean could sing for her supper in anyone's home but her own. There, she is more often called upon to help prepare it!

There is no partiality or pampering of Gloria or her three sisters. Gloria's mother believes that every girl should know how to cook and keep an attractive house—and each must do her share. To see Gloria and her sisters flying about their allotted tasks reminds one of a scene from *Little Women*.

Gloria has just finished making *The Great Man* at Universal and before she starts a new picture is having a chance to help fill the family cookie jar.

Gloria has taken over the task of filling the cookie jars and candy boxes which require a great deal of time and effort. But this is the kind of cooking that she likes best as it gives her full scope for artistic decoration.

"Cookies are fun," Gloria told me enthusiastically. "They seem to taste better too, cut in the shape of stars, little trees and snowmen. I use all kinds of decorations—glaced fruit, tiny colored candies, cocoanut, currants and nutmeats—and so I can get all kinds from just one recipe."

Cookies are the ideal snack to serve to callers—with cold milk for the youngsters and coffee for the grown-ups.

A box of cookies also makes an attractive and welcome gift. The small, crunchy ones are best for this purpose as soft, cake-like cookies do not pack well, nor do the sticky ones. Line a colorful box with waxed paper and alternate each layer of cookies with a fold of the paper. If the cookies are extra crisp, a paper napkin between the layers will help keep them intact. Or a basket filled with cookies and wrapped in cellophane, makes a colorful and different gift.

If the junior readers of HOLLYWOOD would like to follow Gloria's example in helping with the family baking, here are the instructions which Gloria received from her mother and which she follows to the letter.

Apron over dress
Immaculate hands
Hair tied back or covered with a net
All ingredients assembled beforehand
Oven the right temperature (very important for successful baking)
No guess work in measuring

"Oh, yes," Gloria added. "Be sure to have plenty of waxed paper on hand. It saves dish washing."

Below are a number of Gloria's favorite cookie recipes, also two recipes for easy-to-make, never-fail candy.

Gloria Jean fills the family cookie jar with great ease and skill. Universal's *The Great Man* is her next film

BROWNIES

2½ cups brown sugar
3 eggs
3 squares chocolate, melted
1½ cups sifted flour
1 tsp. vanilla
½ tsp. salt
1 cup chopped nuts

Beat eggs well and add sugar gradually. Blend in the melted chocolate. Sift flour and salt together and stir gradually into egg mixture. Add vanilla and nuts. Pour into well-greased pan to a thickness of a half inch. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 25 minutes. Cut into squares.

CARAWAY COOKIES

1 cup butter (or substitute)
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 tbsp. milk
1 cup flour
¼ tsp. baking soda
¼ tsp. salt
½ tsp. ginger
1 tbsp. grated orange or lemon rind
1 tsp. caraway seed

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs and milk. Sift

flour, measure and sift again with baking soda, salt and ginger. Add to first mixture. Add lemon rind and caraway seed. Add sufficient additional flour to form a soft roll dough. Mix thoroughly. Chill overnight in icebox. Turn onto lightly floured board and roll in sheet ½ inch thick. Cut with floured cutter and place on slightly oiled baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 10 minutes.

PEANUT COOKIES

½ cup vegetable shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups sifted flour
2 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
¼ cup milk
1½ cups chopped, roasted peanuts

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Sift together dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to egg mixture. Add nuts last. Mix only enough to blend ingredients. Drop on greased baking sheet with a teaspoon and bake at 400 degrees F. (hot) about 10 minutes.

VANILLA WAFERS

2 eggs
½ cup butter (or substitute)
1 cup sugar
2 cups flour
1 tsp. cream of tartar
½ tsp. baking soda
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla

Cream butter and sugar. Add well beaten egg yolks. Sift flour. With half of flour sift together the cream of tartar, salt and soda. Combine with egg yolks. Add stiffly beaten egg whites and flavoring. Add sufficient of remaining flour to make a soft dough. Turn onto lightly floured board and roll into thin sheet—about ⅛ inch. Cut into assorted shapes with floured cutters. Place on lightly oiled baking sheet and bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) about 10 minutes. If desired, vanilla wafers may be decorated with nuts or candied fruits before baking.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

1 cup milk
2 squares chocolate
2 cups sugar
2 tsp. butter
1 tsp. vanilla
½ cup walnuts, chopped

Shave chocolate into small pieces and add to the milk. Bring to boil, stirring constantly, until mixture is thoroughly blended. Remove from fire and add the sugar. Mix well. Return to the fire and cook slowly *without stirring* until the candy forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Add butter and vanilla. Let stand until cold, then beat vigorously until thick and glossy. Add nutmeats just before turning onto buttered platter.

PULLED WHITE TAFFY

2 cups sugar
½ cup boiling water
1 tbsp. vinegar
1 tsp. butter

Put all the ingredients into a saucepan. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Boil until it cracks when tested in cold water (250 degrees F.). Pour into a well-greased pan. Cool quickly, and as soon as it is cool enough to handle, pull until white. Cut into pieces with shears and wrap in oiled paper.

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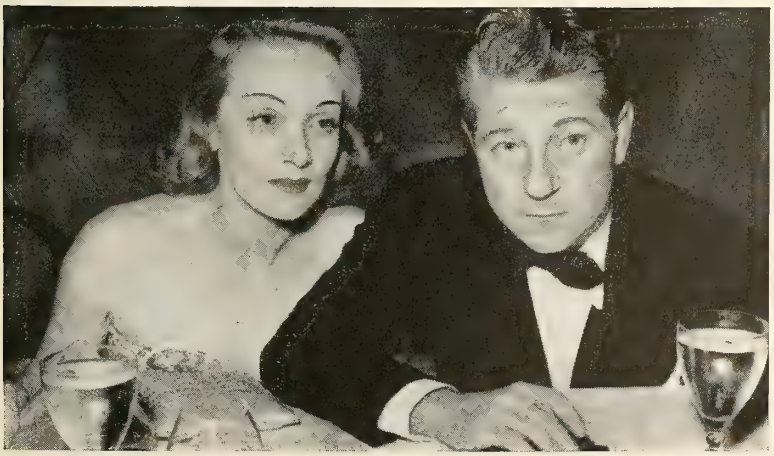

Marlene Dietrich's decollete evening gown drew plenty of attention at Ciro's when she appeared with Jean Gabin. Marlene has recovered from the recent ankle fracture which put her in the hospital. She's in Columbia's *The Lady Is Willing*

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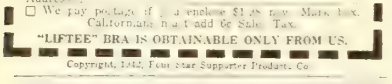

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Hedy Turns White Collar Girl

[Continued from page 27]

gloves, slipped out of his rubbers, walked to his desk, sat down, picked up a cigar and lit it. He did it all evenly and precisely, and he had exactly six minutes, 720 beats in which to do it.

It looked pretty smooth to us, but Director Vidor called: "Do it again, Bob—you were two beats out of time unfastening the third button on your overcoat!"

But Hedy wasn't hemmed in by *Marvin*. She caught the spirit and personality of Marvin to such an extent that she seemed to know exactly what she would do and how she would react to certain situations, and Vidor allowed Hedy quite a free hand in interpreting the girl.

Hedy, for instance, doesn't like to wear hats. She buys 'em—but she carries them! Now that is all right for the up-to-the-minute 1941 girl, but twenty-three years ago young business women believed the noggin and not the hand was the place for a hat.

All that was pointed out to Hedy when she was to do a scene in which she walks down the street, but she scoffed at the idea.

"Nonsense," she said briskly. "*Marvin* was a girl with an eye to the future. I'm doing just what *Marvin* would have done if she'd thought about it."

Vidor had no answer to that, so that's the way it stands.

The preliminary doubts about Hedy as *Marvin* served as a challenge to her and she made an intensive effort to know *Marvin* and understand her. Hedy was curious to learn what quality, above all others, made *Pulham* remember *Marvin* so long. One afternoon she seemed to hit the answer. She was telling us about it on the set.

"Remaining in a man's memory for almost a quarter of a century is quite a task. I had to find out just how *Marvin* accomplished this feat—and finally I concluded it wasn't beauty, glamour or even brains.

"It was just that she refused to reform *Harry Pulham!*"

So there it is, girls, a nutshell capsule of "how to hold your man." It must be good—it's the composite advice of two top charmers, *Marvin Myles* and Hedy Lamarr.

That ought to prove to any cynics who still can't see Hedy as *Marvin* that Hedy is pretty wise to the lady!" ■

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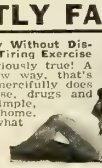

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These evening dresses will, by the time this magazine reaches you, be in many stores throughout the country. As we go to press, however, our list of stores is limited to the above because the styles are so very new! I will be glad to advise you about where they may be purchased in your locality if you will write to me. Address your inquiry to Catherine Roberts, Fashion Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Ann Rutherford is one of the busiest little ladies in Hollywood, what with simultaneous work on *This Time for Keeps* and *Courtship of Andy Hardy*. However, she manages to find time to go dancing with Robert Stack

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She Can Only Act!

By CONNIE CURTIS

All eyes turned in undisguised admiration and there were provocative whistles as Metro's latest glamour queen came swishing into the commissary for lunch.

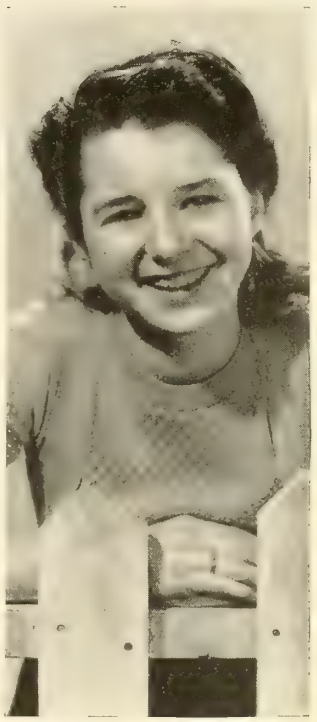
Saucily garbed in a concoction of white satin and miles of tiny stiff ruffles which ended well above the knees, the lady also sported a fetching bonnet gay with huge ostrich plumes in pink and purple atop her elegantly coiffured brown curls piled high. Diamond earrings glittered from the lobes of her delicate ears and more diamonds encircled her white throat. Long white gloves reached well above her elbows and her long, slim legs were encased in the shimmering silk of opera length hose.

"*Whew!*" said Gable.

"*Whee!*" said Taylor.

"*Wow!*" said Rooney.

It was the studio's new song and dance girl, Miss Virginia Weidler, aged 14. Little Virginia of the pigtails, plaintive face, and drab cotton aprons and scuffed sandals, all done up for her exciting role in *Babes on Broadway*. And was she in a seventh heaven of joy!



For years Virginia Weidler has had a secret desire, and at long last it is realized in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Babes on Broadway*

"Gee!" she squealed, "this is really something!" and proceeded to cover her sartorial finery with a table cloth in lieu of a napkin (no spots, please!) and tuck away a man-sized lunch of chicken and spaghetti which would make a grown-up glamour girl swoon with envy.

I suspect Director Norman Taurog started the whole thing.

Virginia said she always had wanted to sing and dance in pictures. The heavy dramatic roles she played in movie after movie were fine, of course, but occasionally they became sort of dull to play whereas musicals looked like so much fun. Lots of times she had visited sets where Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney were working on pictures like *Babes in Arms* or *Strike up the Band* and envied them with all her heart. Then back she would go to her own set to work on serious things like *The Women* or *Barnacle Bill*. Her job was to make audiences cry, not laugh or lose themselves in rhythmic melodies and pulse-tingling dance routines.

It never occurred to her to ask her studio bosses to let her appear in a musical. On the face of it, what right had a little girl, barely in her teens, to tell grown men how to run their business? Besides, maybe she wasn't good enough to enter into the stiff competition already under contract to the studio. True, she had taken tap and ballet lessons when she was a squirt of five, but the singing part was something else again. She was so "unmusical," her older brothers said, she didn't even rate a spot in their home talent band. Whenever she sang in the shower bath they insisted it sounded like a record with the needle stuck and promptly turned on the radio to drown her out!

"Personally," she observed, "I don't think I was that bad, but you know brothers. They think they know everything, especially when you're the baby of the family. *Hmmph!*" she tossed the plumed bonnet, "maybe they don't think they're so smart now!" Obviously it was a sore point with her, those brotherly cracks about her voice.

Then Director Taurog made the remark. He was discussing young people in pictures and what they had to offer the screen. The name of Virginia Weidler was mentioned.

"Poor kid, she can only *act!*" Taurog said, meaning by indirection that it was a whale of a lot more than most can do. The remark was repeated around town and eventually reached Virginia's ears. The gentle sarcasm of it was lost on her. She took it as a crack—and a challenge! Challenges, to a youngster with her spunk, do not go unanswered.

The dancing part did not bother her particularly. She had the foundation from that early training and she could brush up on modern steps and routines with a competent teacher. In fact, she already had a couple of routines which she had worked out with her older sister, Renee.

The singing part was a problem. Actually her voice was more than passable but modern swing and torch songs need a special kind of "selling," a personality twist and delivery, to put the singer in the big time. Her score there added up to a fat zero. Nor could her mother, the former European concert and opera singer, Margaret Radon, help her. Opera and jive are sung in different languages and Mrs. Weidler was the first to recognize her limitations in the situation, and her complete inability to help her ambitions

daughter. The upshot was that five months ago Virginia secretly visited the studio coach, Al Siegel, auditioned for him and started studying under his direction. Between times she again took up her dancing in earnest. When the studio was readying the program it was presenting to visiting theater exhibitors as a parade of Metro talent, Virginia timidly asked if she might try a song and dance number.

Her song and dance, "Who Wants To Conga," stopped the show! A few weeks later she repeated the smash success with three numbers in a special show held at the studio to permit directors and producers to see the new people under contract.

"My, my," said L. B. Mayer, head of the studio. "Very fine indeed."

"Holy smoke!" said Arthur Freed, producer of all M-G-M musicals, "where have we been hiding her?"

"Gimmie! Gimme! Gimme!" said Busby Berkeley, the director who also supervises all his own musical numbers, "I want her for *Babes on Broadway!*"

Virginia smiled. So, Mr. Taurog, the poor kid can only act, can she? Now what do you say?

Virginia has three song and dance numbers in *Babes on Broadway* which she does with her partner, Ray MacDonald, while Judy is teamed up with Mickey and Ann Rooney (no relation to Mickey) has Richard Quine for a partner. After lunch I went down to the set to watch her in the grand finale, a minstrel show number. As the band blared "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," Virginia strutted down stage, her brown eyes flashing and every inch of her "selling" the song for all it was worth. Director Berkeley turned to me.

"That kid has unlimited potentialities," he said. "One of these days she's going to be a star of Rooney's calibre. Right now she is a baby Bea Lillie with the same abandon, comedy in her voice, and individual style of singing." He glanced at his watch. "Okay, Glamour Gal," he called to Virginia. "It's time!"

Virginia's face dropped in disappointment. A fine thing! There she was, a song and dance girl all done up in diamond earrings, purple plumes and long silk stockings and she had to stop and go to school! Doggone it, anyway. ■

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Important Pictures
By SARA CORPENING

SUSPICION ★★★★
RKO-Radio

■ *Suspicion* is a gripping, compelling film. Alfred Hitchcock again proves himself a superb master of direction and production. Joan Fontaine, in her second big screen role, surpasses even her brilliant work in *Rebecca.*

In the spellbinding story, Cary Grant, the Lothario hero, falls in love against his natural inclinations, marries, and finds he is forced to take a job when his wife is unable to support him as he had hoped. He dabbles at the job, steals from his employer, and loses heavily at the races. Gradually the idea appears to grow in his mind—and that of his wife—that he is going to murder her for her insurance, which will enable him to clear his pressing debts and save his skin. Miss Fontaine's acting, as her terrifying suspicions mount, is superb.

The mood and shading of character are unequalled by any of Hitchcock's previous films. Cary Grant is convincing in his unsympathetic role. If the film has a fault, it lies in the ending, which is anticlimactic after the high-pitched suspense and excitement of the entire film.

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ. ★★★½
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ Every performance in *H. M. Pulham Esq.* is memorable. For the first time in his career, Robert Young has a role which gives him an opportunity to show that he is a truly good actor. As *Harry Pulham* the Back Bay Boston blueblood, who realizes twenty years too late that he has missed out in life by remaining true to an outmoded way of living, he is almost faultless. Hedy Lamarr puts an end to the controversy over her assignment to the role of *Marvin Myles,* a business girl. It's difficult to imagine any other actress who could have excelled her interpretation of the role. The motion picture retains much of the original book in text and spirit, and you will undoubtedly have a most enjoyable evening in seeing the characters you liked in John P. Marquand's popular book.

RISE AND SHINE ★★★
20th Century-Fox

■ Football, music, nonsense and romance are pleasingly combined in *Rise and Shine.* The plot is the old one about the football star who is too stupid to make the required grades, but who's such a whiz on the gridiron that it's necessary to keep him in college. At the crucial moment, the entire student body unites to pull him through the exams. Linda Darnell is prettier than ever as the college cheer-leader.

CONFIRM OR DENY ★★★
20th Century-Fox

■ With Hitler's projected invasion of England as the basis for the story, *Confirm or Deny* emerges as a tense, exciting drama. Don Ameche is the London

[*Continued on page* 67]

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With or Without Accent

By TOM DeVANE

Rosemary De Camp, whom Hollywood has tagged "the girl with the foreign accent," claims Prescott, Arizona, as her birthplace. Left, as Sabu's mother in Alexander Korda's picture, *The Jungle Book*

■ Rosemary De Camp hadn't the slightest intention of confusing Hollywood so completely.

When she appeared in *Cheers for Miss Bishop,* about a year ago, she had the brief but impressive role of a Danish immigrant. Some months later she followed it up with the role of an Austrian immigrant in *Hold Back the Dawn.* Her accents and acting were pretty darned good, and brought her almost unanimous attention from the newspaper and magazine critics, who found her work "delicate," "sensitive," and even "inspired."

The Hollywood bigwigs nodded benignly and labeled her in their minds as "that girl with the accent." And when it was announced that she would play the role of Sabu's mother in *The Jungle Book,* Alexander Korda's million-dollar Technicolor production, it seemed only fitting and proper. Everyone knows that *The Jungle Book,* one of the great Rudyard Kipling classics, was all full of East Indian characters, and talking wild animals—a fitting picture for accents.

And what happened? Miss Rosemary De Camp, and all the other players including Sabu, the onetime *Elephant Boy,* are speaking their lines in the most flawless English.

And the supposedly foreign actress, it was revealed by Mr. Korda's pleased publicity department, claims the fine old European city of Prescott, Arizona, as her birthplace.

Besides that, Miss De Camp has been known for the past five or six years as one of the topnotch radio actresses of the country, currently starring in her own Sunday night program for CBS. She's the Hollywood competition to Walter Winchell—but nevertheless her program is a big hit.

We found the lady winding up her scenes on *The Jungle Book,* looking extremely fetching in bright blue and gold native sarong (if that's what they're called in India). What seemed to be a black wig proved to be her own blond hair, dyed for the occasion, to match the dark brown body Technicolor make-up. She looked entirely too young to be the mother of a great strapping boy like Sabu, and we said so.

"But it's a splendid role," she smiled. "So far I've been terribly lucky with my movie career, ever since Martha Scott talked producer Richard Rowland into giving me a job in *Cheers for Miss Bishop.* Martha and I have been friends for a long time—I followed her into the leading role of the radio serial, *The Story of Alice Blair*—and when she got to be a movie star, she was determined that I should become one, too!"

At the time, Miss De Camp was appearing opposite Jean Hersholt in the radio adaptation of his *Dr. Christian* serial, a nice steady job—and she played other network roles as well. But one of the big shots informed her that if she intended to concentrate on the screen, she could jolly well give up the *Dr. Christian* role. Radio is wise to the demands of the studios. But Rosemary didn't hesitate. She took the movie—and then didn't get inside another studio for months.

"Of course I still had a lot of radio work," she said, "but I had lost my biggest role. However, Martha Scott and several others kept urging me to stick to my guns."

Her loyal agent kept insisting that his client did not have to stick to an accent in order to be effective. Then, out of a clear sky, Miss De Camp was called in, on five hours' notice, to substitute for Marlene Dietrich in an [*Continued on page* 66]

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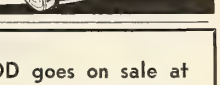

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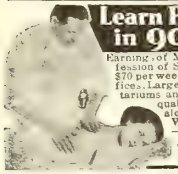

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With or Without Accent

[*Continued from page 65*]

Arch Oboler dramatic sketch. She gave a walloping good impersonation of la Dietrich (with overtones of De Camp) and thus landed her role in *Hold Back the Dawn*.

"Arthur Hornblow, the producer of the picture, had been urged to listen in, and he did. So I had another accent role!"

Everyone raved over her performance of the emigre wife who wanted her baby born on American soil. And Alexander Korda promptly signed her for the role of *Messua* in *The Jungle Book*, which has been many months in the making.

If her diction is superb; it is reasonable enough, for Miss De Camp studied speech and dramatics when she attended Mills (Cal.) College, where she received both B.A. and M.A. degrees and later taught speech herself. This didn't last long, however, because she was offered a radio job—and hasn't taught since.

She's been learning. All of Rosemary's accents—she can impersonate all races and ages of accented ladies—are the result of careful study and a retentive memory. When she toured Europe almost ten years ago, many continentals were eager to try out their English on her—at her request. Several years later she toured South America, and there again she added to her repertoire.

We asked Miss De Camp why so few radio actresses had made the grade in films. "I don't know," she mused, "unless it is that to the radio artist, the microphone is on a par with a musical instrument, to be studied and handled with care. Acting is confined to the voice, and after a time one forgets to act in visual terms."

Hollywood people were also startled when Miss De Camp revealed that she lived in Torrance, a quite unfashionable suburb of Los Angeles, instead of being nearer her work. But the answer to that one is simple. She is also a bride of less than a year's standing—and since her husband is the justice of the peace in Torrance, it must also be their place of residence!

"I'm terrified of being arrested for speeding down there," she smiled. "Wouldn't it be awful if the judge had to give me a fine?" The judge, of course, being her new husband, John Sheidler.

Miss De Camp admires Bette Davis and—of course—Martha Scott on the screen; Arch Oboler as the most stimulating radio personality, and she would like to play in a screen biography of her favorite character, the great Madame Curie.

With or without accent. ■

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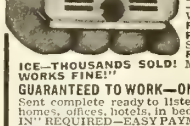

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NATIONAL ART SCHOOL

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 64*]

manager of an American press service, who is determined to relay the story of the invasion to his paper. The picture reaches a highly exciting climax when Roddy McDowall is killed on a roof-top during an air raid while relaying information to Ameche brought by pigeon from the continent. Joan Bennett, with a becoming new short haircut—has the leading feminine role.

DESIGN FOR SCANDAL ★★★
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ Gay and smart, a bit sophisticated, *Design for Scandal,* is pleasant entertainment for adult audiences. Edward Arnold, a playboy, is compelled by Judge Rosalind Russell to dish out a big settlement to his chorine wife of a few weeks. Reporter Walter Pidgeon has the brilliant idea of having Miss Russell removed from the bench to modify the decision. To accomplish this end, he woos her with the deliberate idea of creating a scandal. However, the plot backfires when he falls in love with her. Miss Russell is grand in the scenes when she begins to fancy herself as a glamour girl.

KATHLEEN ★★★
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ Shirley Temple returns to the screen after a two-years' absence to win new laurels for herself. *Kathleen* is a story ready-made for her talents. Her performance as the young girl trying to make a pattern of complicated adult life is astonishing. The story is a striking, penetrating analysis of a child's mind vividly depicting the flights of fancy, dreams and ambitions that are synonymous with youth. Dream sequences are used throughout in which the wishes of an unhappy child contrast with grim reality. Most striking is Shirley's dream of herself as a woman of the world in which she plots the destruction of Gail Patrick, unworthy object of her father's affections, by offering her a bribe. Herbert Marshall is exceedingly good as Shirley's father, and Laraine Day is refreshing and natural as a young pyschologist who falls in love with Marshall.

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS ★★★
Paramount

■ Again Preston Sturges goes against many of the accepted rules to produce an excellent, refreshing picture. Written and directed by Sturges, it contains a flock of surprises throughout. Joel McCrea plays a Hollywood director who is anxious to produce an epic of hard times, so he disguises himself as a hobo and goes out to look for trouble. He finds plenty of it in the company of Veronica Lake, with whom he rides the rails. The gorgeous Veronica wears boys clothes, and in this, her second film, she turns in another splendid acting job. A memorable sequence is the one in a Negro church down South where convicts are invited as guests to view a picture being shown the colored congregation. The film cuts back and forth from the screening of a Mickey Mouse short to the strange audience in vivid fashion.

★★★

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON
Warner Brothers

■ *They Died With Their Boots On* is crammed with action. It follows the exploits of the famed General Custer from his days at West Point through his career as a Union officer in the Civil War, to the magnificent attack against hopeless odds that will always be remembered as Custer's Last Stand. The story combines authenticity and fiction with convincing realism. Errol Flynn fits the leading role to perfection, and Olivia de Havilland has never been more eye-filling than she is in the period costumes she wears as his wife. The final realistic battle is fiercely exciting as it has been reconstructed on the screen.

SUNDOWN ★★★
United Artists

■ *Sundown* is colorful, packed with excitement and beautifully directed by Walter Wanger. The locale is Africa, in the British Colonial outpost of Manieka, in a settlement of 600 white men, a half-caste girl (Gene Tierney) and several hundred natives. The action centers around the smuggling of arms and ammunition to an adjoining tribe. Gene Tierney, who was borrowed from 20th Century-Fox for the leading feminine role, acquits herself well. Bruce Cabot, in the masculine leading role, acts with more restraint than in previous films. George Sanders does his usual smooth work in the role of a major at the settlement.

BALL OF FIRE ★★★
RKO-Radio

■ *Ball of Fire* concerns a shy, unworldly professor (Gary Cooper) who for several years has been working on an encyclopaedia with seven elderly professors. When they arrive at the letter S it becomes apparent they must include a chapter on slang, about which they know nothing. To get first-hand information, Gary goes out on a personal search for the latest information on slang-lingo. Among

[*Continued on page 70*]

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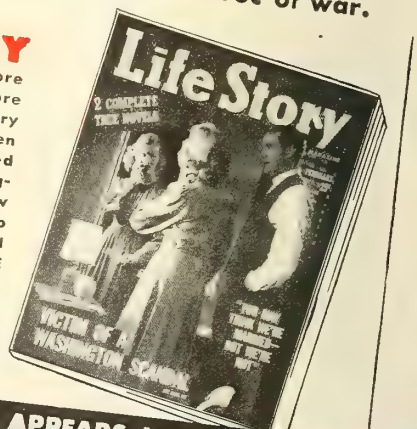

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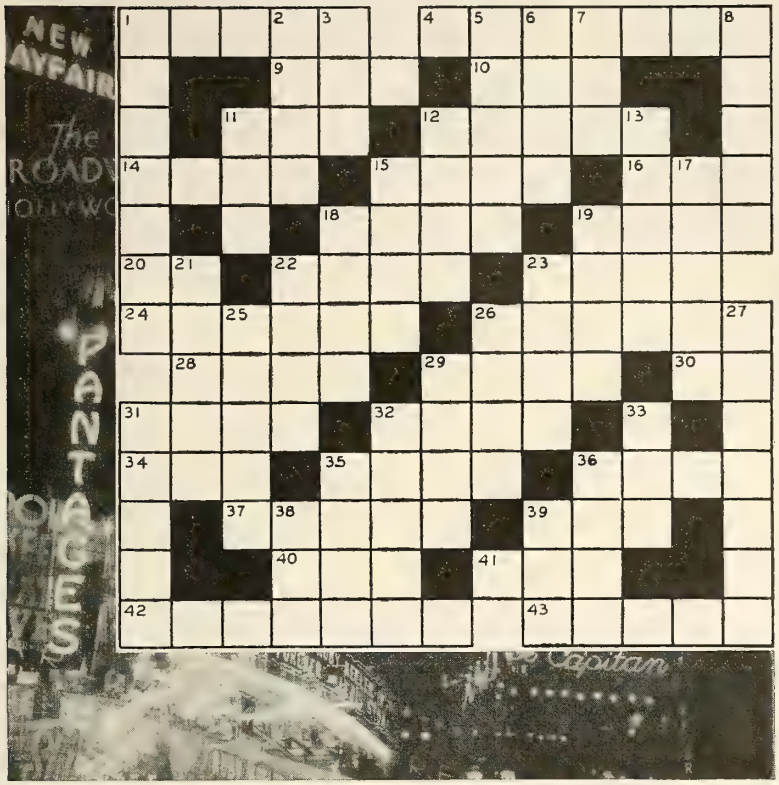
If you haven't been a regular LIFE STORY reader to date, I sincerely urge you to buy this outstanding February issue. There you'll find—as in no other magazine—the kind of reading you've been searching for.

Mary Rhannon
EDITOR

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. What actress does just before she is shot.
4. She might be considered a bit old-fashioned in *Modern Times*.
9. Jane Withers, as *Small Town* one, may be seen in your city.
10. *Nine Lives* —— *Not Enough*.
11. She's sweet as apple cider to Eddie Cantor.
12. They were blue all day because their stars didn't show up in the morning.
14. Kind of Duckling that preferred Swan-ee River.
15. Descriptive of joints where gambler often takes hero.
16. He hopes to become a star reporter in any newspaper yarn.
18. Color of Lombard's lamps.
19. This place has proved to be the undoing of many movie marriages.
20. *Man* ——— *Large*.
22. Egotistic actor needs no egging on to do this.
23. Terpsichorean number with no finale.
24. To play over because scene was overplayed.
26. Bookworms eat them up; probably why there isn't much left of them when they reach the screen.
28. Authors and villains do this for a living.
29. What actress flies into after take-off by mimic.
30. Questionable expression in best Hollywood circles.
31. What star demands before he will sit for a portrait.
32. They always follow Tom in jungle sound films.
34. Cooler for cinema culprits who expect the hot seat (slang).
35. This sometimes precedes a storm.
36. Father of Number 2 Son, et al.
37. Ghastly, ghostly, and goofy.
39. Just a plaything in Carolyn Lee's hands.
40. In a horseplay, your place is after this before the show.
41. The one he loves in love scenes.
42. So-called sub-titled screenplays.
43. The ladies think he's Devine (poss.).

DOWN

1. Kind of tunes that make a hit at box-office.
2. Rise Stevens called him "My Hero."
3. No place for pleasure crews, but, according to newsreels, Uncle Sam means business.
5. Lewis Offield got Jack for this when he became an actor.
6. Falling star no longer reigning at box-office (slang).
7. McCrea's missus.
8. He could lift a trunk when just a baby.
11. Kind of people who like *Dr. Christian* best.
12. What film fighters feign to do.
13. Camera! Lights! Action!
15. This substance was Common on stage and screen some years ago.
17. Charles Coburn became one unexpectedly in recent screenplay.
18. Mean movie moppet.
19. What actors do when they don't get this from critics.
21. This appears in Westerns with reservations.
22. Hero of animated cartoon is often rubbed out when this black mark is against him.
23. When they're hot, they get good rolls in Hollywood.
25. Preston jumped at chance to leave this in *Parachute Battalion*.
26. What's in this? Plenty in it for one in lights.
27. What actor angles for with left hook and right lines (pl.).
29. It gives the player his bread-and-butter.
31. They get attached to the heel and often get taken for a ride in Westerns.
32. What hill-billy says it is when it isn't.
33. Descriptive of bank cashier after bold bandit does his stuff.
35. Joe E. Brown can do this on a large scale.
36. What it sounds like when country hero exclaims, "Shucks!"
38. Mother of lambs not eligible for Lambs' Club.
39. It was just for two in *No, No, Nanette*.

(Solution on Page 70)

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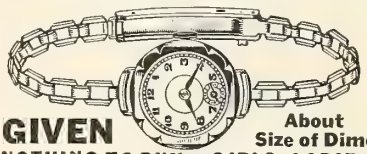

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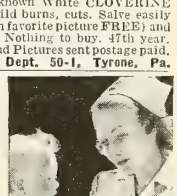

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 67*]

the characters he encounters is *Sugarpuss O'Shea*, a night-club entertainer (Barbara Stanwyck), who not only increases his vocabulary but his heartbeats. She barges right in and takes Gary and the seven old professors over the hurldles. It all adds up to a pleasant little movie which includes a mix-up with gangsters, a ride through New York on a garbage truck, and other haywire shenanigans.

★★★★

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (R-K-O) Cast: *Walter Huston, James Craig, Anne Shirley.* Although many liberties have been taken with Stephen Vincent Benet's Faustian fantasy, *The Devil and Daniel Webster* (including a change of title), it emerges as a striking film. Walter Huston is magnificent.

BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST (M-G-M) Cast: *Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.* Based on the noble work done by Mrs. Edna Gladney of Texas in finding homes for orphan children. Greer Garson is enchanting in Technicolor.

CITIZEN KANE (R-K-O) Cast: *Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore.* Orson Welles' controversial film is one of the grandest bits of entertainment ever offered by Hollywood. The story relates in engrossing manner the highlights in the life of a notoriously wealthy publisher. Don't miss it.

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall.* The picturization of the popular book is one of the best films of the year. See it for the unforgettable performance of young Roddy McDowall.

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN (Warners) Cast: *Martha Scott, Fredric March.* A milestone in motion picture history. An absorbing study of the life of a Protestant clergyman.

SERGEANT YORK (Warners) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Joan Leslie, Walter Brennan.* The true story of a man from the Tennessee mountains who became a hero on the battlefield of World War I. One of the best pictures of the year.

THE LITTLE FOXES (R-K-O) Cast: *Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Theresa Wright, Richard Carlson.* An even finer film than the magnificent stage play from which it was adapted. May easily be the best picture of 1941.

TARGET FOR TONIGHT (War Documentary) In a simple, unpretentious little short, the story of the heroic fighters who drop bombs on Germany is told in straightforward, engrossing fashion. There are no women or professional actors in the film.

TOM, DICK AND HARRY (R-K-O) Cast: *Ginger Rogers, Burgess Meredith, Alan Marshal, George Murphy.* Delightful Cinderella tale of a girl who couldn't make up her mind which beau to choose. One of the year's gayest comedies.

★★★½

A YANK IN THE R. A. F. (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Tyrone Power, Betty Grable, John Sutton, Reginald Gardiner.* Timely and exciting war picture, with Tyrone as an American flyer who volunteers for service in England.

DUMBO (Walt Disney Production) Disney's newest imaginative creation is completely captivating. Little *Dumbo*, the baby elephant with the grotesquely big ears, is the appealing little hero.

IT STARTED WITH EVE (Universal) Cast: *Deanna Durbin, Charles Laughton, Robert Cummings.* Deanna's first screen appearance since her marriage. It's a pleasure to report her vibrant, warm personality emerges more pleasing than ever.

LADIES IN RETIREMENT (Columbia) Cast: *Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester.* The successful stage play loses none of its grim horror in being transplanted to the screen.

LYDIA (United Artists) Cast: *Merle Oberon, Joseph Cotten, Hans Yaray, George Reeves, Alan Marshal.* Women are going to love this, and men will enjoy it too. It's the story of a woman who had four men at her feet, and of the choice she made.

SUN VALLEY SERENADE (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Sonja Henie, John Payne, Milton Berle.* Sonja is at the peak of her skating and skiing form in this one. And Milton Berle is one of the funniest of the new comic recruits.

★★★

APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE (Universal) Cast: *Margaret Sullavan, Charles Boyer.* There is a gaiety about the whole screwball proceedings of this film which you'll find delightfully stimulating. The story concerns a love affair between playwright Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullavan, a woman doctor.

BIRTH OF THE BLUES (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, Brian Donlevy, Carolyn Lee.* This is the story of jazz—how it was born and how it grew. Bing Crosby's voice is particularly well suited to the old numbers.

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (Columbia) Cast: *Robert Montgomery, Evelyn Keyes.* Fantastic, but thoroughly absorbing.

HOLD BACK THE DAWN (Paramount) Cast: *Charles Boyer, Paulette Goddard, Olivia de Havilland.* Boyer in one of his best roles as a European gigolo who tries to get into the United States via Mexico by marrying an American schoolteacher, Olivia de Havilland.

HONKY TONK (M-G-M) Cast: *Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Frank Morgan.* Best thing in this rousing action film is the romance of the two leads. Watch for the famous Gable-Turner kiss!

HOT SPOT (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Betty Grable, Laird Cregar, Victor Mature.* A better than average "whodunit" because of the capable actors in the leading roles.

KEEP 'EM FLYING (Universal) Cast: *Abbott and Costello, Martha Raye, Carol Bruce.* Again Abbott and Costello offer plenty of fun and plenty of action. Martha Raye clicks as a rowdy, song-shouting air camp hostess.

LADY BE GOOD (M-G-M) Cast: *Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young.* Bright and sparkling musical in which Ann Sothern clicks in a big way.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard.* Can a man tell the truth, the whole truth, for 24 hours? See Bob's hilarious new picture and find out.

SKYLARK (Paramount) Cast: *Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Brian Aherne.* Hilarious marital farce of a wife, who on her fifth wedding anniversary finds herself playing second fiddle to her husband's job and decides to do something about it.

SMILIN' THROUGH (M-G-M) Cast: *Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Brian Aherne.* First screen appearance of Jeanette MacDonald and her husband, Gene Raymond. All in Technicolor, which gives audiences a chance to admire Jeanette's gorgeous Titian locks.

SWAMP WATER (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Anne Baxter, Walter Brennan, Dana Andrews.* Like *Tobacco Road*, the film, *Swamp Water* deals with the poor whites of Georgia. Directed by Jean Renoir, it is compelling and absorbing after the first few opening scenes, which move along slowly. Newcomer Anne Baxter turns in a brilliant performance.

THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER (M-G-M) Cast: *Nelson Eddy, Rise Stevens.* Brings forth a warm, rich personality in Miss Stevens, who has a glorious voice in addition to lots of charm.

THE MALTESE FALCON (Warners) Cast: *Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor.* One of the best mystery films that has come out of Hollywood in a long time.

THE MEN IN HER LIFE (Columbia) Cast: *Loretta Young, Conrad Veidt, Dean Jagger.* The background is 80 years ago, and Loretta Young portrays a talented young ballerina—how she works for success, and the men whom her beauty attracts.

TWO-FACED WOMAN (M-G-M) Cast: *Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Constance Bennett.* In her newest film, Garbo runs the gamut—she swims, skiis, rhumbas, sports a crisp, new haircut and overindulges in champagne. A far-fetched plot is given credence by the able Miss Garbo.

YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH (Columbia) Cast: *Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth.* Astaire performs six intricate numbers, which should please his fans immensely. Rita is a beautiful and exceptionally clever partner.

★★½

BLUES IN THE NIGHT (Warners) Cast: *Betty Field, Richard Whorf, Priscilla Lane.* A pleasing mixture of music and drama make this a diverting movie. Betty Field is excellent as the bad girl who causes all the trouble.

THE FEMININE TOUCH (M-G-M) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche, Kay Francis, Van Heflin.* All about the pretty wife of a serious young college professor who doesn't believe in jealousy. Rosalind was never better.

UNHOLY PARTNERS (M-G-M) Cast: *Edward Arnold, Laraine Day, Edward G. Robinson.* An average movie, with a newspaper background.

WEEK-END FOR THREE (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Jane Wyatt, Dennis O'Keefe, Phillip Reed.* An amusing little bit of fluff.

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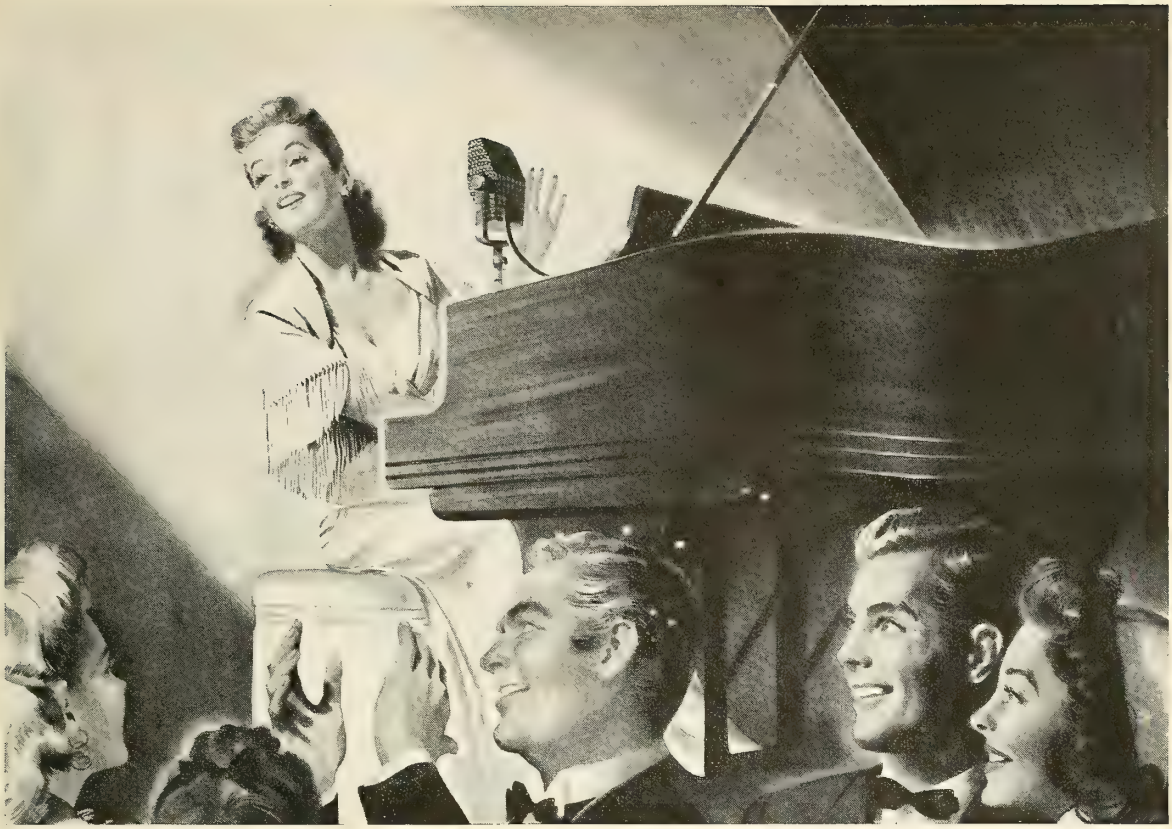
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Brighten your teeth and help give your smile a flashing sparkle—with Ipana and massage.

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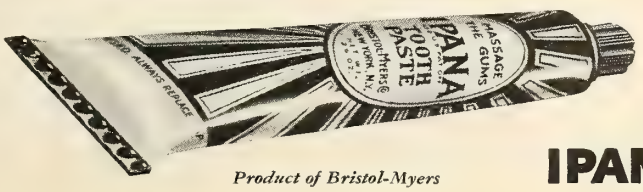

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Each in its way is a masterpiece.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now we should like to recommend "We Were Dancing", which is based in part on the Noel Coward playlets called "Tonight at 8:30"—starring Norma Shearer, Melvyn Douglas.

★ ★

"Mrs. Miniver", based on the novel by Jan Struther, starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.

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—Leo

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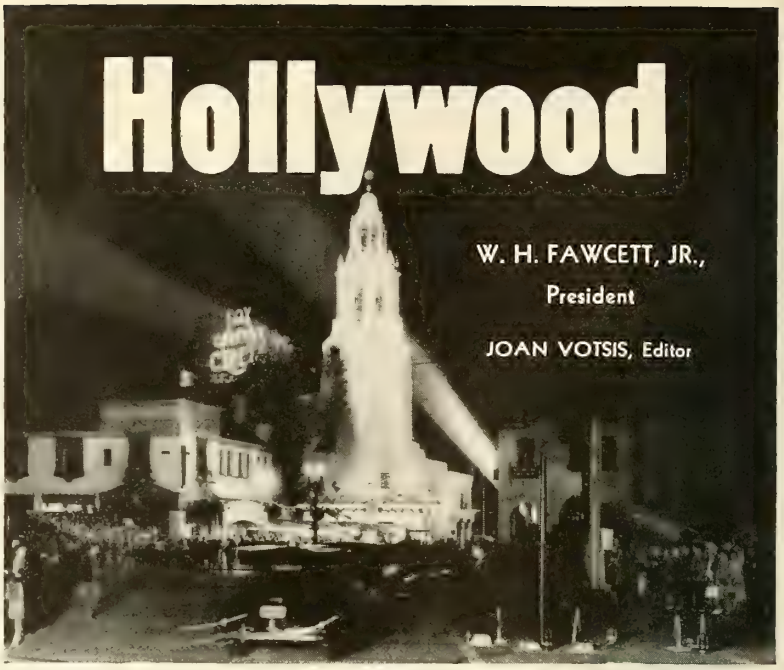

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ Bette Davis has won another battle with studio executives over how she should play a film role. For her part in *In This Our Life*, the studio ordered her to speak with a Southern accent. Bette, who has always frowned on Southern accents in films as being on the phony side, refused, saying it was not necessary for the characterization. There were front office huddles and for several days neither Bette nor the studio would give in. Then the studio backed down, agreed the actress was right.

■ During Hollywood's first blackout of the war, Pat O'Brien telephoned his 75-year-old mother to be sure everything was all right. "Don't worry about me, son," said Mrs. O'Brien. "I'm going to the movies. It's bank night."

■ Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish, once bitter Hollywood feudists, have kissed and made up. When Miss Gish returned to Hollywood to make a screen test for the title role in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, she lived at Pickfair as Mary's guest.

■ Priscilla Lane's nightgown, or rather the sheerness of it, created an embarrassing production problem during filming of *Arsenic and Old Lace*. The scene called for Miss Lane, clad in the boudoir finery, to chase Cary Grant out of a house into a graveyard across the street, where they play a love scene. But when director Frank Capra looked through the camera lens the back of his neck turned red. Brilliant background lights produced a sight that the movie censors would enjoy but never approve. Set electricians and cameraman Sol Polito rearranged lights and eventually they shot the scene in low key lighting.

■ Big name dance bands are contributing more than their share to the new crop of Hollywood starlets. Rose Ann Stevens, who sings with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra, is playing the feminine lead in *After the Alamo* at Columbia. Janet Blair, late of Hal Kemp's band, has the feminine lead with Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy in *Trinidad*. And Adele Mara, who once danced with Xavier Cugat's orchestra, is

[*Continued on page* 8]

Maria Montez, Universal's vivacious starlet who overnight became one of Hollywood's ace glamour girls, refuses to take Teddie Stauffer's palm analysis seriously. Teddie is one of Europe's most famous band leaders. Place: Mocambo's popular restaurant

The most side-splitting, surprise-full adventure you'll see this year . . . a remarkable picture about a remarkable guy . . .

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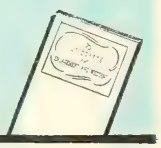

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now Joe E. Brown's leading lady in *Shut My Big Mouth.*

■ Promised and hoped for: Fred Astaire's drunk dance routine, in top hat and tails, for a scene in *Holiday Inn.* It ends with Astaire falling flat on his face.

■ Asked by a studio publicity questionnaire how he protected his good looks, Stuart Erwin wrote: "By holding my hands over my face."

■ Here's a story without names and after reading it you'll know why they are omitted. At one of the major film studios the other day a young actor played the role of a Gestapo agent in a set representing a German beer tavern. For everyone else on the set it was just another movie scene. But for the young actor it was a macabre reminder of something he'd like to forget. His brother once owned a similar beer tavern in Berlin. It was also frequented by Gestapo agents—the real kind. One night, thinking the actor's brother knew too much, Nazi storm troopers came to the beer tavern and killed him. I promised the actor I would not use his name. His mother and sister are still living in Berlin.

■ Red Skelton's definition of pneumonia in Hollywood—a movie star with a slight cold and a press agent.

■ The new Clark Gable - Lana Turner film, *Somewhere I'll Find You,* had censorship trouble before reaching even the sound stages. The script was re-written at the suggestion of Mr. Hayes, eliminating, among other things, a scene of Gable meeting Miss Turner for the first time while she's taking a shower bath.

■ John Steinbeck's approval of Metro's film script on his *Tortilla Flat* is one of the seven wonders of the year in movietown. Steinbeck offered the studio $10,000 to take the book off the Hollywood market when the Broadway play version flopped after a two night run.

■ Before starting work in *Take a Letter, Darling* at Paramount, Rosalind Russell was told by studio executives that she'd have a chance to wear a lot of beautiful clothes in the picture. "Forget the clothes," said Miss Russell, "and just give me twelve good cracks and I'll play the role in a pair of overalls. The dialogue is what counts."

■ Abbott and Costello, the comics, probably will appear in only three pictures a year in the future. The comics realize that their five pictures, 1941 schedule, was man-killing as well as career killing.

■ Increasing protests from state censorship boards and religious groups that the movies are becoming too sexy, put a plaster sarong on Venus the other day. Producer Boris Morros, inspecting a garden set for *Tales of Manhattan,* noticed a callipygian Venus statue in the background, and ordered the plaster sarong for fear of offending the censors.

■ But there's not much chance for Hays office censorship of the big love scene between Ann Sheridan and Ronald Reagan in Warners' *Juke Girl.* They play the scene in jail, from adjoining cells.

■ Casting of a baby girl, 29-day-old Patricia Martin, to portray Jimmy Cagney as a baby in *Yankee Doodle Dandy* is odd enough. But here's the topper. Patricia has a twin brother, Freddie. Freddie didn't get the role because his sister Patricia looked more like Jimmy Cagney!

TOP TEN OF 1941

Here they are—the biggest money-making stars of 1941, according to the annual nation-wide poll of motion picture exhibitors.

1941	1940
1. MICKEY ROONEY	No. 1
2. CLARK GABLE	No. 3
3. ABBOTT AND COSTELLO	
4. BOB HOPE	No. 18
5. SPENCER TRACY	No. 2
6. GENE AUTRY	No. 4
7. GARY COOPER	No. 20
8. BETTE DAVIS	No. 9
9. JAMES CAGNEY	No. 6
10. JUDY GARLAND	No. 10

■ Not In The Script: "The man I marry must concede in advance that I may go on with my film career after marriage."—*Ann Miller.*

■ Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland are feuding again. This time over the prize role in *The Constant Nymph.* Olivia was all set for the part until the studio bosses underwent a change of mind and selected Joan. It seems something like this happens every time the sisters are just becoming pals again.

■ You'd be surprised if you knew the name of a glamour girl who has had her wedding announcements printed on three different occasions. The boy friend has changed his mind at the last minute every time.

■ Everybody laughed when Adolphe Menjou, the resplendent man about town, sat down to milk a cow for a scene in *Roxie Hart.* But durned if he didn't know how. The actor explained that as a kid, just out of Cornell, he took a job milking cows on Vincent Astor's estate.

■ Story behind the story of Astrid Allwyn's marriage to Charles Fee, a Los Angeles insurance executive, sounds like a movie plot. They were next door neighbors in Beverly Hills for 14 months, knew each other only well enough to say hello. The day Miss Allwyn was moving

[*Continued on page* 10]

"Girls with *Romance Complexions* win out!"

LORETTA YOUNG

Get 3 cakes of Lux Toilet Soap and begin now a month's trial of this gentle care that helps protect million-dollar complexions, the care screen stars depend on! See for yourself what a wonderful aid it is in keeping *your* skin smoother, lovelier—more attractive!

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to another house Fee came over to return a book her sister had loaned him. He helped finish her packing and they had their first date that night.

■ Just in case you might like to know, here's Marlene Dietrich's favorite dinner: Mushroom borscht, beef a la stroganoff, Russian pancakes, and caviar covered with melted butter.

■ Talking about a certain Hollywood glamour girl, Scenarist Paul Conlan said: "She's been thrown out of so many night clubs that now she keeps an Adagio dancer waiting outside to catch her."

■ And Bill Orr says his 13-year-old sister, Mary, has caught the Hollywood spirit. She's refusing to do more than two high school plays a season.

■ Hollywood scratches its collective head and lies awake nights trying to think up new words for sex appeal. The latest, which is ready for the discard because of overuse, was "oomph." And Hollywood was desperate. Then out of a blue sky came help from the Army. A buck private from Camp San Luis Obispo was visiting Hollywood. He saw Jean Phillips, blond ex-stand in who plays the feminine lead in Paramount's *Dr. Broadway*. "Wow," he said, "she's got woodle."

■ There's an odd situation between a Hollywoodsman and his ex-wife. Seems during their marriage the wife and his wealthy mother became great friends. After the divorce, the mother employed the ex-wife as a companion-secretary. Now every time he visits his mother the ex-wife tries to talk him into getting married again, with full approval of mama. Sounds like a good idea for a movie plot, with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant in the leads. And May Robson as mama.

■ Norman Taurog, recently returned from a Mexico City vacation, tells a funny yarn about a bullfight he witnessed there. When the bull refused to come out of his stall, the Mexican audience started stomping their feet and chanting the Spanish equivalent of, "We want Tyrone Power. We want Tyrone Power." "The matador's face," says Director Taurog, "was redder than his cloak."

■ Hollywood—where people spend money they haven't earned yet, to buy things they don't need, to impress people they don't like.

■ Favorite room of Hollywoodites at the Cedars of Lebanon hospital is decorated to order. Merle Oberon made the most elaborate changes before she became a patient there. Decorators worked six days putting new carpets on the floor, hanging new drapes and moving in new furniture.

■ Gene Raymond, a swashbuckling romantic at heart, is trying to talk producers into casting him in a costume picture.

■ They discovered a Fred Astaire "don't" on the set of *Holiday Inn*. Fred kissed luscious Virginia Dale for a scene in the picture and then the still

[*Continued on page* 12]

Merle Oberon, another of Hollywood's advocates of the decollete evening gown, attended the Russian concert with her producer husband, Alexander Korda

comedy in *Palm Beach Story,* she wears an outlandish getup of button shoes with pearl gray tops, a hat with roses, a long black satin evening dress and a feather boa around her neck.

■ After all these years, the Hays office runners finally caught up with Eleanor Powell's stockings. The dancing star went too far—two inches too far—with a costume for *Ship Ahoy.* Censors told the studio to get longer shorts to cover that part of Eleanor not covered by the censor code.

■ On the set: We watch Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney play a love scene and discover that idyllic romance is easily ruined in the movies. The picture is *Son of Fury,* in which Power is a pearl diver in Tahiti and Miss Tierney is a native girl. Both are in sarongs, sitting on a rock in a lake on the backlot at 20th Century-

Maureen O'Hara was married to Will Price, film director, at his home in McComb, Miss. It's the second marriage for the pretty Irish lass, who is working on 20th's *To the Shores of Tripoli*

Fox. As Power kisses Gene, Director John Cromwell leaps up with a moan that can be heard clear across the lake. "Good grief," he shouts, "stop the scene." Power and Gene stop kissing. They look up. "What did we do that was wrong?" asks Miss Tierney. Cromwell is too disgusted to do anything but point. Bobbing up and down a couple of feet from the rock and directly in the camera's range is an empty milk bottle.

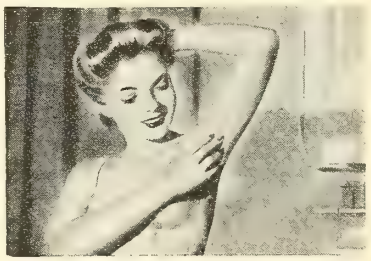
■ Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, the off-screen lovers, finally got a chance to make screen love in R-K-O's *Syncopation.* It was all very confusing because when the director said "cut," at the end of a love scene, Jackie and Bonita went right on acting.

[*Continued on page* 14]

"I'm in the Dog-House— the Boss has 'Fire' in his Eye!"

Ada: And you can't guess *why* you're in the dog-house, Jane? Well my pet, you're decorative to the eye, and you're a speed demon for work. But, Jane, you're guilty of one careless, unforgivable little fault: ***Jane:*** Now don't "underarm odor" me—or friendship ceases. You know I'd rather skip breakfast than miss my morning bath!

Ada: Foolish girl—why trust your bath to last all day! Use speedy Mum under each arm—if you want to *stay* flower-fresh! ***Jane:*** So that's why the perfect secretary is withering on the job. I *am* ashamed!



Jane: (*later*) Mum's marvelous for my speedy morning routine! 30 seconds and I'm through. And business day or gala evening, I'm free from worry—safe from offending. And the boss is smiling these days!

Mum takes just half a minute—keeps underarms fresh for hours! **Mum** prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration. **Mum** won't irritate skin—won't harm clothes. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—*A gentle, dependable deodorant is a "must" for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too.*

MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Your Hands
ARE ALWAYS
OUT IN FRONT!

At the office, at home, in your daily social life your hands tell an important story of your personal pride. Don't allow them to become harsh and rough.

Chamberlain's Lotion — clear, golden, quick drying — will help you to keep your skin soft, smooth, lovely. Use it often, on hands, arms, legs to help soothe and smooth chapping and windburn.

Buy it at all Toilet Goods Counters

Chamberlain's
LOTION

■ Barbara Stanwyck has never visited Robert Taylor on the set during working hours. "A movie set," she says, "is no place for a wife."

■ At a party the other night, Charles Butterworth asked the bartender to please take the toothpicks out of the olives in a Martini. Explained the actor: "I like to bob for them."

■ For his role as a bank robber in a new film, Broderick Crawford digs a tunnel, strikes a fuel pipe and gets inundated with black oil. Instead of oil, the studio used chocolate. "All I need now," said Crawford, "is a handful of nuts thrown over me."

■ Keeping Hollywood out of history is getting to be a perennial headache for Cecil B. DeMille. Filming *Cleopatra*, he found that the property department had thoughtlessly put a French telephone on Caesar's night table.

On a Roman arena set for *Sign of the Cross*, he found three Nubian slaves with the kinks carefully removed from their hair by the latest kink eliminating preparation.

A lady extra in *The Crusades* carried her ultra-modern handbag into a scene.

In *North West Mounted Police*, he spotted, just in time, an Indian with a battleship tatooed on his chest.

Recently, editing *Reap the Wild Wind*, DeMille discovered an extra wearing large dark glasses and carrying a copy of HOLLYWOOD in a big 1840 Charleston ballroom sequence.

■ The rubber shortage means a shortage of girdles. So for some females, I guess 1942 will be a Hippy New Year.

■ Theme song for Hollywood playboys—"Liver Come Back to Me."

■ A Paramount prop man almost broke up a scene in *Mr. and Mrs. Cugat* by innocently putting a framed photograph of Frances Farmer on a living room table. Betty Field and Leif Erickson were work-

All the world grieves at the sudden and tragic death of Carole Lombard, the first Hollywood personality who died in the service of her country. Carole was returning to Hollywood after selling $2,000,000 in Defense Bonds in her native Indiana. This is one of the last pictures taken of the patriotic star before the ill-fated plane plummeted her, her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Peters, and 19 other passengers to their death. Carole is shown with her devoted husband, Clark Gable, and their very good friend, Jack Benny. The editors of *Hollywood* salute the memory of a truly great person

The lovely lady in white is Norma Shearer, relaxing in her beautiful garden after completing her strenuous role in Metro's *We Were Dancing*

ing in the scene—and Miss Farmer used to be Mrs. Erickson.

■ Vic Mature tells me a heretofore unrevealed chapter in his climb to stardom. Broke, and unable to find a job in films three years ago, he left town and went to New York. There he took a job as Onslow Stevens' valet for $5 a week. After seven weeks of shining shoes and folding clothes, he received a call from the Pasadena Community Play House, acted in one play there and then appeared in *The Housekeeper's Daughter*, the movie which brought him so much fan mail and to Hollywood's attention.

■ Not In The Script: "I think Hollywood would be a lot better off if everyone became less of a personality—and more of a person."—*Johnny Weissmuller.*

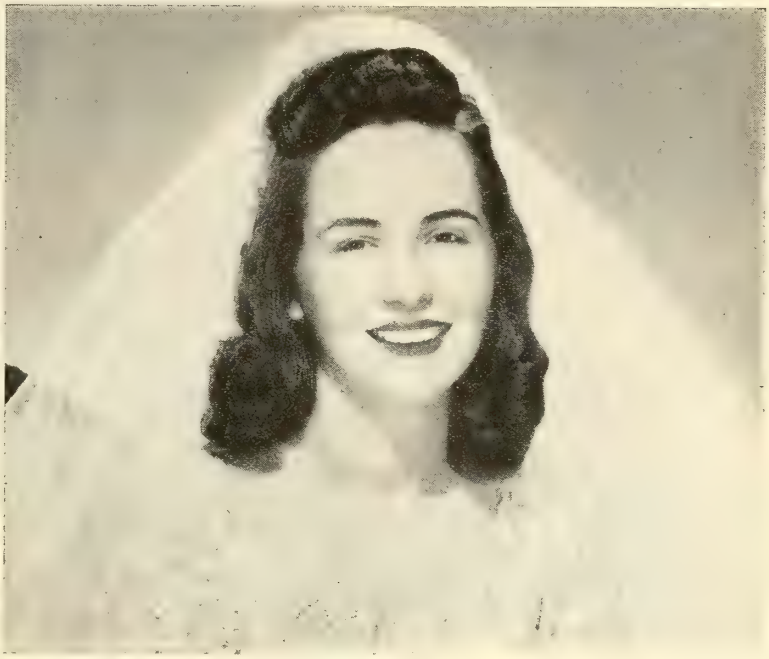
■ Pat Morison's queen of Sheba outfit in *Mr. and Mrs. Cugat* is a reasonably accurate copy of all those paintings you've seen. Blame the inaccuracies on the Hays office censors, who sat in on the fittings.

■ Air raid shelters for Warner employees reverse the old theater adage, "Walk, Don't Run." Bomb shelter instructions read, "Run, Don't Walk."

■ An army officer told it to Jimmy Cagney. A group of selectees, reporting for duty at a California army

[*Continued on page* 17]

New Loveliness Awaits You! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



***This lovely bride** is Mrs. E. C. Thuston, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala. who says: "I'm so proud of my complexion since I changed to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"*

This exciting idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—it has helped thousands of lovely brides!

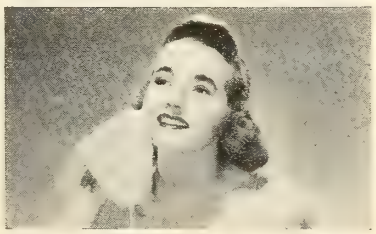
NEW LOVELINESS may await you in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. For you may be blissfully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Everywhere you'll find charming brides like Mrs. Thuston who have trusted the care of their complexions to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. All are visible proof that this thrilling beauty treatment really works for loveliness!

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only *mild*—it's actually milder than the ten famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we urge you to "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

Be faithful! Use gentle Camay night and morning for *30 days*. With the very first treatment you'll feel your skin glow with new freshness. Then, as the days go by, thrilling new loveliness may be yours!

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh say, can you see,
By the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed
At the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
Through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched,
Were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there.

(Chorus)

Oh say does that star-spangled
Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave.

On the shore dimly seen,
Through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host
In dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze,
O'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows,
Half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam
Of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected
Now shines in the stream.

(Chorus)

'Tis the star-spangled banner,
Oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave.

by Francis Scott Key

If you do not know the words of our national anthem at this instant it does not necessarily follow that you are unpatriotic.

However, such ignorance cannot continue, and loyal citizens everywhere will want to know the undying words of the glorious song. For that reason the words of the first two stanzas, with chorus, are printed above. Clip them from the magazine. Learn them as symbols of the freedom that is yours. Let your voice swell the volume wherever patriots gather.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr.
President

Maybe it's the effect of the war, maybe it's love, but the winter has seen an exceptional number of marriages among film folk. One was the wedding of Mischa Auer and Joyce Hunter, vocalist, who were married at the City Hall in New York City on December 4th. They celebrated at the famous Stork Club

The 1941 awards of the Hollywood magazine photographers for the most cooperative stars went to Rita Hayworth and Bob Hope, who have proved their grand sportsmanship and good natures on numerous trying occasions. Charles Rhodes, HOLLYWOOD's staff photographer, congratulates the pleased winners

base, were addressed by a top sergeant. 'Now I know you boys will want to ask some questions," he said. "So I'm going to answer them for you. No, I don't know where we're going. No, I don't know when you'll get out of the army. No, you can't tell anyone where you are. No, you can't telephone anyone. No, you can't go to town Saturday night." The sergeant droned on and on, saying no to everything. Finally he stopped and said, "Now, are there any questions?" There was a moment's silence and then someone piped up, "Yeah, do you validate our parking tickets?"

■ And Jane Wyman's favorite story these days is about the two logs. Said one: "You know, I slept like a man last night."

■ Top Hollywood music publishers are predicting that fiery war songs like "Remember Pearl Harbor" will be forgotten within a few months. And that again, like a World War I, a ballad like "My Buddy" will emerge as the No. 1 favorite.

[*Continued on page* 19]

Warners' newest little starlet, Ann Corcoran, gets a birds-eye view of the studio lot. Ann makes her debut in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*

Why Let Winter "Jinx" your Feminine Freshness

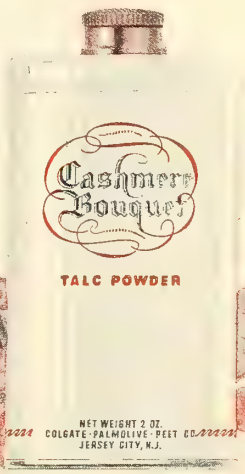
You may not know it, but winter is no time to neglect your Cashmere Bouquet Talcum pick-up. Now—more than ever—you need its fragrant, dainty protection.

PERHAPS you packed your Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder away with your summer frills and play-clothes. Perhaps you thought: "I won't need it in winter!"

But you do need it, more than ever! Don't let yourself be deceived just because it's cold and crisp outside. Stuffy, heated rooms imperil your daintiness.

So play safe! Take one minute before you dress to sprinkle Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder over yourself. Delicate, soft and fragrant as the breeze from a summer garden . . . this luxurious talcum leaves you fresh, dainty, delightfully feminine . . . your whole person sweetly adorned with "the fragrance men love."

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.



Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

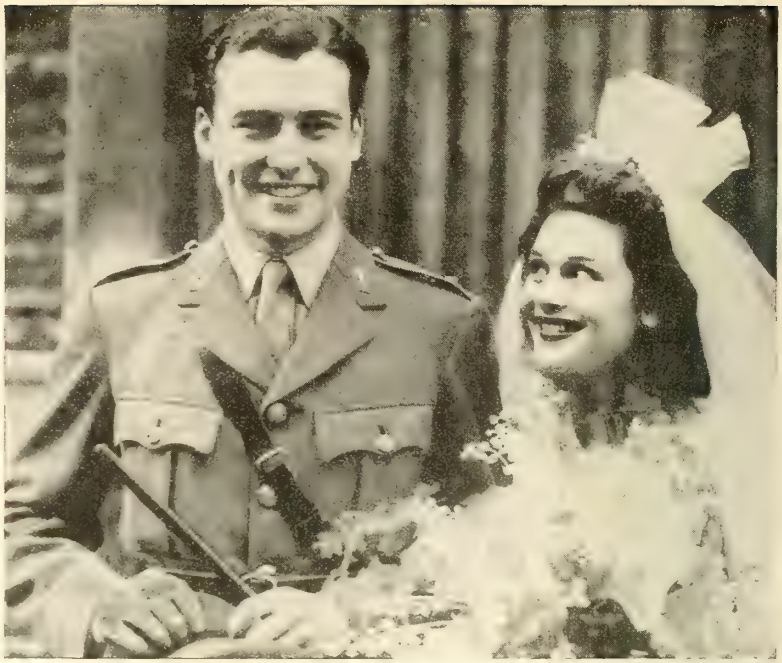
Another member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of beauty preparations.

MUSIC AND ACTION IN A BIG PICTURE

THERE is a man and his name is **GENE AUTRY.** When he comes **TO** the screen, America looks and **LISTENS** and likes it. **GENE** is **COMING** to your screen in his **LATEST** triumph, **"DOWN MEXICO WAY."** with him in this **TWO-FISTED** fiesta **ARE** your old **PALS, SMILEY**

BURNETTE (very **FUNNY**) and **HAROLD HUBER** (very **DITTO**); but the **BIG** news is our **EXCITING** new **DISCOVERY, FAY McKENZIE,** whom America **CHEERED** in "Meet The People." **YOU'LL** be thrilled when **GENE FIGHTS** for her and delighted **WHEN** he sings to her as only **GENE AUTRY** can sing. Hit tunes **LIKE** "Maria Elena" and "Down **MEXICO** Way" and many others. **"DOWN MEXICO WAY"** will make **MORE** Good Neighbors than a **BILLION** dollar loan. Every one will **WANT** to see this action-packed **MUSICAL** hit with **THE** great cast, **HEADED** by **YOUR** favorite **STAR, GENE AUTRY. "DOWN MEXICO WAY,"** **LIKE** all of **GENE'S HITS,** is

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



It was a Christmas wedding in war-torn England for Richard Greene, who has been in the service of his native country since the beginning of hostilities. His bride was the pretty young English actress, Patricia Medina. Both Dick and his bride have found time to act in several films between war duties

The rumors and speculations are at an end. After a stormy and extended courtship, Ann Sheridan became the bride of George Brent at the home of his sister in Florida. Immediately afterward the happy couple returned to Hollywood, Ann to begin work in Warners' *The Shadow of Their Wings*, George in *The Gay Sisters*

No, you're not seeing double. The solemn-looking youngsters above are really twins, and the little girl on the right has grown up to be a promising young actress. She was born in Utah, made her debut in Westerns, and only recently emerged from a series of medical films to begin dramatic roles. Give up? Turn to page 22

■ Walter Huston isn't the only star who's going to do an anonymous, unbilled role in son John Huston's current picture, *In This Our Life*. Humphrey Bogart, who had the lead in John's first hit, *The Maltese Falcon*, will be seen as a shadow through a glass door in a scene for the film.

"John's my lucky piece," says Bogart.

■ Kay Francis, chatting with young Frankie Thomas between scenes, asked him why his father, Frank M. Thomas, also an actor, has never portrayed his father on the screen. Frankie laughed: "Directors," he said, "always claim papa isn't the type."

■ Rufe Davis, the cowboy comedian, brought it to our attention. There's a clock in the Hollywood cemetery, a clock not visible to the street but only from the inside—where few people are concerned about the time. And out on the Sunset strip there is a mortuary with a clock in view of thousands of passers-by—all of whom might want to know the time—but this clock has no hands.

■ Movietown's epidemic of female impersonations (Bill Powell, Jack Benny, Jimmy Durante, Bob Hope, etc.) has caught up with barrel chested Brian Donlevy. As an army private in *Trinidad*, Donlevy dons feminine attire to escape the military police. And in one scene he's even shown dancing a rhumba with Pat O'Brien.

[*Continued on page* 22]

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "THE MALE ANIMAL"

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND PASSES HER TASTE-TEST

(Read how she spotted the best-tasting cola)

FOR THE male and female animal alike, Miss De Havilland knows which cola to serve from now on. She drank the nation's best-known colas from plain paper cups and quite impartially made her choice. "One tasted *much* better," she said. It was Royal Crown Cola!

To refresh the male (or female) animal in *your* family, winter or summer, reach for a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola—voted best-tasting in 5 out of 6 certified group taste-tests from coast to coast. Try a big 5¢ bottle or a 6-bottle carton for 25¢—today.

TAKE TIME OUT FOR A "QUICK-UP" WITH

ROYAL CROWN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COLA

Best by Taste-Test!

Copyright 1942 by Nehi Corporation

Handy Facts

By MARY BAILEY
Beauty Editor

Maria Montez has expressive, responsive hands. You can see she understands the importance of giving them regular attention. Maria is in Universal's new picture, *Bombay Clipper*

There are hundreds of ways in which hands are used. They are on exhibition—whether you are conscious of it or not—day in and day out. They play an important part in the home scene, socially and in the performance of office work. There are all kinds and shapes of hands—broad, narrow, graceful, blunt, long and short. They are strongly indicative of the type person their owner is. Some are naturally pretty and some are not, but both types—even the pretty ones—can be made much more attractive by proper manicure care.

Once a week, you should make a point of giving your nails and hands a thorough treatment. Saturday night is still "beau night" and Saturday seems to be the day when most of us have a little extra time to do those things which are crowded out by school, business or housekeeping duties during the week. So why not let "Saturday is Manicure Day" be your motto for the hand and nail care part of your beauty program.

When you are ready to start your home manicure, assemble all the materials you will need to do the job completely and well. Your manicure equipment should consist of, at the very least, Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover, Polish Foundation, Polish, Overcoat. Besides this, have a bowl of soap and water, cotton, orange stick and emery board.

Settle yourself in a good light, with plenty of space to work in so you won't have to be worrying every minute about tipping over one of your bottles.

All ready? Here we go, then.

1. Remove every single trace of old nail polish, using oily polish remover on a piece of cotton.

2. With your emery board, carefully shape your nails, filing toward the center of the nail—from the outside in. Don't file too close to the outside edges, as this weakens the nail.

3. Soak the nails a few minutes in a bowl of warm, soapy water. Give them a good scrub with a soft brush.

4. Put some cotton on one end of your orange stick, dip it into your bottle of oily cuticle remover and work it gently around the base of each nail—along the sides, too, if your cuticle has been permitted to get out of bounds and travel upward. (If you've made the mistake of snipping away at your cuticle in the past, remedy the resulting toughness of your cuticle by applying the remover each night.) Back into the soapy water with your fingertips and give them another good scrubbing. After you remove your fingers from the water, be sure to dry them thoroughly with a towel, to guarantee removal of excess cuticle.

5. Now for your polish application. First apply a polish foundation to insure a smooth surface and a firm base to which the polish can cling. Shake the polish bottle well to guarantee an even coating. Start at the base of your nail (or at the upper edge of the half moon, if you want it to show) and, with your brush, stroke to the edge of your nail tip. Run your thumb along the tip of your nail to remove polish from it and to later prevent chipping.

Two coats of polish, of course, make for longer polish wear. When your polish has set, apply the colorless overcoat which is such a fine protector and which also hastens the drying time of your polish.

6. Your hands have been in soap and water a couple of times during this procedure. You don't want them to look any less finished than your nails do. So—give them a smoothing treatment with your favorite hand lotion. Put on an extra amount in this weekly hand treatment and let it soak in and do its good work of softening and whitening your hands.

If you should be so unfortunate as to break a nail between manicures (and it happens to the best tended nails) don't feel that all is lost. Your broken nails can be concealed with artificial ones, over which you apply polish. The repair job takes but a minute and is practically invisible.

There are a number of ways you can protect your polish and your finger nails at all times. When you dial a telephone number, for instance, use a pencil or your knuckle, instead of your fingertips. Use your whole hands and knuckles to pull up your girdle, instead of tugging with your nails. When you separate a bobby pin, use your thumb and index finger to hold it open. For opening packages wrapped in cellophane—cigarettes, foods and candy—use a hairpin or scissors to tear the cellophane, instead of attacking it with your nails.

Proper and intelligent care of the nails means so much. Don't be careless and lax about giving them the attention they require. Between Saturday manicures all you'll need to do is use cuticle oil or brittle nail cream every day or two. Repair any polish chips as they happen. And remember the care of your hands and nails tells the whole story about how attentive you are to all the other details of beauty care.

Remember, too, your hands, even though tipped by well cared-for nails, are not to be neglected. It's important to their beauty that they be kept clean and soft. With warm water and soap, scrub them several times a day. Be sure to thoroughly dry your hands. And every time you wash them, use a lotion to keep them soft and insure against roughness and chapping.

If you do housework, it is necessary to have your hands in water many times a day. You'll find it very useful to keep a bottle of quick-drying, softening lotion in both bathroom and kitchen. Before you go out—whether to market or play bridge—apply your hand lotion. And if you work in an office, keep a small bottle in your desk drawer. Use it often and your hands will always be soft and white. ■

Turn to Page 37 for HOLLYWOOD Beauty Headliners.

SATURDAY IS MANICURE DAY . . .

So be sure you know the correct procedure. HOLLYWOOD Beauty Bulletin for March gives the names of all the products you'll need and tells exactly how to use them for best results. Address your letter to Mary Bailey, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Ask about make-up, hair or figure beauty problems, too.

Thrilling New Way To More Glamorous Hair . . . SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

"Sweet Sophistication"... *charming, new young hair-do. Before styling, the hair was washed with Special Drene. See how silky and smooth it looks, how beautifully it lies in place*

Amazing new improvement in Special Drene Shampoo . . . wonderful hair conditioner now in it for new allure!

● Do you wish your hair had that silky, smooth, well-groomed look so smart these days? That it would fall into place beautifully and neatly, when you comb it?

Then you simply must try the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo—with a wonderful hair conditioner now in it! For that hair conditioner just makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage, right after shampooing! You'll be thrilled!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all *soaps* do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!*

So to get these *extra* beauty benefits don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

Procter & Gamble, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!

All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

HAIR CONDITIONER

and is for *every* type of hair . . . dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene —in the blue and yellow package!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos —which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% *more lustre!*

Your Beauty can Smile at Wind and Cold

Do as Doctors advise: Give your skin "baby-care"

Let the World's Loveliest Complexion—baby's own—show you how to help *your* skin stay fresh and lovely whatever the weather! Give it Ivory's gentle daily care.

Advised for years by doctors, Ivory Soap today actually gives you *new mildness! Extra gentleness!* Yes, New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory gives your skin gentler care than 10 leading toilet soaps! Give *your* beauty the benefit of gentle Ivory's daily care.

99 44/100 % PURE · IT FLOATS

Follow these 4 Winter Beauty Tips

1. *Use a super-mild soap.* New Ivory is actually *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps! And notice: *no* dyes, medication, or strong perfumes that might be irritating!

2. *Don't use* hot water on your face. It has a drying effect. *Lukewarm* Ivory "velvet suds" are best for true beauty cleansing. And *no* icy rinses, unless your skin is oily.

3. *Protect your skin* when you go out with a powder-base cream. But use it *only* on a "baby-clean" face—cleansed with baby's beauty soap—gentle Ivory!

4. *For weather-dried skins,* massage with a lukewarm lather of gentle New Ivory, using fingertips only. Rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream.

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use

New Velvet-suds IVORY

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 19]

■ Speed demon Rita Hayworth won't be collecting any more traffic tickets. Hubby Eddie Judson just put a 45 mile an hour governor on her car.

■ Nice Gesture: Dorothy Lamour's policy of returning dimes sent to her by fans for autographed pictures—and paying cost and mailing expenses herself.

■ Tip to Hollywood actors who are getting repeated draft deferments—stop pulling strings, boys, and start pulling triggers.

■ Leon Errol is threatening to sue several masters of ceremony at Hollywood night clubs for using his routine of a drunken man mailing a letter. He had the idea copyrighted years ago.

■ Mickey Rooney, who should know better, disturbed first nighters at the Katharine Cornell opening of *The Doctor's Dilemma* in Los Angeles by popping his gum throughout the play. *The Doctor's Dilemma* became the audience's dilemma—whether to strangle or let life continue for *Andy Hardy.*

■ Man-about-town Roger Pryor is turning down romantic roles. He's interested only in character and "heavy" parts.

■ And now they're saying that Raymond Massey has portrayed Abraham Lincoln so many times that he's afraid to sit in a theater box.

Don't feel badly if you slipped up on this one. Today, pert Laraine Day bears slight resemblance to her chubby-faced baby pictures. She's in *Fingers at the Window*

What's Keeping Deanna Durbin Off the Screen?

What is the mystery behind Deanna Durbin's temporary retirement from the screen? Read this exclusive story for the inside facts

By KAY PROCTOR

■ Ugly stories and fantastic rumors continue to fly thick and fast about the battle between Deanna Durbin and her bosses, Universal Studio.

The whole thing is spite work on the part of her husband, gossip would have you believe. The in-laws are mixing in and making it a bitter family squabble. The studio is "unfair." Deanna is "out of line" and needs a good spanking to bring her to her senses. It is a token fight and will be over any time now. It is a fight to the finish and will go on for months and months.

What is the truth behind the whole unpleasant mess? Why is she on suspension? Who is at fault in the row which will keep her off the screen until one side or the other gives in?

The basic answer is simple: it is a business argument over certain rights. The money question is not involved. Deanna and the studio are deadlocked over how much or how little she may have to say regarding the production of her future pictures.

The ramifications of the argument, however, are manifold.

Since, in a sense, Deanna instigated the action which led to her suspension by the studio on October 15, 1941, it might be well to present the case from her side first. A studio suspension, incidentally, is no drastic step or brand of disgrace; it merely means the player is off salary until such time as the differences are adjusted. After all, it would be silly for the studio to continue paying a regular weekly salary to a player who has refused to report for work.

Deanna was a winsome youngster of 13 when she made her first smash success for Universal, *Three Smart Girls,* back in 1936. Now she has just turned 20 and has ten highly successful pictures chalked up to her record and nary a single flop. With utmost willingness she gives credit to the studio, to Producer Joseph Pasternak, to her various directors, and to the scenarists who made that remarkable record possible. She wants to *give* credit where credit is due.

But . . .

She also feels that Deanna Durbin herself contributed a little something to those successes, not only through her personality, voice, and acting ability but through the constant years of study and hard work to improve herself in every way. She wants credit *given* where credit is due.

During those growing-up years, Deanna was content to accept, docilely and obediently, all dictums and decisions of the studio regarding her pictures. She was only a little girl (and a lucky one!) and the older and experienced heads of the studio certainly knew best. Only once was there even momentary friction, and that was instigated by her agent and parents, regarding a salary raise. The studio recognized the fairness of the complaint and an adjustment was made whereby Deanna now receives around $2,000 a week in salary and a $50,000 bonus for each completed picture.

Now, however, Deanna is a grown-up woman, and there's the rub! The studio continues to think of her as a 13-year-old child, she feels, and fails to recognize that the years of experience and study have matured her judgment and given her some wisdom about what is and is not good for her and her career. On several occasions in the past year she has found herself differing with the studio on story points, songs, etc., but still bound by the same dictum of blind obedience.

To that end she is asking that *she be consulted about stories, cast, director and producer in advance of new pictures.* Contrary to general opinion, she maintains she is not demanding final okay on those matters. She wants to sit down with her bosses and quietly discuss them, instead of hearing secondhand, or reading announcements in the newspapers, that Such and Such will be her new picture with So and So producing and directing, etc. She wants an opportunity to express her opinion and offer her suggestions instead of being told, in effect, "this is the way it's going to be and that's that, like it or not!"

Furthermore, she is insisting that her right to be consulted be made terms of the written contract, not a verbal promise. Promises, she has learned, have a way of being broken.

In justification of her stand, Deanna points out that it will mean better work from her, for no person gives his best work when he is not happy in his working conditions, and of late she has been anything but happy in that respect. Too, she feels, for instance, she knows best what her voice can and can not do to advantage and which songs are best suited to her voice, and what the public wants to hear her sing. This judgment she knows is corroborated by the thousands of fan letters which follow each picture. The same thing goes for stories. And in this way, later arguments which have proved costly in the past could be avoided entirely.

It is not more power she is seeking, from her standpoint. In the past she has had far more than she has used. Nor is it special privileges, such as a $20,000 wardrobe for a picture, or a private bungalow such as the studio built for her on the lot. While appreciating such gestures from the studio, she has never demanded or even asked for them, it is said. She merely wants what she feels is her right: to be allowed to know what's going on, and to voice an opinion about the things which concern and affect her.

And now about the part Deanna's husband, Vaughn Paul, is supposed to have played in the battle. The plain truth is this: far from butting into the affair, or even advising Deanna to take her stand against the studio as a grudge gesture for his own wounded feelings, Vaughn has kept to a hands-off policy. It is Deanna's business, he says, and hers alone. And that is in keeping with the policy they established for themselves when they married last April. At that time, I remember, Deanna told me this:

"I will never work in a picture with or for Vaughn. It would not be fair to either of us for we might create uncomfortable situations for ourselves and others. *Such problems as arise, each of us must solve for ourselves.*"

It was an unfortunate coincidence that the differences of both Deanna and Vaughn with the studio came to a peak at the same time, and undoubtedly was responsible for the charge that Vaughn was getting in a good lick of spite work through his wife. [*Continued on page* 41]

A Couple of Fetching

We Were Dancing is the tale of two penniless refugees in love. Norma Shearer and Melvyn Douglas play the roles of titled phonies. Below: The breath-takingly lovely Gail Patrick is Norma's rival

■ The scene is a colonial mansion in South Carolina. It is a very beautiful scene, indeed. Moonlight tumbles through the trees and spills in patches over the old manse, a soft, magical moonlight. Waltz music, lively and lovely, hangs on the air.

Norma Shearer and Melvyn Douglas glide out of the ballroom onto the long veranda—away from the rest of the revelers. Obviously, Mr. Douglas, who is doing the leading, wants a little privacy. And who could blame him? They dance for a few bars, alternately washed by the moonlight and obscured by the shadows. Mr. Douglas looks into Miss Shearer's eyes. All of a sudden it happens. They kiss. Miss Shearer sighs, trembles ever so slightly, and recovers her poise. They go on dancing as if nothing had happened.

"Cut!" says Director Robert Z. Leonard. "That was a perfect take. You may relax for a while."

Miss Shearer and Mr. Douglas go into conference with Mr. Leonard. Mr. Lee Bowman happens along, dressed up to knock your eye out.

"Gorgeous creature—Miss Shearer!" the reporter remarks, all adoration.

"A fickle creature, you mean," Mr. Bowman says hotly. "Brother, you've just witnessed an example of first-degree treachery. Here we've just announced our engagement at this very fancy party which I've thrown and there she is out on the veranda kissing Douglas, a total stranger. In the next scene she's even more contemptible: she elopes with the guy, a guy, mind you, who wasn't even invited to the party."

"Maybe she didn't love you," someone suggested.

"That's what's getting me down," Mr. B. came back. "For ten straight pictures they haven't been loving me. I have romanced an even ten beautiful girls right up to the altar, you might say, and while I'm standing there, bouquet in hand, someone else is marrying the girl. Why it's positively . . ."

"Oh, Lee!" a pleasant voice called out. It was Florence Bates. "The maid has just arrived with it—pumpkin."

"That's not double-talk," Lee volunteered, brightening up. "That 'it' refers to a pie. I don't know whether you know it or not but Florence operates a bakery on the side. Specializes in pies—her own recipe. You never tasted such crusts. Why it's positively . . ."

"Oh, Lee!" It was Miss Bates again, standing in the door of her dressing room and looking very cafe-society. "You'd better come quick before Gail Patrick and I . . ."

"Coming!" said Mr. Bowman. And he was off.

Miss Shearer, who sat nearby, was knitting away on the heel of a woolen sock. She never looked more breath-taking. She was wearing a white-fitted dinner gown, very much on regal lines, with epaulettes of white fringe. Her coiffure was arranged in the new softly-brushed halo haircut. The coiffure was topped by a white Juliet cap with a white fringe that cascaded down over her shoulder. All in all she was the very image of a princess and the reporter mumbled something to that effect.

"But I AM a princess," Miss Shearer informs, somewhat amused, "a Polish princess of the blood—thanks to Noel Coward. But, alas, not the kind you read about in story books. I am, for the purposes of the script, an aristocratic tramp by the name of *Princess Vicki*, a noble refugee who dresses like a million and hasn't a thin dime in her purse, a lady, more or less, who lives off the idle rich and whose burning ambition is to marry a wealthy American."

"Would that be Melvyn Douglas?"

"I should say not. He's an impoverished refugee, himself, a *Baron Nicki*, whose burning ambition is to marry an American heiress. I have just snared my wealthy American and am having my engagement announced at a very lavish party when this *Baron Nicki* arrives—unasked—and sweeps me off my feet, as you have observed. I leave poor Lee Bowman and his millions in the lurch, run off with Douglas, and awake, all too soon, to the unpleasant

Phonies

By JOHN FRANCHEY

reality that now we are both professional house-guests, traveling from estate to estate and living by our wits and charm.

"The situations which follow are outrageously funny. We discover that professional house-guests are welcome only as extras, meaning single. We are forced to cover up our marriage, pretend to be casual friends, and meet each other in secret, all of which makes life sort of complicated.

"Joplin is our Waterloo. We are ensconced in a local mansion and being very charming for our keep—or so we've been thinking—when all of a sudden it becomes obvious that our hostess wants to get rid of us. Nonplussed, we make plans for a graceful exit. Meanwhile, we will enjoy ourselves at our hostess' grand party, which, conveniently, comes on the eve of our departure.

"The party has all the earmarks of turning out to be a raging success, when a telegram arrives notifying us that the home of our next victim has been quarantined. And here we are, stone broke. To improve matters, who should show up at the party but my ex-sweetheart, Lee Bowman. *Nicki*, ever nonchalant, gets into a card game with Lee, loses, and gives him a worthless check. How I go about retrieving that worthless check—after all, a princess has her pride—brings the whole situation to a delightful state of insanity which is so typically Noel Coward."

Was Miss Shearer glad to be doing comedy after a long period of exclusive devotion to serious drama?

"Coward is always a carnival," Miss Shearer rejoined, "but *We Were Dancing* is Coward nonsense at its best. *Private Lives* was saucy and bittersweet and gay, but *We Were Dancing* is actually hilarious. I think that in these times audiences want to laugh and be amused and to go away from a theater happy. *We Were Dancing* is that kind of a picture."

Miss Shearer was in the midst of venturing an opinion that black, plain old black, is the color to choose for romance ("romance is partly mood and black is wonderfully adapted to mood") when Mr. Bowman put in an appearance, toting a morsel of pie for the lady who had just finished wronging him.

"Pumpkin," he mumbled between munches. "'Smarvelous."

We found Melvyn Douglas reading *Inside Latin America* in his dressing room, feet propped up on the loveseat, and chair tilted back. When Mr. Douglas is not picking up a book, he is laying one down. Some book-lovers lay them down and glare at the cause of it all. Not Mr. D. He smiles that ironic smile of his, and asks you to sit down, with the air of a man offering a seat to Louis B. Mayer.

Mr. Douglas looked fit as a bull fiddle, a new man, you might say. What was it—vitamins?

"Yep, I'm in wonderful shape—comedy, you know."

What on earth did comedy have to do with looking like that?

"Ever since I pursued Greta Garbo all over Paris in *Ninotchka*, screen writers have been working overtime putting me in situations where I am slugged, dunked in the ocean, thrown out of airplanes, and left clinging helplessly to second-story bedroom windows. This is all designed to make people laugh, which is a very good thing—for movie audiences. Douglas always seems to end up black-and-blue somewhere.

Mr. D. chuckled.

"*We Were Dancing* has been a wonderful work-out. That spot of dancing we just did—ah! that was really something. Miss Shearer and I waltzed for five days getting ready for that scene. We covered miles and miles. And not a word of complaint from Miss Shearer. You'd have thought we were conditioning ourselves for one of those marathon dancing contests. Whew! I'm certainly glad that waltzing sequence is finished."

The movies were brutal and no two ways about it, the Douglas sympathizer burst forth.

"Don't get me wrong, please. I love comedy. It assures my future. And if Johnny Weissmuller ever gets tired of being *Tarzan* and swinging from tree to tree, they can count on me to take over."

The assistant director rapped on the door. Unless Mr. Douglas had any objections, Mr. Leonard was ready to do a retake of that moonlight waltz sequence.

"Any objections? Of course not. If there's anything I like more than dancing, it's more dancing."

And he departed treading lightly, in the fashion of a man walking on eggs. ■

Right, *Princess Vicki* accepts the proposal of *Baron Nicki*, who pretends to be a rich nobleman. Below: Lee Bowman, *Vicki's* attorney and ex-suitor, tries to extricate her from her marriage entanglement

Hollywood In Uniform

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Like Washington, which burgeoned forth in full uniform on the morning of December 8th after maintaining its peacetime aspect during the crisis by permitting Army and Navy personnel to wear civilian clothes on duty, Hollywood broke out with all its martial trappings the day after Pearl Harbor.

Middle-aged directors were transformed overnight into Navy commanders. Cameramen became C.P.O.'s. Press agents became military censors. Secretaries became ambulance drivers. Gatemen became air raid wardens. Whole battalions of actors, extras, musicians and the guildsmen of all the 40 studio trades were simply A.W.O.L. from work, called up to the reserve or standing in line at recruiting stations.

Director John Ford, the multiple winner of Academy Awards, took an overnight salary cut of $244,000 to become Commander Ford, U.S.N. Under his command were a dozen fully-trained Navy photographic and sound-recording units, ready for duty anywhere.

Within a few days of their induction into service the war became a very real thing to these active-duty Hollywoodites. Despite official secrecy about enemy activity in their vicinity, they could trust the evidence of their own eyes. They knew the hostilities were no faraway affair when they dug anti-aircraft shells out of their backyards and picked up flotsam from torpedoed tankers on their favorite bathing beaches.

Some of the top names in the movie aristocracy were among the first to don uniform at the outbreak of hostilities. Eugene Zukor of Paramount found his name suddenly suffixed with the symbols, Lt. Comdr., U.S.N. Jack Warner, Jr., became a Signal Corps Lieutenant. Darryl Zanuck, a Lieutenant-Colonel, was put on detached duty but ordered to report to Washington periodically on the progress of the official army training films being produced by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences (which awards the annual "Oscars") under his supervision.

Oren Haglund, ex-husband of Priscilla Lane, found himself in the Army alongside Marshall Neilan, Jr., and Y. Frank Freeman, Jr., son of the Paramount boss, enlisted as a Navy "boot." Sy Bartlett, scenario writer and husband of Ellen Drew, was an early starter as a captain assigned to special duty in the War Department.

The early contingent of Hollywood volunteers had gone to the wars long before the first aerial torpedo fell on Honolulu. David Niven and Richard Greene were on duty with the home forces in England. Pat Knowles had served a hitch as flight instructor with the R.C.A.F. and Jimmy Roosevelt was a captain of Marines, having voluntarily sought reduction in rank from Lieutenant-Colonel.

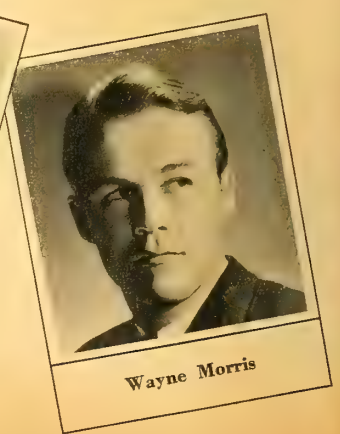
Gene Markey, ex-husband of Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr, was with the Navy at the Panama Canal, wearing two and a half gold stripes. John Farrow, writer-director husband of Maureen

David Niven

Darryl Zanuck

Robert Montgomery

Richard Greene



Wayne Morris

O'Sullivan, was with the Canadian Navy and tow-headed Wayne Morris was an ensign with the U. S. fleet. Jimmy Stewart, recently promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant in the Air Corps, was commuting between his barracks and Hollywood, which had a standing requisition for his services as a radio actor.

Robert Montgomery, a Navy Lieutenant, was on brief home leave from his duties at the American Embassy, London. Merian Cooper, producer of *King Kong*, a former major of Marines, had switched his allegiance to the Army Air Corps, where he was serving as a captain.

Stirling Hayden, a refugee from Hollywood, although not an actual member of the armed forces, was serving as a seaman on one of the most dangerous wartime assignments, running ammunition to England.

On January 2nd Tony Martin was inducted into the Navy, receiving a special officer's rating. (Photo at extreme right shows him with Capt. R. A. White.)

The bitterest man in Hollywood was W. S. Van Dyke, M-G-M director. A flaming patriot, Woody had foreseen the emergency eighteen months ago. Personally he recruited a whole battalion of the Marine Corps Reserve and was commissioned major of the outfit. But when his own hand-picked men were called up for duty, Major Van Dyke got a knockout blow.

At San Diego his spick-and-span platoons were drawn up for Saturday morning inspection by the commanding general. In the midst of the formalities, Van Dyke was stricken with a violent coughing spell. The general ordered him to report for a medical examination. The sawbones found an infection.

Van Dyke was shipped back to Hollywood while his battalion went to sea. Until he qualifies again for active duty he is continuing to work at the studio but donating all his salary to the Motion Picture Relief Fund and war-connected charities.

Two of the season's top directors will chuck up their production schedules and go to work for soldiers' pay. These are Frank Capra, the veteran maestro of *Arsenic and Old Lace*, and John Huston, the up-and-coming beginner of *The Maltese Falcon* and *In This Our Life*.

The most dramatic leave-taking was Ralph Jordan's farewell to M-G-M. A publicity man specially detailed to handle some of the studio's top stars, he was up to his neck in the movie business on Saturday, December 6th. Monday, December 8th fellow-workers found the following note in his typewriter:

"Good-bye, please. Gotta go see what's doing."

Jordan, a veteran war correspondent, was next heard from at Pearl Harbor, whence he wrote the first comprehensive report of the Japanese attack.

Lewis Stone, the screen's popular *Judge Hardy*, was one of the few Hollywood actors who had the foresight to see that war might come to America's shores.

Stone, who was a major in the first world war, has had a well organized home defense unit going strong for some time now. His "evacuation regiment" includes 110 station wagons and about 300 drivers and helpers. The regiment is part of the California State Guard, and Stone has been drilling his men every Tuesday night for months in foot drill, first aid, driving in the dark, and repairing autos.

The Hollywood war effort becomes doubly important when it is considered that the movie industry is the only one that *gives* anything to the government. The shipyards aren't giving away ships. The munitions factories and airplane plants don't kick in with complimentary equipment.

Yet for a full year Hollywood has been contributing priceless tools to the armed forces. These gifts were a series of training films for the new army, reels that were designed to save inestimable time in familiarizing troops with their weapons, their duties, and the traditions of the service.

The directors and producers who pitched in with their best efforts on these pictures were such ranking moviemakers as Darryl Zanuck, Sam Goldwyn, Y. Frank Freeman, Louis B. Mayer, John Ford, Mervyn LeRoy, Hal Roach, Sol Lesser, Irving Pichel, William Wyler, Michael Curtiz and Frank Capra.

The scripts were prepared with surgical precision and photographed in the best professional style by reserve corps cameramen selected from the top ranks of the studio professionals.

The subjects of these films are such essentials as sex and personal hygiene, customs of the service, squad drill, physical training, anti-aircraft fire, mortars, howitzers, formation skiing, military motor vehicles, and counter-espionage.

Instantly upon the declaration of war the Hollywood production of government films expanded to meet new needs. Within two and a half weeks after the outbreak of hostilities the first Civilian Defense film was finished and on its way to the War Department. This deals with the dangers of sabotage, the safeguarding of military information, blackout behavior and kindred problems. Production costs, as with the Army instructional films, were "on the house."

Hollywood is mobilized and on the march. Some of her sons are in the field and at sea. Every one of its stars has joined the vast "talent pool" that will build morale on tour, on the screen and on the air.

And remember that Hollywood, in all these war-connected activities, is *giving*, not selling. What other industry can say the same? ■

Capt. R. A. White and Tony Martin

Gene Markey

Frank Capra

Stirling Hayden

James Stewart

Dietrich, No. 1 Woman Hater

■ From the moment Marlene Dietrich hit these shores, she was tagged a "femme fatale." An escape-you-never sort of female whom men loved desperately in spite of themselves. With this inevitable postscript: everyone who was fortunate enough to interview Dietrich lost no time in demanding what type of man she found fascinating. Why? No one ever thought to ask her about her own sex. It has been generally agreed that there is nothing about women which she either admires, envies or would seek to emulate.

Nonsense!

Once queried on the subject, Miss Dietrich lost no time in stating pointedly and intelligently what elements in a woman she finds most appealing, and who, to her mind, is the best example of that quality. Here are the ten selections of Hollywood's No. 1 Woman-Hater.

INTELLIGENCE

■ Dorothy Thompson, the distinguished journalist, because she has finally proved that a woman's opinions concerning the troubled world in which we live can be as searching, profound and constructive as those of male minds; because her soundness has come to be generally recognized and her influence universally felt; and because she has managed to combine a successful career with successful motherhood.

COURAGE

■ Helen Keller, because, despite the terrifying handicap of being born without sight, speech, or hearing, she has become an international symbol of the triumph of the human will against all-out adversity; because she has turned her handicaps into assets; and because, above all, she is living a rich and useful life.

Alluring Marlene Dietrich has long been famous as a woman who likes only the company of men. Above, a scene from her new Columbia picture, *The Lady Is Willing*, and a moment from her private life, both of which bear out the popular assumption. Erich Remarque, the star's most frequent companion, is at right

FEMININITY

■ Queen Elizabeth of England, because she is attractive without intent, charming without effort, impressive without guile, and ladylike without apology, she is the most ultra-feminine woman in the world; and because she has always managed to be effacing enough to highlight the personality of her husband, the King.

Picks The World's 10 Greatest Women

By MARLENE DIETRICH **As Told to JACK DALLAS**

Dorothy Thompson

Helen Keller

Queen Elizabeth

Amelia Earhart

Alice Marble

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek

Clare Boothe

Eve Curie

Greta Garbo

Nellie Manley

VALOR

■ Amelia Earhart, that slim, spare figure of a woman, because she set her compass on Life and never changed her course; because she lived for a purpose; and because she died heroically, a falling star plunging into an uncharted ocean and, surely, saluting with a smile and a wave of the hand the sun or the moon as her plane plummeted her to an unknown destiny.

MAGNETISM

■ Alice Marble, the tennis champion, because she is the perfect embodiment of athletic femininity, healthy without being horsey; and because, in her capacity of National Director of Physical Training for Women she is using her gifts for the general good.

INSPIRATION

■ Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, because she is one of the world's most brilliant women; because she is aiding her great husband, the Generalissimo, in preserving China in the face of unending peril; and because she is bringing a new freedom to the women of China.

CLEVERNESS

■ Clare Boothe, because she undeniably is one of the most fascinating conversationalists; and because she knows women and has held up a mirror so we could see ourselves. (Or did you miss *The Women?*)

CHIC

■ Eve Curie, because she is of the band-box type; because she can travel light and appear to be convoyed by a trailer filled with Schiaparellis; because she does not follow fashion but leads it—gently.

EXCITEMENT

■ Greta Garbo, because where there's Garbo there's tension; and because she has proved that furbelows are foolish and mystery is marvelous.

SELF-REALIZATION

■ Nellie Manley, my hair-dresser for eight years, not only because she does her job well but also because she has no apologies for its lack of lustre; because she is neither amused by glamour, deceived by glitter and tinsel, or ravaged by ambition; because she is a true philosopher and can take life as it comes, and because, totally free from complexes and frustrations, she is at peace with herself and wouldn't change places with Marlene Dietrich for the Taj Mahal. ■

Preferred

A Loma Leads design born of your specifications in the recent N.R.D.G.A. FAWCETT Fashion Preference Poll carried on in your favorite store. The dress itself has a surplice cut bodice and short sleeves and its gored skirt is universally flattering. The jacket has bracelet-length sleeves and a pleated edging outlining its wide revers. Soft ends tie the jacket at the waistline. Rayon crepe in red, green or blue backgrounds. Dress and jacket under $10, Marshall Field Basement, Chicago. Heart-shaped bonnet in grosgrain. Under $2. Martin's, Brooklyn

For Spring

By CATHERINE ROBERTS
FASHION EDITOR

Phyllis Brooks of *Shanghai Gesture* selects a flower-trimmed straw sailor and tilts it over her lovely eyes

A pompadour special. Dinah Shore names this little hat after her record, "Honeysuckle Rose." At Macy, N. Y.

Beautiful Joan Bennett in a heart-shaped bonnet and her very personal diamond "I Love You" pin. Valentine beauties

■ We're just on the verge of spring. It is not only a new season but a new world, requiring a new conception of morale. Now, more than ever, the necessity of dressing gayly and beautifully becomes a duty. Yes, I know that there has been any amount of material printed on uniforms for women engaged in defense activities. And, if you are engaged in defense activities, the wearing of a uniform not only makes sense but serves a very definite purpose both visually and psychologically. However, the problem is much more extensive than merely the regimentation of dress and activities. The morale supporter, the spirit lifter that comes from a careful and smart use of beauty is worth all the feminine uniforms in the world.

That this is true is proven by the experience of British and Canadian women. Everyone rushed into uniform, the streets fairly bristled with trim, military looking beauties—and what was the result? Service men, home on leave, fairly begged that their womenfolk climb back again into colorful, feminine clothes. The gay, flower-like appearance of a silly hat, the soft, feminine appeal of printed fabrics, a trace of delicate perfume . . . that is what men at war remember, dream about and want to see when they're home.

In a world of men, which is always the case in wartime, fragility gets them and keeps them.

So take a leaf from the book of experience as discovered by English and Canadian girls; revamp your budgets so that they'll include a number of gay, silly and beautiful hats, a few colorful dresses, a range of eye-catching accessories. Don't forget to include some completely impractical slippers and sheer hose. Then go out and arrange for that uniform.

List of additional stores on page 66

Carolina Comer

By CHARLOTTE KAYE

He doesn't look like an actor, talk like an actor, or behave like an actor. But John Shepperd acts like a real one, as you'll agree after seeing him in *Rings on Her Fingers*

■ Fifteen years ago a lanky kid of 19 sat on a rock on the moon and passionately exclaimed, "Forever! Forever! Yea, Forever!"

It was John Shepperd, making his debut in the theater. When the audience did not laugh, he decided to become an actor.

Today Shep doesn't look like an actor, talk like an actor, or behave like an actor in the familiar sense of the word. He does act like an actor, however, and a darned good one, which accounts for 20th Century-Fox pushing him for stardom. Maybe it is an encouraging sign that the fancy-pants glamour boys with nothing to back it up are in for tougher sledding in Hollywood.

Not that I would negate Shep's own charm and good looks. He has plenty of both and most effective. He's tall and slimly built (no football shoulders for a change!) with hazel eyes, curly dark brown hair (too curly to please him) and clean-cut, well molded features. He has a pleasant voice with a trace of a southern drawl, courtly manners, an easy, friendly way about him, and a smart brain in his head. The latter should be true, for any man who can win a college degree and a Phi Beta Kappa key in three years while working his way through school has to be smart. It's just that there is nothing pretty-boy or phony about him; he'd be quite as much at home in a lawyer's office, on a professor's podium, or behind a doctor's consultation desk. I doubt, however, if he would be happy; the theater is in his blood to stay.

Originally Shep had no intention of becoming an actor. He was studying playwrighting at the University of North Carolina when he got shoved into that role in a school play and found himself sitting on a rock on the moon. After that there was no stopping him.

Originally, too, his name was Shepperd Strudwick, the tag given him at birth in Hillsboro, N. C., 34 years ago. Hollywood rechristened him John Shepperd a few months ago and got away with it by accident; in a lapse of memory he neglected to strike out the contract clause which gave the studio permission to make a name change.

His family and old friends in Hillsboro, incidentally, are still up in arms about his new name, because Strudwick is an old and honored name in that neck of the woods. If it was good enough for Revolutionary War heroes, a long line of brilliant statesmen, and a couple of famous artists (Shep's older brothers), they figure it ought to be good enough for Hollywood. Besides which, Shep had worked darned hard to make it known and respected on Broadway, and had succeeded.

In answer the studio says simply that Shepperd Strudwick had a phony sound (like Arlington Brough, Bob Taylor's real name), was difficult for fans to remember, and was too long for marquee purposes. The last was most important because, after *Belle Starr, Cadet Girl,* and *Remember the Day,* the studio knows it soon will twinkle in lights from plenty of theater marquees.

A reversal of the once-healthy family fortune obliged Shep to work his way through college. This he did cheerfully, without loss of face or pride, by tending babies at night, waiting on table, clerking in the dean's office and sundry other odd jobs. When he lit out for New York, after graduation, he had exactly $10 and his fare. His starting salary on his first job—office boy for Producer Charles Coburn—was five bucks a week. The second week he got ten, and a month later he was playing walk-on parts and understudying the star at a munificent $15 a week, and glad to get it. Real riches—$50 a week—came when the leading man of *The Yellow Jacket* left the company and Shep was given the role.

The next four years found him playing stock and working in summer theaters to learn his trade. Each fall he would return to N. Y. for a try at Broadway, be broke by Christmas, and return to the sticks. Finally his big chance came in the lead in Maxwell Anderson's *Both Your Houses.* The play and Shep were equally successful, according to the critics, and from then on he sailed through hit after hit, winding up with the Theater Guild.

Hollywood first called him in 1934. The screen test was a flop and Shep went back to the stage and more successful plays. Metro again sent for him in 1936, and Shep became known in Hollywood for his work in *Congo Maisie,* a *Kildare,* and *Flight Command.* Zanuck succeeded in snatching him for the ranks of 20th Century-Fox's best bets. Just before his first Fox picture, *Belle Starr,* was released, Shep got his new name. He isn't happy about it—a man's name is precious and losing it overnight isn't much fun—but he philosophically accepts the dictum. Maybe the studio is right, and at least his lifetime nickname of Shep still fits.

Shep is married to the former New York actress, Helen Wynn. They live in a simple English style house with their books and their Hungarian sheepdog, "Bundy."

Two casual studio visitors were discussing him the other day, apparently within earshot, on the set of *Rings on Her Fingers.*

"Look," said one, "he looks just like Richard Greene, full front!" (He does look rather, but sans Dick's dimples and peaches and cream skin.)

"Yeah," the other agreed, "but look at his profile. He's the image of Bob Taylor!" (There is a resemblance, but his features are thinner.)

Shep grinned, then turned his back, patting the rear of his cranium. "At least," he called over his shoulder, "from here I look like me!" ■

VIRGINIA MASTERSON—lovely young daughter of one of Chicago's old families

Another Pond's Bride-to-be

SPORTS LOVERS—"Gini" and her fiancé, Donald A. Wildauer. Whenever Don can get a few hours off from his defense job, they go skiing. Gini says: "After I've been out skiing or skating, I slather on Pond's Cold Cream, and my face looks nice and soft again." *It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!*

She's ENGAGED! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

See what "Gini's" SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care will do for your skin

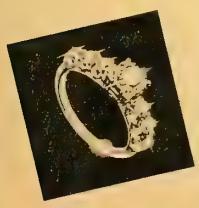
1. She SLATHERS Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream *thick* on her face and throat.

She says, "Then I pat like anything with quick little pats—up from my chin, over nose, cheeks, forehead, till my face feels all fresh and glowy. This helps soften and take off dirt and stale make-up. Then I tissue the cream off."

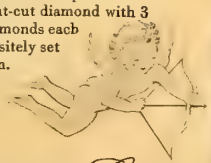
2. She "RINSES" with *lots more* Pond's Cold Cream. Tissues it off again.

"It's simply grand," she says, "the way my face feels—so baby-soft and so *clean*, every last little smitch of dirt wipes right off."

Do this yourself! You'll *love* how *your* skin feels—so sweet and clean! Use Pond's Cold Cream "Gini's" way *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll know then why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical, the lovely big jars.



GINI'S RING is as lovely as her almond-blossom complexion. It is a brilliant-cut diamond with 3 smaller diamonds each side, exquisitely set in platinum.



Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid

Send for **5 POND'S BEAUTY AIDS!**

1. **Pond's SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Cold Cream**
2. **Vanishing Cream**
3. **New Dry Skin Cream**
4. **New Dreamflower Face Powder (6 shades)**
5. **Pond's "Lips" (5 shades)**

POND'S, Dept. 6-CC, Clinton, Conn.

Send me samples of 5 Pond's Beauty Aids listed at left used by lovely engaged girls and society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover your distribution expenses, including postage and packing.

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(Offer good in U. S. only)

"How Marriage Has Changed Gene Tierney"

By Count Oleg Cassini

as told to MARION COOPER

Her family and friends warned Gene Tierney not to wed Oleg Cassini, but she persisted in marrying the man she loved. Here's an exclusive story by the Count himself on the marriage which Hollywood condemned from the start. Right, a scene from Gene's film, *Son of Fury*

■ It wasn't easy for Gene to defy her family and marry me. Had she been a self-reliant girl, used to shouldering responsibilities, it would have been easier. But Gene has always been used to letting others do her thinking for her. Her former life with her family can be likened to a dictatorship. Under that dictatorship, Gene was not allowed to make her own decisions. To her family, she was still a little girl, to be advised and dictated to in letters, when it was impossible to do so in person. Her money was handled by the family, even her career was influenced by them. "Play ingenues," they'd tell her, "don't try for strong dramatic roles—you're much too young to handle them."

They treated her like a child in other ways, too. One day she came home with a handbag she had just bought. It had cost $6.75, not a large amount, certainly, for a young actress who had a position to maintain and a substantial salary with which to maintain it. But her family was indignant. "That's too much for a young girl," they said. "What were you thinking of?" Gene obediently returned the handbag and bought a less expensive one!

She accepted their judgment in this as she did in her career, unquestioningly. One reason, I think, is that she had no real interest in her career then. She liked her work, yes, and it made her happy, but it was an abstract happiness based on the fact that it pleased her family. She accepted her profession in the same spirit she had accepted her schooling, like a dutiful child who works hard because otherwise he would incur his parents' displeasure.

Now it's different. Everywhere I hear our friends and acquaintances say: "Oleg, it's fantastic how Gene has changed. She's so poised, her whole outlook on life is different. How did you do it?"

It is true. Gene has changed since our marriage. But the credit for those changes is not mine, and when I tell you about them now I'm not trying to take the credit for them—I'm merely giving an honest appraisal. When I say: "Gene has grown up since our marriage," I'm stating the simple truth and putting the credit where it belongs—with my wife.

My wife *has* grown up. That's the big change our marriage has made in her. She's very different now from the impulsive, irresponsible girl she was when I married her. Very different from the girl who merely played at having a career, who let others do her thinking for her because she lacked the courage of her own convictions.

The quieting influence of marriage has permitted her, finally, to find herself. For marriage is like a democracy, which has given her equal rights and equal responsibility. Those two things were completely lacking in her life before.

To Gene, who had never made an important decision for herself in her whole life, there must have been moments when she hesitated, when she wondered if she dared to take a chance. She knew the things that people were saying, that I was no matrimonial catch for a girl as young, as beautiful, as wealthy as she—and compared to the men she worked with every day, I wasn't even good-looking. Everywhere she turned she heard the advice: "Don't marry him, Gene. It would be a mistake."

But Gene took the chance. She defied family and friends and chose me as her husband by the dictates of her own heart and the convictions of her own mind. Now that she has proved that in following her heart's desire, her courage has proved *right*, she has found a faith in herself that nothing else could have given her!

Now that she has been faced with the problem of making her own decisions about her career, her work means something to her. Now she has a definite, personal and individual satisfaction of knowing that in working hard at her career, she is building her own future.

She no longer has to turn over every cent she makes to the Belle-Tier Corporation, which the family set up to handle her earnings. The disposal of her money is in her own hands now, and she is forced to follow her own judgment concerning it. That has been a wonderful thing for her. Responsibility has given her new depth, has changed her from a kid who let others do her thinking, to a mature woman. Every day her confidence in herself deepens, as she realizes more and more that she is an efficient person, entirely capable of handling her affairs. She goes at it in a businesslike way, keeping a complete record of every expenditure. The responsibility is hers alone, because before our marriage I insisted on signing away my rights in any future community property.

That growing confidence in her own ability has manifested itself in other ways, too. She has found new hobbies which keep her busy, so that she's no longer faced with "killing" time.

She has discovered, for instance, that she has a real talent as an interior decorator. We bought an eighty-year-old ranch house recently, which is being remodeled. My wife is in complete charge of the decorations. An assignment like that would have frightened her in the old days, but now she takes it in her stride. It's really amazing the time and research she gives to even the smallest detail.

That's another new quality in Gene, her thoroughness. She used to hop, skip and jump from one interest to another, but now she finishes what she starts. No mat-

ter what she's doing, she doesn't put it away until it's finished. The other night she sat up in bed until two o'clock in the morning, just to finish a sampler she was working on, instead of leaving it for the next day!

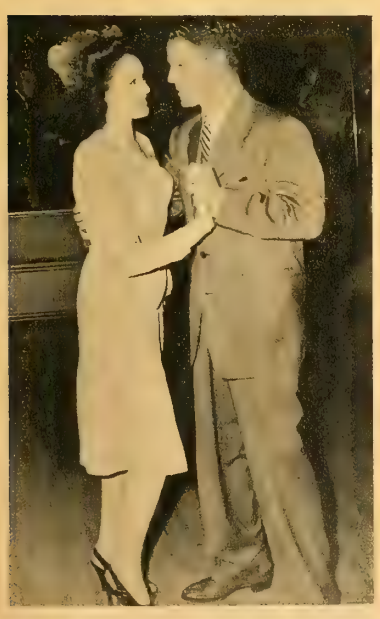
Gone is the old, moody Gene who found it hard to hold her friends. Not only is she less prone to quick likes and dislikes, more given to careful consideration before she judges other people, more tolerant of their weaknesses—but she has more to offer in friendship, now.

She is no longer superficial, interested only in dates, parties and romance. The time when her goal in life was to attain the glamour of a motion picture star is past. Premieres and beaux in white ties are no longer the most important things in life to her. These superficial things which used to consume her energy, so that she was so busy trying to do a lot of things she didn't have time for any one thing, are now relegated to their proper role of mere details.

Now she devotes her energy to two prime interests: her home, and her scripts. She is interested only in the artistic values of her performance. Praise from the public or critics means nothing to her unless she has honestly satisfied herself.

I think that proves better than anything else how Gene has learned to rely on her own judgment. She has faith in her own convictions now and I think our marriage has given her that faith.

Yes, I'm proud to say that marriage has changed Gene Tierney. She's no longer a girl with no particular aim in life, but a woman who knows her own mind. Our marriage has changed her in the only way I ever wanted it to—my wife has grown up! ■



Now that Linda Darnell is eighteen, she is allowed to have dates unchaperoned. One of her recent dates was with Rudy Vallee, who took her dancing

Next Stop-TAHITI!

HERE, DEAR READER, we give you an intimate close-up of The Outraged Husband . . . A rip-roaring, fire-breathing Male . . . *sans* shirt, *sans* temper—*sans* just about everything except a swell case of Righteous Indignation.

And what is the Ultimatum he delivers? Something like this, perhaps: 'This does it! I'm through looking like a ghost in a gray shroud. If I can't have a white shirt, I'll go where the only shirt a man *has* to wear is the one he gets with his birthday suit. Goodbye!' (*with appropriate gestures*)

And how does his Lady respond? Elementary, Mrs. Watson. She tiptoes to the telephone and in quavering tones tells her grocer, 'Please send me some of that Fels-Naptha Soap right away. Send a *lot*. And *hurry!*'

[ASIDE TO THE LADIES] *This isn't all kidding. Better take a peek at Papa's shirts. He may not be as tame as you think. You never know.*

Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA *banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"*

"Why I Want My Daughters To Be Actresses"

By HELEN HOVER

■ "Certainly I'd like my daughters to be actresses," said Joan Bennett briskly. "And if they couldn't be actresses, I'd like them to have some career. I couldn't bear for them to be nothing but unproductive flibbertigibbets running to beauty parlors and tea parties to kill time."

That was one of America's most glamorous mothers talking—also one of its most sensible. Since women first paraded for the vote, we hear a lot about that old biddy, career versus home. While most screen stars proudly boast of combining the two, strangely enough they keep their adored progeny away from the camera and public life, preferring to raise them like pampered little debutantes shielded from the competitive life they have known. Psychologists claim that the reason for it is that most stars have had a tough early struggle to get where they are, and they want to give their children the easy, social life they have never enjoyed. Parent compensation, you might call it.

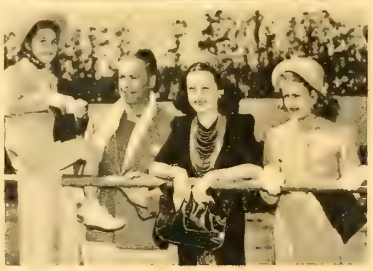
But Joan doesn't agree with them at all. A working girl since she was sixteen, she's all in favor of her two daughters doing likewise.

"A few years ago David Selznick wanted to put my daughter, Didie, into *Tom Sawyer*, and I turned down the offer. Immediately, some of my friends construed it to mean that I didn't think acting was good enough for my children. That wasn't it at all. I don't want them to be *child* actresses. They don't need the money and I don't think that a career fits into the normal pattern of childhood.

"However, I do think that a career does definitely fit into the pattern of young women, and I'm everlastingly grateful that I was forced into it. I *had* to work—so I did. I've been acting ever since and I'm glad of it. Because there are some definite characteristics a career girl must develop and she retains them all her life.

"For instance, a busy actress learns to systematize her life. I have learned to cut out those loitering, wasted minutes and keep myself on schedule. It's a habit that has persisted through my career of acting, and it's become a bylaw in my private life, too. The only thing I miss out on are those self-indulgent time-wasters like bridge parties, prolonged shopping orgies and gabfests at hen parties—and I'm mighty glad to miss them, too.

"I'd like my daughters to be actresses—that is, if they want to. I think it's old-hat stuff, founded on weak authority, that Hollywood is a wild and wicked place, deleterious to the morals of young actresses. As a matter of fact, life among the movie people is quite simple. The work is so strenuous and nerve-exhausting that I, for one, like to spend my leisure time taking things easy. There are lots of things I like about the work—lots of advantages I owe to it and that's why I wouldn't throw a tantrum if either of my girls came to me at some future date and said, 'Mother, we want to be actresses too.'



Most Hollywood mothers object to their daughters becoming actresses, but sensible Joan Bennett sanctions the idea enthusiastically. Above, Joan at the races with Melinda, the younger daughter, husband Walter Wanger, and 13-year-old Didie, right. Joan's in *Twin Beds*

"An actress, due to the demands her career makes on her, has to keep her youth. Of necessity, we take more interest in our clothes, in our figure and in our face. We daren't let down before the camera, and before we are aware of it, that same extreme care for our persons carries over in private. Since chic and youth are vital to any woman's happiness, I would chalk that up as a tremendously valuable lesson no actress can escape—one which I wouldn't be at all averse to my daughters learning.

"Have you ever noticed how career women—whether they are actresses, writers, or even the girls who jot down pothooks in notebooks—are so alert, and manage to accomplish so much with their limited time? One of the stenographers in the studio was going to be married and she managed to buy her trousseau, select an apartment and furnish it, without missing a day's work! She achieved this huge job by budgeting her lunch and after-work time to embrace it.

"Yes, working keeps you hopping. I seem to be more on my toes when I'm working. I come in contact with people and I have to be wide-awake and on the jump. Some women are calamities to their families and bores to their husbands because their days are so empty, their responsibilities so small that they have no stimulus to make them interesting. Such women are 'absolutely exhausted' by an afternoon of shopping or an hour at the hairdresser's. They have no system, no value of time and they spin like whirling dervishes wasting their energy on various useless things. In the evening, they are whining, fretful women who get on their husbands' nerves. I don't ever want my daughters to face such dangers, and if they were actresses the life would offer too many interests, too much stimulation to permit them to fall into the class of these tragic, self-pitying, lolling, neurotics.

"Like most fond mothers, I have been looking for signs of acting ability in my girls. It's too early to make any predictions, but of the two it seems that it will be Melinda, the younger, and not Didie, who may choose acting. Didie is quiet and doesn't have enough of the exhibitionist in her to be happy in such a career.

"Melinda, on the other hand, loves to preen and be the center of attention. I'm not doing anything now to inoculate them with any ideas of becoming actresses, outside of giving them dancing lessons. I think too many dramatic lessons hamper the natural flow of a child's personality. But later, if I know they want to try pictures, I'll do all I can to help them. Not by pulling wires with the directors and producers I know, but by giving them the benefit of my own experiences and mistakes. I'd insist that they start on the stage first, and after that Hollywood." ■

Beauty Headliners

By Mary Bailey

For her role in Metro's *We Were Dancing*, Norma Shearer has a pert new halo bob. It demonstrates how short hair can be coiffed in a sophisticated manner

■ Because cosmetics demonstrators have to remove make-up from their faces dozens of times a day, it's natural that they must be pretty fussy about what they use. One manufacturer we know of has had for a number of years his own demonstrator's special formula cold cream, devoloped by a leading manufacturing chemist. Now, in answer to demands of customers who have watched the demonstrators use it and have been impressed with its silky rich texture, it has been added to the regular line.

To help maintain the health, lustre and surface smoothness of the fingernails, a new type polish remover makes its appearance on cosmetic counters. It's a *cream;* and besides acting effectively as a nail polish solvent, is in itself a fingernail beauty treatment. All you have to do is apply it on all ten nails, directly from the applicator tube. Pat it on, leave for a minute, then wipe it off. With it will come every trace of polish, leaving nails smooth and cuticle soft. ■

Write before April 15th for your copy of HOLLYWOOD Beauty Bulletin for March. It contains lots of beauty hints and the names of tried and true products. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Mary Bailey, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. And ask her advice on your own beauty problems.

Old-Fashioned Skin-Care

Once women had to use many creams and lotions to keep skin healthy and attractive.

Modern Skin-Care

Today all you need to help keep your skin fresh, young-looking, is *one* amazing cream!

Does Your one Face Cream do all these 4 Vital Things?

1. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream thoroughly cleanses the skin, removing every trace of clinging dirt.

2. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream relieves dryness and flaking—leaves the skin wonderfully soft.

3. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream helps nature refine the pores—leaves the skin delightfully fresh. No astringents are needed.

4. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream smooths the skin—prepares it beautifully for powder and for make-up.

WHAT DOES the face cream you use really do for your skin? Never mind what it claims to do for others—*what does it do for you?*

Why continue using a cream that does only a "half-way" job? Lady Esther Face Cream is scientifically designed to serve 4 vital needs of your skin. It's all you need—it asks no help of other creams or lotions. This one cream, by itself, helps keep your skin looking its youngest, smoothest and loveliest at all times!

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is different from any cream you've ever used. For it's based on an entirely new and different principle—*simplified skin-care. Try it!* See for yourself how much fresher, cleaner, smoother it leaves your skin after the very first application.

Send for Generous Tube

Mail coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more lovely women every day are turning to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Lady Esther **4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM**

LADY ESTHER, (76)
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 9 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

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CITY_____ STATE_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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US?

No. Don't listen to us now. Sure, *we* say Modess is softer . . . because we *know* it's softer. We make it that way. But don't listen to *us* now. Listen, instead, to the say-so of thousands of women who *tested* Modess for softness.

10,000 WOMEN LIKE YOURSELF?

All over the country, these women were asked to feel two napkins and choose the softer. One was Modess—the other was the napkin they'd been buying. Yet 3 out of every 4 voted *Modess softer!**

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS

If 3 out of every 4 women voted *against* the napkin they'd been using, the napkin they voted *for* must be worth looking into! Why don't you find out for yourself if *you've* been missing out on *extra comfort*. Try *Modess* the next time you buy.

HERE'S AN OFFER

If you don't agree with millions of Modess fans that it's softer, more comfortable than any napkin you've ever used, just return the package insert slip to The Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N. J., together with a letter stating your objections. We'll gladly refund your full purchase price.

* Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer

THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'D BEEN BUYING

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

Tiny Thunderbolt

By BOB HALL

There's been no semblance of sanity since June Havoc arrived in Hollywood with her pet goat, her bantam cock and her Siamese cat. June's in *Powder Town*

■ June Havoc has been in Hollywood long enough to make three pictures. Already they're circulating petitions asking her to move away.

Coldwater Canyon, where she lives, has been renamed Hotwater Canyon by her neighbors.

At R-K-O the bosses have asked her to get off the premises so they can have their nervous breakdowns in peace. They've issued a ukase that as soon as she finishes *Powder Town*, June and her goats and her Afghan hound and her Muscovy duck and her bantam cock and her Siamese cat and her Bedlington terrier beat it back where they came from until some semblance of sanity is restored around the joint.

Nothing is wrong with the kid, understand, except that she drives everybody nuts with her chatter, her vitality, her endless exuberance, her herd of beasts, and her complete lack of respect for authority in all known forms.

The fact that she is being run out of town leaves La Havoc perched prettily on a long-horned dilemma because the only other place she has to go to is her home at New Salem, Long Island. The city fathers of New Salem have promised that if June returns there they will revive a jolly custom of old colonial Salem and burn her for a witch. With justification. They had to put up with her last year.

This 116-pound Havoc has been wreaking same from Coast to Coast since the age of three, when she broke into show business as a stooge for her sister Louise, who later became celebrated as Gypsy Rose Lee, world-famous intellectual and author of *The G-String Murder*.

This mystery novel has been bought for the screen and June has been offered an important part in it. With characteristic independence the junior member of the sister act disdains being the tail of Gypsy's kite, refuses to get tangled in Gypsy's G-string. Instead, she is about to bring forth her own book, already sold to a publisher, called *Havoc in Hollywood*. That's not kidding, brother.

Consider a slight sample of the turmoil June can create on an instant's notice. The scene is her Coldwater Canyon villa during a blackout alarm. The Havoc lights are extinguished at the first bleat of the siren. Thirty seconds later June is up on her sun-deck surveying the neighborhood. Next door lights blaze from a huge glass-enclosed studio room. June taps her foot, counting methodically up to 100.

Then she tucks her pet goat, Lizzie Love, under one arm and a ski under the other. With the firm stride of a dutiful citizen she marches onto the grounds of the house next door. She rings the doorbell. No answer. She hammers on the door. With no further preliminaries she busts a window with a ski, climbs in, scribbles a note for the owner, and douses the lights.

As she leaves the now thoroughly blacked-out house a committee of neighbors arrive to find out what's going on. They look with some wonderment at June's emergency equipment: one ski and one goat.

"Is that a goat?" a slightly fuddled dowager inquires.

"No, madam," Miss Havoc replies. "That is a deputy air raid warden."

Miss Havoc has been fuddling people all her life, particularly people in positions of constituted authority. There was a time when she was learning to ride a horse and had paid in advance for a series of six lessons. After having been thrown eight times in four lessons, she was getting out of sorts with her four-footed friends.

Reporting at the stable for her fifth dose of agony, she heard a pistol shot in one of the stalls. A busybody at heart, she rushed over to see what was going on. An officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had just done away with an ailing horse.

"You murderer!" June screamed, seizing the revolver from the officer's grasp. "Why didn't you cure the poor old guy instead of shooting him?"

And she proceeded to bat the gentleman about the head and face with his own weapon. It took a squad of grooms and a few city policemen to subdue her. When quiet had been restored, June left a standing order at the riding academy for all its worn-out, broken-down horses to be turned over to her for permanent pasturing at her Long Island farm.

Another time the hot-headed little humanitarian was walking home when

[*Continued on page* 40]

How Hollywood bachelors spend their vacations: they take lovely models dancing at New York night clubs. Witness Jeffrey Lynn and Miss Peggy Tippett. Jeff's next is *The Widow Wouldn't Weep*

Original gown by Nanty, Inc., New York

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Make your own test at our expense. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration check. Just print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. FS-3, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not *stop* perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.

* Rita Hayworth and Charles Boyer, starring in 20th Century-Fox' "Tales of Manhattan". It's easy to have alluring hands—with Jergens Lotion!

JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

Have Alluring Hands with a few seconds' care a day

You give your hands almost professional loveliness-care when you use Jergens Lotion. Remember—2 of Jergens' ingredients are those used by many doctors to help harsh, common-looking skin to fresh-flower smoothness. Regular use helps *prevent* horrid roughness and chapping. No sticky feeling! Start now to have adorable hands, with this favorite Jergens Lotion.

Mail This Coupon Now

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

(Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 5415 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to have those soft hands Rita Hayworth suggests. Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion—*free.*

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Tiny Thunderbolt

[*Continued from page* 39]

she espied a lame horse hauling a junk wagon. A burlap bag was tied around the animal's foot.

"Hey!" Miss Havoc accosted the driver.

He paid no attention to her.

She followed the wagon, interrogating the driver in a soprano shriek that soon caused a crowd to collect.

"Go on about your business," the junkman suggested. "I got work to do."

June's response to this was to grab him by the leg and pull him down to the gutter. A policeman intervened at this moment, probably saving the junkman's life.

"What's the idea, lady?" the cop wanted to know.

"This guy is crucifying a lame horse," June reported. "I betcha a nickel there's a sore under that burlap bag."

"What's it to you?" the law demanded.

"I'm the district superintendent of the S.P.C.A.," June said, stretching the truth so far that it broke into a million pieces.

The cop took the horse and wagon and La Havoc to S.P.C.A. headquarters, thoughtfully leading the way, which June didn't know any more than she knew the whereabouts of Japanese spy headquarters. But somebody in authority there took charge of matters. The horse was kept for treatment and the junkman was awarded one wagon and one summons to appear in court.

Thereafter June joined the S.P.C.A., which was no more than fair, since she maintains more animals on her two estates than anyone this side of Ringling.

The harbor masters of all American ports are hereby warned that with the first breath of spring June will resume her remarkable career as a sailor. This involves capsizing twice a day during the yachting season.

The first thing about navigation that hoyden Havoc discovered was that when you capsize a sailboat with a keel a lot of equipment is necessary to right it and that the minimum cost of the operation is thirty bucks.

It took her ten minutes to dispose of her keel-equipped boat and buy one with a centerboard. The reason: helpful fellow-sailors will right a capsized centerboard boat for nothing.

Next season the Hollywood Producers Protective Association is thinking of buying a capsize-proof keel for itself as protection against the continuous Havoc hurricane. ■

BUDDY ROGERS ANSWERS THOSE RUMORS

At last—the true facts about Hollywood's strangest marriage. Buddy Rogers speaks frankly and honestly of his marriage with Mary Pickford. Watch for it in the April issue of HOLLYWOOD!

What's Keeping Deanna Durbin Off the Screen?

[*Continued from page 23*]

Vaughn was made an associate producer at the studio in August of 1940 and was assigned to the picture, *Mermaid in Distress*. He had won this promotion through years of hard work after starting as a mail boy. Too, the promotion was in line with Universal's policy of giving able young men a chance. For reasons never disclosed, the picture still had not got underway by October of 1941. Weary of the interminable delay, Vaughn resigned and set about looking for a new studio connection. In fairness to all, it should be noted that Universal never has charged Vaughn with influencing Deanna. That was the public's idea.

As for the gossip that her parents felt the studio was right in their stand, and Vaughn's parents were urging loyalty to him, thus creating in-law friction, Deanna maintains that is unadulterated nonsense! Her parents are back of her 100 percent, she knows. She likewise knows Vaughn's parents have never uttered one word on the subject, one way or the other.

Boiled down, Deanna's stand stacks up in this fashion: she understands and agrees that there must be authority over her, more experienced heads which may know best, but she wants the common courtesy of being consulted in her affairs, and the chance to *share* in the shaping of those affairs.

What is the studio's answer?

In a paternal fashion, Universal points to the record. Through skillful and wise handling it has established and kept Deanna as one of Hollywood's topflight stars, even through the tricky period of adolescence. Every picture has added to her star stature, has been good for her personally and for her career. Why, then, should it be supposed its judgment no longer is to be trusted, or that there is need or reason for consultation with her on vital points? And while "consultation" is an innocuous word, it could become tantamount to "final okay" were a basic difference of opinion to arise. Final okay could become dynamite in the hands of a 20-year-old girl, sufficiently explosive to blow the whole works skyhigh.

Fortunately no bitter animosity exists. Although both sides are prepared to sit tight until doomsday, both sides would like to settle the argument and get back to work on Deanna's next, *They Lived Alone*, which was scheduled to roll December 1st after the usual two months of preparation.

Like any difficult situation, this one, too, has its compensations. Universal's coffers continue to tinkle merrily with Abbott and Costello profits, and Deanna has had gloriously free time in which to build her new dream home, go to parties, gad about with her husband on trips and pleasure jaunts and otherwise enjoy the provinces of a bride. All of them would have been sacrificed had she been at work.

Besides—look at the taxes she's saved! ■

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There's *one* thing you probably know about tampons—and that's the wonderful freedom of *internal* sanitary protection. But are you really up to date about the latest improvements in tampons? Do you know why Meds—the Modess tampons—protect in a way no other tampons do?

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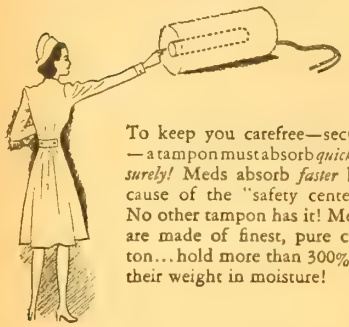

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Meds

The Modess Tampons

Margaret Hamilton, better known as "The Hollywood Housekeeper" is at it again in the Edward Small film, *Twin Beds*

She Never Gets Her Man

By MORI FREMON

■ "Everybody makes everybody else, but I still make the beds," remarked Margaret Hamilton, she of the prominent chin and high-pitched voice. She was talking about *Twin Beds,* her latest picture, in which she appears with such box-office bets as Joan Bennett, George Brent, Mischa Auer, Una Merkel, Ernest Truex and Glenda Farrell. "I just never get my man," she continued. "I guess I have no glamour."

And she didn't get her man as *Helen Hallam* of *Another Language,* in which she is still remembered as the woman who ate grapes all through the reels. Nor did she get one in *The Farmer Takes a Wife,* in which she had the part of a gusty cook on the Canal; nor as the housekeeper in *The Moon's Our Home;* nor in *Play Girl* when she played the wise-cracking but sympathetic doormat, to enhance the sultry sophistication of Kay Francis.

Then there was *Broadway Bill.* Margaret Hamilton hated her part in that. It seems that they had wanted Edna May Oliver for the role, but couldn't get her. "And stepping into some one else's shoes," said Miss Hamilton, "is not satisfactory." There were many movies in her ten years in movietown, but not once in all that time was there for her an altar scene or a fadeout, signifying the "they lived happily ever after" theme.

Get her man? She didn't even get a chance at one. "The only time the movie moguls allowed me a bit of romance was in *Stablemates* when I made eyes at Wallace Beery. But my obvious ogling was obviously unsuccessful!"

And if this prologue to an interview with the screen's perennial maid-housekeeper-cook and general goodnatured drudge gives you the idea that in real life she is the drab, downtrodden creature she portrays so successfully, you may here and now banish the thought. In person Margaret Hamilton is attractive, not the pretty-pretty type, to be sure, but the substantially well-groomed young matron. She dresses beautifully, though conservatively, has an eye for exotic jewelry, and her makeup is flawless, with nothing flashy or flagrant about her entire ensemble.

And, although she is not film fodder for Victor Mature's make-believe amours, her real life romances have been normal and as numerous as any modern young girl's. She was married to a landscape architect and has a son who is nearly six years old. Hamilton Maserve—or Toni, as he is called—never saw his mother on the screen. As a matter of fact, he has not yet seen a movie.

However, Toni has seen her on the stage when she played with the Lakewood Players last summer. She appeared in fifteen plays in sixteen weeks with this Maine stock company and enjoyed every one of them. Her favorite role was in *Ladies in Retirement,* the part of *Ellen,* played by Flora Robson on the stage, and by Ida Lupino in the screen version.

"There is something about facing an audience and getting people's reactions to your efforts!" she said. Asked if she ever had wanted to play straight parts, those portraying a good looking young woman instead of the comic maid-of-all-work, she said, "Yes, once. It was in the Cleveland Playhouse. It was there, incidentally, that I got my first chance in the theater, after six years of teaching in kindergarten. Fred McConnell, the director, gave me one such part, and once was enough! When I walked on, nothing happened. I went through my lines—no reaction! It was a bleak reception after the laugh-provoking parts I had been playing. In comedy you get something you can sink your teeth into, meaty morsels that make the audience sit up and take notice."

Margaret Hamilton's ambition in the theater was furthered by her father, a prominent Cleveland attorney. He staked her to the necessary funds for weathering the pavement pounding and periodical layoffs which are as much a part of an actor's education as the actual taking part in productions.

Because she was in the Greenwich tryout of *Another Language,* they gave her the part in the Broadway production.

The New York opening night was the most exciting one she had experienced. Nobody felt confident. The title bothered every one. They didn't think it was a "seller." The notices in Washington had not been so good and the cast was discouraged. But to every one's amazement, the play was a hit. And for Miss Hamilton it was the springboard to success. That was in 1932.

She was called to the coast and in the summer of 1933 she made four pictures. Then came *The Farmer Takes a Wife*. Both Henry Fonda and Miss Hamilton played their original stage roles in the movie.

"I may not make the male heart beat in faster-than-normal tempo, and I may not have glamour, but I did have a stand-in—once," said Margaret Hamilton.

It was in Joe E. Brown's *When's Your Birthday*. She had a small part and didn't expect a stand-in. When she came on the set she saw a girl in an exact duplicate of her own costume. "Well, I'm out and she's in," she thought.

She asked the director somewhat fearfully, "Do you want me this morning?" "Yes, for a few minutes," he replied.

"Well," she wanted to know, "are you having another maid in the picture?"

"Oh, no! That's your stand-in."

Besides other plays and motion pictures, there have been, since her first fling in films that memorable spring in 1932, radio guest spots and interviews. There were three appearances with Rudy Vallee. She was featured on Eddie Cantor's Christmas and New Year's programs last year. She was also heard on the Hollywood Hotel and the Lux Radio Theater.

She gets her share of fan mail. Much of it, a really large proportion, comes from South America, where they seem to appreciate her salty down-to-earthness.

She spends her leisure time with children, sort of reverting to her kindergarten teaching days. She is a member of the Junior League in Los Angeles, and devotes many hours to social service work out there.

Oddly enough, one of the amusing incidents which Miss Hamilton related had something to do with both radio and children. After one of the Lux programs, while she was waiting for some one near the CBS studios in Hollywood, she saw two little girls standing there, looking at her and nudging each other. Then one of them came over, shoved her autograph book up and said, "Are you anybody?"

"That," said Margaret Hamilton, "took me off any high horses on which I might have been perched!" ■

AT HOME WITH W. C. FIELDS!

The April issue of HOLLYWOOD brings you an hilarious behind-the-scenes visit with one of the world's funniest men! Don't miss it!

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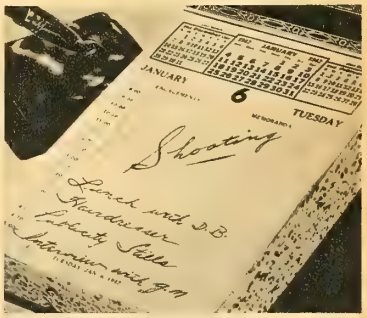

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Quixotic Quinn

By FREDDA DUDLEY

Through everything that Anthony Quinn does run the threads of his strange heritage from an Aztec mother and an Irish father. He's in *Larceny, Inc.*

■ Anthony Quinn's passport states that he was born in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, but that he is an American citizen. He is described as being six feet tall, weighing 170 pounds, having black hair and brown eyes. Under "Distinguishing Marks" is the comment that he has unusually long eyelashes, and a slightly malformed little finger on his left hand.

This curved little finger is a family characteristic; both Tony and his sister inherited it from their father, and even Tony's tiny daughter has the famous Quinn heritage.

It's astonishing how much one man resembles another—on paper. A small army could be mustered to answer Tony's written description—even to the little finger, as mankind has a predilection for getting itself into fights and breaking its hands. But where would you find another man whose mother was Aztec, daughter of one of the wealthiest families in Mexico before the revolution, and whose father was an Irish adventurer? Where would you find an-

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• Color harmony in makeup, cosmetic experts say, is the secret of *natural* beauty. Yet recent surveys show that the majority of women unknowingly use powder, lipstick and rouge never intended to go together.

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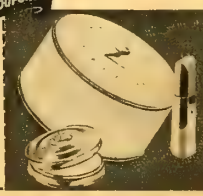

Hudnut MARVELOUS

Matching ROUGE, LIPSTICK AND THE POWDER THAT Stays on 5 Hours

other man in whose blood mingles the mysticism and dark imagery of the Indian, and the fey-consciousness of the Celt?

Tony tells a story on himself to illustrate his superstition. He was invited to the home of a friend for dinner. When he arrived, the host told Tony to leave his wraps in the bedroom. Several moments later the puzzled host came in search of Tony, who was standing in the middle of the floor trying to remember whether extreme bad luck ensued if he left his hat on a chair or on the bed. He had heard something to that effect.

At another time, he dreamed that all his abilities were suddenly taken from him. Not a man to pass lightly by such an upsetting hint from the supernatural, he telephoned a friend in the dead of night and said, "I just had the most horrible nightmare. I dreamed that I couldn't do anything creative any more. I dreamed that I was losing my talent."

The friend, knowing that Anthony Quinn is the boy who in 1926, won an international sculpture award for his bust of Abraham Lincoln, and who held a brilliant one-man show of his paintings in 1938, and who turns out as neat a histrionic performance as emerges from Hollywood, shook his head foggily. "Which talent, Tony?" he asked.

Not only does Tony Quinn possess an array of creative knacks, but he owns an insatiable curiosity as well. He has done almost everything. Butcher's helper, fence-rider on a ranch in Camarillo, saxophone player operating his own orchestra, and truck driver on the night run between Los Angeles and San Francisco, are only a few of his erstwhile pursuits. Between times, he read more books than you would need to sit on in order to pat Pike's Peak in the face. He can talk about the writing of Thomas Wolfe or Aldous Huxley as glibly as he can describe the Salinas River seen from a truck cab at dawn, or the rowdiest all-night eating joint in El Paso.

Through everything that Anthony Quinn says and does there runs the dark thread of his fight against a primitive fatalism. Having fallen head over heels in love with vivid Katherine De Mille, daughter of one of the most powerful men in Hollywood, it would seem that Tony's professional life might be smoothed out for him.

It didn't work out that way. Tony won't accept help from anyone. "I won't have the hard pride in unassisted accomplishment taken away from me," he says with an ominous scowl. "I never liked the idea of fighting a fixed bout, or playing cards with a stacked deck." So his De Mille connection in strata-conscious Hollywood has worked a hardship instead of a boon. You might call it a tax levied by Fate.

However, the most dramatic—and tragic—manifestation of Quinn kismet might be called The Case of the Aztec Idol. Some time ago, Tony was traveling in Mexico. He has an enormous appreciation for ancient art, and owns an important collection of early Chinese pieces. A friend of his, knowing Tony's admiration for the antique and bizarre, told him about some old ruins of a temple that had just been excavated. "You might find something

[*Continued on page* 64]

Canaries
Win New Popularity with Hollywood Movie Stars

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Appearing in Warner Bros. "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

...AND IN HOLLYWOOD
French's Bird Seed is the Favorite...4 to 1

It's a great day for canaries in Hollywood! These fascinating little pets have sung their way into the hearts of so many screen celebrities! You see them in homes of the stars—in studio dressing rooms—on movie sets. Owning a canary is such a joy! Why don't you get one, too?
Feeding canaries is no problem for movie stars. *They use French's!* Yes, it's Hollywood's favorite . . . 4 to 1 . . . because French's offers 11 aids to health and song. In every package of French's you'll find a French's Bird Biscuit (worth 10c). It gives the diet an *extra* lift and combines with French's Bird Seed to supply an 11-course balanced meal—*all in one package!*

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Too bad that old-fashioned soapy shampoos are making your hair dull, lifeless-looking! That's because they leave a lackluster soap-film on it!

Just try one shampoo with Halo, and see the difference! Halo contains no soap . . . therefore can leave no dull soap-film!

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Peggy Moran wants to marry and settle down. Below, a scene from her Universal film, *Treat 'Em Rough*, with genial Eddie Albert

"I Want a Husband!" says Peggy Moran

By GENE SCHROTT

■ "Yes, I want a husband!" Pretty Peggy Moran made no bones about her feelings on the subject. "I want to marry a nice man, settle down, be a good wife and have a lot of babies."

While Peggy was in New York on her last visit, she was seen at the night spots with Henry Koster. Immediately all the gossip columnists took it for granted that they were to be married. But Peggy says no. She says they can't be married. In the first place, Henry Koster hasn't even asked her to marry him. And in the second place, he can't get married for at least a year. Not until his divorce is granted.

With all the pretty girls floating around Hollywood and with all the eligible young men in the Army, Peggy admits it's a tough job for a girl to get herself a husband these days.

"Even if I found the man I want," Peggy admits, "I think I'd wait about a year before tying myself down. You see, I don't want my marriage to be one of those fly-to-Las Vegas things at night and to Reno in the morning. Not for me. When I get married, I want it to be until death do us part."

Peggy went on to give a fuller explanation. "You'd think that a movie star has all the opportunities for marriage that the average girl lacks. Well, that isn't so. Not all the men we know are the ones we'd care to marry. And aside from a shortage of eligible men in Hollywood, the right man is just as hard for a girl to find now as it always has been. Even for an actress. Don't think that because a girl plays in pictures and is glamorous and famous she has all the men at her beck and call.

"At times, the very man she could love is the one who shies away from her because she is an actress. He thinks that she would want a lot more than the average girl. That isn't true. Even a glamorous movie queen can be satisfied in a tiny rose-covered cottage. She doesn't need a horde of servants, jewels and cars. Underneath the glamour, she's a woman at heart. And as a woman, she prizes happiness above all other things.

"Just as soon as I find the man who can make my heart start thumping every time I think of him, I'm going to lead him to the altar. I don't care if he's a truck driver or a millionaire. If I love him and he loves me, that's a good enough foundation for

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Blue Waltz

An exquisitely youthful fragrance that's sweet as Love's first kiss . . . BLUE WALTZ weaves the magic of the garden's loveliest blossoms into a fragile, haunting perfume that invites romance. A touch on your hair, your throat, your wrists and you're Cupid's darling!

10¢ AT ALL 5 & 10¢ STORES

A darling new Sweetheart Box with Blue Waltz perfume . . 10¢

a happy and successful marriage."

Maybe Earl Moran, one of America's leading commercial artists is prejudiced when he says his favorite model is the one girl who never posed for him—his own daughter, Peggy Moran. For years he waited for her to grow up so that he could paint her as he does some of the most beautiful women in the country. But when she reached the stage where her beautiful face and figure could adorn magazine covers and billboards, Peggy's career was already cut out for her.

"Even when I was six years old," Peggy confesses, "I knew what I wanted. I was determined to be an actress. Not just a pretty glamour girl, but a really fine actress. I still haven't reached that goal. But I'm working toward it. I'm serious and sincere about it. And that's taking up every minute of my time now. That's why I can't think of marriage for the present."

Peggy has the whole thing figured out sanely. First comes the fulfillment of her ambition. When she's sure of it, then she's going to concentrate on the aisle that leads to the altar.

"After all," she goes on to say, "marriage isn't like a department store. When you get yourself a husband—after much trouble and anguish and heart-break—you can't take him back and exchange him as though he were a duplicate Christmas gift. There are too many women who've tried this. That's why the divorce courts are filled with the remnants of unhappy romances. That's why Hollywood, today, is filled with a group of women who are neither maids, wives, nor widows. And I don't want to join up with them. Their plight is pathetic."

Virginia Weidler discards her pigtails and dons a lovely evening dress for her dance number with Ray McDonald in *Born To Sing*. She's good, too—proving again what a swell little trouper she really is

The dining-room of the Pierre in New York City was crowded with lunchers. Edward G. Robinson sat at the next table. Henry Koster flanked the other side. But suddenly silence fell over the room. Something had happened. And then, Charles Boyer was seated at the table directly opposite Peggy. She saw him. But instead of joining the others in gaping at the most romantic man in the room, she calmly continued eating her salad.

With all his smooth suavity, Boyer left her cold. "There's no sense getting indigestion just because of him," she laughed as she shrugged an indifferent shoulder. "Right now, my food is far more interesting. Besides, he's married. There's a 'Don't touch' sign on him. And the man I fall in love with isn't going to have any strings attached to him."

Suddenly Peggy looked up. She took a hurried inventory of all the married women in the room. "There you have it," she exclaimed excitedly. "There's my best reason for not rushing into marriage! All these women. Look at them! The majority of them have husbands. And yet when Boyer walks into a room, they immediately start coveting him. That's what I *don't* want. The man I marry must be the only man for me. That's why I'm biding my time. That's why I'm being cautious. But as soon as I spot him, he'd better beware because I'm not going to let him get away!" ■

Honey BEAUTY ADVISOR SAYS: "CHILDREN'S HANDS AND FACES NEED EXTRA-SOOTHING HINDS, TOO"

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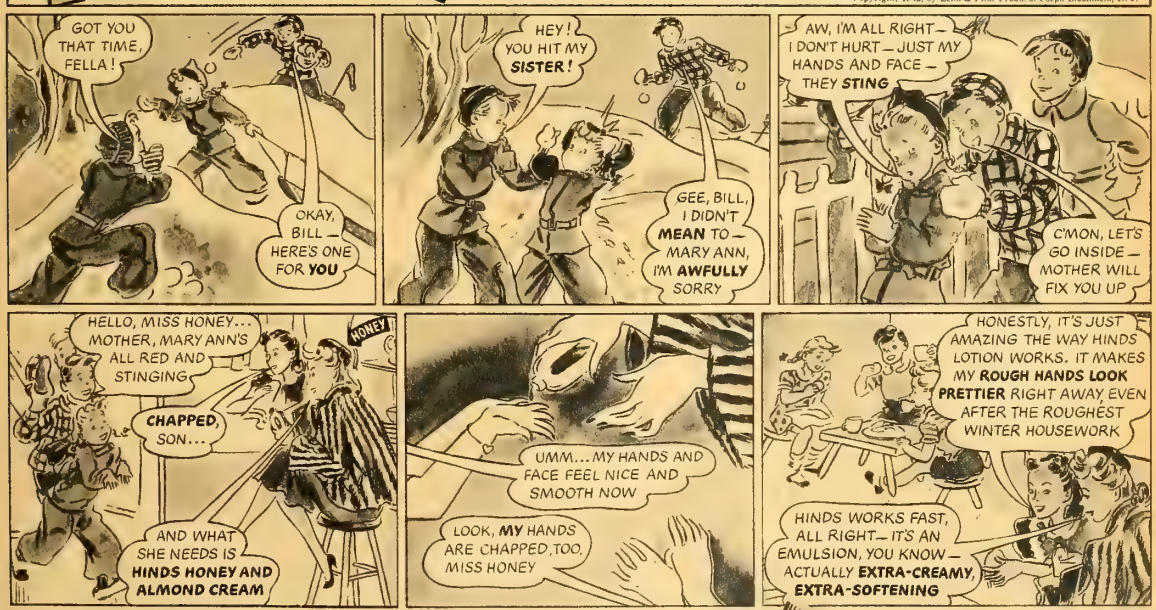

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He Hoofed His Way to Hollywood

By DENNIS SPRAGUE

Dan Dailey, Jr., practically danced his way across the country to get into the movies. Dan does some nifty dancing in Metro's new musical, *Panama Hattie*

■ In the Dailey family in Baldwin, Long Island, eleven years ago, there was a little girl named Alice. She was six years old and she had a big brother named Dan, Jr. She called him Danny and he was her everything.

Dan was sixteen at the time, a good boxer, a better horseback rider, a promising polo player, a blond, an indifferent student in St. Christopher's school, a guy with a nice smile and the owner of a phobia bearing on the likelihood of his father's putting him into the hotel business, in which Dan, Sr., was a very big shot, indeed.

One day Alice returned from dancing school, operated by Josie Rooney, sister of the immortal Pat Rooney and monitor in matters Terpsichorean to the wealthy young of Long Island. Alice told Danny that Miss Rooney was in a dilemma and that she had told Miss R. that her brother, Danny, would take care of everything.

The idea was that Miss Rooney was going to give a dance recital, but she couldn't get any male students to dance. That was what Alice proposed to fix up. Danny, she told Danny, was going to dance for Miss Rooney.

You could have knocked Danny down with a castanet at thirty paces. He'd had no more idea of being a dancer than a Wisconsin milch cow has of picketing Walt Disney. But Alice was right on his neck. She was telling him with a great deal of conviction in her voice, that she'd taught him every step Miss Rooney had taught her and he'd be a so-and-so if he didn't help Miss Rooney out.

"Mom," pleaded Dan Dailey, Jr., "get this pest off me. I'm not gonna make a sap of myself."

"You're scared, that's what," said Alice, stoutly. "You're afraid the boys'll call you a sissy, just like the boys in the class. I told my teacher that nobody could call my brother a sissy, and now you're scared."

"Nobody's gonna call me a sissy and get away with it," said Dan Dailey, Jr., challengingly.

That's how Dan Dailey, Jr., became a dancer and, incidentally, how he got into the movies. He took five days of intensive instruction, went into the recital and knocked the center section of Long Island stiff as Fire Island mackerel. He had a natural talent for dancing, he dared any of the gang to call him a sissy, he didn't like the prospect of following Older Brother Ben into his dad's hotel business and that was that.

He began appearing in amateur shows around Long Island. The next thing he knew a very intent gentleman with an avaricious gleam in his eye was stabbing him on the breastbone with a hungry forefinger. He was telling Dan, Jr., that he could make him famous if he would only throw in his Terpsichorean lot with Mr. Macklin Magely, celebrated dancing impresario. That, said the man, was none other than himself.

Danny joined the Macklin Magely organization and presently was dancing up and down the Eastern seaboard and fracturing young female hearts from Norfolk to Penobscot Bay. There had been quite a family pow-wow before he signed with Macklin. Dan, Sr., who is resident manager of one of New York's famous hotels, had made up his mind that Dan, Jr., with his affable manner and pleasant smile, was an ideal hotel man. Danny had made up his mind that two hotel men in one family were enough, if not two too many.

Danny's mother swung the deal. As Helen Theresa Ryan, she had been a concert singer, a coloratura soprano of great promise. Just as she had begun to move into some acclaim, she met Dan Dailey, Sr., married him and settled down

to the duties of raising a family.

Seeing a chance for Danny to realize the ambition she had abandoned, she gave him her enthusiastic blessing. Dan, Sr., comforted himself with Ben's progress in the hotel business and said, "O-Kay." Danny went ahead and it wasn't long until he was on Broadway. He was there for a very brief time, understudying Ray Bolger in *On Your Toes.*

Next came *Babes in Arms.* The show ran a year and while Dan Dailey, Jr., wasn't necessarily tremendous, he was building up a reputation as a good, talented dancer who might break out and become sensational at any moment.

When *Babes in Arms* closed he went into *Stars in Your Eyes.*

He was pretty close to a sensation in that and when it closed he had his choice between the juvenile lead in George Abbott's *Too Many Girls* on Broadway and the same type of part in *I Married an Angel* on the road. He picked the latter, traipsed across the country, and on Christmas Day, 1939, wound up in Hollywood. There he made two appearances in his *I Married an Angel* role and was promptly talked into a screen test. Almost immediately he was thrown into *Mortal Storm* where he played a storm trooper.

From then on he was in, but not as a dancer. He had so much dramatic talent and charm that M-G-M decided it had

MARY MARTIN—FAIRY GOD-MOTHER

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April HOLLYWOOD!

a new top name in the fan mail list. The studio threw him into *Dulcy, Hullabaloo, Keeping Company, Wild Men of Borneo, Washington Melodrama, Lady Be Good, Down in San Diego* and then *Ziegfeld Girl.*

In *Ziegfeld Girl* he was a pugilist. So spectacular was his showing with this bit that M-G-M decided he was ready for real dramatic bits. Whereupon, with the delightful consistency of the cinema, he was relieved of his notable drouth of dancing parts and given a hoofing chance in *Panama Hattie,* which he has just finished.

There was a time when his idea of art was dancing and nothing else. He had no longing for the more profound things of the theater. Then he was bitten by the dramatic bug, got his teeth in a few small roles, found it pleasant and was all set for a career as a legitimate thespian. Now he's back dancing and he likes that, too. Which isn't surprising, because he's the kind of a Celt who likes anything, just so he gets paid for it and has a chance to be himself.

Out in Hollywood, they say, unequivocally, that Dan is on his way now. After *Panama Hattie* he goes into *As Thousands Cheer* in the lead spot opposite Eleanor Powell. Heretofore, he says, he's just been swatting flies in Hollywood. From now on he's drawing a bead on the Milky Way, or the Big Dipper. ■

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The Girl Behind the Voice

Her torchy recording of a popular song won pretty Joan Merrill a screen contract. She's in R-K-O-Radio's *Mayor of 44th Street*

By KATE HOLLIDAY

■ ". . . . But, How Did He Look? . . . . And did he ask—about me?"

The applause, in the proper tradition, was deafening. The dark-haired girl stood in the middle of the crowded dining room and bowed. The orchestra leader, Abe Lyman, announced that the song had won the contest he sponsored every Sunday night, and would be featured on his radio broadcasts for the following week.

Ten minutes later, a twentieth century Santa Claus was introduced to Joan Merrill, the girl who had put the tune across.

His name was Leonard Joy. And. he neither had a beard nor wore a red suit. Little children would definitely not go to bat for him. But he was a genuine Santa Claus just the same, as you'll see.

"Drop into the office tomorrow about two and we'll see if your voice records as well as I think it will," he said. After which, Joan Merrill went home feeling as if someone had just presented her with a mink coat.

You see, Leonard Joy is the head of all the recording done by RCA-Victor. It is he who decides which artists are going to make the disks you dance to. He has behind him an organization powerful enough to change any singer worth her salt into a silver-plated household word.

So the next day, trying to look as if an audition with RCA was the most commonplace of occurrences, Joan faced a microphone. A test record was taken, and she was pronounced terrific. Within a month. she had signed a contract with Victor, gone to work for them, and her first platter was put on the market.

If you've never heard Joan Merrill sing "How Did He Look?" I suggest you take time to dash down to your nearest music shop and give a listen. Those who have already lent an ear will agree that the effort is well worth the trouble. The tune itself is one of the greatest torch songs ever written. And no one can touch Joan's singing of it.

When the record was released. it was heard in as remote a spot as Hollywood. Even that blase town went down before the wistfulness of her last phrase: ". . . .

And did he ask—about me?" Wires began to hum across the country.

"Who is she? Where is she? What does she look like?"

It wasn't difficult to find the gal. She was warbling nightly at the Hurricane Restaurant in New York. She was also appearing on the stage of Loew's State Theater. The boys went down and took a peek.

"She's OK for looks," they wired back.

"Well, test her!" came the frantic reply.

So, despite the fact that she was already working in two places at once, they tested her. That was on Wednesday. The following Thursday, eight dawns later, Joan was on a plane headed West. In the meantime, the prints of her screening had been rushed to Hollywood, the bosses had grabbed a gander, and the necessary contracts had been signed. Not bad for a kid!

It's true. She *was* a kid. But she took this outburst of cinema speed in her stride. After all, she's not so slow herself. She's done a lot of things in twenty-one years.

The first time she sang in public was at the romantic age of four-and-a-half. The occasion was the double wedding of two of her cousins in her home town of Baltimore, Maryland. All she can remember—or maybe it's all she *wants* to!— is that at the reception after the ceremony some one lifted her on a table and she gave out. It may be presumed that she brought down the house.

There was then a lull in the music department until she was fourteen, at which time she knocked 'em dead in a minstrel show in Scranton, Pennsylvania, where she attended high school. This was followed by another lull, during which period her family changed its home from Scranton to New York.

One summer vacation, she dropped down to Richmond, Virginia, to visit her sister. While singing at a party there, she was heard by a radio man who was among the guests. The problem of breaking in was thereby solved.

The result was a radio show of her own, twice a week, followed by jobs in clubs and hotels in Washington, Richmond, and Baltimore. From these, she finally saved enough money to try New York.

She tried. And nothing happened.

So back she went to the clubs, hotels and radio. She saved more money. The second time she hit the big city she hit the jackpot. There was a tri-weekly program on WOR, and a series of appearances in various swank clubs and theaters. There was finally a request to introduce a new song called "How Did He Look?" at the Hotel New Yorker one night, and a meeting with Leonard Joy, the twentieth century Kris Kringle.

Joan Merrill is the only person I know of who came to the movies through the making of a phonograph record.

She's now playing a singing ex-gun moll (You heard me!) in R-K-O's *Mayor of 44th Street*, and trying to conquer her fear of the camera. She's learning how to act, and she's working like a well-trained beagle hound.

She's also making records. And, if the man in that song she sings *does* ask about her, tell him Joan Merrill's doing all right! ■

JUNE LANG, prominent screen actress

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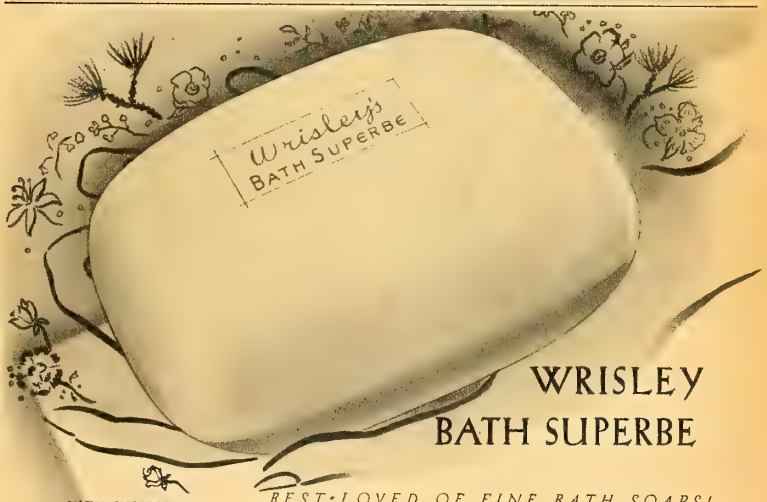

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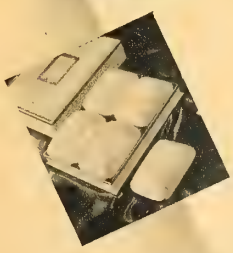

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He's Not So Tough

By GLORIA BRENT

■ *"Wa-ah! Wa-ah!"* the baby screamed in a crescendo of noisy anger.

Frantically an embarrassed Brian Donlevy, handsome hero of *Heliotrope Harry*, jiggled the wailing infant up and down, cooed into her ear and otherwise tried to woo her into better humor. Nothing happened except more violent screams. Director Ned Marin was beside himself with the uproar.

"Where's Huber?" he shouted. "Get Harold Huber! Hurry!"

Huber sauntered onto the set, took the screaming baby in his arms, and smiled quietly. Instantly the screams turned to happy *glubs* and peace was restored. It didn't make sense, but there it was; the comedy gangster with a scare-little-children face (script specifications) proving as comforting as a dose of soothing syrup while the kindly hero was a complete washout!

Come to find out, a lot of things about Harold Huber don't make sense. He is a man of many contradictions. Even his name doesn't fit.

Harold Huber is Hollywood's most startling contradiction. He speaks six languages, is a phonetics expert, invents exotic food dishes, and harbors a phobia about burglars. He's in *Heliotrope Harry*

Take that long scar on his right cheek which has become his screen trademark. The average actor would try to cover it up, or capitalize on it by spinning some glamorous yarn about its origin. Huber lets it show and keeps his mouth shut, leaving you to guess whether he fell off the back porch as a child or received it in a duel for a lady fair. Probably it was neither.

Again, from his characterizations you would gather he is a very tough bo, afraid of neither man nor beast. Actually he harbors a phobia about burglars and has his home wired with three elaborate alarm systems.

His screen speeches usually are limited to dialects or "dese, dem, and dose" palaver, influencing the belief he is capable of little else. The truth is, he speaks six languages, four of them fluently, and is such a phonetics expert he can tag the city and state of your birth and where you went to school by hearing you repeat "Mary had a little lamb." And far from being the half-baked gangster or dumb bunny chump he usually portrays, Huber possesses three college degrees, is well versed in history, literature, politics and art, and can give Oscar Levant of *Information, Please* a run for his money in musical knowledge!

That adds up to quite a guy, and a minor miracle in Hollywood. Particularly when you figure he's just reached the ripe old age of 32.

Huber was born in New York City on December 5, 1909, the son of an erudite and cultured doctor and grandson of a man who could read Sanskrit. He attended Edward Devotion prep school in Brookline, Mass., and later the famous Townsend Harris prep school in New York which boasted such illustrious graduates as John Kieran, Cardinal Hayes and E. H. Sothern. Much as he hates to admit it (he says it makes him sound like a "greasy grind and terrible bore") Huber was only 15 when he entered New York University where he won his first degree, a Bachelor of Arts in English Lit and romance languages. His other degrees, a Master of Arts and Doctor of Law were won at Columbia University by the time he was 21.

His study of law, by the way, was a dodge. He had no intention of becoming a lawyer. He wanted only to be an actor, an urge born of his participation in school dramatics.

"My father insisted I had to go to school until I was 21, so I decided law was as good as anything," he explained.

At N.Y.U. Huber was "Mr. Funnyman" —the official title of the editor of the school's humor publication, *Medley*—in his senior year. That in itself was sufficient to dispel any notions about greasy grinds and terrible bores. The job, incidentally, got him kicked out of school.

"I was the associate editor of the magazine in my junior year," Huber related. "For our last issue the editor decided it would be a swell idea to spice things up a

bit, which he proceeded to do in a very thorough manner indeed. It sold like hotcakes all over New York, to say nothing of the campus. The faculty was most unhappy about the whole thing, believe me. Unfortunately, in that same issue, I was announced as the next editor, and *boom!* out I went on my ear!"

A lot of fast talking and a dramatic plea to Dean Bouton won a reprieve from the suspension, however, and he was permitted to return.

The same fast talk proved equally effective when he walked into the office of Producer Al Woods and asked for a small part in his new play, *Farewell to Arms*. Without an iota of professional experience to back it up, he walked out with the job. After three days of rehearsal he was yanked from the bit role and given the comedy lead, the forerunner of the many dialect and character parts he was to play later in Hollywood. After that play he got the part of the Italian detective in *First Night*, then the italian honky tonk proprietor in *Two Seconds*, and next, the American gangster in *Merry-Go-Round*. The latter brought an offer from Warners for the gangster role in *Central Park*.

Again his extreme youth began to torment him; he was afraid Hollywood would think a twenty-two-year-old kid with only fifteen months' experience would have little to offer, so he blithely added ten years to his age and talked fancifully of many "seasons" on Broadway and in stock. Recently he has confessed to the truth, but for nine years the ruse worked.

As much a trademark as his scar is Harold's proficiency in Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, Chinese, Russian, *et al* dialects. So authentic are they, in fact, he frequently is accused of being one nationality or the other. Records show he is descended from a French family which emigrated to America in 1737.

He started the dialect business as a kid when it amused him to imitate strange voices and accents. Later he made a serious study of dialects, finding fertile ground for observation in New York, home of a thousand dialects. Mexican, he says, is the easiest and most fun to do and Spanish the most difficult because it lacks marked characteristics. Italian is tough to get right, although it sounds easy.

Another accomplishment is the dishes he invents. Out of a clear sky he gets an idea for food combinations he thinks might taste good. Nothing can stop him then from experimenting in the kitchen. His private version of *gnocchi*, for example, is a gourmet's delight. He whips that up from mashed potatoes and cheese browned in olive oil. His *Aspic Fromage* is pretty fancy, too.

Heliotrope Harry is Huber's 100th picture, and as usual, he plays a mug. Fortunately he doesn't mind the assortment of dim-witted gangsters and hopeless chumps which fall to his lot. He doesn't kid himself about being a glamour boy. Not with that face. But one thing does puzzle him.

"Occasionally, when I play a foreign part, I'm allowed to be a gentleman," he says. "But if I am cast as an American, then I have to be a dip or a dope. I don't get it." ■

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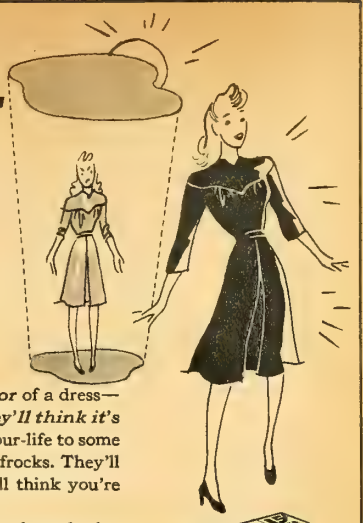

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Pride of the South

By ERNEST BELL

■ *You can always tell a lady by her hands and feet.*

At least that's what Evelyn Keyes was taught by her Southern mama during her growing-up days in Atlanta, Georgia. A lady, said mama, was always perfectly shod, kept her stocking seams straight, and wore immaculate gloves. And no Southern lady would be caught dead with painted fingernails!

And because Miss Evelyn was a dutiful daughter, she is now one of Hollywood's bright new stars, with critics giving her friendly nods for her excellent work in the fantastic *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* and the dramatic *Ladies in Retirement.*

"I had no idea that Mr. De Mille was allergic to tinted fingernails," confessed Evelyn, "and when I finally got an interview with the great man, through Jeanie McPherson, his scenario writer, I noticed him staring curiously at my hands—which were as nature made them. I found out later that he *hates* bright fingernails."

This momentous interview took place in 1937, shortly after Miss Keyes had arrived in Hollywood with a Southern drawl, several hundred dollars in folding money and a letter of introduction to a big shot Hollywood agent. The agent told her that she didn't have a chance until she ridded herself of the accent.

"I'm an incurable optimist," smiled Evelyn, "and refused to become discouraged. I settled right down and got rid of the Southern drawl, with the aid of a fine coach—and by the time I met Cecil B. De Mille, there was scarcely a trace of an accent left."

Mr. De Mille placed her under personal contract to him, believing in her stellar possibilities. He ruled her professional life with an iron hand, personally okaying her stills and publicity. Finally he gave her a small but important role in *The Buccaneer,* with Fredric March, and allowed her to play leads in several "B" Paramount pictures, just for the experience. And then came *Gone With the Wind.*

"I thought I was getting a wonderful break when Mr. De Mille agreed to let me play the role of *Suellen* in the year's biggest picture," Miss Keyes told us. "But *Suellen,* in spite of her importance in the novel, meant little in the finished movie. I worked on the picture for months and months—and wound up on the cutting room floor. But—" she smiled, "I was glad to be in it and work for Victor Fleming, who is a grand director."

During her two years with De Mille and Paramount, Miss Keyes made many more personal appearances than movies. She was always being flown or entrained to distant spots to lend a touch of authentic Hollywood glamour to premieres and conventions. Says Evelyn: "Luckily, I love to travel—and appearing before all those people taught me a great deal about poise, and gave me a lot of self-confidence."

Today Miss Keyes is even more in demand for personal appearances. Two years ago, after appearing in a movie called *Sons of the Legion,* she attended her first American Legion Convention—and the Legionnaires fell in love with her. Evelyn was delighted. "I had a fine time in Milwaukee," she reported. "I rode in the parade, sitting on top of the back seat of an open car, just like I was somebody."

Part of our chat with the lovely lady took place in the Columbia studio still gallery, where the amiable "Whitey" Shafer didn't object, as long as he got his pictures. Miss Keyes can turn on the glamour just like a searchlight—and lose it just as quickly. The photographer had her gazing with half shut lids and parted lips into the camera—the very essence of allure. The actress muttered from one corner of her mouth, "My mother won't *like* this!" And later, after turning on more sex appeal, she cracked, "Do you suppose I can be in the next remake of *Blood and Sand*?" Miss Keyes does not take herself too seriously, it appears.

She *is* serious, however, about her career. All last summer Evelyn took a dramatic course at the University of California at Los Angeles, along with a lot of school teachers and dramatic coaches. She had finished *Here Comes Mr. Jordan,* and had practically finished the course before *Ladies in Retirement* went into production. There was no publicity about it, however. "It would sound so phony," Miss Keyes told startled members of the publicity department. Besides, another actress had enrolled at the same college, several years ago, to study Sanskrit or something equally lofty—and remained only long enough to be photographed tripping happily, textbooks in hand, down the campus walk. "I really worked—and loved it," says Evelyn.

Port Arthur, Texas, is Miss Keyes' birthplace, although her family moved to Atlanta when she was a child, shortly after the death of her father. Evelyn studied dancing and the piano for nine or ten years, and soon became much in demand as a solo dancer at Atlanta social functions.

"But I had my eye on Hollywood," said Evelyn, "and the family couldn't afford to send me. It was up to me to make my own way. For a time it looked as if I might be sent to the coast under contract to Universal. I made tests for them, and was very hopeful. But another girl was sent instead.

"I must say that I'll never be without fans as long as there's an Atlanta! They print practically every still made of me, and every line of publicity. I'm really a favorite daughter. During the filming of *Gone With the Wind,* my mother became a regular guest speaker at women's clubs, generally reading aloud the long letters I wrote home, telling about the filming of the picture!

"There's never been any resentment of the fact that I had to give up my southern accent and—as one kind lady told me—'talk like an actress.' Atlantans seemed to realize that I had to lose it if I were to succeed."

Life is very bright to the blonde and beautiful Evelyn these days. Her boss, Mr. Harry Cohn, has indignantly turned down offers from other studios to borrow her services, because he has great plans for her. We're waiting, Mr. Cohn. ■

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Back With a Bang

By TOM DE VANE

Hollywood thought Maureen O'Hara was washed up, but her spectacular performance in *How Green Was My Valley* had the critics tossing their hats in the air. Maureen is now working in 20th Century-Fox's *To the Shores of Tripoli*

■ *Maureen O'Hara will apply for her first American citizenship papers this morning. She's a native of Ireland.*

Behind the succinct little item that recently appeared in the Hollywood trade papers lies a story. A typical Hollywood story, with a sympathetic—if sometimes bewildered heroine, a 19-year-old youngster who arrived from England several years ago in the entourage of the great Charles Laughton. And a happy ending, of course, with redheaded, blue-eyed Maureen O'Hara at last receiving rightful recognition as one of the finest young screen actresses.

The press was duly informed of the dramatic "discovery" of Miss O'Hara by the astute Mr. Laughton, who promptly made her his leading lady in *Jamaica Inn*, and she gave a beautiful performance. Mr. Laughton was then producing his own pictures (he's since given up) and wisely signed her to a nice long personal contract at a salary that Hollywood would call peanuts. When Laughton and troupe were signed by R-K-O Radio to make *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, one of the provisions was that Maureen be given the leading lady role of *Esmerelda*, which she also handled with distinction.

"Of course I was frightened and confused when I first arrived in town," Maureen, nowadays a fashionable, well-groomed young sophisticate, assured us. "And often my shyness led people to consider me ungracious; or even worse, dumb."

She had several tangles with members of the fourth estate; still has them, occasionally. Early in her career she was introduced to a gentleman columnist who chatted with her for a moment, and then said, "I expected you to talk with a brogue, Miss O'Hara!"

Replied the lady, bitterly, "And I suppose you wanted me to carry a potato in each hand, too?"

Miss O'Hara admires the press, and will talk her intelligent, beautiful head off—but she doesn't like to be untruthfully quoted. She is still smarting over the magazine story that recently appeared full of the most intimate quotes about her first marriage (a subject on which she *never* spoke, she assured me) and subsequent annulment.

"The writer claimed to have come all the way up to Nevada to see me, when I

was recovering from my appendicitis operation," Maureen said. "And he had me telling all about my 'divorce!' Heavens, it wasn't a divorce; it was an annulment—and there's a vast difference. I don't even know the reporter. But I'd like to meet him some time. Just once."

However it is a matter of public record that Miss O'Hara received an annulment from her marriage with George Brown, English movie executive whom she impulsively married an hour or so before her boat sailed for America in the spring of 1939. It was an unusual marriage, to say the least—because they've never met since. ("If Maureen had really been sure of herself," one of her friends told me, "she would have been married by the rites of her own church.")

Anyhow, that's all behind her now. Maureen recently became the happy bride of Will Price, a director at Twentieth Century-Fox.

After *The Hunchback of Notre Dame,* Laughton sold her contract to R-K-O Radio, who, mindful of the bright young talent they had on their hands, promptly stuck her into a couple of "B's" called *Dance, Girl, Dance* and *They Met in Argentina.* No one could say that Maureen was bad, but she wasn't well cast. In the first picture, dynamic Lucille Ball started her rise to greater heights in the role of a bubble dancer, and stole the show. In the second, the Irish Miss O'Hara played a South American damsel, earnestly but not too convincingly.

R-K-O, nothing daunted, hit upon a colossal idea. They would do a re-make of *A Bill of Divorcement,* which gave Katharine Hepburn to the fascinated screen public. Maureen would wow 'em in the Hepburn role.

She just didn't. In spite of careful production and Adolphe Menjou and Billie Burke playing the parents, the new *Bill of Divorcement* ended up on the lower ends of double bills, and Maureen was right where she started, a bright young actress who just didn't seem to click.

Months later, the miracle happened. Miss O'Hara was handed one of the choicest acting plums of the year by Director John Ford and 20th Century-Fox, in the superior drama *How Green Was My Valley.* When the picture was released, the critics tossed their bonnets into the air, uttering happy cries. R-K-O Radio, which had sold half of Maureen's contract to 20th Century-Fox before allowing her to play in *How Green Was My Valley,* instantly regretted their action. It is rumored that Maureen will be nominated for the Academy Award. She has come into her own with a vengeance.

"It's John Ford's picture, from first to last," the lovely lady assured us. "He makes his actors believe in themselves, and in the roles they are playing. He gave me a lot of confidence that I had lost.

"One thing about *How Green Was My Valley,*" continued Maureen, "was its spontaneity. Mr. Ford would devote hours to rehearsing his players until they were right—and then he would say, 'We'll try it once to see how it feels.' As a result, most of the scenes, even the biggest ones, were filmed in only one or two 'takes.'"

She is now working in *To the Shores of Tripoli,* a big aviation epic with John Payne, Randolph Scott and Nancy Kelly, but it's a good acting part, she said happily. For a time she hoped to play opposite Jean Gabin in *Moontide,* but Ida Lupino had a one-picture contract with the studio and besides also being on the crest of the acting wave, is better known for playing neurotic roles

"I suppose," said O'Hara, wistfully, "that I'll have to fight to get a really neurotic role. Not that I want them exclusively, but I want to prove that I can be good and bad. When you play a flashy bad girl, everyone is convinced that you can act."

Maureen's worst habit is over-eating—a habit that would be all right if she weren't an actress. She loves to eat—and can put away meals that would cause a stevedore's eyes to bulge. Not only steaks and chops and rugged meats—but she loves salads, nice gooey ones, preferably topped off with a mound of mayonnaise—and lovely creamy desserts. And then she starts to put on weight, which is not becoming to the eagle eye of the camera. When that happens, everyone conspires against Maureen. The steaks vanish, replaced by perhaps a tiny bit of fish; the gooey salads become strictly vegetarian. She mutters, but she gives in—because she can loose the added few pounds just as quickly as she gained them.

And then start in all over again. ■

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Sneezing His Way To Fame

By VIVIAN COSBY

■ Billy Gilbert capitalized on a sneeze and won fame and fortune.

It all started way back in his school days. One day in class, the teacher was reading a very beautiful poem. Billy's nose began to itch. He felt a sneeze coming on. Desperately he tried to forestall it. His classmates, watching his antics, were very much amused. When his efforts finally failed and ended in a big long sneeze, they howled with laughter. Billy was very much embarrassed. He knew the teacher would be angry at his rude interruption. But he was wrong. The teacher, thinking he was catching cold, was quite solicitous and sent him home.

Outside the school house, Billy took stock of his good fortune. It was better to have the teacher send you home than it was to play hooky. He experimented with sneezing and found he could do it at will. From then on, whenever he wanted a day off from the pursuit of education, he indulged in a fit of sneezing.

This trick worked so well at school that Billy decided to try it at home. Here he achieved equal success. His father could never give him a whipping for anything he did wrong. Billy was allergic to every conceivable kind of a whipping implement. They gave him hay fever. Finally his father resorted to lighter punishment such as sending him to bed.

A few sneezes also got Billy permission to wear his brother's fur-lined overcoat whenever he had a special date. His dates were usually with some of the most popular girls in town. The other boys couldn't understand it. But Billy had a system all his own. It wasn't whispering sweet nothings over the telephone, or deluging the girls with their favorite posies. His stronghold was sympathy. If he went to a party and saw a girl that he liked he would immediately start sneezing. Invariably the maternal instinct in the girl was aroused. She would take pity on him and become very solicitous in regard to his welfare. This start served to give Billy the edge on the other boys.

Once, however, Billy's manufactured sneeze double-crossed him. A new girl came to town. She was one of the most beautiful girls Billy had ever seen. He immediately began maneuvering to get a date with her. It began to look almost impossible. Then a miracle happened. He was invited to go on a picnic. Driving to the picnic grounds, Billy was delighted to find himself seated next to the girl of his dreams. The girl leaned her head against his shoulder. Her lovely hair blew against his cheek. Then the catastrophe happened. Nature ganged up on Billy. He really had hay fever. Instead of being able to make the most of his opportunity, he was forced to spend the entire time trying to suppress a sneeze. The result was that he never saw the girl again.

This disaster was soon forgotten by the fact that his sneeze got him his first job in show business. It was with an old-fashioned medicine show. The medicine man gave a lecture on a cough medicine which was guaranteed to cure almost any kind of an illness. Billy's job was to mingle with the audience and at the psychological moment, sneeze. Then the medicine man would call him to the platform, give him some of the medicine and of course, Billy would be instantly cured. At times, business was pretty bad, which meant empty pockets.

Now Billy isn't exactly built to go on a starvation diet. So when things got too bad, he and the medicine man thought up a way to keep their stomachs well satisfied. They would go into a restaurant and order a big meal. When they were about finished, Billy would have a sneezing fit and claim that the chef had put too much pepper in the food. His act was so realistic that the manager would always try to pacify him by tearing up the check. In many cases he probably thought he was lucky to get off without paying

Primary steps in Billy Gilbert's famous sneeze-tease: evasion, desperation, combustion, relief

damages. Later, when he was in the money again, the comedian would always send a money order back to the restaurant where he had been an uninvited guest.

Billy finally tired of the hit and miss existence he was leading. He decided to try to become a really full-fledged actor. With this in mind, he joined a stock company to get dramatic experience. Here his work was so exacting that he forgot he even knew how to sneeze. That is, he forgot until, at one matinee, there were only fifteen people in the audience. The size of this audience would hardly guarantee salaries at the end of the week.

Billy couldn't help but notice the glum faces of his fellow players. He had an earnest desire to cheer them up. He started to clown, much to the amusement of both the actors and the small audience. Then he shook the moth balls out of his sneezing trick. This brought the performance to a rollicking finish.

In the meager audience that particular afternoon, was the town's drama critic. In the paper the next morning, Mr. Critic devoted a whole column to Billy's sneezing. Upon reading it, Billy decided he had something, and set about really developing the art of sneezing.

Since then it has been a spring board to everything he has wanted in life. From the stock company he went on to win fame and fortune in vaudeville and Broadway shows.

I'll never forget my first meeting with Billy Gilbert. I was called in to write some sketches for "Billy Gilbert's High Hat Revue" show. I asked the producer what Mr. Gilbert did. I was astonished when he replied, "He sneezes." My job was writing sketches to exploit that sneeze. I found it a tough assignment, but with Billy's help, we finally got the show in shape.

The dress rehearsal was something I'll never forget. It lasted twenty-seven hectic hours. During that time I had a chance to learn what a patient and thoughtful person Billy Gilbert is.

Eventually, the comedian's path led to Hollywood. In his first picture, he played the part of an amateur trying out on a radio broadcast. At the preview of the picture, Billy's sneezing routine brought a round of applause.

The next day, a producer at one of the big studios sent for him and congratulated him on his sneezing routine. He asked Billy what other tricks he knew. Hurt because the man didn't recognize the fact that he was a good actor, Billy sarcastically replied that he could also belch. Then he indignantly left the producer's office.

Afterwards, he told a friend that he knew he shouldn't have insulted a producer. The man might be a gate man some day and refuse to let him in the studio. That remark went all over Hollywood. It even reached the ears of the producer. Instead of getting angry, the producer sent for Billy and gave him a part in his next picture.

In a picture he made four years ago, there was a night club scene in which a lot of extras were used. One of the extra girls standing near Billy sneezed. Noting that she didn't have a handkerchief, he quickly gave her his. Billy must have liked the way she sneezed, because now she is Mrs. Billy Gilbert. ■

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Anne Nagel—Army Bride

Behind the recent elopement of Anne Nagel and Lt. James J. Keenan lies one of Hollywood's strangest romances. Anne's in Universal's *Sealed Lips*

By HELEN WELLER

■ You may have read recently that Anne Nagel, courtesy of Universal Pictures, and Lieutenant James J. Keenan, courtesy of Uncle Sam, said their "I do's" after a whirlwind courtship. And you may have dismissed it as just another of those hectic elopements Hollywood actresses seem to fancy.

If you did, you were wrong. For behind this impulsive knot-tying is a strange love story of Cupid gone wacky, of a Hollywood starlet and two boys in uniform, of a marriage pact twice stymied and a quick race with Cupid to beat out the speedy onrushing of war.

It's an odd triangle, this—created through the circumstances of trying to mix love and war. Might as well mix TNT and nitro-glycerine. The effect is the same.

It all started a year and a half ago when Anne was named "Sweetheart of the Navy." The title was one of those things dreamed up by the Universal studio publicity department, but it received an enthusiastic seconding from the boys in the naval reserve training center at Long Beach, California, who insisted that their pretty "Sweetheart" receive her navy wings in person.

The tall, smiling young ensign who was chosen to pin the wings on Anne was a very brash young man, because while the crowd was cheering, he took refuge in the noise to ask Anne for a date!

A good sport, Anne laughed and agreed. That evening, on their first date, she and Ensign John Robertson fell in love. John was a flyer-instructor in the U. S. Navy and if ever a movie hero came to life, he was it. Handsome, reckless and adventurous, he was the first man in whom Anne was interested since the shocking suicide of her husband, Ross Alexander, five years ago. You may remember how his baffling death, self-inflicted, stunned the public and drove his horrified bride into retirement.

Now she had found love again after all these years and she and John became engaged after six weeks of a constant courtship. They set a date for the wedding, and Anne was in a happy dither about it, when the first blow came. John was being transferred immediately to Java to instruct the boys in the Dutch East Indies in flying.

But after talking it over, they decided to stick to their original plan. They would be married on the date set, but it would be in Java. Anne would follow in six months and meet him there.

"No girl looked forward to a more romantic wedding than I," Anne told me. "I was sure this was love because I was willing to give up my career to follow John to the other end of the world. I shopped feverishly, bought trunksful of cotton clothes, had my ticket bought and was about to kick the dust of Hollywood from my feet when I received a letter from Washington which stunned me. My passport was being denied because no American women were being allowed into the Dutch East Indies for the duration of the war. I folded up. How would you feel if someone stepped in—even if that someone

were Uncle Sam—and told you, 'Sorry, miss, no wedding bells for you.'

"There was nothing to do but wait. And wait some more. Then our hopes were lifted again. Johnny wrote me he was going to Honolulu to pick up a plane and ferry it back. 'Meet me in Honolulu and we'll be married there,' he suggested. A Honolulu wedding. How thrilling! So again I shopped and again I prepared a wedding trousseau and again I was a happy bride-to-be and *again* came the bad news. There was a change in plans and Johnny wasn't going to Honolulu after all.

"Look," she told me at that time, "here's how it stands now. I'm in Hollywood, Johnny is 10,000 miles away, and absolutely no hope of our getting together. We've been separated a year and a half and it's tearing me to pieces. It's the most trying separation any girl and her fiance ever endured. For here is the straight of it: Johnny will be there another two years, maybe longer. Even our letters are unsatisfactory and don't serve as any link at all. It takes three weeks—almost a month, mind you—for our letters to reach each other via Clipper. That means if I ask Johnny something in one letter it will be six weeks before I can get an answer. Every day, I find it harder and harder to recapture the thrill of those six weeks when we went together. And here's the warning bell: I find myself trying to remember what he looks like. That's dangerous!

"I don't mind staying home. There was a time when I didn't go out for two years," she said slowly, recalling the stricken period after Ross Alexander died, "so I'm not exactly a whoopla girl. It's something else. It's that feeling that while I'm willing to wait, love *isn't*—and that this insurmountable separation is wearing our love thin. Yet I can't let him down. What shall I do?"

There seemed nothing to tell her. "Fate will work it out," I told her weakly, scarcely believing it myself.

And then—three weeks later, I read that Anne had eloped with Lieutenant James Keenan, combat flyer with the Army Air Corps. What was it all about? From Anne, breathless over the long distance phone, came the answer, and also the concluding instalment on her strange love predicament.

The big, sparkling April issue of HOLLYWOOD contains stories on Claudette Colbert, Carl Esmond, Jeanette MacDonald, Dolores Costello, and many other film favorites. On sale at your local newsstand the 10th of March!

"I met Jim five years ago in Boston, my home town," the excited bride gushed, "but we never saw each other again. Last summer he was transferred to San Diego and came to Hollywood, looked me up and visited me on the set. I didn't lose any sleep over him, though. All of a sudden, he turned up in Boston where I was on tour with the 'Sweater Girl Revue' and started to rush me. And all of a sudden I was falling in love with him. Then it struck me like a flash: last summer I didn't look at him twice because I was still in love with Johnny. But I couldn't be very much in love with Johnny now if I felt the way I did about Jimmy, see?" she pointed out with typical feminine logic. "So that meant this thing between Johnny and me was over long ago but we didn't know it. I did one thing before we were married. I phoned Java. Johnny said, 'Good luck, Anne. I think it's for the best. God knows when we would have been able to get together. We have a long, hard job in the Pacific.' I wonder," said Anne, "What he meant by that?"

Two days later she knew. For two days later, war broke out in the Pacific—a sudden, flaming war which shocked the nation and hurled it to fighting indignation. Again I saw Anne, for she came East immediately to visit her bridegroom at his camp. This time she wasn't the giddy bride, but a white-faced, tense-lipped girl.

"Johnny is in the thick of it over there," she said quietly, "and Jimmy will be on his way. Thousands and thousands of girls will be saying goodbye to their men. Some will be hysterical—but not I. I can take it now. I've had preliminary training. I can say goodbye to my husband now and be tight-jawed about it. I know what it's like to be parted from my man. This time, I'll do it calmly and willingly—because any girl who has a man fighting for Uncle Sam should be so very proud that the separation is no longer a sacrifice or a hardship—but a privilege." ■

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Redheaded Rage

By DUGAL O'LIAM

Janet Blair wanted to be a nurse, was a minor toe dancing celebrity at eleven, sang with a nationally famous band at seventeen, and wound up by bowling Hollywood over with a starring role in her third picture.

She was a kid who could do anything. Back in Altoona, Pennsylvania, where she was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Laferty a little more than twenty years ago, she used to slap out half an hour's practice on the piano, exercise her dancing toes for another thirty minutes and then take up her regular job as third baseman for her brother Fred's Altoona Alagazams.

Her father and mother named her Martha, after her maternal grandmother. They gave her a middle name of Janet for a favorite aunt, and sat back to see what life held for her. The fact that she promised to be a redhead didn't particularly disturb them. There had been plenty of redheaded Lafertys and none of them had finished in the pokey.

She was seven years old, practically doddering on toward senility, when she decided that she was going to be a nurse. At the same time she showed a predilection for toe dancing that couldn't be ignored. She used to stand a handkerchief up on her head, don a white apron and drench her dolls, internally with formidable nostrums and all the time she'd be moving from point to point on her toes.

Always before falling asleep at night she would hoist her pajama legs, hinge her gangling gams upright as she lay on her back and go through half a hundred bicycle exercises with each leg. Then she'd do two and a half score with both legs together, after which she'd fall quietly to sleep and dream of Anna Pavlowa and Argentinita.

Being Gaelic and ingenuous, Janet Blair once answered a question about whether or not she had a normal childhood with a monosyllabic "Yes." As a matter of fact, she started dancing at all manner of entertainments, professional and amateur, within a radius of a hundred miles of Altoona when she was ten, went on to sing in the same manner at fifteen, delivered the Commencement anthem for her high school class at seventeen, playing the leads in home talent plays on odd Thursdays and joining a celebrated band before she was eighteen.

In addition to her looks, pert Janet Blair can sing. So it's no wonder she won a starring role in her third picture, Columbia's *Trinidad*. Pat O'Brien, right, has male lead

Still, that may be a normal childhood in Altoona.

It was upon joining Hal Kemp's band that she dropped the name of Martha Laferty. Kemp heard her sing at a radio audition in New York and signed her. Titian haired, round faced, brown eyed, with a Celtic glow to her complexion that precluded the necessity of any sort of make-up save lipstick, the kid had what it takes.

In addition to her looks, she had zing. In his quaint, old-fashioned way, Mr. Webster has neglected to provide us with a formal definition for the word "Zing," but it's probably just as well. It's six, two and even that Mr. Webster never saw anything like Janet Blair up in New England hills.

Janet is five feet four inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. She is so compact that she appears to weigh considerably less, she moves with a celerity that leaves her elders a little fatigued just from watching her, and her eyes twinkle constantly, like fountains of mischief from which can gush no good to the unwary.

She is inordinately proud of her speaking voice. There is a little of the quality of the immortal Ethel Barrymore in it and she frankly admits that she saw the Grand Duchess of the American Stage in a play when she was twelve and has studiously copied her since. Because she isn't yet as old as Miss Barrymore, there are times when she fumbles, momentarily, but she makes quick recoveries.

While the Gaelic strain may be in a substantial minority in the picture business, there were a number of nephews of Brian Boru around Columbia when she reported there who asked, with some asperity, why she had abandoned a colorful Celtic monicker of Laferty and taken on one like Blair. Miss Blair oiled up her devastating contralto and told all.

It seems that Hal Kemp thought Martha Laferty had a phony ring. He suggested that she change it to something with more direct appeal and also a name that would fit a smaller part on a program space.

To her aid came a deep and abiding local pride. She wanted to take a name that would reflect credit on her home town. If she couldn't be a Laferty, she figured she might as well be an Altoona, but such names as Alicia Altoona, etc., hardly seemed smart, either. Finally she remembered that Altoona was in Blair county and Blair it was. Janet Blair.

While she was with Kemp's orchestra, Carrol Tornoth of the NBC Artists' Bureau in New York was toying with the idea that she was a picture natural. Not necessarily as a singer, but as an actress. He'd seen a lot of actresses pass through his studios and he was convinced that Janet had the thing that leapt from the screen and cuddled down in the moviegoers' cardiac area.

Ultimately he interested Sam Briskin of Columbia in her and she got a screen test. There was nothing to it after that. The fine planes of her face, her widely placed, urgent eyes, her quick smile, bursting like a sunbeam across her generous mouth, her high coloring and her natural grace, plus the startling heavy voice and the quick physiognomical reflexes convinced Briskin that he had a ten strike.

She was immediately thrown into *Three Girls About Town* and told to do her stuff with such canny experts as Joan Blondell and Binnie Barnes. Captivated by the youngster's earnestness and obvious talents, these two female zanies taught her all the tricks they knew, plus a lot they remotely suspected, and she emerged from her first picture, thanks to their liberal coaching, ready to go on from there.

She went into a *Blondie* picture at Columbia more by way of convincing the executives that they could believe their eyes and then, when the answer was palpably "Yes," they cast her as the feminine lead in the new super, *Trinidad*, with Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy. Imagine a picture with three stars named Pat O'Brien, Brian Donlevy and Martha Laferty. Hollywood go Bragh!

Her principal hobby concerns lipsticks. She collects them avidly and has approximately three hundred specimens which she guards savagely. She also collects match envelopes and has since she was a small girl. When she builds a house in Hollywood, which must be a very large, old-fashioned house with room for overstuffed furniture, she expects to have to build a wing for her collections.

She likes to ride horseback and was a near champion distance swimmer. She has made a few desultory stabs at painting, both in oil and water colors, but she hasn't reached a professional plane, yet. She reads Daphne Du Maurier and the Brontes, fractures engagements to be on hand whenever John Barbarolli conducts or Paul Robeson sings, never misses Fibber McGee and Molly, work or no work, and reads the comics in the Sunday newspaper before she turns to the amusement section. Her only culinary achievement is a method of scrambling eggs which is all her own and which she intends to publicize further as soon as she manages to scramble them twice the same way.

Her first and only beau in Hollywood to date is John Howard. She has quite a rival along that line. Mr. Howard divides his time between her and Hedy Lamarr. The gal certainly doesn't pick the soft spots. ■

MOVIE QUIZ TEST

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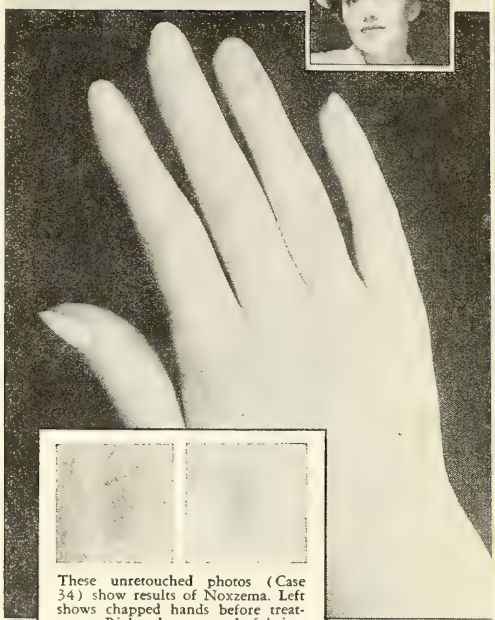

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Quixotic Quinn

[*Continued from page 45*]

exciting down there," the friend suggested.

So Tony went down. The first thing that struck his eye was a small stone statue of an Aztec god. It was so beautifully carved and so fascinating that Tony bought it. The next day he was warned by an Indian woman that he should give the statue to a museum. "Every one of those statues carries a curse with it," she warned. "You can't keep one in your possession without having horrible things happen."

Tony laughed and made arrangements to have the statue shipped to Hollywood. On the way to the station he lost all his keys. That night his train was wrecked; three persons were killed and a great many were injured. He was so late in reaching El Paso that he missed connections, and jammed up an expensive picture schedule in Hollywood.

Still, when the god arrived, Tony had it set out on his lawn.

Not long afterward, little Christopher Quinn was drowned.

Passing the statue on his way to the house one day recently, Tony stopped to study it. He thought, "That image was carved by some creative craftsman; no creative person deliberately tries to do a bad piece of work; a lot of fine workmanship, pride and love have gone into this carving. Hundreds of men and women must have poured love and prayer into that idol, so it can't be evil." He had it moved into the house beside the fireplace.

In the firelight, Anthony says, the little Aztec god seems to smile. ■

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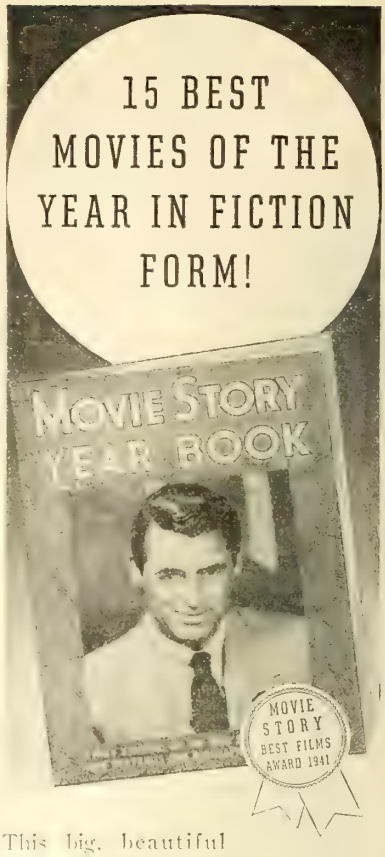
A new series of bright, compact life stories of outstanding newcomers, especially designed to fit into your movie scrapbook! First in the series will be Marsha Hunt



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ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

The Courtship of Mickey Rooney

A green-eyed Southern belle named Ava Gardner is the lovely lass Mickey Rooney chose for his bride. She's in the M-G-M film, *Along Came Murder;* Mickey's in *The Courtship of Andy Hardy*

By DRAKE HUNT

That's the kind of parental solicitude the 21-year-old leading man has been exhibiting toward Ava ever since the day of her arrival in Hollywood six months ago.

Their engagement was not the result of a whirlwind courtship but an orderly progression in the best restrained tradition of Back Bay Boston, with some modifications dictated by Mickey's position as one of the best-known personalities in the English-speaking world.

Ava's arrival in Hollywood was a beautiful piece of timing. It came at a season of Mickey's life when he had graduated from the Jazz Age and settled down to being an eligible bachelor. His rough-and-tumble swing band was disbanded. His appetite for adolescent antics-after-dark had waned. His feminine companions were "nice girls" like Sheila Ryan, Linda Darnell and Harold Lloyd's daughter, Gloria.

The responsibility of being Box Office Glamour Boy No. 1 had settled squarely on Mickey's square shoulders. Instead of the sometimes rash and thoughtless kid Hollywood had once known, the movie community began to recognize a solid citizen, the kind of chap who worries about Community Chest quotas and argues back when somebody slurs his home town. The change in Mickey's outlook became apparent during the filming of *Young Tom Edison,* which really got under his skin.

Mickey's meeting with Ava was incidental to one of his extra-curricular welfare activities. He dropped in at the M-G-M commissary looking for his studio pal, Les Peterson, who was in charge of some details of movie stars' participation in a Chinese Relief pageant in Los Angeles.

Petersen happened to be sitting with a brunette youngster making her first visit to the studio after signing a contract. There was a hasty introduction; Mickey and Les discussed their business, and Mickey fled back to his chores on the set.

As he changed into his dancing shoes Mickey startled himself by saying:

"Hey! That girl is all right!"

At quitting time he hunted up Petersen and got some more particulars about the attractive beginner. Her name, it developed, was Ava Gardner. A native of Smithfield, North [*Continued on page* 67]

■ "On the first take I crossed my fingers and said an inward prayer," confessed Mickey Rooney. "When the director said, 'Roll 'em,' I had all the emotions at once—everything from that nightmare feeling where you're walking down Main Street with no clothes on to the big thrill of scoring the winning touchdown for dear old Siwash. Thank the Lord I'll never have to go through that ordeal again."

Isn't this strange talk to be issuing from the ordinarily self-assured Mickey, in 1942 chosen for the third time by exhibitors as the nation's hottest box-office attraction? Well, it might be if the *Hardy* perennial had been talking about the opening shot of one of his own pictures. But in this instance it was the take-off of *Along Came Murder,* an M-G-M thriller featuring his green-eyed bride, the beauteous Ava Gardner.

Here was his bride's first real chance to distinguish herself in the profession she will continue to follow until Mickey or circumstances decree otherwise. Previously she had been exposed to the camera but briefly in *We Were Dancing.*

"We dunno whether Ava's going to be an actress forever," Mickey admitted. "But, boy, I wanted her to be good in that first shot. I want her to be as good at everything as she is at being a swell girl."

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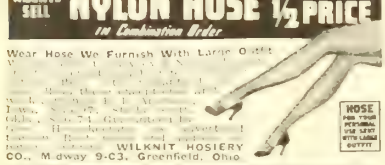

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MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED

The Courtship of Mickey Rooney

[*Continued from page 65*]

Carolina, she had been until a few weeks earlier a student at Atlantic Christian College, and the reigning belle of the campus. Thinking to turn her good looks to some advantage during the summer vacation, Ava had communicated with her brother-in-law, a New York photographer, asking if there was any chance that she could get work as a model.

Her relative, the husband of one of her four sisters, invited her to New York to try her luck. Her set of sample poses turned out so well that the photographer, on a hunch, sent them to Metro's New York talent buyer, Al Altman. The pictures won 18-year-old Ava a test, the test won her a contract, John Robert Powers lost a prospect, and Ava met Mickey Rooney.

The day after their luncheon encounter Mickey telephoned asking for an evening date. Ava accepted. The courtship got off to a bad start. That was the night of the China Relief pageant and hundreds of thousands jammed the streets of Los Angeles' Chinatown to see the stars. Mickey, detained by encores, autograph hunters and traffic, showed up two hours late.

"By that time the evening was shot," he recalls. "I stumbled through some apologies and we went out to a drive-in restaurant and had a sandwich and a pot of chocolate. Ava took it like a sport and we made some more dates."

Circumstances intervened again. The studio gave him one of his rare holidays, but he had made a number of conditional commitments that separated him from the Gardner girl.

First was the Pacific Coast tennis tournament at Berkeley. One of the real tennis sharps of Hollywood, Mickey was paired in a two-set doubles match with Bobby Riggs against Frank Kovacs and Ted Schroder.

The next bookings called for a trip to New York interrupted by a British War Relief benefit in Chicago as the guest of Mayor Kelly and Navy Secretary Frank Knox and an appearance at the Michigan-Northwestern football game.

On the Eastward journey Mickey hopped off the train at Cheyenne and airmailed an Indian good luck charm to Ava. Every stop en route was signalized by some little present. At Chicago the junket came to an abrupt end and, regardless of New York engagements, Mickey raced back to Hollywood and Ava.

From that point forward he was the most regular visitor at the modest Hollywood apartment Ava shared with her sister Beatrice. Mickey's longtime pals were enthusiastic about his new "date" from the first, fellows like Les Petersen, Andy McIntyre, Dick Paxton, Sid Muller and Dick Quine.

"But the amazing thing," Mickey recounts, "is that all the girls I introduced her to took an immediate liking to Ava."

At Ann Rutherford's birthday party, her first big younger-set social event, Mickey's new girl friend was the most sought-after guest of either sex. From there on the boy star and his Dixie belle were always together on date nights. A tip-off of the seriousness of Mickey's intentions was that he seated himself between his mother, Mrs. Nell Pankey, and Ava at his twenty-first birthday party and that the only photographs permitted were of these three.

Appropriately, it was during the filming of *The Courtship of Andy Hardy* that Ava's mother in Wilson, N. C., made formal announcement of the Gardner-Rooney engagement.

Queried for confirmation, Mickey merely said:

"I'm happy to say it's true."

On January 10th, Ava became Mrs. Mickey Rooney in the little rustic Presbyterian Church at Ballard, California, with only the bride's mother and a few close friends present. Both Mickey and Ava were determined that they would not have a huge Hollywood-style wedding.

Mickey will not install his bride at his Encino ranch home but will relinquish it to his mother.

"And we're not gonna build a house, either," he confided. "A nice comfortable little apartment is our speed. Heck, we're only a couple of kids." ■

Mrs. Mickey Rooney chooses dramatic white for evening wear. A slightly flared skirt and snug-fitting waistline emphasize the lovely lines of her figure

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Roy Rogers' He-Man Breakfast

Roy Rogers, Republic's popular cowboy star, is also a culinary expert. Try his variety of special waffle recipes on the family. They'll love 'em and ask for more. Roy is in *South of Sante Fe*

By BETTY CROCKER

■ Roy Rogers, the cowhand who sang and shot his way to fame in Republic's cowboy pictures, has some powerfully convincing ideas about breakfast.

"Begging your pardon, ma'm, but I think women should pay more attention to breakfast and go back to old-fashioned ways of starting a man off with a solid foundation for the day," he told me. "If you don't mind, I'd like to hold forth on this here subject long enough to put in a word for the lowly pancake and its dude brother, the waffle.

"Take the pancake—properly made with the right balance of ingredients, you've got plenty of nourishment and enough variety for almost every day of the year, 'cause you can serve them thick or thin, big or little and with every kind of delicious top dressin', from honey to raspberry jam—from that real maple syrup to sugar and cream."

Whereupon Roy Rogers expertly flipped a flapjack and grinned that engaging grin of his which has won him literally millions of fans throughout the United States. Roy is a real cowhand who drifted into Hollywood from Cody, Wyoming, a couple of years ago.

"Now you take the waffle, ma'am—whenever I get tired of pancakes, I just switch over to waffles and my wife can dish 'em up in every variety. Bacon waffles, nut, cheese, sausage, and hominy waffles and just plain waffles; and that's just startin' to describe 'em all. You can sprinkle grated orange rind over each uncooked waffle and get a flavor that's just out of this world, or do the same thing with a couple of tablespoons of chopped raw apple and a bit of cinnamon.

"Yes ma'm, waffles or pancakes can be served in so many ways that a man never gets tired of 'em. That's why I say—let's go back to the he-man breakfasts and see to it that a man gets started off for a hard day's work with plenty of victuals to keep him goin'."

In case you want to take Roy Rogers' advice, here are some dandy pancake and waffle recipes which I am sure you will find valuable for your collection.

FLUFFY HOT CAKES

3 eggs
3 tbsp. butter, melted
1 tbsp. sugar
1½ cups "Kitchen-tested" flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
1⅔ cups buttermilk

1 Beat egg yolks well in mixing bowl. Blend into them the melted butter and sugar.

2. Sift flour once before measuring.
3. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt together, and add to the egg yolk mixture alternately with the buttermilk. Beat until smooth with rotary beater.
4. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites.
5. Bake on hot griddle. (Drop mixture from tip of spoon onto hot griddle. Cook on one side. When puffed, full of bubbles, and cooked on edges, turn and cook other side.)

Amount: About 24 pancakes (3½ to 4 inches in diameter).

For 8 hot cakes, use ⅓ the recipe—figuring ⅓ the amount of each ingredient all the way through. (9 tbsp. or ½ cup plus 1 tbsp. buttermilk will be needed.)

For 16 hot cakes, use ⅔ the recipe—figuring ⅔ the amount of each ingredient all the way through. (1 cup plus 2 tbsp. buttermilk will be needed.)

WAFFLES

2 eggs
2 cups sour milk
1 tsp. soda
2 cups "Kitchen-tested" flour
2 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
6 tbsp. melted shortening

1. Beat eggs until light and add sour milk and soda.
2. Sift flour once before measuring.
3. Sift flour, baking powder and salt.
4. Beat flour mixture into egg and milk mixture.
5. Add melted shortening, beating until smooth with rotary egg beater.
6. Bake on hot waffle iron.

Amount: 8 to 10 waffles.

Time: If gas iron is used it will take 20 seconds to brown the side next to the fire. With an electric iron the time depends upon the size of the iron and the strength of the current. To get a crisp waffle the iron must be very hot. Do not stir batter after it has stood for a few minutes.

CRISP SPONGE CAKE WAFFLES

3 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 cup "Kitchen-tested" flour
1 tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
3 tbsp. melted butter
¼ cup cold water
½ tsp. lemon extract

1. Beat eggs until light.
2. Beat in the sugar.
3. Sift flour once before measuring.
4. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together.
5. Beat into the egg mixture.
6. Beat in melted butter, cold water and lemon.
7. Preheat iron about 10 minutes.
8. Bake on a hot waffle iron until delicately browned, about 2 minutes.

Amount: About 6 waffles.

CHOCOLATE CAKE WAFFLES

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1⅜ cups "Kitchen-tested" flour
2 tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
½ cup milk
2 squares chocolate, melted
½ tsp. vanilla

1. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream well.
2. Add the well-beaten eggs.
3. Sift flour once before measuring.
4. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together.
5. Add to creamed mixture alternately with the milk.
6. Add the melted chocolate and vanilla.
7. Preheat waffle iron about 10 minutes.
8. Bake on hot waffle iron about 2 minutes.

Amount: About 6 waffles.

WAFFLE VARIATIONS

Gingerbread Waffles: Substitute ½ cup molasses for ½ cup of the milk in the waffle recipe. Add 1 tsp. ginger, 1 tsp. cinnamon and ½ tsp. cloves. Mix well. Bake as directed. These waffles become crisp after they are out of the iron. Serve with cream cheese or sprinkle with confectioners' sugar for afternoon tea, or serve with whipped cream or creamy sauce or ice cream for dessert.

Chocolate Waffles: Add ½ cup sugar and 2 squares chocolate, melted, to the waffle recipe. These waffles become crisp on standing. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar for afternoon tea, or serve with whipped cream, ice cream, chocolate sauce or creamy sauce for dessert.

Cheese Waffles: Add ½ cup grated American cheese to waffle recipe. Serve with corn pudding or baked stuffed tomatoes or lima beans in tomato sauce, as a luncheon dish.

Bacon Waffles: For each waffle, broil 1 slice bacon crisp. Break into shorter pieces and lay quickly on uncooked waffle batter as soon as it has been poured onto the iron. Bake until golden brown.

Cheese and Bacon Waffles: Make cheese waffles and just before closing lid of waffle iron, lay short strips of crisp bacon across the batter. These can be used like the cheese waffles, or are delicious alone, with tea or coffee.

Sausage Waffles: Pan-broil bulk sausage until well done. Drain off all fat. Sprinkle 2 tbsp. sausage over each uncooked waffle and bake.

Apple Waffles: Sprinkle 2 tbsp. chopped raw apple and ⅛ tsp. cinnamon over each uncooked waffle and bake.

Blueberry Waffles: Sprinkle 2 tbsp. fresh berries or well-drained canned berries over each waffle and bake.

Nut Waffles: Sprinkle 2 tbsp. coarsely cut toasted nuts over each uncooked waffle and bake.

Wheaties Waffles: Sprinkle 2 tbsp. Wheaties over each uncooked waffle and bake.

Orange Waffles: Sprinkle 2 tbsp. grated orange rind over each uncooked waffle and bake.

CORN GRIDDLE CAKES

2 eggs
2 cups buttermilk
1 cup "Kitchen-tested" flour
1 cup white or yellow cornmeal

[*Continued on page* 70]

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Roy Rogers' He-Man Breakfast

[*Continued from page* 69]

1 tsp. soda
1½ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. butter, melted (if desired)

1. Beat egg yolks slightly with rotary beater.
2. Beat in the buttermilk.
3. Sift flour once before measuring.
4. Sift flour, cornmeal, soda, and salt together, and add all at once to the liquid mixture. Beat until mixture is smooth.
5. Blend in melted butter.
6. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites.
7. Bake on hot griddle. (Drop batter from tip of spoon onto hot griddle. When puffed and full of bubbles, turn and cook on the other side.)

Amount: About 25 griddle cakes (3½ inches in diameter).

HOMINY WAFFLES

½ cup hominy grits
2 cups boiling water
½ tsp. salt
1½ cups milk
2 to 4 tbsp. butter
1 cup "Kitchen-tested" flour
½ tsp. salt

1. Stir hominy grits into the boiling, salted water (in top of double boiler).
2. Place over direct heat, bring to boiling point, and let boil 1 minute (stirring constantly).
3. Place over boiling water, cover, and steam 1 hour (stirring occasionally).
4. Remove from heat, and immediately blend cooked hominy into the milk and butter in mixing bowl. Stir until well blended. Cool until lukewarm.
5. Sift flour once before measuring.
6. Sift flour with the salt, and add to the cooled hominy mixture. Stir to smooth out the lumps as much as possible.
7. Bake on medium hot waffle iron. (Drop spoonful of batter into each division of waffle iron—and an additional spoonful into center of iron. You will need about 1½ times more batter than you would for the usual waffle.) Bake without lifting cover until the iron stops steaming and until the edges of the waffles are a delicate golden brown.
8. Serve with butter, jelly, syrup, etc., or as an accompaniment to creamed chicken.

Time: Bake each waffle about 10 minutes.

Amount: 6 waffles.

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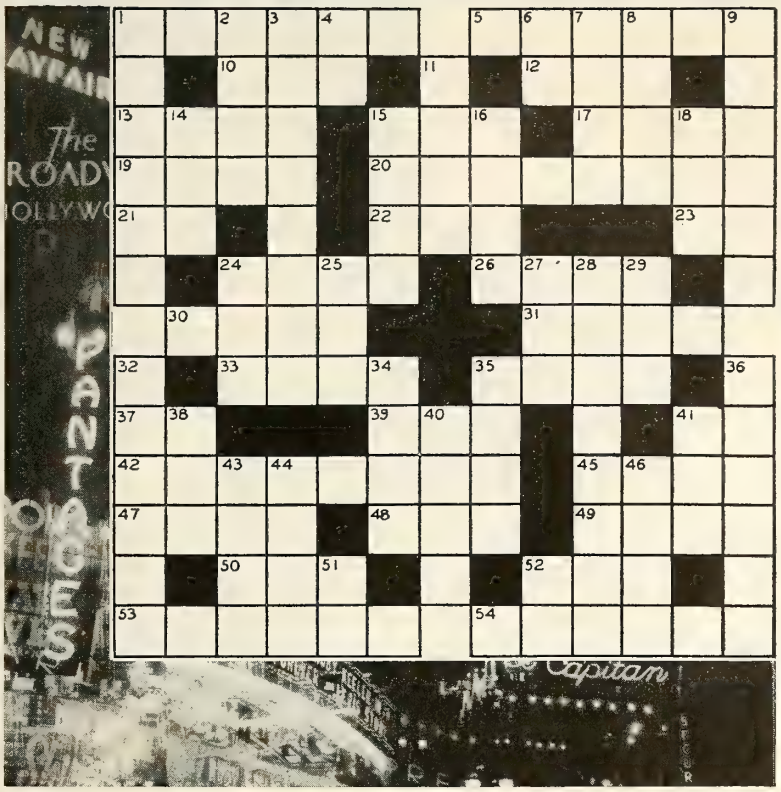


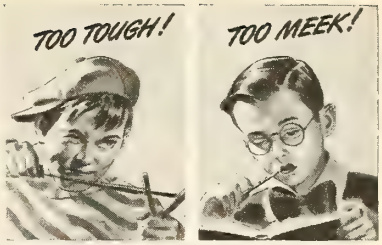
ACROSS

1. As *Sullivan*, he traveled in trailer before reaching your theater.
5. Stand-in prop frequently used at Grauman's Chinese Theater.
10. Three-fourths of number of Jacks who appeared with Jill.
12. What Lou Costello is to his Bud-dy.
13. She had gobs of friends in *Sailors on Leave*.
15. He was a howling success as *The Wolf Man*.
17. Japs hoped to overrun this but seem not to have chosen wisely.
19. Jitterbugs of juvenile fiction, who preferred *Pied Piper* as band leader.
20. Comedian who didn't have a leg to stand on in *New York Town*.
21. Errol Flynn's nationality (abbr.).
22. Kind of wine lately distributed by a Hollywood producer.
23. Initials of Miss Talmadge, silent celebrity.
24. What Nelson Eddy did when he followed the vamp.
26. They were all at Sea in one of Laurel-Hardy films.
30. Lilting lariatist of horse operas.
31. They were recently signed, sealed, and delivered to movie patrons.
33. He helps to make *Thin Man* tales more waggish.
35. Descriptive of gag Bob Hope might tell about Bing's horses.
37. Where General Custer's boots were when he died.
39. Brazilians are nuts about this beautiful city.
41. Somewhat Ruthless state since Miss Hussey left (abbr.).
42. The femme in *Feminine Touch*.
45. Southern belle whose accent rings true as comedienne (poss.).
47. His last name is Lebedeff.
48. King's topper.
49. He was Johnny (on the spot) in *Manpower*.
50. A former wife of late John Gilbert.
52. Bolger gets a kick out of it when he dances.
53. He had eyes only for Jean Parker in *Flying Blind* (poss.).
54. Where Abbott slaps Costello (slang).

DOWN

1. Second story man who comes out first as *Boston Blackie*.
2. This cuts quite a figure in modern movie productions.
3. Men of Auer town to whom Nazis were forced to give tanks.
4. Arnold's *Unholy Partner* (init.).
6. Mr. Pallette's initials.
7. What cowboy star calls his girl friend in Westerns.
8. One of *Ladies in Retirement*, little loony.
9. *The Man Who Came to Dinner* might drink to these.
11. Boyer had Appointment for this in recent film.
14. A regatta requisite in rah-rah reeler.
15. Descriptive of lashes essayed by Hollywood heroines.
16. World's eyes and ears, according to Paramount.
18. It follows Holiday celebrated by Crosby and Astaire.
24. Place to read sub titles.
25. Snoody thing worn by ingenues.
27. Where John (Mack) Brown's body lies when he hits hay in home state (abbr.).
28. Reasonable facsimiles of Hollywood stars.
29. Listener, who must also be a looker; *Mata Hari* was one.
32. Actress who is always on her toes.
34. Prima donna's presentation.
35. What hero did when taken for a ride.
36. What gangster calls doll before she becomes his moll.
38. Month when actor can talk turkey to his boss (abbr.).
40. One-twelfth of a foot of film.
41. Power was the *Yank* in this.
43. May be just a lug but often used in nautical films.
44. The girl in *Mob Town*.
46. They are spurred on by cowboys in Westerns.
51. A Sucker's following in certain cinema title.
52. Lloyd Ingraham's initials.

(Solution on Page 74)



In Laxatives, too, there's a

HAPPY MEDIUM!

EX-LAX is
—not too strong!
—not too mild!
—it's just right!

WHAT kind of a laxative do you give *your* children? One that's so strong it weakens and upsets them? Or one that's so mild it fails to give them real relief?

Then switch to Ex-Lax—the *Happy Medium* laxative! Ex-Lax is as effective as any laxative you'd ever want to give your children. But it's kind and *gentle*, too! It won't upset them. It won't make them feel bad afterwards. What's more, Ex-Lax *tastes good* just like fine chocolate!

Ex-Lax is as good for grown-ups as it is for children. Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only according to the directions on the label... Only 10c or 25c at any drug store.

IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold *not* to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative

Copyright, 1942, by Ex-Lax, Inc.

SOUR STOMACH Try JESTS, the new and different way to get fast, *longer* relief from distress due to excess stomach acid. Pleasant, mint-flavored tablets. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

10c A ROLL—3 for 25c

HOLLYWOOD goes on sale at newsstands everywhere the 10th of each month. Watch for it!

WAR BABIES!

WAR means War Babies—fatherless because in wartime marriage ceremonies, promises and plans get suddenly blacked out, while love only burns more fiercely. Every war brings thousands of War Babies. This one has *already* begun to bring them *here.*

READ the story of an American girl whose life was caught in the toils of war, who faced an appalling future seemingly alone—as an unwed mother. It might have happened to anyone. She tells the story in a powerful novel-length confession in the March number of LIFE STORY: *"I Loved a British Flier."*

LIFE STORY is "more magazine;" more pages, more stories complete in each issue, more hours of enjoyment, more *powerful* stories told for Mary Shannon, its wise, understanding editor, by men and women who have lived and loved and learned.

MARCH NUMBER ON SALE FEBRUARY 13th

25c

You will find the reading of LIFE STORY to be a genuine emotional experience. Hundreds of women write me of the enjoyment they get from this new and different magazine each month. Please accept my invitation to get a copy from your newsdealer.

Mary Shannon EDITOR

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By SARA CORPENING

JOAN OF PARIS ★★★★

R-K-O-Radio

■ Here is a superb picture, beautifully directed and beautifully enacted. It introduces Paul Henreid and Michele Morgan to American audiences, and they are personalities who will be vividly remembered by all who see the film. The plot is based on the contemporary European war scene, a subject on which R-K-O hesitated long before beginning the film. However, so suspenseful and gripping was the story of *Joan of Paris* that they went ahead. The result is a film well worth the risk, even though events abroad may change radically before it reaches the general public.

The plot concerns five RAF flyers who crash in occupied France. They manage to get to Paris where their destinies are in the hands of their leader, a Free Frenchman (Henreid). He manages to get them passage to England but himself runs afoul of the Gestapo agents, finally eluding them through the help of *Joan* (Michele Morgan), who shelters him in her room. An outstanding role is that of Alexander Granach, who has not a word to say throughout the entire film, but whose squeaking shoes, as the Gestapo agent, speak volumes.

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER ★★★½

Warner Brothers

■ The brilliant stage play which has delighted Broadway audiences for over two years is transposed to the screen with delightful effectiveness. Some of the saltier lines have, of course, been toned down, but the film retains the same raciness and spice of the stage play. The cast is abundant with able actors including Monty Woolley, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Jimmy Durante, Reginald Gardiner and scores of others. Mr. Woolley portrays the same role he had in the Broadway play, and it is around him that the action revolves. He is an eccentric lecturer who breaks his leg and is stranded in the home of a nice family, where he proceeds to muddle up the lives of all those around him in scathing style.

JOE SMITH, AMERICAN ★★★½

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ This is the story of *Joe Smith*, an average American, who can take it—if he has to. He is an ordinary citizen, happily married, who hopes that his young son will grow up to follow his footsteps. *Joe* is an airplane mechanic turned defense worker by the war. This is the story of his hour of trial and how he lived up to his birthright. Robert Young is a natural for *Joe*, and Marsha Hunt is effective as his wife.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE ★★★½

Paramount

■ Comedy, alluring girls, Irving Berlin tunes, political satire, plus Bob Hope's inimitable comic antics, make *Louisiana Purchase* one of the brightest musicals in many a moon. The film is the picturization of the popular Broadway hit, with droll Victor Moore retaining his role as the investigating Senator who throws a panic into Bob Hope and his partners in a Louisiana lumber enterprise on which the books have been purposely mislaid. Zorina dances and acts in enchanting fashion. The entire film is done in gorgeous technicolor.

BABES ON BROADWAY ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ A big hunk of entertainment for the whole family is this refreshing musical. Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland were never better than they are in their current film, in which they run rampant in every scene. The story tells of the efforts of a lively group of youngsters to hit Broadway without any tedious detours. It is exhilarating and thoroughly delightful throughout. Highlights of the film are Mickey's impersonation of Carmen Miranda, and the scene in which talented little Virginia Weidler is given a chance to show how well she can sing and hoof.

MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN ★★★

Paramount

■ This is Paramount's second feature-length cartoon by Max Fleischer. Like *Gulliver's Travels*, it will delight the young in heart. *Mr. Bug* marks a pioneering step in bringing to the screen the first solidly dramatic modern story in feature-length cartoon form. Neither fantasy nor fable, it is the story of the fight for life by a community of little insects who live in a weedy patch of earth 45 inches from Broadway, surrounded by a world of cement and steel. When human beings enter the picture, they are treated from the perspective of the small insects.

REMEMBER THE DAY ★★★

Twentieth Century-Fox

■ Like the popular *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, *Remember the Day* deals with the intimate life of a schoolteacher, though on a less elaborate scale. While you may shed a tear or two, the picture is not saddening. The story is deeply moving, the tale of the stolen private life of a schoolteacher (Claudette Colbert) and the treasured romance she has in spite of the restrictions of the small village in which she lives. The story is told in retrospect, beginning when the teacher, now an elderly lady, waits in the lobby of a Washington hotel to catch a glimpse of a presidential candidate, once her troublesome pupil. From there the span of her life is related, ending happily when the great man recognizes her.

[*Continued on page 74*]

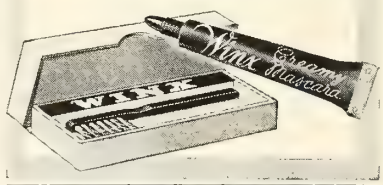
ATTENTION!
for those lovely Eyes

Attention, yes!—and love and romance, too—for the girl who learns the secret of lovely eyes.

WINX brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes. Makes lashes appear darker, longer, more luxuriant. WINX enlivens your whole appearance—gives you a new, fascinating loveliness.

Try WINX today. It's so easy to use. WINX (solid or creamy) Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow come in harmonizing shades. At drug, department or 10¢ stores.

Winx
FOR LOVELY EYES



YOU, TOO, CAN EARN $30 A WEEK

Nancy E——'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E— is making $30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for:

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

This school for 43 years has been training men and women, 18 to 60, *at home and in their spare time*, for the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. The course is endorsed by physicians. Complete nurse's equipment is included. Lessons clear and concise. Easy Tuition Payments. Be one of the hundreds of men and women earning $25 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses. High school education not required. Best of all, you can earn while learning! Mrs. A. B. R. earned three times the cost of the course while studying. Doctors say C. S. N. graduates make their best practical nurses. Send coupon today and learn how *you* can become self-supporting as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 83, 100 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet, "Splendid Opportunities in Nursing," and 16 sample lesson pages.

*Name*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ *Age*____

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 73*]

SON OF FURY ★★★

Twentieth Century-Fox

■ The time is the end of the 18th century, during the reign of George III of England, when men were placed in bondage and forced to serve as slaves without wages. One such slave boy (Tyrone Power) escapes and flees to the charms of the South Sea Islands, there to seek his fortune in gems. Tyrone acquits himself well, while Gene Tierney as the sloe-eyed Island girl who wins him, is fascinating and lovely. An outstanding cast supports the two leads—George Sanders, Roddy McDowall, Frances Farmer, Harry Davenport and John Carradine.

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE ★★★

United Artists

■ At long last the famous stage play has been brought to the screen, after severe rewriting. A cast studded with star names makes the rather weak plot credulous. The film moves slowly, but has moments of fascination. Gene Tierney is convincing as the half-breed daughter, while Phyllis Brooks, Walter Huston and Victor Mature acquit themselves ably.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (R-K-O) Cast: *Walter Huston, James Craig, Anne Shirley.* Although many liberties have been taken with Stephen Vincent Benet's Faustian fantasy, *The Devil and Daniel Webster* (including a change of title), it emerges as a striking film. Walter Huston is magnificent.

BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST (M-G-M) Cast: *Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.* Based on the noble work done by Mrs. Edna Gladney of Texas, in finding homes for orphan children. Greer Garson is enchanting in Technicolor.

CITIZEN KANE (R-K-O) Cast: *Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore.* Orson Welles' controversial film is one of the grandest bits of entertainment ever offered by Hollywood. The story relates in engrossing manner the highlights in the life of a notoriously wealthy publisher. Don't miss it.

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall.* The picturization of the popular book is one of the best films of the year. See it for the unforgettable performance of young Roddy McDowall.

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN (Warners) Cast: *Martha Scott, Fredric March.* A milestone in motion picture history. An absorbing study of the life of a Protestant clergyman.

SERGEANT YORK (Warners) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Joan Leslie, Walter Brennan.* The true story of a man from the Tennessee mountains who became a hero on the battlefield of World War I. One of the best pictures of the year.

SUSPICION (R-K-O) Cast: *Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nigel Bruce.* Compelling film in which Hitchcock again proves himself the superb master of direction and production. Miss Fontaine, as the young wife who suspects that her husband plans to murder her, equals her unforgettable performance in *Rebecca*.

TARGET FOR TONIGHT (War Documentary) In a simple, unpretentious little short, the story of the heroic fighters who drop bombs on Germany is told in straightforward, engrossing fashion. There are no women or professional actors in the film.

THE LITTLE FOXES (R-K-O) Cast: *Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Theresa Wright, Richard Carlson.* An even finer film than the magnificent stage play from which it was adapted. May easily be the best picture of 1941.

★★★½

DUMBO (Walt Disney Production) Disney's newest imaginative creation is completely captivating. Little *Dumbo*, the baby elephant with the grotesquely big ears, is the appealing little hero.

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ. (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Young, Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey.* For the first time in his career, Robert Young has an opportunity to show he is a truly good actor. Adapted from the popular novel by John P. Marquand.

IT STARTED WITH EVE (Universal) Cast: *Deanna Durbin, Charles Laughton, Robert Cummings.* Deanna's first screen appearance since her marriage. It's a pleasure to report her vibrant, warm personality emerges more pleasing than ever.

LADIES IN RETIREMENT (Columbia) Cast: *Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester.* The successful stage play loses none of its grim horror in being transplanted to the screen.

LYDIA (United Artists) Cast: *Merle Oberon, Joseph Cotten, Hans Yaray, George Reeves, Alan Marshal.* Women are going to love this, and men will enjoy it too. It's the story of a woman who had four men at her feet, and of the choice she made.

★★★

APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE (Universal) Cast: *Margaret Sullavan, Charles Boyer.* There is a gaiety about the whole screwball proceedings of this film which you'll find delightfully stimulating. The story concerns a love affair between playwright Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullavan, a woman doctor.

BALL OF FIRE (R-K-O) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck.* About an unworldly professor (Cooper) who goes out seeking first-hand information on modern slang to include in his encyclopedia. He meets *Sugarpuss O'Shea* (Stanwyck), a nightclub entertainer, who increases not only his vocabulary but his heartbeats.

BIRTH OF THE BLUES (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, Brian Donlevy, Carolyn Lee.* This is the story of jazz—how it was born and how it grew. Bing Crosby's voice is particularly well suited to the old numbers.

CONFIRM OR DENY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Don Ameche, Joan Bennett, Roddy McDowall.* Tense and exciting, with Hitler's projected invasion of England as the basis for the story.

DESIGN FOR SCANDAL (M-G-M) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon, Edward Arnold.* Gay and smart, a bit sophisticated, this is pleasant entertainment for the adult audience.

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (Columbia) Cast: *Robert Montgomery, Evelyn Keyes.* Fantastic but thoroughly absorbing.

HONKY TONK (M-G-M) Cast: *Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Frank Morgan.* Best thing in this rousing action film is the romance of the two leads. Watch for the famous Gable-Turner kiss!

I WAKE UP SCREAMING (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Carole Landis, Laird Cregar.* A better-than-average "whodunit" because of the capable actors in the leading roles. (Reviewed under the former title, *Hot Spot.*)

KATHLEEN (M-G-M) Cast: *Shirley Temple, Gail Patrick, Herbert Marshall, Laraine Day.* Shirley Temple wins new laurels for herself in her return to the screen after her two years' absence. The story is a striking penetration of a child's mind trying to make a pattern of complicated adult life.

KEEP 'EM FLYING (Universal) Cast: *Abbott and Costello, Martha Raye, Carol Bruce.* Again Abbott and Costello offer plenty of fun and plenty of action. Martha Raye clicks as a rowdy, song-shouting air camp hostess.

RISE AND SHINE (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Linda Darnell, Jack Oakie.* Football, musical nonsense and romance are pleasingly combined in this collegiate comedy.

SMILIN' THROUGH (M-G-M) Cast: *Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Brian Aherne.* First screen appearance of Jeanette MacDonald and her husband, Gene Raymond. All in Technicolor, which gives audiences a chance to admire Jeanette's gorgeous Titian locks.

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (Paramount) Cast: *Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake.* Again Preston Sturges goes against many of the accepted rules to produce an excellent, refreshing picture. Joel McCrea portrays a Hollywood director anxious to produce an epic of hard times, who goes out as a hobo looking for trouble. He finds plenty of it in the person of Veronica Lake.

SUNDOWN (United Artists) Cast: *Gene Tierney, Bruce Cabot, George Sanders.* Colorful, packed with excitement. Gene Tierney is beautiful to look at, and George Sanders does his usual smooth work in the role of a major.

SWAMP WATER (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Anne Baxter, Walter Brennan, Dana Andrews.* Like *Tobacco Road*, the film, *Swamp Water* deals with the poor whites of Georgia. Directed by Jean Renoir, it is compelling and absorbing after the first few opening scenes, which move along slowly. Newcomer Anne Baxter turns in a brilliant performance.

THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER (M-G-M) Cast: *Nelson Eddy, Rise Stevens.* Brings forth a warm, rich personality in Miss Stevens, who has a glorious voice in addition to lots of charm.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS (United Artists) Cast: *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ruth Warrick.* Plenty of excitement with Doug in the type of role his father made famous. He plays dual role.

THE MALTESE FALCON (Warners) Cast: *Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor.* One of the best mystery films that has come out of Hollywood in a long time.

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON (Warners) Cast: *Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland.* Crammed with action. It follows the exploits of the famed General Custer from his days at West Point through his career as a Union leader in the Civil War.

TWO-FACED WOMAN (M-G-M) Cast: *Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Constance Bennett.* In her newest film, Garbo runs the gamut—she swims, skis, rhumbas, sports a crisp new haircut and overindulges in champagne. A far-fetched plot is given credence by the able Miss Garbo.

YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH (Columbia) Cast: *Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth.* Astaire performs six intricate numbers, which should please his fans immensely. Rita is a beautiful and exceptionally clever partner.

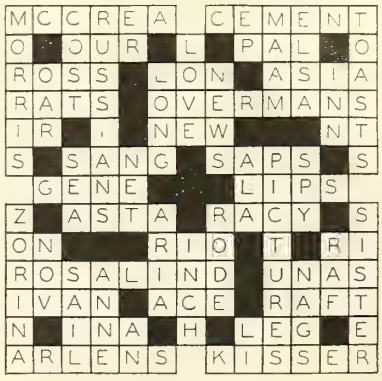
★★½

HELLZAPOPPIN' (Universal) Cast: *Olsen and Johnson.* The highly successful Broadway play is brought to the screen with great gusto. Good entertainment for the evening if you're in the mood for wild hilarity.

MR. AND MRS. NORTH (M-G-M) Cast: *Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr., Frank Morgan.* A "whodunit" with comedy trimmings. It is Gracie Allen's first movie venture without her husband, George Burns. The beginning is slow, but things pick up and all in all, it is pleasant entertainment.

PLAYMATES (R-K-O) Cast: *Kay Kyser, John Barrymore.* The Old Professor and Barrymore romp gaily through a Shakespearean satire.

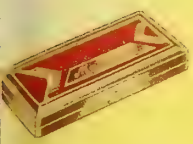
CROSSWORD PUZZLE SOLUTION



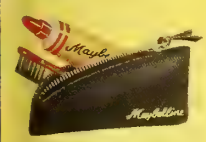
MARY HAD A LITTLE
(INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her — not AT her.
GIRLS liked her — because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were — well,
Just a — WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: *Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!*



Mary's lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form — both are tear-proof and non-smarting).



Mary's eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Maybelline

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

NOW! ALL YOU'VE LOOKED FOR IN A LIPSTICK

In Tangee's New Improved Satin-Finish

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

by Constance Luft Huhn

Head of the House of Tangee, Makers of the World's Most Famous Lipsticks

ARE YOU ONE of the thousands of women who have longed for a lipstick with a softer, glossier sheen ...an alluring satin-finish? A lipstick, *not too dry—yet not too moist*...that strokes on so easily, so smoothly, it almost applies itself? A lipstick that stays on—I *really mean stays on?*

After two years of almost ceaseless effort to blend all these qualities into a single lipstick, we, at Tangee, are happy to offer you our new and exclusive Tangee SATIN-FINISH!

SATIN-FINISH, we believe, is the most important announcement Tangee has made in years. SATIN-FINISH means that you now may have—not only Tangee's gloriously clear shades that blend so perfectly with your complexion: not only the famous Tangee cream base that feels so soothing to your lips—but the exquisite grooming of a SATIN-FINISH that lasts for hours and hours.

So whichever shade you like best—whether it's Tangee Natural, the lipstick that changes on your lips to produce your own most becoming color—or the more brilliant Tangee Theatrical Red—or Tangee Red-Red, the rarest, loveliest red of them all... each now flatters your lips with a new and alluring Satin-Finish.

TANGEE RED-RED

..."Rarest Loveliest Red of Them All."...harmonizes with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED

..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade."...always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL

...Orange in the stick, changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose on the lips.

TANGEE *Lipsticks*

WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

"A company that has pleased the women of America with over 100 million lipsticks can't help but learn every possible lipstick requirement," says Constance Luft Huhn, head of the House of Tangee. "We've listened eagerly and patiently to thousands of suggestions and comments—yes, and criticisms, too. And we are constantly seeking to improve our Tangee—to give it exactly those qualities you tell us you want in a lipstick. That is how our new and exclusive SATIN-FINISH was created. *You* wanted it—we produced it!"

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PENNY SINGLETON

MOVIE GLAMOUR GIRL TATTLES ON HOLLYWOOD

Know the Thrill a Lovelier Skin can Brinq You . . .

Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET !

This thrilling idea is based on the advice of skin specialists — praised by lovely brides!

LIKE thousands of other brides whose lovely complexions surely qualify them as beauty experts, Mrs. Conner is devoted to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. You, too, can follow her way to greater loveliness!

No woman's skin can be truly beautiful if, unknowingly, she mars it through improper cleansing. Or if she uses a soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Conner's skin is wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "I wouldn't think of neglecting my 'Mild-Soap' Diet routine," she says.

Tests prove Camay milder!

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only *mild* —it's actually milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we urge you to go on the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet without delay.

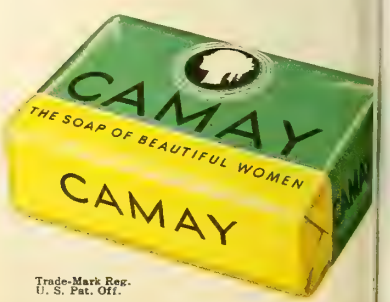
Put your complete trust in Camay. For 30 days use it faithfully night and morning. Your skin will feel fresher at once. And as the days go by you can reasonably expect to see your skin lovelier . . . more appealing.

This charming bride is Mrs. Charles H. Conner, Jr. of Charlotte, N. C., who says: "I don't believe in keeping secrets when it comes to my beauty care. Whenever people admire my complexion I tell them about the 'Mild-Soap' Diet and what a wonderful help it has been."

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!

Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the "Mild-Soap" Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.

In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.



Trade-Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

FOR 30 DAYS . . . LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

"It takes a Pretty Smile to Sell a Song—

And yours, My Pet, is on the Blink. I suspect 'Pink Tooth Brush'"

"You're a nightingale, sister! You've got youth, charm, personality—everything, *until you smile.* That's fatal. You can't star with my band until you can flash a smile that travels right from the stand into the customers' hearts."

"Now, no tears, pretty face. It's not that bad. You've just been careless. Box office smiles and 'pink tooth brush,' sparkling teeth and sensitive gums just don't play the same bill. We're booking you first with my dentist. Tomorrow—no, today!"

"Our modern soft foods don't give gums enough work! And sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy gums. Give your gums more work, daily massage." (N.B. A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)

"Am I following that dentist's advice! It's Ipana and massage for me—every day! What a clean, freshening flavor Ipana has! My teeth are brighter—and that stimulating tingle every time I massage my gums seems to signal, 'You're going to make the grade'."

Then on opening night the crowd went wild . . .

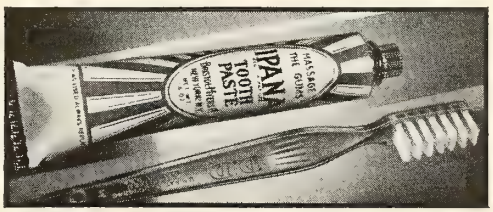
(Soliloquy of a nightingale) "I'm singing the blues but they're not in my heart. I'm the happiest girl this side of anywhere. Listen to that crowd—three encores and they're still banging the china and calling for more. Well, here's one little girl who sees her name in lights and Ipana Tooth Paste in her beauty cabinet forever and then some."

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

"PINK" on your tooth brush means *see your dentist at once.* He may simply tell you that eating too much soft, creamy food has denied your gums the exercise they need for firmness and health. And, like many dentists, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make your gums firmer. So each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you circulation is increasing in the gums—helping gums to gain new firmness and strength.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier smile!



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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MAR 14 1942

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

What does March come in like?...Okay, students, go to the head of the class.

★ ★ ★ ★

Leo, you know, has enlisted for the duration. He's in the Army, the Navy, Civilian Defense and ready to serve wherever wanted by his Uncle.

Have you seen "Joe Smith, American"? Recommended, incidentally, by our generous First Lady.

★ ★ ★ ★

We don't speak much about shorts in this column, but it's hard to keep quiet about "Main Street On The March", made with government cooperation.

★ ★ ★ ★

The exhibitors of America, as well, are all out for our war effort. Their screens will inform, uplift and divert. Three essentials in a crisis.

★ ★ ★ ★

Among the diversions that Dr. Leo has brewed in his own laboratory is the newest rattle of that famous Hardy family skeleton.

★ ★ ★ ★

Despite the natural presence of that exciting, energetic, connubial dynamo —Mickey Rooney—nothing personal is intended by the title—

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Courtship of Andy Hardy".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's undoubtedly impossible to refer to a beautiful young lady as a dark horse—

★ ★ ★ ★

But watch Donna Reed in this hardiest of the Hardys.

★ ★ ★ ★

Space doesn't permit much about "Mrs. Miniver", (Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon); "I Married An Angel", (Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy); "Ship Ahoy", (Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Bert Lahr, Tommy Dorsey's orchestra); and "Rio Rita", (Abbott and Costello).

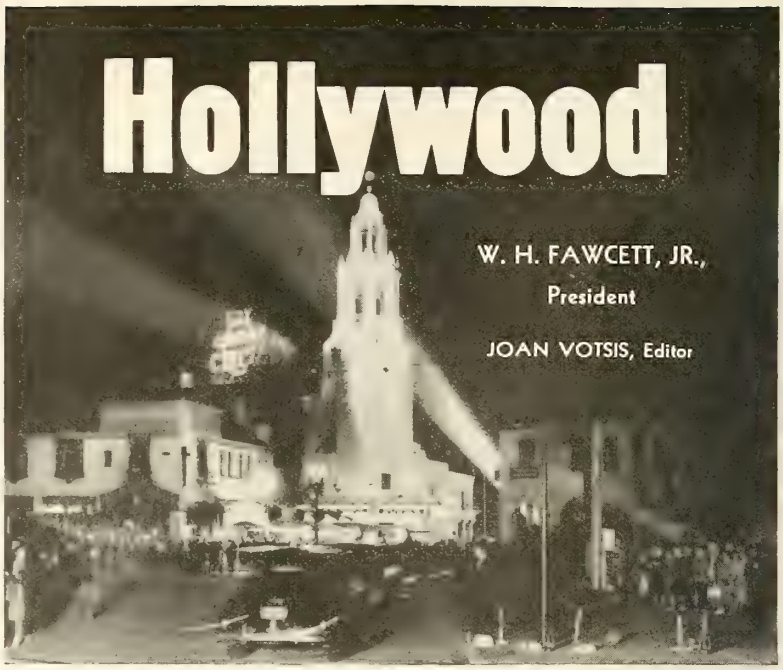
★ ★ ★ ★

There's so much to say about the merits of Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Pictures. We really ought to have two columns. Still—

★ ★ ★ ★

Yours for conservation.

—*Leo*



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RAY
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RAGLAND
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Screen Play by Harry Clork and Franz G. Spencer • Directed by EDWARD LUDWIG • Produced by FREDERICK STEPHANI • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ All Around The Town: Red Skelton has shed 25 pounds in the last two months. Studio orders . . .Mickey Rooney's bride, Ava Gardner, is four inches taller than the box-office king—even with the lifts in his shoes . . . America's moustache wearers have jumped from one in ten to one in six men, according to Max Factor, Jr. Chief reason, he says, is Hollywood, where the moustache is having a renaissance . . . John Kimbrough, the 220-pound all-American grid star turned movie actor, is reading poetry aloud these nights. His studio ordered homework to improve his diction . . . R-K-O's pre-war script of *The Tuttles of Tahiti* carries this now ironic description of the island background. "There is a sense of vastness, peace and Pacific isolation."

■ Nat Pendleton says he's amazed at the progress being made in the automobile industry. He said: "Just look at the record. 1940—no running boards. 1941—no gear shift. 1942—No cars!"

■ Now that all is forgiven between herself and her parents, Gene Tierney isn't risking any further parental frowns. For a scene in *Rings on Her Fingers,* she was required to wear a slave bracelet around her ankle. She declined. "Father," she said, "always thought they were scandalous. And I don't want to offend him." The shot was eliminated.

■ John Barrymore met an old friend the other day and the talk drifted around to homes. The friend said, "I'm living in a house once owned by a movie star." "That's funny," replied the Great Profile, "I'm living in a house once owned by a movie star, too." "Who?" asked the pal. "Me," said Barrymore.

[*Continued on page* 8]

Gary Cooper and Joan Leslie shared a jubilant moment at the completion of their radio broadcast of *Sergeant York* for the Screen Guild Theater. Joan's at work on Warners' *Yankee Doodle Dandy,* Gary has Lou Gehrig role in *Pride of the Yankees*

Paulette's Back...

IS THE OBJECTIVE AT THE FRONT!

"ALL THE BOYS AT THE FRONT WANT HER BACK!"

"THE PRETTIEST MILITARY OBJECTIVE I EVER SAW!"

"PARDON MY PRYING . . . BUT SPYING'S SPYING!"

...AND RAY HAS A PLAN UP HIS SLEEVE, TOO!

"THE LADY HAS PLANS"

...and they're on her back!

Coming! "REAP THE WILD WIND" in Technicolor Cecil B. DeMille's greatest production

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Ray Milland · Paulette Goddard

with

Roland Young · Albert Dekker · Margaret Hayes · Cecil Kellaway · Edward Norris

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD · Screen Play by Harry Tugend

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A Paramount picture

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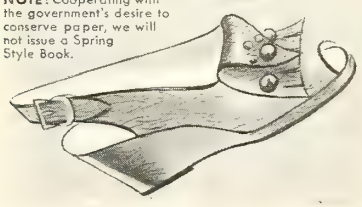
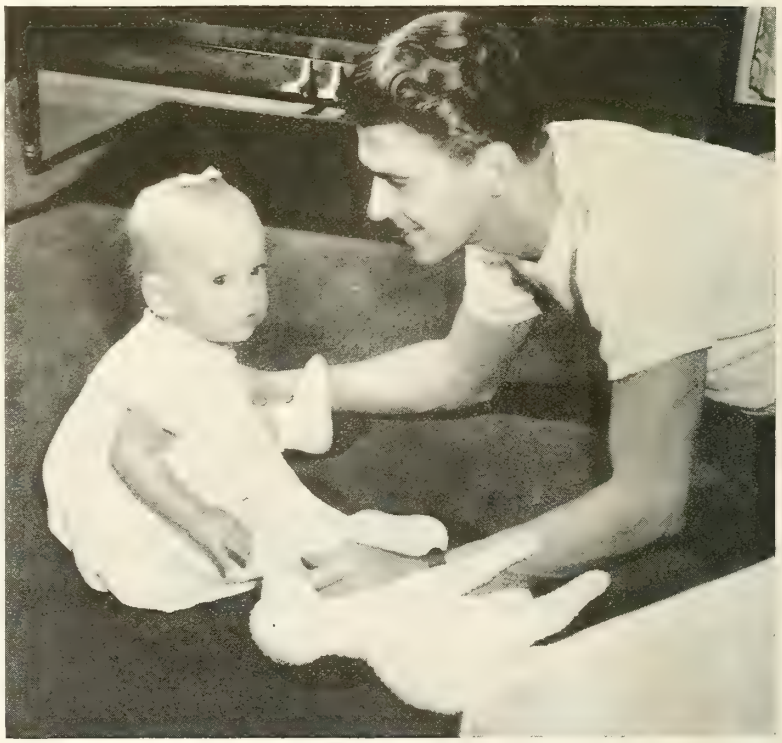


Cheesecake a la mode! George Raft and Jack Carson, not to be outdone by Paulette Goddard's eye-catching leg straps, do a little limb-displaying of their own. George Tobias is the amused on-looker. He and Jack are in *The Shadow of Their Wings*, Paulette's in *The Lady Has Plans*, and Raft is appearing in Universal's *Broadway*

■ The biggest man in pictures, Laird Cregar, won't be seen in a bathing suit on the screen. Studio executives took one look at the 300-pound actor doing a swan dive into a swimming pool for a

[*Continued on page* 10]

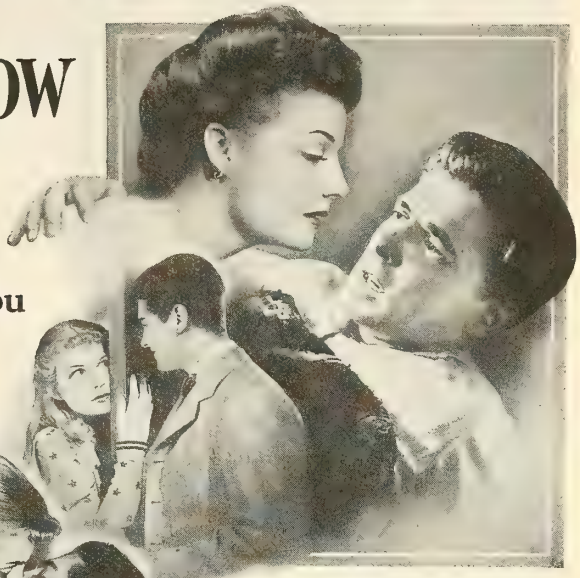


It's a great occasion in the Reagan household when papa gets a day off from work, for little Maureen Elizabeth is assured of a happy day of games and romping. Don't you think she looks like mama Jane Wyman? Ronald's in *Juke Girl*

THERE IS A STORY ABOUT A TOWN CALLED KINGS ROW

All knew it but none talked about it — *except in whispers.*

You'll live strange experiences you never dreamed could come into your life as the screen captures each ecstatic moment and every secret longing of these shadowed characters. Here is screen greatness, truly!

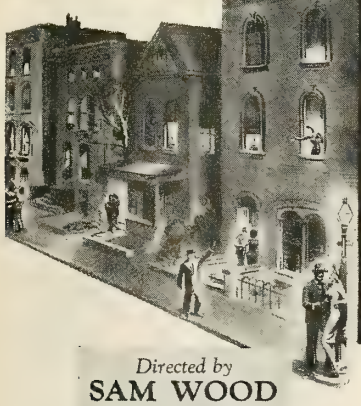


ANN SHERIDAN
as tempting 'RANDY'

ROBERT CUMMINGS
as handsome 'PARRIS'

RONALD REAGAN
as irresistible 'DRAKE'

BETTY FIELD
as stormy 'CASSIE'



KINGS ROW

WHERE EVERY HEART CONCEALED A SECRET SIN

Directed by
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The Screen Play is superbly adapted by Casey Robinson from the Novel by Henry Bellamann • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

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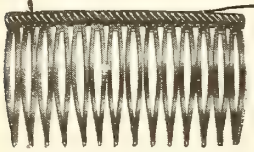
Hollywood-perfect!

RITA HAYWORTH
Columbia Pictures Star



Hollywood stars can't stop to fix their hair whenever they'd like to. That's why so many of them depend on Grip-Tuth. Grip-Tuth looks like a comb—but isn't. It's a tiny hair-prop that slides into your hair in a jiffy—and stays there until *you* take it out! Try one to hold your wave. Try one to keep your hair high on the sides. Try one to anchor bows or flowers just where you want them! Two on a card (or one extra-length) for only 25¢. **NOTE:** if notion counter or beauty shop can't supply you, send 25¢ for card. State hair color.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 50

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It's hard to keep score on the Lana Turner romances, but right now Tommy Dorsey seems to be head man. Lana appears to have a penchant for bandleaders—remember her brief marriage to Artie Shaw? She's in Metro's *Johnny Eager*

scene in a new film and promptly cut the shot out of the picture.

■ There was an ironic twist to the honoring of Bob Hope and Rita Hayworth by Hollywood photographers as the most "photogenerous" stars on a national radio show. Stars of the radio show were Jean Arthur and Fred MacMurray, both of whom were candidates for the Hollywood Women's Press Club title of "least cooperative" stars.

■ George Brent, who hasn't worked with Olivia de Havilland for three years, kissed her for the first time since then for a scene in *In This Our Life*. "My, my," said George, "but you've grown up."

■ Orson Welles is still worrying about his ever-increasing waistline. He's super-sensitive about it, tries every exercise and kills all publicity photographs showing his tummy to disadvantage. While directing winter scenes in a Los Angeles icehouse for *The Magnificent Ambersons*, Welles, wearing a heavy fur coat, shooed away photographers. The coat, he said, accentuated his waistline.

■ If you look closely when you see a movie titled *Powder Town*, you'll see that Victor McLaglen is wearing old-

A talent scout for Warners spotted Dolores Moran at a picnic in Sacramento, California, and forthwith she found herself in an important role in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. Dolores is only 15

fashioned high lace shoes. He has them made to order and wears them off and on the screen.

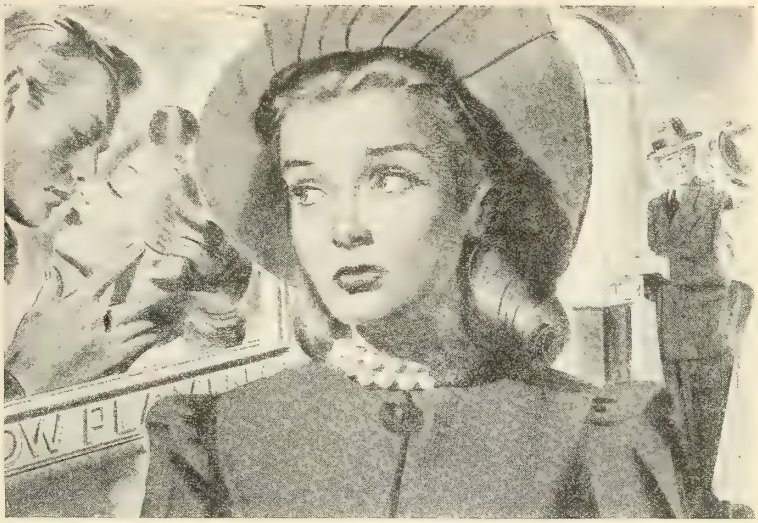
■ There's a room full of paintings in an upstairs room at the Cecil B. DeMille home. One of the paintings is a surrealistic number by Power O'Malley. In one corner of the canvas is DeMille's head. Grouped around are Moses perched on a cliff like a mountain goat *(The Ten Commandments);* a nearly nude Gloria Swanson with a lion sniffing at her lovely neck *(Male and Female);* Geraldine Farrar in full armour, leading a train of knights *(Joan the Woman);* a procession of the dead *(The Road to Yesterday),* and the nimbus bright head of H. B. Warner as Christ *(The King of Kings).* DeMille has ordered the painting be hung in the dining room, and about half the time that's where it is. But Mrs. DeMille can't bear the sight of the thing so when she thinks he won't notice, she has it removed and hung in the backroom upstairs where people hardly ever go. Then he does notice, and it is returned to the dining room until Mrs. DeMille thinks it's safe again.

■ Comedian Red Skelton's phobia against telephones is the real thing, not a press agent's dream. Skelton, a nervous individual with finger nails bitten down to the quick, hasn't used a telephone since he and his wife were playing one

[*Continued on page* 12]

For once Gracie Allen was left speechless. The occasion was an encounter with Chief Yeoman Ben Lloyd of the Naval Training Station at San Diego. The petite Gracie and husband George Burns have been on a tour of training stations

A "Close-up" was only a Movie Term to Paula, until...



Act 1: Paula is pretty! She sings like an angel and can dance like a breeze. But there are few compliments and dates in Paula's young life, few eligible bachelors—BECAUSE—well, Paula is guilty of one little fault, *she's careless about underarm odor!*

Act 2: (*Enter pretty friend*) Wake up to the facts of charm, my Pretty! Of course you bathe every day—before every date. But a bath only takes care of the *past*...to give your charm a *future,* use Mum.

Act 3: (*Paula's soliloquy*) Now I can play a love scene! Mum is so marvelous—so quick, so easy to use, so sure! Only 30 seconds to use Mum, and daintiness is safe for long hours. Safe for skin, safe for dresses, too!

Mum takes only 30 seconds, effective for hours!

Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration!

Mum is harmless to sensitive skin and to delicate fabrics. Get Mum at your druggist today!

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SHE'S Irresistible

SHE USES IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME AND LIPSTICK

An exquisite perfume for your new Spring Bonnet . . . a challenge to Spring and a young man's fancy. A touch of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, irresistible and assures you of his devotion. Now in an adorable Easter Box.

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USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer . . . smoother . . . . . 10¢

night stands several years ago. It all started when his agent called him one day and told him he was set for a show at the Union Theater in Trenton, N. J., on Dec. 7. Red wrote down the message as "union show in Trenton at 7 o'clock"—and hasn't used a telephone since.

■ The Herbert Marshalls, as you know, are expecting a baby but here's what you don't know. The star was one of the last persons to hear the news. He was vacationing alone in New York when the story was printed in a newspaper there. "I was surprised," he told a reporter, "when I read about it. I sent my wife a telegram asking her about it. She wired back from Hollywood that it was true."

■ *Andy Hardy's* modernistic lingo is contagious. He's even got staid *Judge Hardy* talking it in their latest picture, *The Courtship of Andy Hardy*. Seeing *Ma Hardy* in a new dress, Lewis Stone says, "Patch my panty-waist, Mother, but you're a ball of fire in that outfit." And in another scene, he questions Rooney, "Have you drizzled down to one particular cookie?"

■ William Dieterle, the foreign director, was filming a tough dance hall scene for *Syncopation* at R-K-O. "Whose mole are you?" he asked a pretty extra girl. "Mole? Mole?" she repeated. A gangster

[*Continued on page* 51]

Even at the tender age of two, this young lady was interested in the camera, so it's no wonder she grew up to be an outstanding young screen actress. She has big brown eyes, and she sings and dances in fetching fashion. Recently she married a talented young composer. Turn to page 53 and see if you guessed correctly

Plenty of folding money went into the little box on Jean Ames' specially constructed scooter when she made a tour of the Warner lot getting contributions for the Red Cross War Emergency Fund. Humphrey Bogart and Phil Silvers were among the donators when Jean approached them on the *Escape From Crime* set

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in

Rings on her Fingers

with LAIRD CREGAR

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LADY LUCK'S PROTEGE

By HOYT BARNETT

She placed her arms about his neck, ducked the cigar smoke, kissed Jack Benny and considered herself lucky. Later she took off her shoes, smeared mud on her face, wandered through a swamp and again considered herself lucky.

What sort of a girl would react so to these situations?

You're wrong. She's Anne Baxter, and if luck put her where she is today, and she declares it did, she has a different notion of what luck means than most of the youngsters in this neck of the woods—Hollywood.

But that's Anne's story, and perhaps she really is lucky, for certainly anyone is lucky to be 18, lovely and as full of life as this talented young actress from the East.

It may have been a break to kiss Jack Benny in *Charley's Aunt*, and luck may have given Anne her chance to dominate *Swamp Water*. But when Orson Welles cast her as *Lucy Morgan* in *The Magnificent Ambersons* it was about time to put a stop to that sort of talk and admit the girl is an actress.

And why shouldn't she be a good actress? She never wanted to be anything else since she can remember, and she has everything that the men at least of this country want to see when they lay it on the line at the box-office.

From a casual glance at this girl one might consider her run-of-the-mine among Hollywood beauties. Her eyes are brown but really nice. Her face is good and her figure just right for a swimming suit. She's not the slinky, siren type. Her 5 feet 3 inches of 111 pounds is just right to get a good hold on when the music is soft and the lights are low.

Yes, she's a nice wholesome kid with plenty of bounce and when she turns on the personality she's a girl just like Dad thought Mother was the night he popped the question.

One of the things that makes this youngster so colorful and full of life is her all-out interest in everything. She likes to swim, cook, eat, take steam baths and design houses. But more than all other things, she likes to act and considers herself lucky when she gets any sort of opportunity.

"I never wanted to be anything but an actress," she said emphatically. "That's why I refused to go to school. It seemed like a delay. I wanted to get on the stage."

Despite what Anne says she applied herself seriously in school, particularly while at the Theodore Irvine School of Drama and when she studied with Maria Ouspenskaya before coming to Hollywood.

"Luck played a big part in my short career. I was lucky in summer stock, particularly lucky to be with Eva La Gallienne in *Madame Capet*. She taught me to project, the important thing in acting.

"I was lucky, too, in getting parts in two shows that reached Broadway. I felt I was getting a lucky break to study in what I like to call the post graduate school of experience."

There was a time when Anne might not have considered herself running over with luck. That was when she was tested for *Rebecca*. A silent test arranged by a talent scout in New York impressed Selznick. He called her to Hollywood where eight more tests were made before Joan Fontaine won the part from Anne.

But Anne is philosophical as she considers this event. "I was lucky to get the experience for it really helped when I made another test in New York for Darryl Zanuck."

Anne was not the only one who considered this test lucky. When Zanuck saw her work—it was a scene from the play *Stage Door* with William Councilman—he called Anne on the phone from Los Angeles, and she had a 20th Century-Fox contract the next day.

Anne Baxter declares luck is responsible for all the grand things that have been happening to her lately, including a leading role in Orson Welles' important new film, *The Magnificent Ambersons*

"Luck brought me to Hollywood," she declared, "and I've been lucky since I got here. I might have been cast in very poor or obscure pictures, but I wasn't. Luck, too, kept me from becoming the face on the cutting room floor.

"I was lucky to be one of two girls who kissed Jack Benny in *Charley's Aunt*. Kissing Benny wasn't so important in itself, but it was an important scene. I had the advantage of good make-up, good camera work and a good picture. The combination helped me get a part in *Swamp Water*.

"I had been seen by producers in pretty clothes and with good make-up. Now I had an opportunity to show what I could do without shoes and with a dirty face."

And Anne did all right as a swamp angel, so all right in fact that Welles called her for a test when he started casting *The Magnificent Ambersons*.

She calls it luck that she got the part. Perhaps luck did cast her, but Welles believes he did, and he should know for he interviewed more than two dozen young actresses and actually shot 11 tests—a really large number—before casting her opposite Tim Holt.

Anne has many characteristics of a co-ed using Hollywood as a campus while working in the Drama School. This does not mean she is NOT serious in her work, but she has about the same sort of outside activities you would expect to engage a senior at Ohio State or Northwestern—possibly because she was born in the Middle West—Indiana—and her years in New York City and its suburbs have not greatly changed her manner.

Her interest in architecture, design and interior decorating is lively but not absorbing and perhaps is responsible more to the fact that her uncle is the famous architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, than to anything else.

Anne's home life is much like that of a college girl. The principal difference is that her parents visit her on the "campus of Hollywood" rather than Anne's going home for vacations. Her mother has been living with her for several months and her father, Kenneth Stuart Baxter, a top-flight salesmanager in the East, spent Christmas with them. He visited the studio just before the New Year to watch his daughter work before the camera.

Anne's romances are much like those of a co-ed, too. She plays the field, but is strictly "out" when the Ciro wolf-pack calls. Most of her dates are with young men outside of the profession, many of whom she met through her architect uncle, Mr. Wright.

At Christmas time when her engagement was "announced" to Will Fowler, son of Gene Fowler, the writer, Anne blew up.

"Why, I've been out with him only four times," she stormed.

A more experienced friend laughed at her reaction. "That story is easy to explain," she told Anne gently, "and you should hope it recurs. It seems more than a coincidence to me that your romance 'leaked' out the day 20th Century-Fox picked up your option."

Anne studied for a moment and then laughed.

"You're right," she said. "I certainly am lucky." ■

EVER wake up in the morning wondering how the day is going to turn out? Whether new triumphs will come your way?

Take last Friday . . . it was *your* day from dawn to dreams. You breezed through First Aid class like a Florence Nightingale. And at the U. S. O. dance, you and Tom, at the piano, were the center of the circle.

But *today* something tells you to crawl back under the covers, quick! It happened last month and the one before. And now, with *everything* happening . . . you *would* be the one to beat a retreat!

What gets you is why should "difficult days" cause *you* worries when other girls sail along without a care in the world!

Say "Good Morning" . . . and mean it!

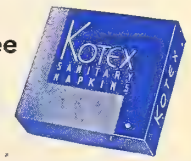
Why not take a tip from the girls who sparkle and shine *every* day? Ask them and you'll find *most girls* choose Kotex sanitary napkins. They'll tell you that Kotex is *more comfortable.*

Why? . . . because Kotex is made in soft folds that are naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch!

You'll take Kotex for *mental comfort*, too! There's extra confidence and poise in knowing your secret is safe — that the flat, pressed ends of Kotex do away with embarrassing bulges. That a new moisture-resistant "safety shield" gives *added* protection and safety!

Add it all up and you know why Kotex is more popular than all other brands of pads put together. The best proof that Kotex stays soft!

Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree
— with Kotex★!



(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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Where's a girl to get those little intimate hints she needs to know about her "problem"? The new booklet "As One Girl To Another" tells all. Send your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. FW-4, Chicago, Ill., for copy FREE.

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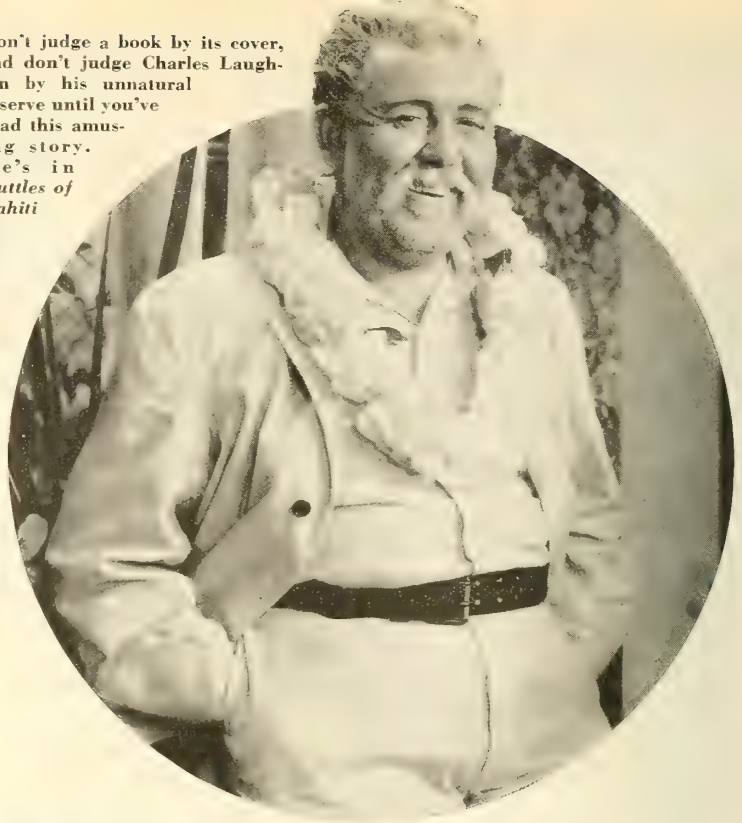
Don't judge a book by its cover, and don't judge Charles Laughton by his unnatural reserve until you've read this amusing story. He's in *Tuttles of Tahiti*



Whimsy With a Waistline

By PAUL KAREL

■ "Oh, I'm quite easy to understand," mused Mr. Charles Laughton. "Quite according to the actorish pattern. Quite nervous. Quite harmless. Definitely stodgy to the average American, I should say. Quite without an overpowering personal charm. I needn't explain, need I," he grinned, "that I have never possessed a profile?"

On the set of *The Tuttles of Tahiti*, playing the kindly, philosophical head of the *Tuttle* clan, Laughton was conscientiously trying to figure himself out.

"You know," he continued, relaxing comfortably in the simulated sunshine of a languorous South Sea island, "next to wanting to be an actor I have always had an intense leaning toward callings that are quite fantastic—like riding a barrel over Niagara Falls or becoming a tight wire artist. *There* are professions that are really spectacular, don't you think?" With a knowing slyness he waited for a reaction. "Does that seem outlandish to you?" he asked quite innocently.

"Now that I mention it, it does seem a bit, shall we say, unreal, even to me. One so completely grows away from more youthful ambitions sometimes. And as you see, here I am—only an ordinary actor." He paused momentarily.

"I'd say that I'm moderately selfish, moderately smug, and only occasionally given to elaborating on personal experiences to invest them with a more dramatic fillip. I'm serious—if need be. I'm kind to children and animals.

"I like fresh gooseberry tarts and the starkness of Russian drama. I can tolerate only minute doses of sweetbread saute, and of Charles Dickens. I like very little planned routine directly surrounding me. I am unhesitatingly chary about effusive enthusiasms. I like American humor and Dutch cheese.

"You see," he shrugged, "I warned you. Quite average!"

If you had ever imagined that you had Mr. Charles Laughton all figured out—if you had mentally put your finger on him and labeled him fifty percent great actor, plus fifty percent lofty, reserved Britisher and then dismissed him, you definitely don't know Laughton. Analytically speaking, he is a couple of altogether different guys from that portly, affected gentleman you've always thought him.

In his new R-K-O picture you'll see him in a type of role he's never played before. A kindly, thoroughly sympathetic, un-

worldly native. For all the awe and respect due him as a great actor Laughton is a charming, unaffected fellow who somehow, curiously, and very snugly, fits the nickname of "Charlie." And, when he allows his sense of humor the upper hand, he unexpectedly uncovers an amusing streak of whimsy.

There is no denying that he is the most unpretentious, not to mention "unmatched" dresser in Hollywood. Rarely do the items of his get-up click as to weave or color. He's addicted to soft collared shirts, dilapidated slouch hats, lemon squash, the adventures of Captain Marvel, and to a voracious yearning to be a writer.

"Of course, my dear fellow," he confessed to your correspondent, "I haven't written a word—yet. However, if you would care for the secret of my *theatrical* progress in plain and unelaborated terms, I should say that my becoming an actor was accountable to a fantastic desire to re-do, in my own fashion, every role that I ever saw, plus an astounding conviction within myself that this stupendous assumption was somehow quite logical—and possible. Do I make myself clear?" He grinned.

"Give any young chap that combination of vices to live with and he'll become an actor," he went on, "or if you prefer, 'ham,' in spite of anything anyone can do." He questioned, "You understand now, I gather, of what actors are made? From now on, consequently, everything about me should be easily explainable."

When you meet the generally accepted version of Charles Laughton you meet at once an intellectual, a dilettante (he dabbles in art collecting), and a life-like replica of some of his more formidable screen characterizations. His intense aloofness can be very disturbing. Then meet the selfsame Mr. Laughton who's feeling rather a slight edge of his whimsical oats, and you'll meet a cove who'll intrigue you right down to the rind.

"I'm frightfully ill at ease," he continued in sudden apparent facetiousness, "in talking so much about myself. It's so alarmingly easy to make oneself appear just the right sort of good fellow by being a jolly agreeable interviewee. I find myself doing just that right now, of course. But I'm trying to remember, too, that examples of sterling deportment can be considered exceedingly dull. Therefore, I must immediately give you an entire paragraph of my most glaring faults. That's only cricket, isn't it?

"I have a vile disposition I am told—especially before breakfast. I have not a particle of patience with telephone operators, over-zealous salesmen, and unskilled motorists. I find exercise of any kind altogether distasteful. It is said I respond prodigiously to flattery." He winked. "Don't believe it!

"I'm afraid I sometimes do resort to petty hypocrisy when asked for criticism by a friend. I can not abide sweet salads. I will not tolerate being disturbed while studying a role. I am altogether unreasonable as to the merit of most modern music. I am woefully bored with anecdotes which are without a subtle reason for being. I will tolerate very little 'advice' from people whom I don't consider qualified

[*Continued on page 20*]

Changing Headlines

By MARY BAILEY
Hollywood's Beauty Editor

If you're one of those girls who likes a casual hair-do but bemoans the fact that it is never just right with dressy costumes and no hat, but some version of the vagabond is becoming, these pictures of Brenda Marshall were meant especially for you.

Brenda, who is featured in Warners' *Captains of the Clouds,* is a girl of many moods and she wears clothes and make-up accordingly. Her advice to you is to have your hair dressed, first of all, to suit your face and features, but to make sure it's a style that can be varied. And you can see that she follows her own advice, for there's a vast difference between the Brenda in the front-dipped vagabond hat and the exotic girl in the draped turban.

You start out, then, by selecting a basic coiffure best for the shape of your face, you have it expertly cut and thinned, and the rest is pretty much up to you. Hair that is lustrous and shiny is a "must" for a well-groomed coiffure. So you must keep yours that way with every-night brushings and once-a-week shampoos. Then experiment with different arrangements and hats.

One other thing you mustn't forget, though, and that is to change your make-up. This is particularly true for evening, for there's some quality in artificial light that makes a woman's face look grayish and washed-out unless she is careful to use make-up that deepens her natural coloring.

For instance in the daytime, when you favor casually arranged hair and tailored hats, a clear bright shade of lipstick is wonderful, but not so for evening. To combat the effects of night lights, you must choose a much deeper color.

Eye make-up in the daylight is used to bring out the natural beauty of your eyes. But get that same make-up under artificial light and you'll find your lashes appear several shades lighter. So for extra eyelash accent in the evening, apply a second coat of mascara after the first coat has dried. This makes the lashes look thicker and darker. And here's a tip: There's a third shade of mascara made especially for all types to wear at night—a dark navy blue which is the softest and most flattering lash coloring under lights.

TURN TO PAGE 34 FOR BEAUTY HIGHLIGHTS.

Brenda Marshall chooses a basic coiffure that can be styled to the occasion and the hat. Notice the width at the sides, especially good for a long-faced girl

Brenda goes dressy with a draped turban, completely covering her head. Below, her hair-do is casual, appropriate for the front-dipped hat. And for evening, the same basic coiffure is arranged in a sleek manner, swept back from her face with a soft roll in back

HEAD DRESS PARADE . . .

Have a hair-do that's adaptable to every occasion. And one that can readily be changed to go with different kinds of hats. Send today for a coiffure chart, which gives make-up hints for your own particular type. And ask for an April HOLLYWOOD Beauty Bulletin. Address your letter to Mary Bailey, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. And include personal beauty problems on skin, figure or hands.

Now Hair Can Be Far More Alluring
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Worldly but bewitching . . . *this smoothly-rolled, distinguished hair-do. Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene, now featured by leading beauty salons, because it leaves hair so silky, smooth!*

Amazing hair conditioner now in improved Special Drene Shampoo brings new glamour to hair!

● Have you discovered yet how much more glamorous even the simplest hair-do looks—after a shampoo with improved Special Drene? That amazing hair conditioner now in Special Drene makes the most terrific difference! It leaves the hair far silkier, smoother . . . easier to comb into smooth, sleek neatness . . . easier to arrange!

No wonder improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, is sweeping the country . . . thrilling girls everywhere!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all *soaps* do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!*

So to get these extra beauty benefits, don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

All Special Drene now at dealers' in the blue and yellow package is improved

Special Drene with Hair Conditioner Added

and is for every type of hair... no matter whether dry, oily, normal! Don't wait to try new, improved Special Drene—or ask your beauty operator to use it.

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Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% *more lustre!*

Whimsy With a Waistline

[*Continued from page* 17]

to give it. And I think it very much wiser on my part," he grinned again, "not to elaborate, even minutely, on what I think of women's fashions and all this beauty and diet hokus pokus that is so in vogue today.

"I think I shall also refuse," he added with a sudden mock pompousness, "to discuss the single tax, the double standard, Aimee Semple MacPherson, or the necessary requisities for becoming a *wow* in Hollywood society. So very, very controversial these subjects, don't you think?

"However, I do find it very refreshing to air my views so frankly to a complete stranger. It makes one feel rather as if there *were* something to talk about after all. But," he quickly faked a penetrating, *Captain Bligh* leer directly at your interviewer, "there is the fact to remember, of course, that one is taking an alarming chance of being horribly misquoted. I trust *you* are also conscious of that trying circumstance." Under a very stern frown his eyes twinkled in amusement.

This curiously concocted Englishman is really an unknown personality switcher who should be dubbed "Charlie the Charlatan" without a moment's hesitation. He's an electric-fast quick change artist, de-luxe. He can swing from the stilted impeccability of a staid story in the king's English to a slightly purple "cor blimey" sizzler, and back again, in a split second. The too obvious reserve that has led so many people to consider him an overstern Britisher is, I assure you, only a shallow veneer. The reluctant dragon, that old fakir, is a complete washout at hiding the fanciful under the frightening when compared to Charlie.

The disturbing exteriors he uses to cover up his decided pixie quality is simply a camouflage. Just why he bluffs so energetically no one can say, except perhaps that it amuses him. And Mr. Laughton likes nothing better than to be slyly, picturesquely and privately amused. Yet underneath he feels very deeply, he's very human and even shy. His favorite color is pure, vital blue. He has an appalling weakness for the rowdy-dow tempos of a street hurdy-gurdy. He likes the nostalgic sadness of returning autumn. He likes Indian chutney, pink roast beef, and the spicy scent of carnations. He's a cinch for a story with a touch of genuine pathos in it.

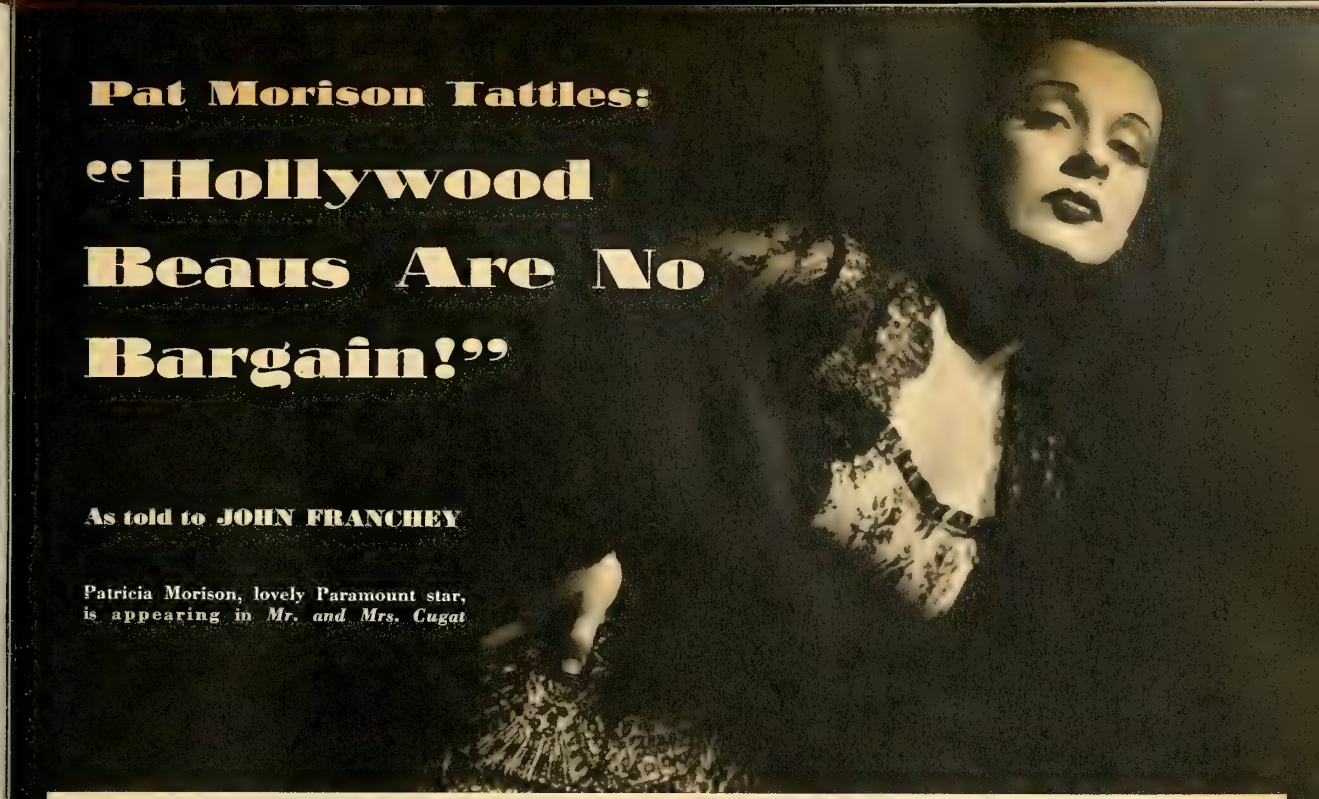
Moral: Don't judge a book by its cover, and don't judge Laughton by his crafty, unnatural reserve. The simple reason being that British whimsy, need I say, can be the most curiously camouflaged whimsy in all the world. ■

WANT TO DO SOMETHING FOR DEFENSE?

Deanna Durbin has the answer. She hit on the novel idea for a "Victory Dinner" which happily combines patriotic endeavor with social entertaining. We bring you Deanna's enticing menus in the May HOLLYWOOD.

Pat Morison Tattles:

"Hollywood Beaus Are No Bargain!"



As told to JOHN FRANCHEY

Patricia Morison, lovely Paramount star, is appearing in *Mr. and Mrs. Cugat*

■ At the risk of disillusioning the starry-eyed who may even now nurse the dream, as I once did, that the Hollywood male is something not of this planet, I make haste to observe that not only is he vastly overrated but, to be quite candid, a bore, and a bother. He can also be—and very often is—badly-mannered, badly-behaved, and badly-dressed. Furthermore, as a species of gentleman whose main avocation is—what he likes to call—romance, he is as amusing as Jimmy Durante in a ballet costume.

The plain truth is that unattached Hollywood men, as a whole, are spoiled. The explanation is simple: there are a dozen women to every eligible male, with the obvious result that most men without ties flit like butterflies from flower to flower and never stop long enough to discover whether it's a gardenia or a camelia. Why should they? A flower's a flower, isn't it? Who cares about names?

The Hollywood cavalier in action is something to tell your grandchildren about.

He has a passion for surprises. That explains why he calls you at 8:15 to tell you that he's decided that you were much too nice to languish away in that big old house and he'll be by to pick you up in twenty minutes. The possibility that maybe you already have a date (or your pride to consider) never enters his mind. Naturally, when he hears you tell him that you're sorry and would he be good enough to ask you some other night—a day or two in advance, perhaps—he is hurt and humiliated. In any case, he makes it clear that since you were foolish enough to pass him up, your blood is on your own hands and he'll be seeing you soon—in 1964.

Supposing, on the other hand, that he is fairly suave and makes a half-hearted attempt to make you believe that it's your company he wants for an evening rather than a chance to save you from eternal boredom at home. All right. You say, yes, you'd like very much to go.

"Fine," he says. "See you tomorrow night at eight, and we'll do the town." And he's hung up.

Now you ARE in a spot. You didn't get a chance to ask him what he had in mind. Oh, well, you say to yourself, he did mention dinner. And since it's Saturday night, chances are he'll be wearing a dinner jacket.

You've been waiting twenty minutes when he arrives nonchalantly, makes no apologies or explanations, and notices, perhaps, that you look "cute." He doesn't notice, it seems, that you're wearing a long dress and he's wearing a sack suit, a sport affair. He says: "Let's be off, shall we?"

He may or may not open the car door for you, depending on his mood at the moment. He climbs behind the wheel, flicks on the radio, changes the station immediately when he discovers Tchaikovsky is on the air, and settles back, all content, just as soon as he's tuned in on a swing band.

Being a great one for surprises, if you'll remember, he pulls up all of a sudden at some quaint restaurant where, it seems, he knows a waiter who is "quite a character."

"There's nothing chi-chi about this place," he tells you in an off-hand way. "But the food is out of this world."

Out of this world is right. And the waiter, too. From Mars no doubt. Oh well, you console yourself, no food, no diet problems. The evening is just beginning. You like to dance. He not only likes to dance but is very good at it. You have his own word on that score.

In fairness to him, he takes you to one of the better clubs. You walk into the place and he's beaming. He exudes charm in all directions. And it works. People wave at him. He hollers back. He's friendly. He knows everybody. There's Jack Benny. "Hi, Jack." Mr. Benny waves back a little vaguely. There's Errol Flynn. "Hi, Errol, old boy." Mr. Flynn nods.

You order and then settle back to enjoy the music. It's good music. They're playing a Viennese waltz. You turn around to tell him how much you like Strauss. He's gone. You can't see him at first. But you can hear him. Ah, there he is over in center field talking with a columnist, who seems gloomy as a hangman. He returns all aglow.

"It always pays to swap a few laughs with the newspaper boys," he tells you in a spirit of helpfulness. "I told him one that panicked him."

All during the meal he's the soul of devotion. He'd die before he'd allow a split-second lull in the conversation. He removes that danger very handily by taking charge of the conversation. He's on the tail end of his life story when you suggest dancing.

"Was I boring you, honey?" he asks, a mite pained. [*Continued on page* 49]

Hitchcock Keeps 'Em Guessing

By KAY PROCTOR

No director can equal Alfred Hitchcock in turning out chiller-diller films. Universal's *Saboteur* promises to be one of his most pleasantly terrifying to date, as you can judge from the pictures above. Priscilla Lane, top photo, is leading lady, and Robert Cummings portrays a young airplane worker who is unfairly suspected of sabotage. Actors in Hitchcock's pictures are apt to be insulted, immersed in water, subjected to dust storms, or given the works in various spectacular forms

■ "We've been sabotaged!" Angrily Director Alfred Hitchcock made the accusation.

His assistant, Fred Frank, had called to report he had the necessary dust storm for the new Hitchcock picture, *Saboteur*. Three tons of dust.

"Good," said Hitchcock. "We ought to be able to brew up quite a tidy mess with that. How about the bearded lady?"

"All set with Hairy Helen," said Frank. "Likewise okay on the waterfall, human skeleton, Siamese twins and one dozen midgets."

"Good," said Hitchcock. "And the fat lady?"

Frank groaned. "No fat lady," he confessed. "Dad-blast this diet-conscious town of Hollywood! Try as I have, I haven't found a single dame who will admit she tips the scales at more than a dainty 137 and you said nothing under 350 pounds would do."

Hitchcock stared unbelievingly at his assistant. "No fat lady?" he muttered. "We've been sabotaged!"

Eventually the day was saved. Someone remembered the C. F. Zeiger show was wintering in Phoenix, Ariz., and Marie LeDeaux, a sprightly lass standing a bare five feet tall and weighing a generous 375 pounds was imported to play the colorful role in the picture's circus freak sequence. No one doubted, however, that had an impasse been reached, Hitchcock would have donned a wig and skirts and loaned his own 295 pounds for the good of the cause. It was a golden opportunity for one of those bits in which, for good luck, he always injects himself in his pictures.

In lieu of the fat lady bit, Hitchcock whipped up a novel few moments which ought to give the Hays Office something to ponder. He plays a deaf mute who makes a play for a passing blonde via the sign language and gets his face slapped for the conversation piece. Or maybe the Hays Office employs a sign language censor and Hitchcock will land on the cutting room floor.

Saboteur, Universal's answer to the cry for timely pictures, is one of those suspense chillers at which Hitchcock excels, and judging from the unfinished script (Hitchcock is keeping the dramatic end a secret until the actual day of shooting), it should be one of his most pleasantly terrifying. It deals with the cross-country chase of authorities on the heels of a saboteur who wrecks a California airplane factory. Bob Cummings plays the role of *Barry Kane*, a young airplane worker unfairly suspected of the crime who eventually (we hope) leads the authorities to the headquarters of the gang of saboteurs. Priscilla Lane is *Patricia Martin*, the girl who first mistrusts *Barry*, then gains faith in him, and ultimately learns to love him.

From beginning to end, the characters in *Saboteur* definitely are established as Americans. Hitchcock had a reason for this, disturbing as it is. He felt it was high time we were jolted into the realization that within our own people are men and women who are traitors to their country. Not all the dirty work in war, he preaches through the story, is done by foreign agents.

Casting always is a high point in any Hitchcock picture. He nurses a phobia for presenting new faces, or if new faces are not available, he resorts to switch casting and make-up. Thus Priscilla and Bob were chosen as being typical young Americans in their field of work—Priscilla as a billboard model and Bob as an airplane worker. Clem Bevans, always seen as a comic, became a heavy for *Saboteur*. Alan Baxter's dark good looks (a la gangster) are masked by a blandly blond make-up, and Norman Lloyd, unknown to the screen, was brought from the New York stage for a pivotal character.

"Let the public see an established hero or heavy in those roles and you've tipped off your whole story," Hitchcock said. "I try to keep 'em guessing by never being sure who is the hero and who is the heel."

The extent to which Hitchcock will go in unorthodox casting was shown by his desperate efforts to get genial Guy Kibbee for the head of the saboteur ring. Kibbee loved the idea, but unfortunately was tied up with other pictures.

Another Hitchcockian quirk is his unfailing courtesy to his actors and crew. It's always "Mr. Bevan," "Miss Lane" or "Mr. SoandSo," never "Clem," "sweetheart" or "you." For one shot he wanted an unexpected change in camera angle. Many a director would have barked curt orders. Hitchcock said quietly, "Mr. Valentine, if it would not inconvenience you, could we move up when the door opens and back as he enters the room?"

Mr. Valentine replied, "Brother, you're a cinch!"

Only God can make a tree but occasionally Hitchcock tries to improve upon the result. A vast stretch of desert as Nature made it, for instance, did not strike him as sufficiently photogenic for one sequence. Without ado, he calmly recreated the entire scene on a Hollywood sound stage, adding such boulders, highway and brush as the exacting eye of the camera demanded. It was on this set the dust storm, carefully prepared by Frank, was staged. Giant fans whipped the air into a gale as tons of finely powdered Fuller's Earth were blown about in a choking, gritty "mess." Hitchcock, cameraman, electricians, carpenters, prop men *et al*, save two people, wore protective clothing and face masks. The two were Bob and Priscilla. For three straight days they "struggled" through the storm seeking shelter, their eyes burning, throats choking and skins lashed by the wind and dust.

After the first take, Priscilla staggered to a chair for rest. Solicitously, someone suggested she stuff her ears, nose and throat with protective cotton.

"Oh, sure," she wailed. "And I suppose I breathe through my big blue eyes?"

The final take on the third day found them stumbling into a roadside billboard. Through the hellish, swirling fog of dust they read its message: *The Perfect Tribute. A Fine Funeral for* $45 *Complete.*

"Sold!" said Bob. "All I have to do is lie down!"

It came from the heart, for Bob took a mighty beating in *Saboteur*. Not only did he endure the three-day dust storm but in other sequences spent two days in the tank (action called for him to dive from a bridge into a river) and the succeeding three days in scenes showing him wet and shivering.

It was while Bob was floundering around in the tank that Hitchcock delivered the final insult. Someone remonstrated it was a dirty trick to keep Cummings immersed while he, Hitchcock, discussed camera angles.

"It should be done to all actors," Hitchcock said gravely, but with a twinkle in his round blue eyes.

"What? Drown 'em?"

"No. Wash 'em!"

Some day, Bob vows, he'll have revenge.

No detail, it seems, is too trivial to escape Hitchcock's all-seeing eye. A certain scene showed dinner preparations in the home of an aircraft worker. Suddenly the director stopped the set dressing. "Those six pork chops are too anemic," he complained, and asked the prop man if he knew any aircraft factory workers. The prop man proudly answered that one of his buddies used to work for a local factory. "How long ago?" asked Hitchcock. Two years, the man said.

"Ah," said Hitchcock, "but times have changed. Wages have skyrocketed and the boys are getting in plenty of overtime. So now they're buying better furniture, better clothing—and bigger pork chops. Believe me, I know."

Hitchcock did know. In following an old Hitchcock custom—research into the lives of the living counterparts of his screen characters—he had dined that very week in the homes of three aircraft mechanics! The pork chops were thick. Plenty thick. ■

Mary Martin—
Fairy Godmother

By HELEN WELLER

There's a small black and blue mark on Mary Martin's arm. It's where she pinches herself to see if she's dreaming. Every morning, when she gets up and looks around at her richly-furnished blue and cream bedroom and thinks of the star on her dressing room door at the Paramount Studios, she thinks back also to those days not so long ago when she used to trudge the streets looking for work, and she pinches herself to be sure it's all real.

It is also the reason why two girls on Broadway, two young Cinderellas, are fitting their little glass slippers into Mary's footsteps, their road to fame and glory made infinitely easier because Godmother Martin waved her wand. For that black and blue mark kept Mary from ever forgetting her bitter struggle to get work as a singer, and that's how she decided on a sincere plan to save some other girls her discouraging experiences.

"I remember so well," she explains, "my first year in Hollywood. I had just chucked up my dancing school in Texas to take a stab at the cinema village, and what a run-around I got. No one would give me a chance. Casting directors told me my chin was too long, my nose was too wide, my eyes too this and my figure too that. I once managed to snare a test at Universal and when I think of it now I shudder. In my inexperience I sang too close to the microphone and blasted into it. To complete my doom, I wore a pair of extra long false eyelashes that made me blink and weep from the black stuff that dripped down my cheeks. My test showed me as a female Jolson who shrieked like a hog-caller. Things looked so hopeless that I packed up and went to Broadway. By the merest luck I got the break of my life. The star of a show, June Knight, dropped out of the cast to get married, and I stepped in. I sang 'My Heart Belongs to Daddy,' Hollywood sang back with a contract and here I am. They went all-out to help me.

"I got my chance through a lucky break. I figured there must be so many other girls, going through the same heartache I did, waiting for their break to come, too. In gratitude to my own fate, I'd like to try to bring a little luck to some other girls who need and deserve it."

After due thought, Mary finally decided that the fairest and most efficient way to put her wish to work was to offer a year's vocal scholarship with her teacher, Helen Cahoon, and later to try to interest her own studio in the girl's possibilities. Obviously, she couldn't select the girl herself as it would be a staggering assignment. So she arranged with Hy Gardner, an energetic public relations expert in New York, to put her idea to work. Her only stipulation was that the girl be an unknown, ambitious and talented.

Gardner arranged with a New York radio station, WMCA, to conduct auditions on the air. Then he bombarded offices, theater dressing rooms, night clubs, model agencies, schools and beauty parlors with notices of the vocal scholarship.

Came the deluge of girls. Most of them were professional singers who could ap-

Mary Martin won her laurels after a bitter struggle, and she has long wanted to share her luck with other deserving girls. A radio contest which she sponsored gave her the opportunity

Here's the letter Mary wrote to band-leader Tommy Dorsey thanking him for his untiring cooperation

October 30, 1941

Mr. Tommy Dorsey,
c/o Hy Gardner
Hotel Astor,
New York City

Dear Mr. Dorsey:

Certainly is great news to learn from Hy Gardner that you have shown a personal interest in my efforts to pick the most deserving girl in show business.

I can only tell you that there is plenty of talent among the kids who ordinarily wouldn't get a chance and I wanted to do this ever since Broadway gave me my break.

I want you to know that I appreciate your efforts in really doing this right and making it a success. Thanks again.

Sincerely,

Mary Martin

preciate the offer as a fine opportunity. Several girls came down with their babies and parked their offspring in the care of the studio usher. A mother and daughter, both young and attractive, applied together. "I'm not too old and she's not too young to have ambitions," said the mother smiling. Another girl entered the contest with heaven-high hopes, explaining that she just knew she would win because she lived in the same rooming house that Mary Martin had lived in when she was groping for a chance on Broadway.

After two months of auditions and elimination contests (a large radio audience plus the verdict of a talent-wise jury of Broadway showfolks did the voting), a dozen finalists remained from which the winner would be selected. But a strange thing happened. One girl came in only two votes behind the winner. Mary Martin, listening in in Hollywood, immediately dispatched a wire that in view of the close vote she would extend the scholarship to include the other girl, too.

Both girls, Rosemary Smith and Renee Rochelle, are opposites in every way. Rosemary is fragile, fair, shy, with a soft, small voice especially designed for "torch" numbers. Renee is dark, vivid, poised, with a powerful operatic voice. Both girls had one thing in common: a desperate desire to win.

It makes a tale almost as strange as fiction to have Rosemary Smith win the Mary Martin contest because her life so closely parallels Mary's. "I hope it winds up like hers," she adds wistfully. Like Mary, Rosemary was a dancing instructor with ambitions to be a singer. Like Mary, she went to Hollywood and found no takers. They told her the same thing they told Mary. "You're pretty, but you're not photogenic. Your mouth is too small, your hair is too this, your eyes are too that." Bitterly, Rosemary learned that the best way for a singer to get a nod from Hollywood was to make a hit on Broadway, and then the studios would discover, strangely enough, that she wasn't so "unphotogenic" after all. So Rosemary went to Broadway, but unlike Mary, didn't get her break. She sang in a quartet in *Louisiana Purchase,* but the leading lady didn't get married and pass the job on to her. She remained buried in the quartet and when the show closed last summer she was out of a job. Things went from bad to worse and in desperation she took a job as a waitress. While this managed to pay her rent, it was getting her farther and farther away from her goal. She was afraid her opportunity would never come now, and when she heard of the scholarship Mary Martin was offering she crossed her fingers and entered it. Winning it was a life-saver—career-saver, we should say—to her. She has quit her waitress job and her hopes and ambitions of being a singer are restored. "I'll make Hollywood yet, just as Mary Martin did," she says, smiling broadly. "This break has given me the opportunity to go on."

To Renee Rochelle, the pert little runner-up, winning the Mary Martin contest meant a much-desired "second chance." Renee has been singing since she was three, and big things were predicted for her. She went to Newtown High School, of which Rise Stevens is a celebrated alumna, and Renee showed such great promise that her teacher arranged to have Rise Stevens listen to her. Miss Stevens told Renee that she would make a great opera star. Seven years ago, when Rosemary was ten, Eddie Cantor announced that he would hire an unknown little girl singer for his radio program. Eagerly, Renee and her mother set out for the audition, confident of victory. On the way, their train was stuck in a tunnel for two hours. When they reached the studio, the audition was over and the winner, an unknown twelve-year-old youngster named Deanna Durbin, had been selected. Renee was heartbroken and ever since that unlucky day, as she watched Deanna soar to great heights, she always felt, with understandable remorse, that *she* might have been in Deanna's place. It was a stabbing memory, constantly cutting her, and Renee determined that she'd make up for that opportunity so unhappily lost. She grew up to be a sparkling little beauty, black hair, olive skin and a figure of streamlined voluptuousness. She was singing in the ensemble of *Best Foot Forward* on Broadway when she picked up one of the notices left backstage and read of the scholarship Mary Martin was offering. She entered immediately. When she learned that she had placed second [*Continued on page* 35]

The winners of Mary's vocal scholarship—Rosemary Smith and Renee Rochelle. Each girl was so outstanding that Mary generously extended the prize to include both

Mary's happiest role to date is that of mother to her new daughter, Mary Heller Halliday. (Mary's husband is writer Richard Halliday) The singing star is in *Happy-Go-Lucky*

AMERICA CHOOSES: a tailored classic, navy, pastels. 100% wool. Notice the beautifully-cut, link-buttoned jacket. $25

As a change, the soft, sheer white blouse with embroidered collar. At Macy's, $2.98

Thousands of you told your favorite stores just exactly what you wanted for a spring suit and coat. Here they are! And the tag at left identifies them.

spring beauties

Catherine Roberts
Hollywood's Fashion Editor

COAT AND SUIT, each about $25. At Bloomingdale's, New York

TURN TO PAGE 50 FOR OTHER STORES

3 bunches of violets and 1½ yards of veiling. At about $1.20. Woolworth's

The back of the coat has smart detail. Wear Hansen's white fabric gloves. $1.25

THE COAT YOU DESIGNED! 100% wool, softly cut and worked. Navy, pastels. Junior sizes. Detachable collar

Introducing... Marsha Hunt

By ELEANOR HARRIS

This month's guest star is pretty Marsha Hunt, M-G-M actress

Marsha's current film is the much-discussed *Joe Smith, American*, with Bob Young and little Darryl Hickman

Versatile Miss Hunt is at home under any circumstances. Witness bottom picture

HUNT, MARSHA—Young M-G-M starlet of violent versatility. You've never really seen her yet, because she completely camouflages herself for each new role. Some of her recent big-part pictures are *These Glamour Girls, Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President, Pride and Prejudice, Flight Command, Cheers for Miss Bishop, Blossoms in the Dust.*

BIRTHPLACE—Chicago, Illinois. Six months later she arrived in New York where she remained from booties to high heels. And so to Hollywood.

FAMILY—Her father's a lawyer, her mother a singing teacher and her sister a wife.

MARRIED—Indeed, yes—to Jerry Hopper, an executive in Paramount's cutting department. He's 33, quiet, charming, dark and tall. They met at Paramount, loved at first sight, and eloped a year later to Santa Barbara. There a Justice of the Peace left his pinocle game to marry them and hurried back to his cards the minute they said "I do."

EDUCATION—At New York Public School Number 9, at the Horace Mann School for Girls (where she was ping-pong champion!), and at the Theodore Irvine School of Dramatics. But she thinks her real education came from people, not books. She learned most in Sunday School plays, modeling jobs, and subways . . . where every sorry character was a "type" for her to copy back home before her mirror.

APPEARANCE—She's tall and willowy—five feet six inches in height, 118 pounds in weight. Her eyes are blue and her hair reddish-brown. Sports clothes are her specialty, with half her wardrobe Kelly green. Her shoes, bags and hats make other women moan in envy.

HISTORIC LANDMARKS—She arrived in Hollywood several years ago to be a commercial model, not an actress. This bored attitude on the part of a lovely model brought five frenzied studios to her feet—and she became an actress at one of them. "But," says Marsha, "the road to oblivion is paved with bad roles—and I got all of them. In no time I worked my way down from starlet to extra. Then I decided to leave Hollywood while I still had soles in my shoes." She hustled sadly back to New York and stared thoughtfully at the stage —whereupon Hollywood instantly sent for her. Back she came slightly stunned, to triumph.

SOCIAL LIFE—This goes under the heading of "Quiet." It's picnics, barbecues and home dinners for Marsha, Jerry and their friends—Jerry and Marsha spend long quiet days just painting surrounding landscapes . . . instead of painting the town!

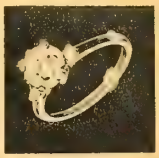
HOME LIFE—In a brand new California-style ranch house next door to the Dick Carlsons. Thus far only the garden is furnished—since Dick Carlson gave them fifty trees for a wedding present. They are very home-minded, as witness Marsha's birthday gift to her strapping husband: a washing machine!

ATTITUDE ON LIFE—Earnestly, seriously set on being an actress and singer. To that end, she sang at six a.m. on a radio program for six long months of Sundays—under an assumed name. Her rosiest dream is to play a doddering dame of ninety.

Another Pond's Bride-to-be

MARION LYNN, exquisite daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude E. Lynn of the prominent Chicago family. Her engagement to Bertram L. Menne, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky, was announced New Year's Day, 1941.

HER RING is a beautiful brilliant-cut blue-white solitaire, set fairly high, and on each side a single round diamond set a little lower. The band is platinum.



She's ENGAGED! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

See how Marion Lynn's soft-smooth Glamour Care will help *your* skin. Marion says: "I think Pond's Cold Cream is splendid for skin that's thin and sensitive like mine. It's so light, so soft and soothing itself—and softens and cleans my skin beautifully.

"I always use it *twice* each time—like this:

"1. I SLATHER Pond's Cold Cream *thick* over my face and throat and pat all over with brisk little pats. This helps to soften and take off dirt and make-up. Then I tissue it all off.

"2. I RINSE with a *second* creaming of lots more Pond's. Then tissue it off. This twice-over leaves my skin *shining* clean—*every little smitch of soil* comes right off."

Use Pond's Cold Cream—Marion's way—*every* night—and for daytime cleanups. See how it helps *your* skin have that lovely fresh-as-a-flower look. You'll see, too, why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely *big* jars.

PRECIOUS LEAVE—Marion and Bert a few hours before he was called back to the officers' training school at Quantico, Virginia. She teased him about that close-cropped Navy haircut—but he had only adoring looks for her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid

Hurry today to *your* favorite beauty counter for Pond's soft-smooth Cold Cream—the glamour face cream used by so many lovely engaged girls and by leading society beauties like Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt and Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps. And Pond's makes for you four other famous beauty aids:

Pond's *Vanishing Cream*
Pond's lovely *new Dry Skin Cream*
Pond's *new Dreamflower Face Powder* (6 shades)
Pond's "LIPS" that *stay on longer!* (5 shades)

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream!

Buddy Rogers Answers Those Rumors

By SONIA LEE

Marriage in Hollywood is difficult at best, but the marriage of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers has come in for more than its share of gossip, due to the disparity of their ages. At last Buddy speaks frankly about his marriage. He's in *R-K-O's Mexican Spitfire at Sea*, one of the lively adventure series which star Lupe Velez

■ Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford would like a little peace!

They would like to see at least one week go by without encountering a so-called *inside tip* that their marriage is standing on a shaky chicken leg.

Unfortunately, Hollywood's Dame Rumor frequently wears a pair of cast-iron pants. Citizens of the Cinema have learned that a stubbed toe is too often the reward of denial.

"I've never opened my mouth to deny anything said about our marriage or about us," declared Buddy Rogers, sitting across a luncheon table from me. "I've known you for many years. I can talk to you as a friend, as well as a newspaperwoman.

"There have been a dozen times in the past months when I have wanted to rush to a telephone and call some newspaper and deny a printed item. But Mary always stopped me. She'd say, 'It won't do a bit of good. Just stop worrying about it.'

"Well—now I'm going to do some talking on my own account.

"I think everyone realizes that marriage, at best, is difficult in Hollywood. All of us are individualists. There is such intense interest in every marriage that it's like living in the glare of a spotlight, or trying to take a bath in a fish-bowl.

"Everything is exaggerated. If Mary goes East for a business conference, all sorts of personal reasons are read into the trip. If a role is offered her, and the news gets out that she is considering it, then everyone instantly jumps to the conclusion that it is an escape from marriage.

"Somehow, in Hollywood, it is assumed that there are only three stages in the relationship between a man and a woman —the courtship, the ceremony, and the divorce. The marriage itself—which is living with another person, and growing with that person, and getting close to that person and sharing a life together, doesn't seem to be considered at all.

"From the moment Mary and I were married, a lot of self-appointed prophets put a time limit on our marriage. Because there was a discrepancy in our ages, they took the occasion to make a lot of nasty cracks. It was unfair and it hurt. We weren't given a single break.

"Let's talk about this age thing. Now is as good a time as any. You can look in any authentic Hollywood Year Book and you'll find that there isn't so much difference between us. Anyway, when you get past a certain period in your life, real age isn't counted by the calendar. It is based on what a person has experienced, and felt and known, and learned. It is a question of maturity.

"No one would believe me," Buddy continued, "if I said that our marriage was a perfect marriage. After all, there is no real way to measure a good marriage. That's up to the two people involved.

"We have a satisfying life. We have similar tastes. We like to entertain at home—and we do. We rarely go to public places. I like to hunt and Mary goes with me. We don't like to control each other's lives and we don't. We don't meddle in the personal affairs of each.

"When I took up flying, Mary was scared to death. But she didn't try to stop me. Instead, she bought me for my birthday a honey of a plane which was a lot safer than the one I had.

"We have our misunderstandings. I am suspicious of a marriage in which people are too polite to each other—and insist that they always agree.

"But there is a difference in quarrels. There is never any rancor or bitterness in them. And they don't last. Ours usually begin over little things. For example: recently, I was to have two weeks between pictures and I wanted Mary to go on a vacation with me. But she had business in the East. I was annoyed that she hadn't timed herself a bit better.

"In these difficult times when men and women are so confused and so high-strung, it would be stupid to say, 'Mary and I will never have a serious misunderstanding'—that we will always be as happy as we are today.

"All I can tell you at this moment, sitting here, is that I can't conceive a situation which would separate us.

"We have never had so serious a misunderstanding that the word 'divorce' has been suggested to our minds.

"We have plans for the future. There have been several excellent parts offered Mary, and eventually, I imagine, she will do a picture. United Artists will be more actively producing, and that will take a lot of Mary's time. She has a keen interest in the affairs of this company, which she helped organize, and in which she has a large financial stake. Next to the various charities in which she is active, this is her paramount interest.

"I plan to remain in Hollywood and make pictures. It isn't as easy a life as having your own orchestra and being your own boss. But those one-week stands were too tough on Mary. She used to join me on the road frequently, and take all the discomforts of hotel and road life in her stride. I want to spare her as much as I can—and we want to be together more than we could be if I stuck to music.

"She always joined me when I got too lonesome, but still it was a long-distance marriage and that isn't much good."

Buddy is under contract to R-K-O to make three pictures a year. He has appeared in two of a proposed series of three, opposite Lupe Velez. Buddy is back in Hollywood to stay. He believes there is a place for him on the screen.

Mary and Buddy have an important plan for the future.

"We want to adopt a child or two," Buddy declares. "Mary would make a wonderful mother. She has certainly done a good job on Gwynne, her niece. We think we'll find a girl first. And later on a boy.

"Somehow, we have an idea that we would be pretty decent parents. And not because we could provide children with every physical comfort. But because we'd try awfully hard to implant in them balanced, sane and decent standards—and give them a lot of love in the doing."

The next time you read rumors about Mr. and Mrs. Charles (Buddy) Rogers, divide them by two, subtract ten, and you might have the truth! ■

"See how this Polish protected my nails for 7 days!" *Mrs. Jut Kent*

Hand Polish Time — MRS. JUT KENT — NEW CUTEX SUGAR PLUM — RIGHT AFTER MANICURE

Same Hand 7 Days Later

MRS. JUT KENT is one of the busy younger set who has lately fallen in love with Cutex . . . "My nails stayed practically perfect for a whole week! I finally changed the polish only because the moons grew out!" Try Cutex Black Red, Gingerbread, Lollipop, Butterscotch, Sugar Plum, Sheer Natural! See if you don't agree that the way its beauty lasts is truly amazing! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U.S.!

Northam Warren, New York

Wear **CUTEX**

APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

Here are the last pictures taken of Carole Lombard, as she led an enthusiastic audience in the singing of the national anthem at Indianapolis, following her tremendous sale of defense bonds. Right, Carole at an evening rally; and Clark Gable, after he received the shocking news

This Was Carole

By JANE FULLER

■ Carole Lombard was a great woman.

The president of the United States paid tribute to her and the service she gave her country in time of need. International press associations wrote in praise of her and named her a martyr of the war. Leaders of the film industry eulogized her as a woman and deeply mourned the passing of a fine artist.

But this, too, was Carole Lombard in the hearts of the little people she loved, the men and women with whom she lived, laughed, and worked:

Five years ago a secretary in one of the departments at Paramount became ill. Long before her meager savings ran so low as to fret her, Carole quietly paid the rent, sent unexpected little gifts of money, brought her clothes, nonsensical gag presents, and small luxuries. Then an eye injury developed and it was feared the girl was going blind.

Immediately Carole consulted her own doctor about possible treatment and personally checked with Washington for the latest equipment devised for the entertainment and education of the blind. And always, throughout long weeks, she snatched time every few days for a cheery telephone call.

"Don't worry," she would say. "Together we can lick this thing."

Together they did.

The Lombard generosity was legendary but always it was tempered with wisdom and an instinctive sense of the real need of the moment. Throughout the seven years of her association and friendship for her stand-in, Betty Hall, Carole gave her many gifts to add to the beauty of her home. Nor were they second-best in quality. Frequently the articles were duplicates of things to be found in the Gable-Lombard household.

Last Christmas, Betty was in bed, recovering from burns received in a serious accident. In lieu of the living room chair originally planned, Carole sent a great box containing lovely perfumes, a luxuriously soft bedjacket, frilly nightgowns, down pillows and a fluffy thick blanket. "The least you can do," said a gay little note, "is get well in style."

The frantic efforts made to keep the news of Russ Columbo's death from his blind and ailing mother were well known. Few know, however, of the part Carole played in the masquerade.

To account for her son's prolonged absence, Mrs. Columbo was told he was in London, making a moving picture with Carole. In the course of her romance with Russ, Carole naturally had grown close to Mrs. Columbo. Thus, to help keep the heartbreaking news from her, Carole wrote weekly letters, full of gay chit-chat and news of their activities, which were supposedly postmarked London and read to the blind mother.

It was not a dictatorial whim which made Carole insist upon a clause in her contract giving her the right to choose the personnel of the crews on her pictures. She made the stipulation in order to protect the men and women with whom she had worked for years and for whom she felt great loyalty. The clause was never invoked, but it proved an effective club in behalf of their interests.

To Carole, a promise was a promise. At the close of one picture she had promised her mother, to whom she was devoted and in whose appearance she took enormous pride, to go shopping with her for new clothes. The final morning of shooting proved unexpectedly tough, with Carole working in mud and water for several hours. On top of that she was to join in the cast and crew party to celebrate the finish of the picture. That ate up two more hours of her time and energy.

Nevertheless, rather than disappoint Mrs. Peters and break the promise, Carole cheerfully set out upon the shopping expedition and enthusiastically helped in the selection of all items. Mrs. Peters demurred at the extra effort when her daughter was so tired.

"Nonsense!" said Carole. "It's worth it just to see you look so beautiful!"

A good business head sat squarely atop the Lombard shoulders. On a recent pheasant hunting trip to the Dakotas, Carole, Gable and the two friends who accompanied them encountered a delay in return when their plane was grounded by bad weather.

Carole's suggestion was adopted. Buy a car, drive home, sell the car. The entire return trip, including transportation, meals and hotel lodgings, cost only $150 for four people—less than one-half the one-way fare by air.

In the same fashion she was intolerant of waste. In redecorating her house, for example, old items of value were not discarded. Drapes, being replaced by new fabrics and colors, were utilized in upholstering furniture, or were recut and dyed to fit other rooms. Despite her wealth, *waste not, want not,* was a daily motto.

One day Gable came to the lunch table direct from working in the fields at their ranch home. Carole spied his dirty hands

which he was trying to hide, little boy fashion, under the table.

"March, young man!" she said, pulling him by the ear and pointing to the lavatory.

Gable marched, meek as pie. When he returned, Carole had nibbled all the choice tidbits off the top of his salad.

Production on a costly picture was held up one day when it was found a minor executive had failed to carry out orders through sheer negligence. Angrily Carole telephoned and gave him what-for. Then she telephoned the studio boss.

"Don't hang the rap on X for this trouble," she said. "It's all my fault. I forgot my appointment with him and there was nothing he could do."

The friendship of Carole and Fieldsie, her former secretary, dated from the days of Mack Sennett comedies when Carole was the bathing beauty and Fieldsie the fat girl who stopped the pies. When Fieldsie first began to serve as her secretary, she flatly refused to accept money from Carole because she could not type or take dictation. Carole solved the problem in her own way. After buying the necessary materials, she would hire a dressmaker, kidnap Fieldsie, and refuse to allow her to leave until a new wardrobe had been completed for the stubborn young girl.

Shortly before the tragic accident, Loretta Francelle, the hairdresser who had served her for 13 years, was talking with Carole. Carole was tired and showed it.

"You don't have to make pictures, Carole," Loretta said. "Why don't you quit working, enjoy life, and maybe have a family?"

"I know, Bucket," Carole said. (Bucket was her personal nickname for Loretta.) "But I have my little people to take care of, and I don't want to put that burden on Pappy (Gable). He has his little people too."

The day Carole left Hollywood for Indianapolis, Bucket dressed her hair. They fell to talking about old times, the people each had tried to help, and the lack of gratitude which sometimes was evidenced. Bucket in particular was upset about a recent example of a good deed which had boomeranged in her face.

"I'm going to stop being a sucker!" she stormed. "Hereafter I'm going to look out for me and me alone!"

Carole smiled wearily. "Listen, Bucket," she said. "You'll end your life doing for the other fellow, and I will too." ■

The role originally scheduled for Carole Lombard in *He Kissed the Bride* is being taken over by Joan Crawford. Watch for the unusual production story on it in an early issue.

"Can't Make It— TODAY WAS WASH-DAY!"

Bill is beginning to wonder . . . "It's funny how Jane always folds after wash-day. I see other women . . ."

HOLD it Bill! Washing a tubful of clothes is no pushover. If you saw the time it takes, the way Jane has to rub—*and rub*—just to get your shirts clean, you'd get a shock.

She doesn't *have* to work so hard though. Not if she'll use Fels-Naptha Soap. Fels gives her a combination of gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap that gets dirt out *much* faster. No matter how it's ground in.

She won't spend so much time bending over the washtub if she uses Fels-Naptha Soap. She won't have to break her back, nor ruin her hands, *rubbing*. You'll have whiter shirts and they'll probably wear better . . .

We've been trying to get Jane to use Fels-Naptha Soap—like 'those other women.' Maybe you can persuade her.

Golden bar or Golden chips—

FELS-NAPTHA *banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"*

Uncle Sam's Super Salesman

Outside it was snowy and slushy, and the wind was whistling around the New York skyscrapers in alarming fashion, but high up on the 33rd floor of the Waldorf-Astoria we sat in a cosy room, sipping hot tea and munching a piece of Bonita Granville's birthday cake. We had rushed right over when we heard that Bonita was in town, on her way back to Hollywood from Washington, D. C., where she had been a guest at the President's Birthday Ball. Reports kept coming in to us of the wonderful work being done in Hollywood by the younger set in selling defense bonds and stamps, and we were eager to hear all about it first-hand from Bonita, who is one of the teen-age leaders.

"Why, one Saturday we actually sold $100,000 worth!" Bonita told us, her eyes sparkling and the words tumbling over each other in her enthusiasm.

She told us more, and it is such an inspirational story that we knew all our HOLLYWOOD readers, who are patriotically buying just as many defense bonds and stamps as they can, will want to hear all about it. The May issue of HOLLYWOOD goes on sale April 10th. Watch for this extra-special story!

Beauty Highlights
By MARY BAILEY

■ This is a grand time to get acquainted with a sure-fire beauty bracer which for a limited time is being featured at half-price. It's a facial mask, called "rose cream" because of the rose-petal appearance it gives the skin, and it does this in twenty minutes by the clock. When you find yourself with that tired, late-in-the-afternoon look, badly in need of a pick-up for that five o'clock date, this mask should give you just the lift you need. You'll find the fine lines in your face have been softened by this treatment and you have taken on a radiantly rested look. Regularly two dollars, your favorite drug and department stores are now featuring it for only a dollar.

■ Dedicated to the American woman, famous for her sense of humor, independent spirit, flair for clothes and—most of all—for her beautiful legs, is a legstick, created by one of the Fifth Avenue Salons. It looks like a lipstick and works much the same way. You simply apply it on the legs, right from the container, in long smooth strokes. Your legs immediately take on a golden beige tone—a beautiful stocking-camouflage for those who want to go barelegged, equally serviceable as a blemish or flaw concealer under sheer nylon hose. You regulate the shade by the number of applications—one gives a light golden beige, another darker and so on. It's waterproof, of course. There are twenty-five to thirty wearings in this dollar legstick.

■ Women, like the weather, are subject to changes. Proceeding on this theory, one perfume manufacturer has designed ten different fragrances to match ten different moods or personalities. They urge you to take a whiff of all ten and use the one that suits you at the particular moment. If it's exotic you would be, you'll probably find Exquis or Femme Desiree absolutely perfect. But if you're playing an outdoor girl role, ten to one you'll choose one of the fresh flower fragrances. Among these ten perfumes, you're certain to find the right one for each occasion, frock, mood, man.

Write before May 11th for your copy of HOLLYWOOD'S Beauty Bulletin for April. It contains many beauty hints and the names of tried and true products. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mary Bailey, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. And ask her advice on your own beauty problems.

Mary Martin—Fairy Godmother

[*Continued from page 25*]

by a tiny margin, to Rosemary Smith, her face fell. Then, an hour later, when she heard of Mary Martin's wired decision, she threw her arms around her mother and joyfully shrieked, "It's come! This is the 'second chance' we've been waiting for! Now watch me!"

A long distance call from Mary in Beverly Hills culminated the happiness of the two girls. She assured them personally that when they had finished their course of training, she would do what she could to get them started on their careers. As it is, winning the contest has already brought the girls to the attention of producers of musicals and they have received many offers to sing in shows and in night clubs since they walked off with the prize. Rosemary is accepting one of these engagements—singing in a supper club—to tide her over while she studies, and Renee is ecstatically considering some of them to see which one can do the most for her. Mary Martin was so delighted with the way things worked out that she intends to continue this contest as long as she is able.

So now two girls are on the first rung of the ladder to stardom, and more girls will follow in time. Girls with talent and ambition who find the going tough on the road to glory, are now encouraged by the thought that their dreams *can* come true.

And all because one movie star never forgot the dismal day when she once needed a break, too. ■

First a hoofing team, then a business partnership, then a love team, then a married couple—that's the sequence of events between George Murphy and Anne Shirley in *Mayor of 44th Street*

"You'd Never Guess My Age"

Her new face powder is such a flatterer!

It makes her skin look younger, fresher than it has in years.

NO—you'd never guess her age! Is she 19—30—35?

Once she looked quite a bit older. For, without realizing it, she was using an *unflattering* shade of powder. It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every line in her face—accented every skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores.

But look at her now! She looks younger than she has in years!

For she has found her *lucky shade* of powder—the shade that *flatters* her skin—makes it look fresh and enchanting.

Are you sure the shade of face powder you use is exactly right for you? Are you sure it doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a little *older?*

Why take that chance? Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder and try them one after another. Let your mirror tell you which is your *lucky shade*—the *perfect* shade for you!

Lady Esther Face Powder is made an entirely new way. It's blown by ***TWIN HURRICANES*** until it's far softer and smoother than powder usually is. That's why it clings so long—that's why its shades and its texture are so flattering.

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Just mail the coupon below for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your *lucky shade*—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier!

Lady Esther **FACE POWDER**

LADY ESTHER, 7130 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (77)

Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

Maureen O'Sullivan is grateful to *Tarzan* for saving her career in the nick of time. She's in *Tarzan Against the World*

How Tarzan Saved Maureen O'Sullivan

By MAY DRISCOLL

■ What's happened to Maureen O'Sullivan? When she first came to Hollywood ten years ago, she was one of the most promising young actresses in pictures.

But for ten long years now, Maureen has been little more than a demure ingenue to whom nothing happens, her career further stalemated by the fact that she has been pigeon-holed as *Tarzan's* mate and as such may be doomed to spend the rest of her screen life up in a tree with Johnny Weissmuller and a couple of apes.

Maureen has suddenly grown up. Something has jolted her out of her nice little fairyland, and it is a jolt which may be the beginning of a new and more exciting Maureen O'Sullivan.

Three years ago Maureen sat on the terrace of her luxurious Bel-Air home and knew that she was the most blessed of women. She had a handsome husband, John Farrow, successful writer and producer, and a healthy baby boy, Michael Damien. Life was snug and secure and as her contentment in private life grew, her interest in her career lessened. She planned to have a houseful of children, and if maternity and wedded bliss killed her career she didn't give a hoot.

She may have thought now and then, most casually, that she should be doing more standout roles. There were excellent things just patterned for her—the turbulent, tragic *Maeve* in *My Son, My Son,* which made Laraine Day a star, for instance; or the tender, bitter-sweet role of Fredric March's wife in *So Ends Our Night* which fell to Frances Dee, or the vivid girl Geraldine Fitzgerald played in *Wuthering Heights.* These were roles with depth and strength which might have made Maureen a more definite screen personality instead of the perpetual ingenue.

Then suddenly, Maureen's snug design for living collapsed. Her husband, an English citizen, enlisted and became a Lieutenant Commander in the British Navy two years ago. Maureen saw him sail away from Vancouver one gray, chilly evening and from her tears and heartache, the attendant anxieties and personal adjustments, was born this new Maureen O'Sullivan.

Protected all of her life—first by her family, then by her husband—by nature feminine and extremely sentimental, it was difficult for her to carry on alone. At first she fell to pieces.

"I couldn't take it at the beginning," she recalls in a small voice. "I gave up the large house and moved into a small bungalow, to save money and to escape memories. I wouldn't see anyone. I shut myself up with my own misery and refused to go out. I wasn't making a picture just then and didn't care if I never did. I stayed home with the baby and we retired at the same early hour. The more I secluded myself, the more wretched I felt, but I didn't have the will to go out.

"Then I received a call to report for another *Tarzan* picture. People have often asked me if I haven't ever regretted being in the *Tarzan* series because it typed me and might have cost me other roles. I never thought one way or the other about it, but now I have a definite feeling about *Tarzan*—a feeling of gratitude—because *Tarzan saved me.* I was listless, worried, uninterested in things up until the moment I walked on the set, and then suddenly my whole viewpoint changed. When I saw Johnny Weissmuller, and the same director and crew, I felt their friendliness leap right out to me. There were the same jokes, the same teasing. It was the first time in months that I laughed, and I felt better immediately.

"Even the baby seemed to notice it when I got home. That evening I realized how foolish it was to mope and shut out everyone. If I kept that up, what sort of dreary character would John come home to? So for the first time since Johnny left I faced facts."

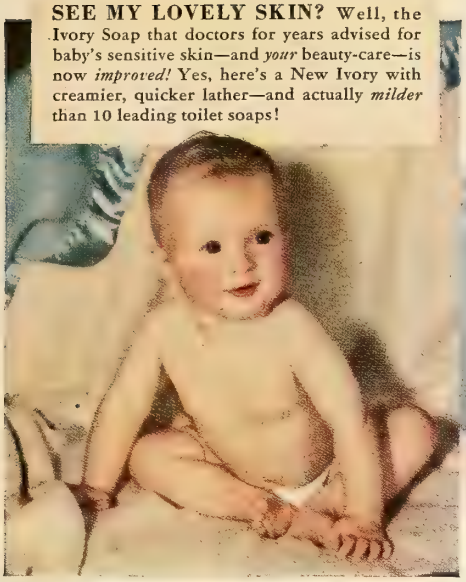
And that's when the change in Maureen came about. She enlarged her activities, increased her friendships and most revolutionary, decided to concentrate more seriously upon her career.

"When I reached that state of mind, life became full again. I had loads of new friends—amusing, witty people. I went out a good deal and I didn't mind being the 'lone woman.' I took a greater interest in my clothes and my appearance. I experimented with new hairdos and gowns. I went to New York for a holiday and had a wonderful time meeting new people and seeing all the plays. My scope was widened and my personality with it.

"As for my career, I realize now that I don't want to sit in an African jungle all my life, but I do owe a lot to *Tarzan* because working there set me back on my feet. I have never really been a career girl. I love acting but it was always more important for Johnny and me to be happy. Now the career looks more important than ever. Perhaps I shall do a play. If I do, I'd choose a character who is strong and earthy, not an ethereal little clinging vine. I'd like to do something really fine to keep me busy now so that John might be a little proud of me, just as I am very much so of him. This may be the best thing in the world for me, for perhaps I'll fight for my parts as I have never fought for them before."

Somehow you know that Maureen means it. She would not have been capable of it a few years ago, but she is now. The new responsibilities have given her the drive she needed, the inner turmoil is furnishing the vitality, and being her own mistress has given her a more tangible dignity. You notice it instantly. Why, she even *looks* different—her eyes are graver, her chin more out-thrust, her hair isn't worn girly girl fashion tumbling to her shoulders but in a more sleek style on top of her head. That doesn't sound like the fragile, wistful Maureen O'Sullivan of old, does it? ■

SEE MY LOVELY SKIN? Well, the Ivory Soap that doctors for years advised for baby's sensitive skin—and *your* beauty-care—is now *improved!* Yes, here's a New Ivory with creamier, quicker lather—and actually *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps!



"Baby" your face at bedtime to

WAKE UP LOVELIER

Doctors say "Baby-care" is Beauty-care!

Take doctors' complexion advice... Each night give *your* face the care advised for the world's Most Perfect Complexion—baby's own!

Bedtime beauty-care, now more than ever, means Ivory Soap. For the quick cream lather of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory is *milder* than 10 leading toilet soaps!

GET "BABY-CARE" ALL OVER! Lie back in New Ivory's creamy, caressing lather—smooth it softly over your skin. Such relaxation! Such rich, effortless lather from that big white floating cake. You step out creamy-smooth—and go to bed a more deeply sleeping beauty—to waken... *Lovelier!* Try an Ivory velvet-suds bath tonight!

IS YOUR SKIN DRY, sensitive, delicate? "Baby" it with this gentle, *New Ivory night-time routine:* Cream lukewarm Ivory lather well into your skin with gentle fingertip massage. Rinse well with warm water—pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream. Remember: Doctors advise gentle Ivory cleansing for baby's sensitive skin—and *yours!* Ivory contains no dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.

IS YOUR SKIN OILY? Then you'll want the richer, creamier lather of New Ivory to remove excess oil. *Every night:* With a washcloth, work up lukewarm Ivory velvet suds. Thick lather simply *creams* off your Ivory cake. Scrub upward and outward into every inch of your face. Rinse. Repeat Ivory-lather cleansing. Warm rinse, then cold. Use this method 3 times daily. See how gratefully your loveliness responds to Ivory's *safe*, milder beauty-care!

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care... use

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I've Learned My Lesson!— Phyllis Brooks

By HELEN HOVER

"Everyone makes mistakes," said Phyllis Brooks, grinning. "But oh, the mistakes I have made in Hollywood! Two years ago when I left the screen I didn't think I'd be back. But I'm at the old stand again, and I'm a new woman, not sadder, but *so* much wiser. This time, it's not a question of what I'm going to do, but what I'm *not* going to do that I'm depending upon to put me across. Learn from your mistakes, and, sister, have I made them! And have I learned!"

Long legs lazily draped over a chair, Phyllis Brooks was letting her hair down. A few years ago, you may remember, Phyllis had come to Hollywood, a curvesome blond actress from the Broadway stage, with a future as bright as a Times Square neon light. She started out like a tornado, then suddenly began to go down with the velocity of a carpenter falling off a roof, until she finally quit pictures for a spell. No alibis for her first fiasco. She blames no one but herself.

Now she's back again, and this time she says, she's going to click. It's not an empty boast, either, because Phyllis now knows what ruined her previous Hollywood fling, and she's put those blitzes on her list of "Things I Won't Do Again."

"One thing I've promised myself never to do," said the amazingly frank Miss B., "is never, never to try to fight Hollywood or go against my studio bosses. I'm going to be a good little girl, so help me. When I came out to Hollywood five years ago, after my appearance in the Broadway play, *Stage Door*, I was signed by 20th Century-Fox at a whopping good salary, and I expected to go places and do things. Instead, I found myself buried in a flock of inconsequential pictures where I just ran in and out in front of the cameras. I refused to do any more of these 'B' pictures, and, as a result, the studio suspended me. I felt that it was better to stay out of the 'B's' than to lessen my reputation by appearing in them. I had my heart on several good roles that were coming up, one of which was *Fern*, the headstrong, love-crazy little blonde in *The Rains Came*. Oh, how badly I wanted to play *Fern*. I thought that by balking at the run-of-the-mill roles, the studio would realize that I was an earnest player who was positive about what she wanted, and would respect me for putting up a fight. But the opposite happened. I was immediately set down as a stubborn, temperamental, ungrateful little so-and-so who should be put in her place. My refusal to take on the other wishy-washy parts cost me the one role I wanted above all others—that of *Fern*. Brenda Joyce was given it, and I learned later that I was the highest choice for it all along. It was a bitter lesson, learned at great expense, because I believe today that *The Rains Came* might have been the turning point in an otherwise lackadaisical career.

"Today, I wouldn't fight my studio. If I'm handed a role I don't particularly like now, instead of balking, I pin on my most winsome smile, throw them Ingenue Expression No. 3, and pout, 'Now look, boys, don't you think it's rude to offer me that part?' Usually, they melt and I get my way. And if I don't, I grit my teeth and do as I'm told anyway!

"Taboo No. 2 is *not* to mix romance and business. This is something else I've learned through bitter experience. I fell in love, and because the man was one of the most famous stars in Hollywood, I lost all my identity and became his satellite. I was no longer Phyllis Brooks, actress, but 'Cary Grant's girl friend.' I was buried under his tremendous fame. My individuality was gone, I stood comparison with his first wife and his other girl friends, wherever I went, fans yelled, 'How's Cary?,' and worse yet, the movie colony itself thought I was tagging along with a famous star to get publicity for myself. After that, my talents weren't taken seriously; completely forgotten was the fact that I had come out here as an actress with a full theatrical background.

"Now that that's over, I'm not going to be foolish enough to say that I don't ever want to fall in love again. But I won't go haywire in romance, and I won't let it overlap my work. I'm going out now mostly with non-professional men so that I can keep the items of work and romance separate.

"Later, I heaped more disaster on my head by sporting a chip on my shoulder. Never again! From now on I bottle up my hurts and won't give other people a chance to misunderstand me. When I went with Cary, there was always a deluge of photographers trailing us and hostesses inviting us to their big parties. Then suddenly, the roar had died down and I was alone. Not only that, my career had reached the irreducible minimum and I didn't mean much in Hollywood. The camera boys lost their interest, many invitations ceased. I resented it furiously. I was in a bad way—on one side, broken up over the fizzled love affair, on the other, worried because my career had hit the skids. In that super-sensitive state of mind, I exaggerated the tiniest slight. I was hurt and defiant, and instead of nursing my wounds in private, I was on the defensive. My protective armor was a brittle, 'I-don't-care' attitude. I tried to be nonchalant, and succeeded in being nasty. It was Vic Mature, one of the grandest boys in pictures, who straightened me out. 'Look here, Brooksie, no matter how hurt you are inside, don't carry a chip on your shoulders. People want to be your friends if you'll let them. Smile, be friendly and co-operative, and they'll all be for you. People have troubles of their own. Meanwhile, they're taking you at face value, and they think you're a snob.'

"That frank little lecture set me on my feet again. I hid my feelings, and began to be as sweet as pie. Even the photographers were calling me by my first name. Never again will I take my hurt out on others, even if I get the broom again from Hollywood.

"I feel like a person re-born. The old Phyllis Brooks who made all those mistakes is gone. I've started from scratch, and this second opportunity, so hard-won, isn't going to slip through my fingers as the last one did. I'm a lot smarter now. It isn't a matter of what I'm going to do to make this second chance the charm—but what I'm *not* going to do!" ■

PAULETTE GODDARD — Starring in Cecil B. DeMille's Latest Production in Technicolor "REAP THE WILD WIND"—A Paramount Picture

Canaries... the Stars... and You

A perky bit of feathered sunshine has sung its way into Hollywood's heart! Wherever the great of filmdom gather—in studio dressing rooms . . on movie sets . . in homes of the stars—there you are likely to hear the golden voice of a canary lifting everyone's spirits with his joyous song.

Yes—canaries are Hollywood's newest hobby sensation! And one of these happy little troubadors is a most fascinating pet that you, too, should enjoy! A canary will take but little care—give you matchless hours of loving companionship and help keep *your* heart happy amid the worries that beset us all in these trying times.

Send for a beautifully illustrated 76-page book on Canaries. It's the book the movie stars use and it's FREE!

Simply mail your name and address, on a penny postal card, to The R. T. French Company, 2470 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

In HOLLYWOOD
French's Bird Seed
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This time-tested canary food contains 11 aids to song and health. In every package of French's Bird Seed is a French's Bird Biscuit (itself worth 10c) that gives the diet an *extra* lift. Give *your* canary the benefit of French's!

LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

You Can Bet On Betty

By GLORIA BRENT

Meet the girl who had no compunctions about tackling a voodoo role.

Half the girls in Hollywood were afraid to play little *Cassie*, one of the central characters in Warners' pretentious picturization of the best-selling novel, *Kings Row*. The role called for the gamut of emotions, and that's a big order for any actress.

Betty Field leaped at the chance—and did a mighty sweet job of it, too.

By this, you may gather that Miss Field is an actress who likes to act for the sake of acting, and not to flutter gummed-on eyelashes at the hero with the wavy hair.

And you're right. Most Hollywood belles are transported to seventh heaven when given a new boy friend or a white fox wraparound. These things don't constitute bliss for Betty. Give her a good, meaty role and neither earthquake, hurricane nor flying glass will bother her. No fooling.

Betty was so keyed up when she reported for her first day of work in *Kings Row* that when she was to pound with frantic desperation on a door for a scene, she completely overlooked the fact that the top of the door was of ground glass. She banged at the door and her fist went right through it. The cameras stopped turning and everyone rushed to see how badly she was hurt.

"Pooh," she said casually, when first aid was summoned. "Tie the bloody thing up and let's get going."

Since the age of eight, Betty has been intent on becoming an actress and nothing will ever change her opinion that to be an actress you must take the profession as a holy endeavor and work like the very devil. She has intelligence, she has humor, she also has a pair of well-shaped Dietrichs and blond hair that is getting increasingly blonder, but she insists that she has no glamour.

"This hair," she mutters, running a hand savagely through it. "Peroxide. *Cassie's* a blond trick."

She's so normal that she seems batty to Hollywood. Young, breezy and unattached, she appeared like a new addition to the Sweater Set when she sashayed into town. But she insisted she wasn't good looking, stayed home with her scripts and her paintings (she's an art lover) and waited a year before she set foot inside of Ciro's. Even then, her visit was most unethical. She ordered tea, didn't go tearing around waving to everyone or peer anxiously for the photographer. A camera lad did amble toward her table, but he slunked away disappointedly on closer inspection.

"Thought it was Cobina Wright at first," he mumbled apologetically.

When Betty learned she had been mistaken—even so briefly—for a glamour girl, she preened. "The biggest compliment I've ever had," she twittered happily.

She never considered it a personal affront to be brushed aside like that, and not being recognized as a celebrity herself doesn't bother her one whit. She has a plain and wholesome quality that makes her look like most other girls, and fans pass her up. Recently, she was bagged by a youngster for her first autograph in Hollywood—after two years in pictures! Bestowing a grateful look on the youngster, she reeled happily and wrote: "To one in a million—and I mean that!"

She doesn't like living in Hollywood and won't spend any more time there than she has to. As soon as she's finished with a picture, she makes quick tracks to the airport. She likes New York because it wakes her up. She thrives on its uncertain climate and its noise.

She insisted upon a contract clause allowing her six months off every year for Broadway and stage work, and flabbergasted everyone by getting it. Friends point out to her the advantages of settling in Hollywood and tried to coax her to stay put in the land of eternal sunshine.

"So I bought me a house with a swimming pool," explains Betty, "figuring that that would keep me harnessed. I dunked myself in the pool twice but it held no fascination for me. I got homesick for the subways and crazy taxicabs. The first free moment between pictures, I turned the keys over to the gardener and was off for New York."

As a child in Boston, where she was born, Betty was so intent on getting on

As herself, Betty Field is a fresh and breezy young girl, yet she portrays the most difficult role with amazing conviction. Below, as the trollop in *Blues in the Night* (first and second pictures), third, as the embittered mountain girl in *Shepherd of the Hills*, and last, as the neurotic *Cassie* in *Kings Row*

the stage that she once rewrote a class play so that she could play all the leads. She acted all over town, in Sunday schools, Elks Lodges and neighbors' parlors, and after high school she took a disdainful attitude toward further formal education and joined a stock company. This procedure inched her gradually to Broadway, an event to which the Main Stem was completely oblivious.

"I couldn't get a job. Wasn't pretty enough," confesses the frank Miss Field. "George Abbott needed a funny brat to run through *Page Miss Glory,* so I was it. There was a lanky, shy fellow in the cast, name of Jimmy Stewart, but don't rush to conclusions. He didn't know I was alive. That was nothing. No one else did—including the producer and the audience. I was part of a mob scene."

On the loose again when the show died, Betty played *Henry Aldrich's* sub-deb girl friend in *What a Life* on Broadway.

"After that, *What a Life* was bought by Hollywood and so that's how come I drifted to Hollywood. After I finished *What a Life,* Hollywood didn't know what to do with me. They thought I was a child of 15 with braces on my teeth and an algebra book under my arm. Lewis Milestone was casting *Of Mice and Men* and the girl was a little tramp who was pants crazy. Thank heavens, Mr. Milestone never saw me in *What a Life* or he would have relegated me to *Alice in Wonderland* instead of this fancy trollop."

This switch from simpering high school co-ed to a Steinbeck siren was really being versatile in high. It made such an impression on directors that now they consider her for any role that presents a knotty casting problem. She was a favored contender for the much discussed *Maria* in *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* for instance, but her Nordic eyes nixed it for her, and the little lady is already being called a "second Bette Davis," a title which makes her writhe in spite of her admiration for the great actress.

She had a date with Jimmy Stewart when he was on leave recently. That had all the reporters hopping, but Betty immediately nipped their hopes by reminding them that she and Jimmy had once worked together for George Abbott. "Just talking over old times."

A reporter once questioned Betty about marriage, to which she replied: "Certainly I want to marry. But not an actor or a business man. One is too daffy and the other too sane."

However, she seems to have hit the perfect compromise, for she recently eloped with Elmer Rice, the famous playwright. ■

He's Lieutenant Stewart now. Jimmy was recently promoted, and this is his new Army Air Corps uniform. Jim's performance in the recent *Bill of Rights* coast-to-coast broadcast won enthusiastic acclaim from all listeners

John Barrymore thinks that Laird Cregar is the greatest actor to come out of the movie town in the last decade. Barrymore praised the giant character actor as "the one truly great young actor of the last ten years."

"I may jest about love," said Barrymore, "and the other absurdities of life, but acting is a sacred subject to me and I say this in deadly earnestness."

NEW! Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Radiant new Dreamflower shades don't simply *match* your skin—but tinge it with alluring dream-girl color magic!

Tender new Dreamflower smoothness suffuses your face with an angelic, clinging "soft-focus" finish . . .

Dainty new Dreamflower box all garlanded with miniature dream blossoms!

"Pond's new Dreamflower Powder is ideal! I haven't found a powder with more luxurious texture—or lovelier shades—at any price. And the box is adorable!"
WHITNEY BOURNE

New Pond's "LIPS" —stays on longer!

2 BIG sizes! Unusual values

Shatter his heart with your stay-lush new Pond's "Lips"! 5 wicked Stagline shades. Try "*Heart Throb*"—its magenta hue is fashion's darling!

Free—All 6 new Dreamflower Powder shades

POND'S, Dept. 6-PD, Clinton, Conn.
I want to see how the new Dreamflower shades and smoothness make my skin look lovelier. Will you please send me FREE samples of all 6 Dreamflower shades?

*Name*_____
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(This offer good in U. S. only)

This ought to startle you!

IF YOU'VE GOTTEN INTO THE HABIT of using a certain kind of napkin, you'd think nothing on earth could tell you you'd trouble you to try Modess instead. Well, more than seven million women who've tried Modess for softness* know 3 out of every 4 of them voted Modess softer than the napkin they'd been buying.

DOESN'T THAT STARTLE YOU into trying Modess the next time you buy napkins? Don't you want to find out for yourself if you've been missing out on some enjoyment? You bet you do. Any modern woman would!

AND HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO. You buy Modess. And if you don't agree with the millions of users that Modess is softer, more comfortable than any napkin you've ever used, just return the package (insert slip in The Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N.J., together with a letter stating your objections. We'll gladly refund your full purchase price.

*Based on actual use-tests of five unnamed Softness Tests Were Used Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer

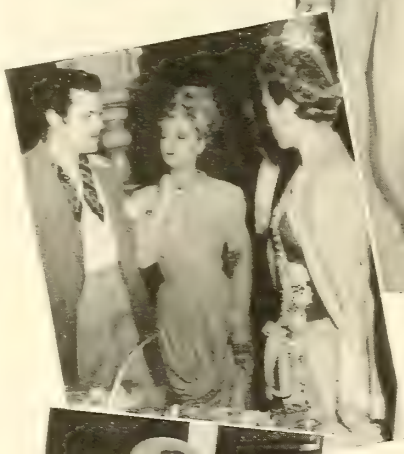
THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'D BEEN BUYING

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

Return of a Great Favorite

By VIVIAN COSBY

■ Do you believe in miracles? I'm sure Dolores Costello does. Several years ago, Dolores gave up a screen career in favor of a peaceful life on a California ranch. Then suddenly she found herself uprooted to be the leading lady in Orson Welles' new picture. A phenomenal event which the charming lady herself made no effort to bring about. In fact, it all started with a toothache.



The peaceful seclusion of Dolores Costello's retirement was uprooted one morning by a strange telephone call

Left, rehearsals with Orson Welles on *The Magnificent Ambersons*, which marks her return to the screen. Below, a scene from the film

It was to have this offending molar fixed that she happened to be in Hollywood when a mysterious telephone call reached her. A phone call which was to be another turning point in her life.

Over the wire a mellow voice said, "This is Orson Welles speaking."

Thinking it was one of her friends trying to be funny, Dolores replied, "Who do you think you're kidding?"

Undaunted, the mellow voice went on. "I'd like you to read the script of my new picture, *The Magnificent Ambersons*. Come to the R-K-O studios tomorrow morning at ten o'clock to pick it up."

Still thinking it a gag, Dolores played up to the situation, and replied, "I'll be glad to, if I have the time."

"I won't keep you long," Welles replied. "I only give four minute interviews."

"That's fine," answered Dolores, "because I have a date to take my children to the Pomona Fair."

To this day, Dolores doesn't know whether it was just plain curiosity or her woman's intuition that made her keep the appointment at the studio. She was dumbfounded when she actually met Orson Welles and he gave her the script.

The next day, having finished her household duties, Dolores sat down to relax by reading the script of *The Magnificent Ambersons*. She was intrigued by the character of *Isabelle Amberson*. Subconsciously, for the first time in two years, she felt a little homesick for the grinding of a camera.

She was wholly unprepared for what happened when she returned the script to the studio. For that very day she was asked to make a test of three of the most difficult scenes in the script. Being a philosopher, Dolores didn't dare let herself hope. She looked upon the test as a lark, a brief interlude away from the calm peaceful life she led with her husband, Dr. Vruwink, and her two children.

Upon retiring from the screen, Dolores didn't spend any time bemoaning a lost career. Instead, she devoted her energy to her second love—interior decorating. The family bought a ranch, and starting from scratch she remodeled it into a perfect home. The house finished, she felt terribly let-down, and was eager to get started on something new. Realizing she couldn't tear up the ranch house and start all over again, she decided to write some articles on interior decorating.

At the same time Dolores was struggling with her first article, a young genius sat in a darkened projection room looking at some prints of old films. Suddenly an old favorite of his flashed on the screen—the beautiful Dolores Costello. Fascinated, Orson Welles had the film run time and time again. When he finally left the projection room it was with the firm determination that none other than Costello would play the lead in his new picture.

So from the peace and serenity of ranch life, Dolores was catapulted into the dynamic existence of a picture star once again. Now her alarm clock was set for 3:45 a. m., for she had to be at the studio, made up and ready to shoot at 7:00 a. m. There were long days made up of endless hours of rehearsing, for on a Welles production each scene is rehearsed thoroughly before the cameras grind. In the picture, the character Dolores portrays ranges from a girl of eighteen to a woman of fifty. This was something she had never done before in all of her screen experience. It meant a minute study of characterization. She was working like mad and loving it.

During one of her few precious moments off the set, Dolores had lunch with me. She is one of the most charming and natural women I have ever known. In spite of the fact that she was dead tired from three months of hard, gruelling work, she radiated great magnetism.

I asked if she didn't find it a great strain to work as hard as Welles demanded.

She smiled and said, "Working on this picture hasn't seemed like work at all. Orson is so much fun—you never know what he's going to do next. He's a mixture of a grown-up genius and a sixteen year old boy. Whenever the tension gets too much on the set, he pulls out a pack of cards. We all gather around and watch while he mystifies us with his card tricks. When he has finished the tension is relieved. We go back to work, and the scene has that naturalness Orson has been trying to perfect."

"What do you do with yourself when you're waiting between scenes?" I asked.

"Well, lately," Dolores replied, "I've been reading every magazine on home decoration that is published. Right now, I'm trying to think up a gag to play on Orson. You see, last week I'd been on the set all day without shooting a scene. Trying to be funny, I went to my dressing room and put on an old woman's make-up. Then I went up to Welles and in a cracking voice told him that the day had aged me fifty years. Welles roared with laughter. But leave it to him to turn the tables on me. He got the great idea of making a picture on the side of all the amusing incidents that happened during the shooting of *The Magnificent Ambersons*. Before I knew it, I was before the camera in my impromptu old lady's make-up, doing a comedy scene."

After lunch I went with Dolores to watch her do some dubbing in of her voice. Occasionally in making a picture, there are some scenes in which the camera noises intrude upon the voices. When this happens, the dialogue has to be recorded again. The film is thrown upon the screen while the actor sits before a microphone watching his image on the screen and saying the lines. He must say the words so that they will coincide with the movements of his lips as shown on the screen. I sat listening to Dolores speak over and over again, the same three lines she had been saying since early morning. When I left her, she was still saying them and I knew she would not leave the studio until they were exactly right. For like Welles, Dolores is a perfectionist.

Orson Welles made a very wise selection when he chose Dolores for the lead in *The Magnificent Ambersons*, for Dolores Costello is a magnificent woman. ■

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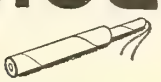

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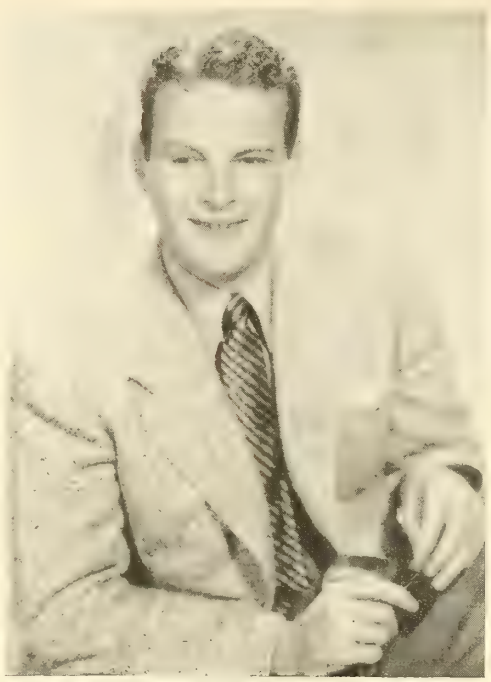

Fate and Leif Erikson have been giving one another the hotfoot ever since Leif started out to make a career for himself. He's in *The Fleet's In*

By JACK DALLAS

■ If the fuming Harvards expect an apology from Leif Erikson for his magnificent portrait of *Bo-Jo Brown,* the obnoxious and boring son of fair Harvard who backslaps and bulldozes his way through *H. M. Pulham, Esq.,* the Harvards can go spin their yo-yo tops. Far from being sorry for having begotten such an objectionable package as *Bo-Jo,* Leif is as happy as a bird-dog in quail season.

And why shouldn't he be?

That first trip out, when he was perpetrating a portfolio of pleasant and charming fellows, was pretty much of a flop, a fact he himself recognized by quitting Hollywood in disgust and staying away for three years.

This second trip, which he has devoted almost exclusively to the business of being a Grade-A heel, is a huge success thanks to his caricature of *Bo-Jo Brown,* which assignment came hard on the heels of a chore he had done as Paulette Goddard's grim boy friend in *Nothing but the Truth* over at Paramount. *Pulham* was still in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer cutting room when Paramount recalled him to play an obstreperous Brooklyn sailor in *The Fleet's In.* The very day he returned his nautical uniform to wardrobe, preparatory to checking out of the studio, Paramount awarded him the part of *Bill Stone* in *Mr. and Mrs. Cugat,* a part that is really calculated to make honest folk wince. Not only is *Bill Stone* as tactless, blunt, rude, and crude as his predecessor, *Bo-Jo,* but he zig-zags through the entire picture plastered as a pirate on shore leave. After *Mr. and Mrs. Cugat,* Erikson's fees are going to be doubled and the bidders, in all probability, tripled.

Fate and Leif Erikson have been giving one another the hotfoot ever since Leif started out to make a career for himself. He had tried vainly to get a toehold in any number of careers. His movie career, on the other hand, was practically thrown at him. As follows:

Mr. Harold Hurley (at that time in charge of production of all Paramount B-pictures), was rummaging through his desk when he came across a photograph, did a double-take, and then rang for the casting director.

"Who's this fellow?" he demanded, tossing the photograph at him.

"A guy named Leif Erikson."

"Get him out here. He's just the man I want for our new Zane Grey series."

"You can't have him. He's out in the sticks somewhere playing vaudeville."

"I don't like your attitude. Find the guy and sign him."

Well, orders are orders.

The casting director put in a long distance call for one Leif Erikson. "This is Paramount Pictures," he opened, "and we're offering you a contract at . . ."

"My, but that's keen!" said Leif just before hanging up.

Another call was put through. The voice claiming to be Leif Erikson said, very impudently: "I'll know this is Paramount and a legitimate offer when I see the color of a little long green. Right now I'm earning $35 a week and liking it."

Boom!

Cut to backstage of the Orpheum Theater right after the matinee. A messenger boy is yelling "Telegram for Mr. Erikson." A six-foot four blond giant says: "Here, boy, I'll take it." He opens the envelope. Inside is a Western Union money-order for $400 and a curt message, reading: "Please come immediately."

In Hollywood a fantastic reception awaited him.

He checked in at a hotel, shaved, took a cab to the studio, reported to Mr. Hurley, and announced his identity.

Mr. Hurley blew up.

"But you're not the guy I ordered. Someone has made a horrible mistake."

That someone turned out to be Paramount. While Leif had been poking along on a slow train bound for Hollywood, his agent, stationed at Hollywood which, by the way, was Leif's home, had pushed

through a nice term contract. You'll die when you hear what he contributed to his first picture, *Wanderer of the Wasteland*, at $250 a week. He appeared in the opening scene, dead as a doornail.

That was Leif giving Fate the hotfoot. He got it back from Fate doubled in clubs, as you shall see presently.

He went through six Zane Grey Westerns, hoping against hope for a chance to do a real part. He even prayed. All of a sudden it began to look as if the prayers were getting results. Paramount clapped him into two musicals, one right after the other, *College Holiday* and *Waikiki Wedding*. And then, like a bolt from the blue, he was borrowed by Metro to play Garbo's brother in *Conquest*.

As the spirited Polish officer he was a sensation. He returned to Paramount confident that at last he was on his way and would be given a real part.

This is where Fate really tripped him up. For his very next chore, Paramount, totally indifferent to his recent success, assigned him to an innocuous musical called *Thrill of a Lifetime*. The very afternoon the picture was over he took a train for New York without even telling the boys in the front office what they could do with their contract, then netting Leif $500 a week.

New York did right by our Leif. He hadn't been there a month before he was offered a part—the lead, no less—in the Group Theater Production called *All the Living*. He really went to town, got rave notices. And Leif Erikson was in.

He had been a fixture on Broadway for some three years when he realized he was getting restless. On the spur of the moment he bought a motorcycle, quit New York and his brilliant stage career, and set out on a tour of the country.

Attired in three sweatshirts, three pairs of trousers, and a single pair of goggles, he headed South. He would drive from dawn to dark, pull up in front of the flossiest hotel in town, dismount, and nonchalantly stroll up to the desk to demand a room for the night.

"Yes, sir," the clerk would say out of habit. Then he would give out with a double-take and a "What!"

"I'll pay in advance, if you like," Leif would say, pulling out a parcel of moola.

Well, he observed cafe society in Miami, lovers of fine food and drink at New Orleans, the "arty" ilk at Taos, dude ranchers in Phoenix, and found himself practically without any warning back in Hollywood. Just for the heck of it he called up his old agent to ask how were tricks.

"How are tricks!" his agent exploded. "Why, I've been writing, wiring, and telephoning all over this country trying to lay my hands on you."

"What is it? A summons?"

"Never mind your kidding. Get over here right away. Paramount's got a part for you in *Nothing but the Truth*. You don't win Paulette Goddard in the end—in fact, you're pretty much of an obnoxious jerk—but after all it's only a moving picture."

"'Obnoxious jerk', did you say?" (Erikson was all excitement.) "You tell those boys over at Paramount that I'll be right over—just as soon as I shave." ■

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TANGEE THEATRICAL RED ..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.

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NOW, at last, all you've longed for in a lipstick is combined in our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH ...a softer, glossier sheen...a texture *not too moist —yet not too dry*... a lipstick that stays on and I *really* mean stays on, without blurring or smudging.

With this basic Tangee improvement, which we consider our most important news in 20 years, you now have not only Tangee's gloriously clear shades —not only the famous Tangee cream base that feels so soothing to your lips—but the exquisite grooming of a SATIN-FINISH that lasts for hours and hours.

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LIPSTICK & ROUGE: *CHECK ONE* ☐ *NATURAL* ☐ *THEATRICAL RED* ☐ *RED-RED*
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Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

Blond Adonis

Richard Denning took a terrific pushing-around for eight years before he got his lucky break in Paramount's *Beyond the Blue Horizon*

By CHARLOTTE KAYE

■ All in all, Richard Denning worked in 45 pictures at Paramount from 1937 to 1941, yet I daresay not five people on the entire lot recognized his face or knew who he was. Check the pictures and you'll find he received screen credit on all, yet so consistently was he shunted into the background of bit parts as to become little more than Paramount scenery.

In that 8-year interim, Dick took a pushing-around which would have driven a less determined soul to the hinterlands. Did a new microphone need testing? Get Denning! Was an unimportant insert required? Get Denning! An X-ray shot of Bob Hope's chest was needed? Get Denning!

Now it's a different story. Paramount has had a change of mind about the handsome young Adonis, particularly after his performance as the co-star of *Beyond the Blue Horizon* (formerly called *Malaya* and before that, *Her Jungle Mate*) with Dorothy Lamour. The studio is all steamed up about him, and "the works" are in process.

Is a handsome young man and capable actor needed for the top role in a strong story? Get Denning! Looking for a co-star for a glamour gal? Get Denning! Is someone available to step into Stirling Hayden's shoes? Get Denning!

Denning doesn't look like Hayden but he is Stirling's type—tall, blond and slim with a magnificent physique which he keeps in perfect condition with daily workouts in the gymnasium and active participation in sports. In appearance, perhaps, he is a cross between Dennis Morgan and a blond Bill Holden. His head of thick hair has one deep wave and is dark ash blond in color. In summer it bleaches to a regular towhead under the sun's rays. His eyes are dark blue and his skin is light olive in tone. Good bony structure (a cameraman's delight) marks his face; and his ears are close set to his head. "Probably because my mother was careful about tucking them under my cap as a kid," he explains. He has a long straight nose, a wide forehead, and deep dimples in either cheek. His voice is low-pitched and resonant, and he has a wide, friendly smile.

Dick likewise is a man with the courage of his convictions. He once presumed to dispute with Cecil B. DeMille as to how a scene in *The Buccaneer* should be played and got away with it! He confesses, however, that he was a rank greenhorn at the time and did not realize the enormity of the act which left everyone, including DeMille, speech-

less. Oddly enough, DeMille liked him for it.

No burning yen led Dick to become an actor; he took up dramatics in school as a means of self defense and discipline. Originally he was slated to go into the garment manufacturing business of his father, Louis A. Denninger, in Los Angeles. Trying to make that dream come true, in fact, cost Mr. Denninger a tidy fortune since he refused to sell his business when the profit would have been highest in order to wait for Dick to grow up.

In his early high school years Dick rightfully earned the nickname of "Fatty." He packed around some 230 pounds as result of his mother's conviction that added weight meant added health. Inwardly he suffered under the taunts of his classmates, and in trying to hide from them, developed a first class inferiority complex. Finally in his senior year he took matters in his own hands, went on a rigid diet and worked digging cesspools during the summer. The fat melted away and he achieved a normal weight of 180. The complex remained, however, so he forced himself into public speaking classes, school dramatics, church plays—anything which would force him from the shell into which he had retired. He wound up copping every honor available, including the student body presidency of the business college.

Upon being graduated from college in 1934, Dick joined his father in business but kept up his dramatic work in night school classes. Two years was all he could stand of it, and when he won a screen test as the result of winning a radio contest, he left the world of business for the theater.

The screen test, incidentally, was made without benefit of scenery or props and was run through in 10 minutes. Dick played the dungeon scene from *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* and to this day swears there was no film in the camera. At least he never was able to see the test. An agent signed him, however, on the strength of his work in the contest and promptly turned down a proffered contract at Hal Roach. Dick, he said, needed more schooling and Paramount was the place to get it. After six months in the Paramount school, Dick signed the contract which began the grind of 45 pictures to date.

The long hoped for "break" finally came with *Beyond the Blue Horizon*, which again proved the truth of the old adage that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Columbia borrowed Dick for one of the sons in *Adam Had Four Sons*. Given the chance, Dick went to town—and Paramount woke up to the fact it had a prize package it had been keeping under wraps. The lead with Lamour in *Blue Horizon* was the result. Not until the cameras actually started to turn would Dick believe it. Nor would he believe anyone like Lamour—an important personage—could or would be as swell and helpful as Dottie turned out to be. From here in, Dick is the No. 1 Lamour fan of the nation.

It is rare in Hollywood when everyone in a studio rejoices when another gets a "break." Usually there is a certain amount of petty jealousy, backbiting, digs and slurs. But to a man and woman, the Para-

[*Continued on page 48*]

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PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

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Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not *stop* perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.

Blond Adonis

[Continued from page 47]

mount personnel is happy for Dick. The reason is a sound one. It is the way Dick is taking his "break" and wearing his new success—modestly, almost shyly, and with becoming appreciation of his good fortune. There isn't a strutting bone in his body. Nor do I think there ever will be. He isn't that kind.

"Maybe it sounds corny," Dick said, "but honestly, I'm grateful for that long grind, the hard knocks and the disappointments. Sometimes I'm sorry for the fellows that start right at the top with all the lucky breaks. They don't appreciate what they have because it came so easy. It doesn't mean anything, really, and the fun and thrill of achieving it, *earning it*, is lost. That's true all along life, not just a movie career. The things that mean the most are the things you fight to get."

Dick is enjoying the fruits thus far of his new estate. In fact, he is getting a whale of a bang out of them and isn't ashamed to admit it. His wardrobe, for instance. There was a time when he had one decent suit to his name. He paid fifty bucks for it and wore it so continuously even his friends began to complain. Now he has a dozen suits with accessories to match.

There was his coupe of modest make and ancient vintage which was in hock oftener than not. Now he has a '41 sedan of a better class and the coveted "pink slip" (ownership certificate) to prove it. Being able to walk into a car agency, pick out a new model and plunk down the cash in full, Dick insists, was the biggest thrill of his life.

There was a time when a blown-out tube on his cheap radio meant no more radio until the price of a new tube could be saved. Now he was able to buy a whole new radio when the old one went to pot. But best of all, he says, is the fact he now can repay part of his debt to his parents under whose roof he lived for so long with Dad paying the bills. He still lives with them, but now he is paying off the mortgage, gladly supporting the family, and sending the kid brother to college. It gives Dick a big warm glow of satisfaction to know that at last he's in a position to help those who stuck by him during his thin days.

Little items around the studio bring their thrill too. A larger dressing room. Attention from the publicity department. Invitations to parties. Gallery art sittings. Eating at a table in the commissary instead of the counter. Recognition by the head waitress and nods from producers.

Best of all are the new hellos.

Before, he was lucky if he got a slurred and half-hearted "'lo." Now it's *"Hell-O, Dick!"* with a good loud O.

"Oh, boy!" he grinned happily. "Is that Music to Denning's ears! Wow!" ■

Hollywood stars are giving generously of their time and talents to the entertainment of the boys in camps. Here's Betty Grable with a big smile as she arrives at March Field for a personal appearance. She's in *Song of the Islands*

TO 5 OUT OF 7 WOMEN . . .

New Loveliness in Three Minutes!

Beauty boosts morale! Let Marvelous *Matched* Makeup by Richard Hudnut help you look your loveliest!

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Richard Hudnut has solved this problem for you by creating Marvelous *Matched* Makeup. Not merely rouge and lipstick . . . but face powder too . . . all *three* color-coordinated in the laboratory, matched in their basic tones. Just three minutes to apply and instant new beauty is yours!

A face powder, perfect for today's busy women!

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*The color of my eyes is*_____ *hair*_____ *skin*_____

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(Good only in U. S. A., except where legally prohibited.)

Hudnut MARVELOUS

Matching ROUGE, LIPSTICK AND THE POWDER THAT Stays on 5 Hours

Hollywood Beaus Are No Bargain

[*Continued from page* 21]

How could he ever think that? You smile sweetly and lead the way toward the dance floor.

The band is playing "Night and Day," you're a Cole Porter fan, and you can hardly wait to take off. The disillusionment is sudden and grim. Your dancing demon, you discover, is a fraud. He doesn't understand subtle rhythms.

"I never was much for this guy Porter," he admits, as he squires you back to the table. "I like my music hot like tabasco sauce."

There is definitely a point to observing that this type of male thrives in Hollywood and thrives handsomely because, as I have already mentioned, there is a definite shortage of the male animal. In any other community but Hollywood, he and his ilk would find it hard getting a date with a laundress. But here great stars whose names are in lights all over the world defer to them, overlook their rudeness, and even cater to them.

Under these conditions, naturally the situation isn't going to be remedied overnight. But a millenium is certainly in sight. As close as I can figure, it ought to hit Hollywood just about the year 2863. I'm sorry I won't be around to enjoy it. ■

The Bill Holdens came East for a vacation and the world premiere of Brenda's new picture, *Captains of the Clouds*

THE NEWEST BEAUTY TRICK: "Make-Up" FOR YOUR HAIR!

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YES, now you can actually "make-up" your hair! You can heighten and enliven its color-tone — *without permanent dyeing or bleaching!* Marchand's exciting new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse does the trick! Right at home, in almost no time, you can transform drab, lifeless hair into hair of sparkling, young beauty!

So simple to use! So safe!

Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse goes on — and washes off — as easily as your face powder and lipstick! You simply dissolve the delicately tinted rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Then . . . look in your mirror! See how your hair gleams with radiant light and youthful color!

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse accents and highlights the color-tone of your hair . . . *uniformly* . . . without dyed effect! There's nothing in Marchand's to harm your hair or make it brittle. Made with Government approved colors, the tint does not "come off"—until your next shampoo!

FREE! . . . In your own hair shade!

Whether you're a blonde, brunette, redhead, grayhead — or "in-between"— there's a Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse to complement your individual hair-coloring! Mail the coupon today for a generous "Try-It Packet" *free!*

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6 Rinses - 25c
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Please send me, free and postpaid, a "Try-It Packet" of Marchand's Hair Rinse. The color of my hair is:
Platinum..... Black..... Henna..... Dark Brown.....
Light Blonde..... Blonde ..... Chestnut Brown.....
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FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO BE BLONDER!

Blondes who want to brighten and lighten their hair . . . brunettes who like contrasting golden highlights . . . find Marchand's Golden Hair Wash gives perfect results. Quick and easy to use. At all drug counters.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Copyright, 1942, by Chas. Marchand Co.

"What creams does she use?"

....women wonder when they see a skin like hers

"What does she do that I don't do? What creams does she use? How does she escape flaws that most of us have to struggle with—enlarged pore openings, oily shine, blackheads, or excessive dryness?"

These are the questions women always wish they could ask the fortunate possessor of a fair, lovely skin. Answers by the hundred would be simply: "I use two creams which are *different*—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams."

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM (FORMERLY TEXTURE CREAM)
Get the full benefit of this unique cream by using it as a night treatment. It softens and neutralizes accumulations often acid in nature in the external pore openings. And because it contains cholesterol it holds moisture in the skin and so helps to keep it supple and pliant, and to relieve excessive dryness.

A smooth, lasting foundation. Phillips' Skin Cream seems to have a special affinity for make-up. It prepares the skin by removing excess oiliness and softening rough dryness so that powder and rouge go on evenly, and *last.*

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM
This special cream offers a method of cleansing that is *different!* It not only absorbs the surface dirt but penetrates the outer pore openings and floats away the accumulations which may lodge there. Profit by the experience of women who have tried them—put Phillips' Creams to work on *your* skin!

Skin Cream 10c, 30c *and* 60c • **Cleansing Cream** 10c 30c 60c *and* $1.00

SHOPPING GUIDE

Suit

Anderson, S. C.	Gallant-Belk Co.
Asbury Park, N. J.	Abrams
Asheville, N. C.	Bon Marche
Atlanta, Ga.	J. P. Allen & Co.
Augusta, Ga.	Frank Goldberg
Augusta, Me.	Chernowsky's
Barre, Vt.	Homer Fitts
Beckley, W. Va.	Rahall's
Bethlehem, Pa.	Bush-Bull
Binghamton, N. Y.	Hills, McLean & Haskins
Bismark, N. D.	Sarah Gold Shop
Boston, Mass.	Hudson Wearing Apparel
Bradford, Pa.	Becker's
Bremerton, Wash.	Bremer's Dept. Store
Brockton, Mass.	Storey & Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	A. I. Namm & Son
Butler, Pa.	Rosenblum's
Cambridge, O.	Style Center
Canton, O.	Parisian
Charlotte, N. C.	Purcell's
Chester, Pa.	Speare Bros.
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Watts-Sartor-Lear
Columbia, Pa.	Heineman's
Columbia, S. C.	Haltiwanger's
Columbus, O.	The Union Co., Inc.
Coshocton, O.	Golden's
Crawfordsville, Ind.	The Golden Rule
Dayton, O.	Jos. Thal
Des Moines, Ia.	Wolf's
Durham, N. C.	Ellis Stone & Co.
Dyersburg, Tenn.	The Style Shop
Elgin, Ill.	Joseph Spiess Co.
Elkhart, Ind.	Ziesel Bros.
Elmira, N. Y.	Gorton Co., Inc.
Endicott, N. Y.	Lee's
Enid, Okla.	Kennedy's
Erie, Pa.	Trask, Prescott & Richardson
Eugene, Ore.	Miller's
Fall River, Mass.	Cherry & Webb Co.
Flushing, N. Y.	Abramson's
Fort Smith, Ark.	Tilles, Inc.
Framingham, Mass.	New York Store
Franklin, N. H.	Holmes & Nelson
Gary, Ind.	Hudson's
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Blanche Le Baron
Great Falls, Mont.	Classic Shop
Greensboro, N. C.	Ellis Stone & Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Meyers Arnold Co.
Greenwood, S. C.	Gallant-Belk Co.
Hagerstown, Md.	Fleisher's
Hamilton, O.	Mayer's, Inc.
Hammond, Ind.	David's, Inc.
Hartford, Conn.	Sage-Allen Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.	Feller's
Herkimer, N. Y.	H. G. Munger
Hollywood, Calif.	Nancy's
Homestead, Pa.	Half Bros.
Honesdale, Pa.	Katz Bros.
Houlton, Me.	Bennett's Woman's Wear
Huntington, W. Va.	Anderson-Newcomb
Indianapolis, Ind.	Wm. H. Block Co.
Jamaica, N. Y.	B. Gertz, Inc.
Jersey City, N. J.	Schulman's
Kansas City, Mo.	John Taylor D. G. Co.
Kenosha, Wis.	Lepp & Co.
Klamath Falls, Ore.	La Pointe's
Knoxville, Tenn.	Miller's, Inc.
Lansford, Pa.	Brill's
Lawrence, Mass.	Cherry & Webb Co.
Lewiston, Me.	Ward's
Long Beach, Calif.	The Dinel Shop
Louisville, Ky.	H. P. Selman
Lowell, Mass.	Cherry & Webb Co.
Mansfield, O.	Golden-Russell
Memphis, Tenn.	Levy's Ladies Toggery
Middletown, Conn.	Wrubel's
Milwaukee, Wis.	Fritzel's-Plankington
Moscow, Idaho	David's
Newark, N. J.	Hahne & Co.
New Bedford, Mass.	Cherry & Co.
New Britain, Conn.	Birnbaum's
New Castle, Pa.	Strouss-Hirshberg
New Kensington, Pa.	Silverman's
Norristown, Pa.	B. E. Block & Bros.
Norwich, Conn.	Simon Mandell
Oakland, Calif.	The Gray Shop
Olympia, Wash.	M. M. Morris
Omaha, Neb.	Herzberg's
Pasadena, Calif.	Helen Smith
Philadelphia, Pa.	Gimbel Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Frank & Seder
Providence, R. I.	Cherry & Webb Co.
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer's
Stamford, Conn.	Mantell & Martin
Stockton, Calif.	Katten & Marengo
Sunbury, Pa.	The Vogue, Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y.	The Addis Co.
Terre Haute, Ind.	Silver's Specialty Shop
Washington, D. C.	Lansburgh & Bros.
York, Pa.	Jack's
Youngstown, O.	Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

Prices may vary according to locality

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 12]

type intervened. "She's MY mole, boss," he said. And then to the girl he whispered, "He's got a right to say mole for moll. He's the director."

■ Eleanor Powell chooses her clothes, she tells me, by their ability to trip the light fantastic—clothes with rhythm. Suit skirts must flare at the hemline, eve-

Pat O'Brien is mighty busy these days with his defense work, but on one of his rare free evenings, he took Mrs. Pat out dancing. He's in Columbia's adventure film, *Trinidad*

ning gowns swirl at the floor, pajama legs ripple, even tennis shorts must have a flounce in them. "Clothes without rhythm," says Eleanor, "are unattractive. Of course my film costumes are all designed with an eye to dancing suitability. But I choose the clothes for my personal wardrobe with the same requisite in mind."

■ Funny yarn about Gloria Warren, the 15-year-old singer hailed by Warner Bros. as another Deanna Durbin as a result

[*Continued on page* 52]

"My Romance was dying of starvation"

A TRUE STORY OF THE
"ONE NEGLECT"
THAT ALMOST WRECKED A MARRIAGE

1. Before we were married, we were so much in love! But after our wedding Bill changed—his attentions grew less and less. I suffered the miseries of neglect.

2. Then at the club one day I met a famous woman doctor—and overcame my pride enough to tell her my troubles. She shocked me by saying, "I'm afraid it's your own fault—you see, there's one thing husbands don't forgive in their wives—carelessness or *ignorance* about feminine hygiene.

3. "So many married women come to me with the same story. And my advice to them, and to you, is—use Lysol disinfectant regularly for intimate personal care. Lysol cleanses and deodorizes—and at the same time it instantly kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues. Lysol is safe."

4. That's how Lysol became my standard practice for feminine hygiene. It's so gentle to use—and so economical. And you never have to worry about its effectiveness. It *works!* As for my romance—we're more in love than ever.

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. H-442, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Cuticle Look

Like this?

or this?

Get CUTEX Oily Cuticle Remover

● Don't gnaw at ragged cuticle! Soften and loosen it with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover! All *you* do is wipe the dead cuticle away with a towel! Have your hands admired! Get a bottle today! *It contains no acid.*

Saturday is "Manicure Day." Look for the special display of Cutex accessories on your favorite cosmetic counter — Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, Brittle Nail Cream, Orangewood Sticks, Emery Boards.

Northam Warren, New York

Used by more women than all other Cuticle Removers combined

SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"

One of the first things Michele Morgan did on her recent trip to New York was to purchase some defense bonds and stamps from Postmaster Albert Goldman. Michele's a big hit in *Joan of Paris*

Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "***Song of the Islands,***" with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"

It's Easy to Look "STAR-LOVELY" with WESTMORE FOUNDATION CREAM

Large economy size, **50¢**
Smaller sizes at variety stores

- Created by the famous Westmores, Hollywood's Make-up Masters.
- Used by leading stars for real life as well as "reel life."
- Gives your face a smooth, even, glowing tone... covers little blemishes, tired shadows...and it's non-drying!
- In six skin-tinted shades, with Face Powder to blend. Also, vital-tone lipstick, rouge (cream and cake), skin-freshener, cleansing cream, dry skin cream, eye-shadow and mascara.

House of **WESTMORE** *Inc.* **HOLLYWOOD**

of her work in *Always in My Heart.* When someone asked Gloria if she sang much at home, she said: "Heavens no. Every time I start singing my dog starts to howl, and then the family yells for me to keep quiet."

■ One of the world's best dressed women, Claudette Colbert, wears only a Pullman blanket for a scene in *Palm Beach Story.* She's lost all her clothes during a train trip and a girl has to wear something. When Claudette turns her back to the camera, there will be a big laugh. The blanket is so draped around her that the word Pullman is right where a person sits down.

■ They're even putting glamour into the lone prairie-ee these days. Leading lady Fay McKenzie has 12 changes of wardrobe in Republic's *Dusk on the Painted Desert.* Western heroine usually gets only two—calico and blue jeans.

■ Promised and hoped for: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello getting mixed up in the war as erstwhile British soldiers in their next M-G-M film after *Rio Rita.*

■ Real story behind Priscilla Lane breaking her engagement to Victorville Publisher John Barry is that she suddenly decided to become an all-out career girl.

■ On The Sets: Akim Tamiroff is the best scene stealer in Hollywood. I watched him steal a scene with his toes. Tamiroff is playing the role of the barefooted *Pablo* in *Tortilla Flat.* They were shooting a scene between Tamiroff and Spencer Tracy when we visited the set.

It was rightfully Tracy's scene, with plenty of dialogue. Tracy was nearest to the camera. Tamiroff was sitting cross-legged in the background, with little to do or say. But as Tracy talked, Tamiroff wiggled his toes. The more Tracy talked the more Tamiroff wiggled them. The director, the cameraman, the crew, everyone on the set, forgot Spencer Tracy, the star, and watched, fascinated, the movement of Akim Tamiroff's toes. And you'll do the same when you see the picture—if the scene doesn't land on the cutting room floor.

■ Six male stars and a scarecrow wear the same dress suit for sequences in *Tales of Manhattan*. And wardrobe will

Judy Garland is the young lady pictured on page 12. She's wearing a red and white short ensemble with a detachable skirt

tell you that the scarecrow is the only one not complaining about the fit of the suit. Charles Boyer, Edward G. Robinson, W. C. Fields, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton and Rochester all are having the suit altered to taste.

■ Which reminds me of Charles Boyer coming to the big moment in *Tales of Manhattan*—his death scene. Thomas Mitchell, as a vindictive husband, had a rifle in his hands trained on Boyer. Rita Hayworth, the wife, stood by, helpless. "Action," said Director Julien Duvivier. The rifle roared. Boyer staggered, started to fall. Then he stopped and began teetering on the floor on one foot. "What's the trouble?" interrupted the director. "That board," said Boyer, grinning and pointing toward the floor. "It's loose. I don't mind the dying so much but I certainly don't want to break a leg in doing so." So workmen nailed down the board and Charles Boyer died again.

[*Continued on page* 54]

Mrs. Chelsea's Daughter Was Dancing Alone!

Strange things can happen to Romance when a girl neglects her hands

This is called "the fade-out." Mother may not have warned you, but frequently the male is quite peculiar. He may discount all your other charms—if your hands are not alluring.

Now—2 Kinds—A New Lotion Idea

If you want pretty, soft, alluring hands—remember: (1) All skin is not alike—and—(2) Neither do all seasons and all climates affect the skin in the same way.

Campana, therefore, offers "2 KINDS" of BALM: (1) extra-rich "REGULAR" for extra dry, extra sensitive skin and for regular use in winter weather—(2) fast-finishing "SPECIAL" for less dry, less sensitive skin and for mild weather, mild climate use.

People change diets and clothing with the seasons. One person requires a "hard" toothbrush—another "soft." One person demands tooth powder—another paste.

So Campana has left the "old-fashioned groove" and—for the first time in hand lotion history—offers you "2 KINDS" of CAMPANA BALM. To serve every skin. In any season. In any climate!

Double Action in every drop

Softening action—plus *protecting* action. Softening is not enough. You also need to protect your skin against outside irritants!

"Housework doesn't exactly groom your hands for a party," I thought—as Dick telephoned for a date.

Campana Balm

for CHAPPED skin

"Thank goodness for Campana Balm," I said. "No hangnails, no roughness to snare my sheer, silk hose!"

"All is well! Dick says I have winsome hands. He treasures their softness—I safeguard it with Campana!"

"Middle-Age" Women (38-52 YEARS OLD)

HEED THIS ADVICE!

Watch Out For These Symptoms Which May Often Betray Your Age

Do you hate those *trying years* from 38 to 52—does this period in a woman's life make you get fretful, nervous, so tired, worn out, blue at times, perhaps suffer dizziness, headaches, backaches, hot flashes and distress of "irregularities"?

Then start at once, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—*famous* for helping relieve distress—due to this functional disturbance. Taken regularly, this remarkable medicine helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms.

Pinkham's Compound has thus helped thousands upon thousands of women to go smiling thru trying

"middle age". It's the best known medicine you can buy today—made *especially for women. WELL WORTH TRYING!*

Younger Women, Too!

Girls in their 'teens, 20's and 30's should also find Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound very beneficial to relieve pain and tired, weak, cranky, nervous feelings—due to functional monthly disturbances. Follow label directions.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

Always look for this triangle with the words "A Fawcett Publication" before buying a magazine. The Fawcett Triangle is your assurance of a better magazine for your money!

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

Buy it from your druggist today

■ Despite her marriage to Fred Brisson, it seems like Rosalind Russell is still a Hollywood bachelor girl. She works two nights a week with the Red Cross, two other nights with the Beverly Hills Ambulance Corps. And Brisson, an air-raid warden, is out three nights a week.

■ Sight of the Month: A still photographer surprising Priscilla Lane with a toy spider to obtain that frightened expression you see in the poster ads for *Arsenic and Old Lace.*

Latest Hollywood Cinderella is pretty Gloria Warren, 15-year-old singer and actress who makes her screen debut in Warner Brothers' *Always in My Heart*

■ *Tortilla Flat* is proof that on rare occasions the sad ending of a novel can be changed to a happy ending on the screen and have exactly the same effect. And it was accomplished in this case to the complete satisfaction of its author, John Steinbeck. In the novel, *Danny,* played on the screen by John Garfield, died in the last chapter. The film, starring Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr and Garfield, has *Danny* live, become a good citizen, get a job and marry Miss Lamarr. "Usually," says Director Victor Fleming, "the switch from a sad to a happy ending destroys the significance and dramatic impact of a story. In *Tortilla Flat,* it strengthens the ending, gives it an amusing twist."

■ If you think autograph hunters are whacky, listen to this one. Dr. Leo Winters, who once extracted two of Norma Shearer's wisdom teeth, carries them on his watch chain.

■ A few gems culled from Gracie Allen's answers to a routine studio biographical form.

Q. Travels, cities and countries, with dates?

A. Have traveled a great deal, but not with dates. When I have a date I'd

rather park than travel. Wouldn't you?

Q. Where educated?

A. Partly in school, partly listening to the Quiz Kids.

Q. Weight?

A. Yes, but not where it should be.

Q. What would you do if out of pictures.

A. I don't know. If you can find out what Errol Flynn does out of pictures, I'd be glad to help him.

Q. Military record, if any.

A. Have one record, Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever," and play it all the time.

■ J. Carrol Naish tells it. His Jap gardener didn't show up for work one day. But the next day he was there, busy in the garden, all smiles and wearing a tremendous Mexican sombrero. Turning to Naish, the Jap beamed and said, "Good morning, senor!"

■ New Hollywood Y.M.C.A. slogan: "Let the army worry about our coastline. Let us worry about your waistline."

■ Hollywood—Where half the population is on a diet because they are in pictures, and where the other half is on a diet because they are not in pictures.

■ You won't be seeing comedians Bud Abbott and Lou Costello paddling around with a bevy of beautiful girls in a huge swimming pool for a scene in the new film version of *Rio Rita*. The script called for the scene until someone made the embarrassing discovery that the comedians could not swim.

■ Hollywood, pledged to keep the nation laughing, is now even putting laughs into a movie with a Nazi background. Producer B. P. Schulberg describes his new film, *Highly Irregular*, as a "comedy in Nazi-occupied Holland." Joan Bennett and Franchot Tone are co-starred.

There are no idle hands in Hollywood these days. The entire industry is employing every spare moment for war work. Bette Davis' needles click briskly between scenes of *In This Our Life*, as she knits a sweater for the Red Cross

GIVE YOUR EYES A CHANCE—AND WIN A PRIZE!

How would you like to be chosen as the girl with the *prize winning eyes?* If you have expressive eyes, here's how you can make them lovely enough to win a movie contract, 6-piece wardrobe, or any one of ten exciting prizes.

Let Camille mascara, the new smearproof, waterproof cosmetic that makes lashes look longer and lovelier, and Camille eyebrow pencil, the color-right, smooth-marking crayon, bring out all the hidden beauty and expression your eyes really have! Then, with your eyes gloriously at their best, enter this contest, sponsored by Camille, Inc., and Republic Pictures for the *girls with the loveliest eyes.*

TO ENTER THE CONTEST: Buy any three 10c Camille products at your 5 and 10c store. Send these three cards or boxtops (or reasonable facsimiles thereof), together with your photo or snapshot (preferably your face only, and the larger the better). Any number of your photos may be sent, but each must be accompanied by three cards or boxtops. Address: Contest Director, Camille, Inc., Morristown, N. J.

LYNNE CARVER in "YOKEL BOY" a REPUBLIC PICTURE

FIRST PRIZE:

A screen role in a Republic film for two weeks, at the Republic Studios in Hollywood, at a salary of $100 per week. As the guest of Republic Pictures, all expenses (such as hotel bill and transportation) will be paid. IN ADDITION you will be presented with a stunning fur coat from I. J. Fox, "America's Largest Furriers."

HERE ARE THE OTHER THRILLING PRIZES:

- A strikingly original, 6-piece wardrobe from Townley Frocks Inc., consisting of fall suit, daytime dress, dinner gown and lounging pajamas, all created by Claire McCardell, leading American designer.
- An exquisite diamond 17 jewel, irridium platinum Wrist Watch by Gruen, makers of the "Precision Watch."
- A genuine Tecla necklace of perfectly matched pearls from Tecla Pearls, Inc., famous for the "World's Finest Culture Pearls."
- A Scholarship in Fashion and Photographic Modelling at smart Mayfair Mannequin Academy, Fifth Avenue, New York.
- And 5 gorgeous, jewel-encrusted sets of costume jewelry, consisting of bracelet, necklace, earrings and ring, by "Karu," well known Fifth Avenue jewelers.

JUDGES: M. J. Siegel, President Republic Pictures; Walter Thornton, head of Thornton Model Agency; the Beauty Editors of Photoplay, Glamour, Motion Picture, Screen Guide, Screenland and Modern Screen.

ALL ENTRIES MUST BE IN BY JULY 1st, 1942. (All selections will be final.)

BLACK • BROWN • BLUE • GREEN

CAMILLE

GLAMOR-EYES MAKEUP

Cake Mascara — Cream Mascara — Eyebrow Pencil. 10c at leading 5 & 10 cent stores, also at many drug stores — or for information write to Camille, Inc., Morristown, N. J.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

You can now so skillfully tint those graying locks, can make them so much younger-looking, that no one need realize your hair was ever gray. For a real professional-looking job right at home, try this widely used gray hair recipe.

Get from your druggist one ounce bay rum, one-fourth ounce glycerine, one box **Barbo Compound.** Mix in half-pint of water, or your druggist will mix for you at small cost. Simply comb into the hair as directed. A rich natural-looking color is imparted to gray, faded, streaked hair. This color is easily maintained; will not wash out, rub off, or affect permanents. Does not stain the scalp; is not sticky or greasy, and leaves the hair soft and glossy. Try the money-saving Barbo recipe today, and see how much younger you will look.

Try Modern Halo Shampoo — Reveal Your Hair's Natural, Lustrous Color!

OLD-FASHIONED soapy shampoos leave a dull soap-film that robs your hair of *natural* beauty . . . a film like the soapy scum that collects in your washbowl!

That's why thousands of modern women are using ultra-modern Halo Shampoo!

Halo contains no soap . . . therefore can leave no soap-film! Halo is made with a special new-type ingredient—shampoos your hair to its *natural,* beautiful color and luster . . . lathers gloriously even in hardest water!

And Halo removes dandruff from your scalp the very first time you use it!

What's more, Halo leaves your hair so sweet and clean you don't even need a lemon or vinegar after-rinse!

So switch to Halo Shampoo today . . . available at all toilet goods counters in generous 10¢ or larger sizes!

A Product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

SONGWRITERS

We want your song or song poem. Melodies written for songs, poems without charge. We also revise, record and market your song. We have helped others, why not you? Send your song or poem today for free exam. and details.

Hollywood Recording Studios

Dept. 1R, Box 87, Preuss Sta., Los Angeles, Calif.

Donkeys For Diversion

By FREDDA DUDLEY

■ Let tires be rationed and the nation roll on rims; let motor cars be banned, and bunions become universal, still there is one little lady in Hollywood who has nothing to worry about. She has the transportation problem solved.

Edith Head is the lucky creature to whom we refer. As you undoubtedly know, she is Paramount's brilliant designer of the sensible and the soignee for such well-clad women as Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert, Madeleine Carroll, Paulette Goddard, Margaret Hayes, Veronica Lake, Dorothy Lamour, Mary Martin, and Zorina. Miss Head's favorite vehicle is a burro, of which she owns and operates seven.

During the day, Edith is terrific at whipping up something crucial in crushed velvet. For instance, she has designed five hostess gowns and a pair of hostess pajamas for Betty Field to wear in *Mr. and Mrs. Cugat*—any one of which is guaranteed to keep a husband home from any poker party. She has outfitted Pat Morison, who appears as a menace in the same picture, with the type of clothes that would make a femme fatale out of Carolyn Lee.

But when La Head puts aside drawing board, paints, crayons, and swatches of material, and hurries homeward, she has nothing planned except donning a pair of disreputable duck britches, a pull-over sweater, exhausted canvas sneakers, and holding a rendezvous with a group of animals singularly restful to the mind.

"A horse," Edith says with a wag of her black-banged head, "is a very stupid animal. A horse can be worked to death simply because it hasn't sense enough to stop in its tracks and take a long breath. But a donkey is a shrewd creature. He pretends to be utterly ignorant. He no speak English. A horse lives by 'Giddap' and 'Whoa' all his days, but a donkey decides for himself when he feels like going somewhere."

Burros are bromides to Paramount's fashion designer, Edith Head, shown above with one of her pets. Miss Head has just finished designing star wardrobes for *Mr. and Mrs. Cugat*

Edith's earliest childhood recollection includes the presence of a succession of burros. She was placed astride a rugged back before she learned to walk, and most of her early pictures show her riding a donkey. Her family lived in Nevada, in mining districts, and she soon learned that a burro was more valuable to many a sourdough miner than a good wife. No other beast of burden could carry such loads in proportion in its own weight, and nothing less than a bird was as surefooted on the narrow, hazardous trails.

"Besides being useful," Edith says,

If Spring Is In Your Heart

Blue Waltz

Its lilting fragrance . . . enticing, exciting as spring itself . . . dances into men's hearts, makes you the girl of their dreams. Surround yourself with BLUE WALTZ glamour by touching this exquisite perfume to your hair, throat and wrists.

Now in a darling Easter Box only 10¢.

10¢ AT ALL 5 & 10¢ STORES

"burros are funny. They can project almost as many emotions as a flexible puppet. A person who has never seen a donkey flatten his ears and stiffen his legs has never seen a picture of unadulterated stubbornness. Speaking of twenty-four carat malice, you should see a donkey leer out of the corner of his eyes and tense his hind legs in preparation for a kick! Also, a burro laughs just as long and hard as a human being at anything that amuses him. I have one that comes tearing across the pasture, braying for sugar, the instant he sees me. After he's eaten his sugar, he plants his front hooves on the railing and leans out to give me a juicy kiss."

That these affectionate animals have an inspirational value is proved by the fact that Edith, last season, perfected the "Pancho" motif in clothing—Pancho blouses, Pancho hats, Pancho play-skirts —all modifications of the Spanish muleteer's picturesque outfit. They were one of last season's high fashion notes.

Edith and her husband, Wiard Ihnen (pronounced Vee-yard Ee-nen) who is art director at 20th Century-Fox, live on a farm in The Valley, a spot north and west of Hollywood proper. When asked what Mr. Ihnen—known as Bill—thought of her hobby of burro raising, Mrs. Bill grinned. "If I can put up with his hobby, I guess he can stand mine. At least I don't quarter my pets in the house."

It developed that Bill, whose days are spent satisfying exacting directors and producers who demand a design for an ancient Spanish chapel in one breath and blueprints for a Lemurian lodge in the second, collects cannon as a pastime. (Note: some of the miniature cannon actually fire.)

He has some magnificent miniature field pieces which are exact duplicates of the artillery used by Napoleon ("God is on the side of the heaviest artillery") Bonaparte. He has copies of the heavy bombardment weapons used during the Franco-Prussian war. And he owns two perfect working models of cannon designed in Mexico for the use of the Emperor Maximilian.

One Sunday, Bill and his friend, Bill Lundigan, sat with their backs against one living room wall and blasted away at targets pinned upon the opposite side. After several volleys, they discovered that the trajectory was a trifle high. With height perfected, they found that one of the guns had a serious left hook, which could be corrected by proper placement. About the only thing they didn't learn about their firearms was that every hit as well as every miss was pocking the newly redecorated wall.

When Edith came in and demanded an armistice, she spied the damage. "I just pointed without saying anything, and not once since then has Bill complained when one of the donkeys has raised a rumpus at night," she reports.

Speaking of artillery and the donkeys, there is every chance that the burros will be drafted by the Army. Although we live in a mechanized age, there are some things that only four legs, a broad back, and a disposition that responds to a carrot on a stick, can do. Edith says Uncle Sam can have her family, and welcome. ■

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Tall, Dark and Athletic

By TOM DE VANE

Unlike most eligible young bachelors in Hollywood, handsome Philip Reed prefers tennis to night-clubbing. He's in United Artists' *Heliotrope Harry*

■ The tall, dark and rugged good looks of Philip Reed vanished from the Hollywood scene five or six years ago, without so much as a boo of farewell. But now he's back again and attracting attention anew. You'll see him in a big role in *Heliotrope Harry*, opposite Miriam Hopkins, before long.

"When I left Hollywood in 1936," Reed stated frankly, "it was because I felt that I wasn't getting anywhere. I did about two dozen pictures—and although the fans seemed to like me, I didn't get a whack at really important roles. So I decided to quit the movies, especially when I got an offer to play opposite Tallulah Bankhead on the stage."

The play, which was a profitable if not an artistic success, was *Reflected Glory*, and Philip claims that he learned a great deal about acting from the dynamic Tallulah. It opened in San Francisco, traveled leisurely and successfully across the continent with a long stop in Chicago and finally brought the actor back to his native New York City.

There were offers to return to Hollywood, and he accepted one of them, made one picture and promptly returned to New York. Then he had an offer to go to England, which he eagerly accepted.

"I had never lived abroad," Phil said, "and I'm glad now that I had the opportunity. London is everything I had hoped it would be. I took a flat in Chelsea while I was making a picture just because of the address. It was Number One, Paradise Walk!"

The film was called *My Irish Molly*, and Reed was the only American in the cast of Abbey Players from Dublin. His leading lady was a very pert Irish girl named Maureen FitzSimons, whom he felt would undoubtedly land in Hollywood. It's the same Maureen, now sur-named O'Hara, whom you liked so much in *How Green Was My Valley*.

"For an American, I managed to get around," Phil continued. "I didn't find the English at all clannish. It was because I play a pretty good game of tennis that I got a lot of invitations. Kay Stammers invited me to play in some matches with her, and from then on, I was made."

In Hollywood he plays tennis with Big Bill Tilden, Ed Woodall (ZaSu Pitts' husband) and the Falkenburg boys, champions all—and they invite him back for more. Which would prove that Phil has a neat hand with a racket. (He also swims, rides and plays golf with more than average ability. That brawny body you saw in *Aloma of the South Seas* is the result of years of enthusiastic exercise.)

Once back in the States, Phil landed a job in a show called *My Dear Children*, in which John Barrymore was returning to the boards after many years of absence. It was a wonderful, and occasionally terrifying experience, Mr. Reed confesses. During the run of over a year, Barrymore never gave the same performance twice—which was stimulating, to say the least, to the cast members. But Reed is one of the staunchest members of the Barrymore fan clubs. "He's a really *great* actor," he said with a touch of reverence.

Reed started a radio career during the eight months that *My Dear Children* played Chicago, and continued it after the play closed in New York City. Carlton Alsop, Martha Scott's radio executive husband, liked him, and he played in "soap operas" like *David Harum* and *Society Girl*, as well as bigger evening shows like *Grand Central Station* and *Command Performance*.

"I made more money than I ever did in Hollywood," said Phil, "and I had a chance to pick and choose what I wanted to do. No movie contracts to tie me down. It was fine."

But he doesn't regret his decision to return to the screen in *Aloma of the South*

Seas. At the moment of writing there is talk of Phil playing opposite one of M-G-M's top glamour stars, so his future seems assured.

Philip was born in New York City and attended Erasmus Hall in Brooklyn. Upon graduating, he entered Cornell, intending to become an engineer and forget the silly theatrical notions that had plagued him for years. But before one semester was over, he had taken a job playing small parts with a stock company in Hoboken, N. J.

His first real trouping experience was in the vaudeville troupe of Eddie Lambert, the quaint little comedian. He toured for several months with the act, and when they returned to New York, decided that he had better learn to dance if he were to stay in vaudeville. Michael's School of Dancing was both good and inexpensive, so Phil enrolled and learned to hoof from a red-headed Irishman named Jim Cagney.

"Jimmy was a fine teacher," recalled Phil, "and he had a lot of patience with me. I was pretty awkward at first. But finally Jim told me that he could get me a job in a show in which he was going to perform and stage the dances. It was a modest little revue called *The Grand Street Follies,* but it turned into one of those surprise hits. It was what started Cagney on his road to stardom."

Phil quit the show to take a more important role in a lavishly produced musical called *The Dagger and the Rose.* It looked as if his big break had come—because George Cukor was directing, and Dennis King and Skeets Gallagher were in the cast. But it opened and closed after five days in Atlantic City, without causing so much as a ripple in the broad Atlantic. "I still think it was a fine show," says Reed, defiantly.

A vaudeville tour for 17 weeks with the beautiful and tragic Alma Rubens followed, and when he returned to New York he landed in his first success, S. N. Behrman's *Serena Blandish.* And just when his Broadway future looked brightest, the lure of Hollywood proved too great. He played roles of varying importance with Bette Davis, Ruth Chatterton, Barbara Stanwyck, Kay Francis and other glamorous ladies.

Reed is still a bachelor at 32, although there have been a couple of times when he almost took the matrimonial plunge. He's very much in demand for the flossy filmland doings, but is not the playboy type. Night life interferes with his tennis.

One clue to his character may be gathered by the fact that he is one handsome man who is not resented for his good looks by his less favored brothers. The boys all like Phil for his lack of conceit and his unfailing good humor.

Away from the studios and the tennis courts, Phil has an apartment at the elegant Chateau Elysee. He likes to live well, and bemoans the fact that he can't save his money. His favorite games are bridge and gin rummy, and he's a whiz at both. And some day he hopes to own his own home on the desert—not the smooth Palm Springs variety, but the more rugged Mojave Desert where he can be sure of space enough to stretch his six feet of brawn when the mood strikes him. ■

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Pretty Evelyn Ankers has had a career filled to the gills with one horrid moment after another. She's currently screaming in Universal's *The Ghost of Frankenstein*

Screaming Success

By ERNEST BELL

■ Poor dear Evelyn Ankers. For such a beautiful girl, she's had one awful time of it. She did *Bats in the Belfry* in London, tackled a murderess as one of the *Ladies in Retirement* in New York, and now in Hollywood finds herself pursued by *The Wolf Man* and *The Ghost of Frankenstein.*

Life is one long series of dramatic climaxes to the gorgeous Miss Ankers, who at 23 has had a career filled to the gills with one horrid moment after another. But so far she has survived all ordeals, not a hair of her blond head harmed, her startlingly blue eyes still able to gaze raptly at the hero for a final close-up.

Said the lady, when we chatted with her at Universal between scenes of *The Ghost of Frankenstein*: "I hope no one gets the bright idea of calling me the 'Boo Girl.' That would label me for life—and I hope eventually to do something in the movies besides scream."

And she does her own screaming. Miss Ankers has that on her conscience as a matter of fact, and lowers her eyes somewhat guiltily whenever she sees a certain girl on the Universal lot.

The other girl is Sara Schwartz who for years has been the official scream girl at the studio. Miss Schwartz, before Miss Ankers began playing in most of the Universal horror pictures, used to pick up a bit of change by standing behind the camera and screaming like a banshee in place of the open-mouthed, but silent, heroine.

"I hope she isn't mad at me," said Miss Ankers, with a twinkle, "but I'm proud of my scream. I developed it when I made six mystery pictures in England, and was always being terrified."

Most of the films were made by the English branch of 20th Century-Fox, and were not shown widely in this country. They had such names as *The Villiers Diamond, The Claydon Treasure Mystery* and *Murder in the Family.*

Evelyn's off screen life has been pretty dramatic, too. She came to what she thought was her native England at the age of ten, after being born in Valparaiso, Chile, on August 17, 1918. Her father was a big-time English mining engineer who is still remembered for engineering feats that helped open many theretofore inaccessible mines in the interior of Chile and Colombia.

But when the Ankers family returned to England, they discovered that their golden-haired daughter was a child without a country. The English are very strict about their immigration laws, and since Evelyn had been born in Chile, she could jolly well remain an alien. Papa and Mama Ankers did the screaming this time, but to no avail. Their daughter was a foreigner, and remained one, on a visitor's permit, for years.

Evelyn had already made her stage debut a year or so before the Ankers family left South America. It was in Colombia, and she was the only English child in the cast of the religious pageant, *La Hija De La Dolores.* Naturally she spoke Spanish fluently—still does—and it was pretty apparent even then that Evelyn was destined for a theatrical career.

Alexander Korda, who was then producing in England, officially "discovered" Miss Ankers for the screen. "You'd have to look close to see me in the Korda pictures," Miss Ankers told us, "although I did have a nice part in *Knight Without Armour,* with Robert Donat and Marlene Dietrich. But I got a lot of experience—which I badly needed—in the others, such as *Rembrandt,* with Charles Laughton; *Fire Over England,* with Flora Robson and Laurence Olivier, and *Over the Moon,* with Merle Oberon."

About this time she landed a job in a stage hit, a comedy melodrama called *Bats in the Belfry,* which ran prosperously for seven months. Offers from screen and stage producers began to flock in—and Miss Ankers spent her days making the English thriller movies already described. She also made a pretty good movie for Columbia, called *Coming of Age.*

She then received an offer to return to South America and star for a Buenos Aires film company in a big picture called *Ultimo Viajo.* It was made in both Spanish and English versions, and established the blond actress as one of the greatest stars in South America.

After finishing the picture, Miss Ankers made a tour of the principal cities of Argentina and Chile, doing a series of radio broadcasts—in Spanish, of course. And she wowed the people.

"I might have stayed to make another picture," Evelyn told us, "but European war rumors alarmed me and I sailed for England, pausing only long enough to get my mother on a boat to New York. It was a lucky thing, too. Right after we sailed, war was declared."

Evelyn had been assured that she would receive a warm welcome in Hollywood, where 20th Century-Fox officials had liked her work in their English productions. But upon arriving in New York, one of the first people she saw was the famous stage producer, Gilbert Miller. Mr. Miller greeted her happily and informed her that there was a fine part in his new show for her. After reading the play, and learning that the admirable Flora Robson was to star, Miss Ankers agreed that *Ladies in Retirement* might make an excellent American debut.

It did. One of the season's biggest dramatic hits, the play ran on Broadway and the road for over a year, finally ending up its tour in Los Angeles, where Evelyn got numerous movie bids. For a time it looked as if she might sign with 20th Century-Fox, but there was a hitch, and Universal won her services with a tasty contract.

That was a little over a year ago. She made her American film debut in the first film to star Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, *Hold That Ghost.* Then she played in a movie with the Dead End Kids. After that came a romantic part in a Baby Sandy starring picture. They even dropped bombs on her in *Burma Road*—and now she's screaming her head off in the big horror epics.

She loves Hollywood and the delightful little home she and her mother rent in the San Fernando Valley. Especially since one of its most constant visitors is the amiable and talented Glenn Ford.

And Miss Ankers doesn't exactly scream when she sees him! ■

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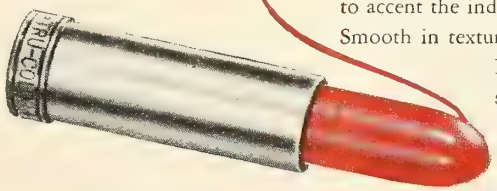

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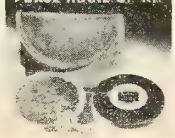

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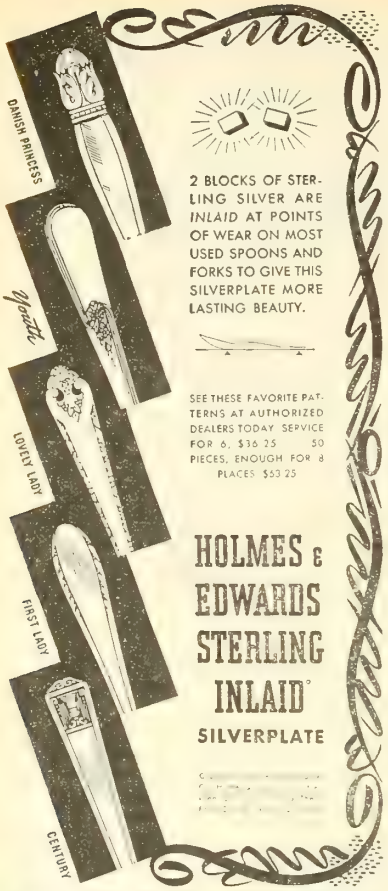

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Join Janie's S. O. S.

Candies, cookies and cakes are some of the goodies Jane herself prepares for her boxes to the boys at camp. She gives you her choicest recipes in this article. Jane's in Fox's *Not for Children*

Jane Withers and her pals have a grand scheme for sending a bit of home-cooked cheer to the boys at camp. They call it the S. O. S. (Service of Supply). Want to become a member? Here's how!

By
BETTY CROCKER

■ Jane Withers has taken to cooking for the soldiers. As usual, Jane has gone into the whole matter with her customary thoroughness, and was ready with an enthusiastic review of her plan.

"I've checked with the U. S. O.," she declared, (that's the United Service Organization) "and they told me there was no rule against cooking for the soldiers. *But*," and Jane spoke emphatically, "you must send only things that will keep well, such as white or dark fruit cakes, hard candies, fruit cookies, and the like. Be sure to ship 'em in a tin container of some sort. That's what I'm doing. Come on and see."

Jane Withers has indeed embarked on an ambitious project, within the strictly private confines of her personal domain, the big apartment on the second floor of the Withers home. Here she has a model kitchen, concealed behind the sliding doors that shut it off from her own shining soda fountain. A modern gas range, refrigerator, pots, pans, everything conveniently disposed for preparing simple snacks to elaborate suppers. And here, in the big playroom adjoining, she and her pals had decided to do their bit and set in motion a drive to form a new S.O.S.—a Service of Supply—for the soldier boys. Each girl is pledged to send tins of good things to eat, as often as possible and at least once a week, to the training camps.

Since Jane is a guiding spirit and a leading light among the younger set of Hollywood, her plan is already successful. Not that this is the limit of the set's patriotic activities, of course.

But to return to Jane's kitchen. She had cooked her first batch of goodies, not without a wise hint or two from her mother, and to judge by the samples, some soldier is going to be mighty pleased. To enlist as many others in the scheme as possible, Janie passes along her special recipes. So if you want to join the S. O. S., or are looking for some good, sensible recipes to add to your collection, I am sure you'll find these excellent.

"Remember," cautions Jane, "to wrap each article of food separately in wax paper and pack in tins—empty coffee tins will do—because the boys have no place to store perishable foods at camp."

FRUIT PASTE

1 lb. dates
1 lb. figs
1 lb. nut meats
3 tbsp. lemon juice
3 tbsp. confectioners' sugar

Put dates, figs and nuts through a food chopper. Add sugar and lemon juice. Shape into small balls or squares and roll in powdered sugar. This makes about 4 dozen small round balls.

DATE APRICOT BARS

Make date and apricot filling first, and allow to cool slightly while mixing dough for bars.

Filling

1 cup finely cut pitted dates
1¾ cups well-drained cooked unsweetened dried apricots (about ½ lb.)
½ cup brown or white sugar
2 tbsp. apricot juice (in which apricots have been cooked) or water

Mix fruit, sugar and liquid together in saucepan. Boil until mixture thickens (about 3 minutes)—stirring to prevent burning. Cool slightly. Make dough as follows:

¾ cup shortening, melted (part butter for flavor)
1 cup brown sugar (packed in cup)
2 cups sifted all purpose flour
1 tsp. soda
2 cups oatmeal (quick cooking or rolled)
1 tsp. vanilla
Date and apricot filling

Blend shortening with the brown sugar. Sift flour and soda together and mix with oatmeal. Blend into brown sugar and shortening mixture—working into a dough. Press half this mixture firmly into the bottom of a well-greased 8x12-inch baking pan. Carefully spread date and apricot filling over the entire surface. Place remaining crumb mixture on top and press it down gently but firmly with the hand or back of spoon.

Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven, 350°. When cool, cut into bars. This makes 32 bars about 3 inches by 1 inch.

HERMITS

1 cup shortening
2 cups brown sugar
2 eggs
2½ cups seeded raisins or cut-up dates
3½ cups *sifted* all purpose flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ cup cold coffee
1¼ cups chopped nuts

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream well. Blend in the well-beaten eggs. Sprinkle the raisins or dates with a little flour (about ½ cup). Sift the remaining flour, soda, salt and spices together, and add to the first mixture alternately with the cold coffee. Blend in the floured raisins or dates and the nuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet. Bake 8 to 10 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 400°. This makes 7 to 8 dozen cookies—depending on the size desired.

If the kitchen or ingredients are very warm, chill the dough for an hour or so before "dropping" it on a baking sheet.

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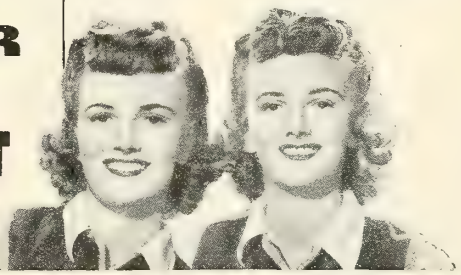
PEPSODENT POWDER
makes teeth
TWICE AS BRIGHT

"CHECK" says Bernice, radio network accountant
"DOUBLE-CHECK" says Bernadette, Chicago business girl



"We used to dare teachers and friends to tell us apart. But that was before we made a tooth powder test. Lucky me! We flipped a coin and I won Pepsodent. Bernadette chose another leading brand."

"Who'd have thought it would be so noticeable! Everyone remarked about it. My teeth became *twice as bright* as Sister's. Even Dad marveled that Pepsodent made such a difference...so Pepsodent's the choice of the whole family now!"

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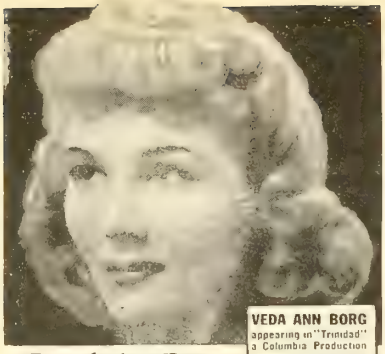
use Pepsodent twice a day...
see your dentist twice a year.



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I enclose 3¢ stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miner's Foundation Cream!

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Our Cover Girl

■ When Penny Singleton came to Hollywood, she was a snub-nosed young dancer from Broadway called Dorothy McNulty. Her first screen roles were as gangsters' molls, chorus girls, and other tough babies. Then an astute producer saw her comedy possibilities, and straightway she became *Blondie*. And *Blondie* she has been ever since. The series of films based on the beloved comic strip is one of the most popular ever made. *Blondie's Blessed Event* is the latest, and in it a little stranger comes to the *Bumstead* household. The stork's package turns out to be a little girl, to the great delight of *Baby Dumpling* (Larry Simms), who's been praying for a sister so he can stop drying the dishes. Arthur Lake, who's been *Blondie's* husband, *Dagwood*, throughout the entire series, can hardly withstand the excitement of becoming the father of a bouncing baby girl.

Before *Blondie* got into her bloodstream, Penny was a young lady a bit on the siren side, with plenty of lip rouge and glamour gowns. Now it's hard to tell where *Blondie* leaves off and Penny begins. Penny has injected so much of her own personality into the character that she herself answers as readily to *Blondie* as to Penny.

Penny's private life borders surprisingly close to that of *Mrs. Bumstead*. Her hobbies are cooking, sewing, tending her flowers, and caring for her dogs—which are numerous and which have won many prizes in dog shows.

Deejee, her adorable little daughter, above, declares she wants to grow up to be just like her pretty mother.

Penny has a lovely singing voice which hasn't yet had much chance to flourish on the screen. However, her producer, Robert Sparks (who is also her husband), promises that *Blondie* devotees will have opportunity in the near future to hear her golden tones.

Penny Singleton is the last person in the world who would have believed her dancing career would lead her to Hollywood to become famous as the nation's No. 1 Housewife. Now everybody—including Penny—wonders how she could ever have been anything else. ■

Important Pictures
By SARA CORPENING

WOMAN OF THE YEAR ★★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Something new has been added to the old story of the career woman who had to be turned into a human being. That something is gaiety—plus humor, wit, sparkling dialogue, and superb performances by Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in the title roles. The film is loaded with laughter throughout, and if you miss it, you'll be missing one of the most delightful comedies of the year.

The plot is not a new one. It is the old battle of the sexes, with Tracy as a down-to-earth sports writer who falls in love with Katharine Hepburn, a glib lady columnist who is famous the world over. They marry, but so intent is she on being an international figure that she completely overlooks the importance of being a wife.

She magnanimously adopts a little Greek refugee, then leaves him alone and unloved while she dashes dizzily away in search of news. Eventually, of course, she gains the right perspective on life, but in the interim we are treated to a gusty comedy with Tracy and Miss Hepburn excelling anything they have done recently. Her satire of a famous columnist is brittle and beautiful, and the scene in which she penitently returns to attempt to cook breakfast for her husband is a gleeful moment. Men will love the scene in the ball park where Tracy patiently tries to explain the game to Miss Hepburn.

See *Woman of the Year* by all means.

ROXIE HART ★★★

Twentieth Century-Fox

Ginger Rogers turns in another fine performance in this travesty of a flashy chorus girl whose greatest talent is in advancing her own ends. The story is based on the famous play called *Chicago*, which was a hit back in 1927. The film opens with a newspaperman rushing to a bar for a drink before embarking on his assignment to a gory murder. He is led to recall his own days as a cub reporter when he covered the famous *Roxie Hart* case.

Roxie, who is not guilty, is only too glad to stand trial for the crime she didn't commit for the sake of the newspaper space she can grab for herself. When that wears thin, she hits on the bright idea of announcing a forthcoming blessed event. Ginger does a tip-top job in the leading role.

The amusing foreword dedicates the picture to "all women in the world who have shot their men full of holes in pique." That gives you an idea of the fun that's in store for you.

CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS ★★★

Warner Brothers

This is the real thing, an aviation picture filmed in cooperation with the Royal Canadian Air Force. It is the simple story of the young pilots of the air force, immensely timely and authentic throughout. Filmed in impressive Technicolor,

[*Continued on page* 68]

Win with English Tint

That captivating "English look" . . . now it can be YOURS . . . *instantly!*

The Englishwoman's complexion is known the world over as the loveliest of all . . .

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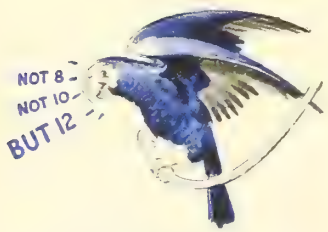

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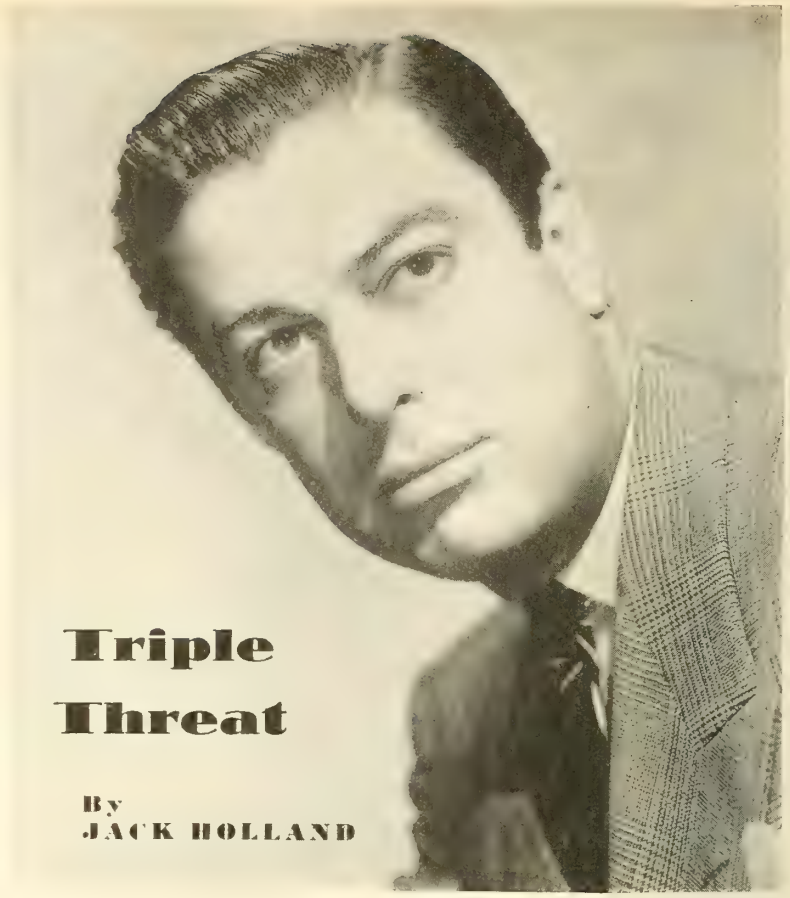

Triple Threat

By
JACK HOLLAND

In less than a year's time, Richard Whorf, late of the legitimate theater, has made himself the talk of Hollywood. He's appearing in Warner Brothers' *Juke Girl*

■ Just about the time when everyone was convinced that there was nothing new under the Hollywood sun, Richard Whorf appeared on the horizon. In less than a year's time he's managed to make himself the talk of the town. As yet, his movie roles haven't unleashed his terrific talents. But it doesn't matter. When troupers like Davis and Cagney sing his praises, you can bet that Dick will soon be up there among the mighty eagles of the industry.

It's Hollywood history that the current crush usually fits into a general pattern. Had the wondrous Whorf submitted a tantalizing torso a la Flynn, a voice that made Charles Boyer sound like a tobacco auctioneer, or a mellow appeal with a Tyrone Power style, there would be all the more reason for his becoming fatal to the femmes. Yet, on the contrary, Dick's average height and the fact that he tips the scale at 147 make him an astonishing figure in a land of six footers surrounded by brawn.

To blast any further romantic attributes about this exciting new personality, he is making a success for himself even though he is married and has three children: Peter, aged 10; David, 6; and Christopher, one and a half. The most romantic part of his life is that he married his childhood sweetheart. But even that isn't all. In a town where the glamour boys would faint before they admitted their age, Dick modestly admits thirty-five years of growing into life—enthusiastically and inspirationally—he hopes!

Hollywood tried, at first, to fit Dick into the usual pattern. But it soon found that in him they had a personality and not an oomph boy.

"It's surprising that I even looked human in *Blues in the Night,*" he told me when we discussed his screen debut. "For about three weeks, I was a choice subject for make-up experimentation. I looked like a calcamine mask with buck teeth and black eyes. Now, I think my own appearance has been discovered."

Anyone with less aplomb would have been completely thrown by his advent in pictures. But not Mr. Whorf. Straight from the Lunts he came. Straight from their theater where he designed their scenery, helped write their dialogue, and played every conceivable role. In his first film, *Blues in the Night,* however, he spent a goodly portion of time having a seltzer bottle squirted in his face for rain sequences. In *Juke Girl,* opposite Ann Sheridan, he worked twenty-nine nights in the biting cold. The script even called for the gentle massaging of an over-ripe

tomato upon his artistic puss. He took to it like a Mack Sennett cop, mentally saying, "So I'm not dignified—so what?" In *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, though, he was allowed to retain a degree of dignity. As *Sam Harris*, there were no tomatoes, no rain—nothing but dignity, the kind he enjoyed on the stage.

He doesn't mind all this. Others might say it was a letdown. But, to him, it's all good experience. There's plenty of time to go artistic and deliver messages, he believes, but only after he has learned all there is to know about this new end of the acting business. That's one thing about Dick. He has no illusions about himself. And he doesn't see life through rose-colored glasses.

"I don't kid myself," he explains. "The movies are a great industry. I think there is a place for me. I also know my limitations. Take my voice, for instance. It's a left-over from too much indulgence in Shakespeare and Shaw. It's unpredictable and not cricket. A cold sends it down into the depths. At other times, it's almost a treble. I know I'm not the handsome leading man type, too. But that doesn't bother me. I'm not after the Boyer or Power thrones. I'm after the perches upon which Muni and Claude Rains have rested."

Dick is called the three alarm guy because Warners have signed him as a writer, director, and actor. No, there was no intention of making him another Orson Welles, even though Dick wouldn't be averse to doing some of the things the ranting genius does. It's just that Warners took a look at his past achievements and decided it would be a good idea to grab his every talent while the iron was hot.

With the Lunts, he enjoyed the honor of being their one and only first support, having appeared with them in *There Shall Be No Night, The Sea Gull, Idiot's Delight*, and *Taming of the Shrew*.

"I had done a lot of work in stock," Dick remarked, "before I went with the Lunts. I had never thought very seriously of trying to land a part with them because the idea seemed a bit fantastic.

"One day, I was working on a radio show when Broderick Crawford came up to me before a rebroadcast of mine and said, 'Why don't you try out for the new Lunt show at the Guild, *Taming of the Shrew?*' I wasn't too interested, but Brod insisted that I at least read for the Lunts. 'I'm doing *Christopher Sly*,' he said, 'but there are other good parts open.' Finally, I decided I'd try it. Brod told me he'd do my rebroadcast for me that afternoon.

"Well, I read for the show. I read practically all of the parts. When I had finished, the Lunts told me that I was their *Christopher Sly*. It was a good thing that Brod and I were such close friends, for he was completely left out in the cold.

"Despite the fact that I had appeared in over 150 character parts before on Broadway and in stock and even though I had produced and directed some plays, the Lunts taught me everything anew. They are tremendous teachers and tremendous people!"

It was Alfred Lunt who induced Dick to accept Warner Brothers offer after he had repeatedly refused other motion picture come-ons.

"When Warners asked me to sign with them" Dick said, "I asked Alfred what I should do. He told me to grab the chance. 'You can always come back and work for us, you know,' Alfred told me. So I have them to thank for this wonderful opportunity."

Besides all his acting—he has wanted to act since he was six—Dick also wrote a lot—plays mainly. He even found time to dash off two acting books, "Time To Make Up" and "Running the Show."

"My plays were awful," he told me. "I started writing them when I was just a kid. Recently, a little theater in Vallejo wanted me to be their guest of honor since they were doing one of my plays. I didn't dare go near the theater, for I'd have been shot by the audience after they had seen my play.

"Yet, I love to write. I have just finished a movie scenario, *Two Gentlemen in Tales*, that I hope will be produced soon. All in all, though, I'm afraid my interest in writing is secondary to my interest in acting and directing.

"My real ambition is to become a director. While I like acting in the films, I don't find it entirely satisfying. I miss the feel of a big audience. But I'll go on acting—and gladly, for it'll teach me plenty about the business that will help me when I get the chance to direct."

Some people think Richard Whorf will teach more than he will learn. He's already ten jumps ahead of most of the gents and ladies in town.

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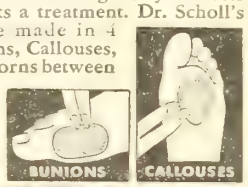

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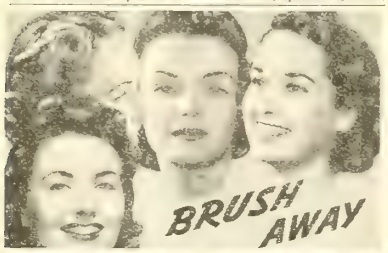

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Important Picture

[*Continued from page* 65]

there are moments which will stay in your memory hauntingly. For one, the scene in which the young Canadians get their wings and receive a last word from their air marshall.

The story was inspired by Winston Churchill's "We Shall Never Surrender" broadcast, and tells of the bush flyers rushing to enlist in the air force. James Cagney plays a sharpshooter aviator in his usual vigorous fashion, and Brenda Marshall is lovely as the heroine who causes all the trouble. But the memorable performance is turned in by Reginald Gardiner as the pilot who gives his life that his companions may ferry their planes to the English shores.

KINGS ROW ★★★

Warner Brothers

■ If you read the highly popular book by Henry Bellamann, then you will have an idea of what to expect when you go to see *Kings Row*. If you haven't, then you should be given an inkling of what is in store for you. For otherwise you will be hopelessly baffled and mystified

Presenting Kane Richmond, hero of Republic's exciting serial, *Spy Smasher*, which is based on the famous comic character. Great things are being predicted for young Kane

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HERE'S the girl who said "no" four times to a movie contract. She's as pretty as Ann Sheridan, as shapely as Rita Hayworth, and has a personality that is a talent scout's dream. Yet she prefers being a waitress to becoming a movie actress! The amazing story of Rita Hingey, the girl who snubs stardom, is told in an exclusive picture-story in the April issue of SPOT Magazine.

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IDEAL PORTRAIT CO.
P.O. Box 748 G, X. Church St. Annex, New York

by the gloomy parade of events and characters who stalk across the screen in the lengthy, depressing *Kings Row*. It is the narrative of a small town peopled with fantastic, psychiatric characters—dozens and dozens of them, it seems. On and on they come, each with sufficient mystery, intrigue and secrets for a movie to have been fashioned around each. It's small wonder the sum total is confusing. As in the book, insanity, cancer, sadism, suicide, seduction and frustration stalk in and out of the film. Basically, it is the story of the enduring friendship between the young physician, *Parris Mitchell*, and his boyhood chum, the young blade of the town who is superbly enacted by Ronald Reagan. His is the outstanding performance among a number of notable characterizations. Robert Cummings is unfortunately cast as the young doctor, and his mask-like make-up is distracting, as is the theatrical blond wig which Betty Field wears. She is convincing in her part, as are the other members of the numerous cast—Ann Sheridan, Claude Rains, Nancy Coleman, Kaaren Verne, Maria Ouspenskaya, Charles Coburn and Judith Anderson.

Gloom pervades the entire film, so be prepared for a dark evening when you go to see *Kings Row*.

THE NEW SPIRIT ★★★

Walt Disney Treasury Short

This is the special *Donald Duck* feature which Walt Disney created at the request of the Treasury Department. It is brief, entertaining and immensely enlightening, showing in clear, concise form what is being done with the money which taxpayers are giving to their government.

Donald, listening to the alarming war news over his radio, is bursting to do something for his country—anything, anything at all. When he is informed that he *can* do something, he's pleased beyond words—until he learns what. He is told he will be doing his country a tremendous service by paying his taxes promptly and cheerfully. At first he is considerably letdown at this assignment, but when he is shown in detail just how much this contributes to winning the war, he realizes that there is a valuable way right at hand in which he can serve his country. That's it—*Taxes To Beat the Axis!* He pays eagerly, and you'll be inclined to feel much as *Donald* does, after you see this thrilling little feature.

RIDE 'EM, COWBOY ★★★

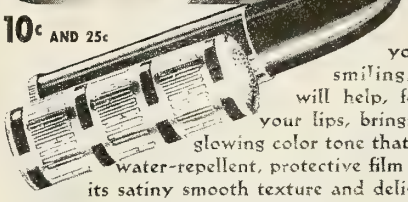
Universal

Abbott and Costello again prove why they landed third in this year's list of box-office favorites. *Ride 'Em, Cowboy* has them as their wildest, most unrestrained selves. The action takes place out West, as you can surmise from the title. There are Indians, shootin', horses, and romance supplied by Anne Gwynne and Dick Foran. The comedians are, as usual, hilarious in all their scenes, so funny, in fact, that you can forgive the slowness of the rest of the film.

[*Continued on page* 70]

ARLINE JUDGE, starring in Monogram's "Law of The Jungle"

Keep Smiling with FLAME-GLO



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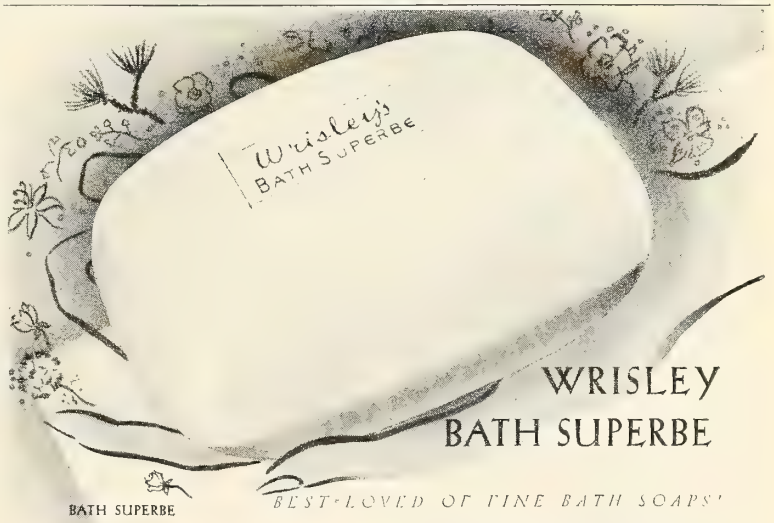

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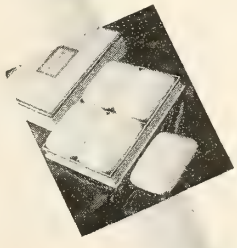

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 69*]

THE LADY HAS PLANS ★★½

Paramount

■ The fifth columnists are at it again. This time it's Margaret Hayes who is the beautiful spy trying to smuggle valuable plans to the Nazi officials. The film has hit on a novel way of convoying the information—Miss Hayes has the plans imprinted on her back, then concealed with an invisible ink. However, the brilliant plan backfires when she crosses identities with Paulette Goddard, a lively girl reporter en route to Lisbon. There are a few breathless moments in a dark, foreboding Gestapo prison.

WE WERE DANCING ★★½

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ Norma Shearer goes right along looking utterly lovely and beautifully groomed year in and year out, and she is more devastating than ever in *We Were Dancing*. It is unfortunate that the story is dated and superficial and totally unbelievable. It just doesn't ring true at any time, this story of two titled society deadbeats who live by their charm. However, Miss Shearer and Melvyn Douglas are adroit at this sort of sophisticated nonsense and manage to carry the picture through in pleasing enough fashion. Mr. Douglas, we feel, is getting painfully stereotyped in his light-comedy roles, and we'd like to see him get his teeth into something else for a change.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (R-K-O) Cast: *Walter Huston, James Craig, Anne Shirley.* Although many liberties have been taken with Stephen Vincent Benet's Faustian fantasy, *The Devil and Daniel Webster* (including a change of title), it emerges as a striking film. Walter Huston is magnificent.

BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST (M-G-M) Cast: *Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.* Based on the noble work done by Mrs. Edna Gladney of Texas, in finding homes for orphan children. Greer Garson is enchanting in Technicolor.

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall.* The picturization of the popular book is one of the best films of the year. See it for the unforgettable performance of young Roddy McDowall.

JOAN OF PARIS (R-K-O) Cast: *Michele Morgan, Paul Henreid, Laird Cregar.* A superb picture, beautifully directed and beautifully enacted. The plot concerns five RAF flyers who crash in occupied France, and their desperate attempts to return to England.

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN (Warners) Cast: *Martha Scott, Fredric March.* A milestone in motion picture history. An absorbing study of the life of a Protestant clergyman.

SUSPICION (R-K-O) Cast: *Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nigel Bruce.* Compelling film in which Hitchcock again proves himself the superb master of direction and production. Miss Fontaine, as the young wife who suspects that her husband plans to murder her, equals her unforgettable performance in *Rebecca*.

TARGET FOR TONIGHT (War Documentary) In a simple, unpretentious little short, the story of the heroic fighters who drop bombs on Germany is told in straightforward, engrossing fashion. There are no women or professional actors in the film.

[*Continued on page 75*]

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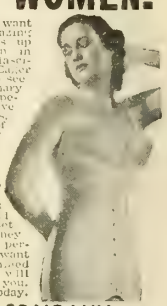

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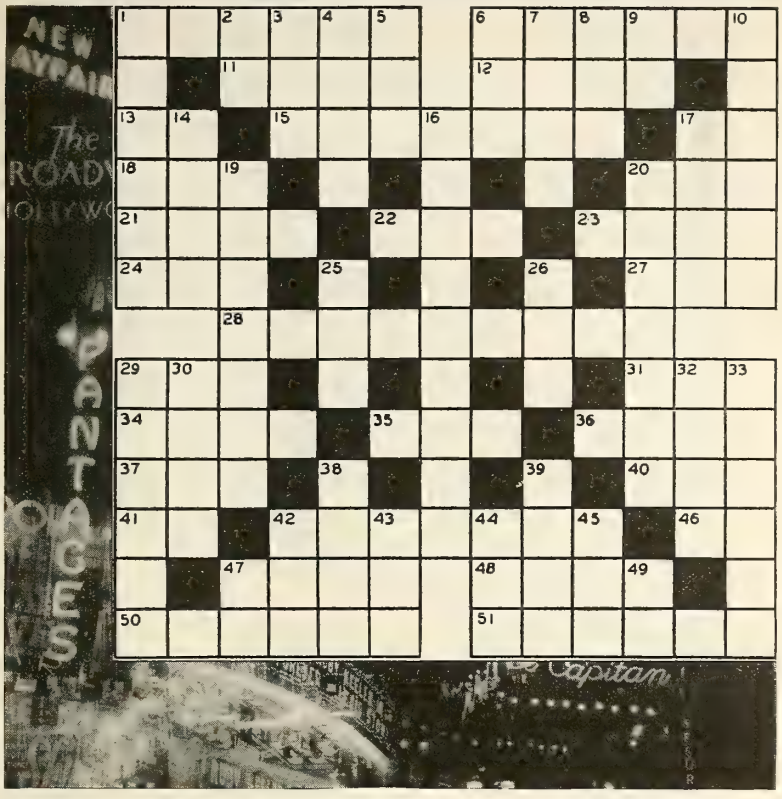
MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Owner of "little chickadee."
6. Lamour lives on it, cinematically speaking.
11. First come, first served, at any movie commissary.
12. Hero can always double for this kind of role.
13. Tom London's initials.
15. This didn't lay an egg for Paramount, thanks to Colbert-Milland-Aherne combination.
17. Initials of Miss Nixon, former star.
18. Amateur actor, often apt to be fresh.
20. What mascara will do after the bawl.
21. One who sings only after "t."
22. Brent's blushing bride.
23. When songwriters have the tune, this goes well with "moon."
24. What villain often makes another take for him.
27. It is correct to mention this before Cedric Hardwicke.
28. What first-nighters attended last night (pl.).
29. Haggard heroine.
31. What silent siren had to please since she had no voice in the matter.
34. Actress who thinks she's cat's meow is often just this to others (pl.).
35. He plays with mates in *Playmates*.
36. What gangsters did for fear *Mike Shayne* would cuff them.
37. He sounds like a Swede but isn't (poss.).
40. What movie mouthpiece practices.
41. *The Chocolate Soldier* (init.).
42. *Dick* who nearly captured Ginger in recent film.
46. Sometimes he t-t-talks like th-th-this (init.).
47. Priscilla's sister.
48. What matinee hero is to feminine fans.
50. The answer to "Who Is Sylvia?"
51. Kind of music heard in movie musicals.

DOWN

1. Wife-taker in certain film.
2. Eleanor Stewart's initials.
3. Some screenplays are backed by "angels" of ——— Angeles.
4. It gives prizefighter a title when used correctly (slang.).
5. Secret member of See See See.
6. Mr. Hayward's missus.
7. Hawaiian cowboys climb a board to ride this.
8. Sepia songstress might sing "Mighty ——— a Rose."
9. Just Jolson.
10. What Monty Woolley came to.
14. Film artiste whose ex-husband is also Artie.
16. Salt of the earth in *Sailors on Leave* (poss.).
17. He got life in *Zola* film.
19. Another name for Our Gangsters.
20. This Jane is tops in *The Outlaw*.
25. Skelton's colorful cognomen.
26. Gracie Allen's title when hitched to a Post in recent film.
29. Even honest players steal them.
30. Brigadier general in *The Bugle Sounds*.
32. Actress often drops a few from her age (sing.).
33. What Arnold and Robinson might use in calling each other names.
38. Kind of animal owned by Warner Brothers.
39. Baby's version of the popular "Daddy."
42. Hoot's following in Scotland.
43. Mr. Milland to you.
44. Oops! Souse sorry!
45. Hollywood wolf man.
47. Rising young actress who shone in *Rise and Shine* (init.).
49. Mr. Nolan's initials.

(Solution on Page 78)

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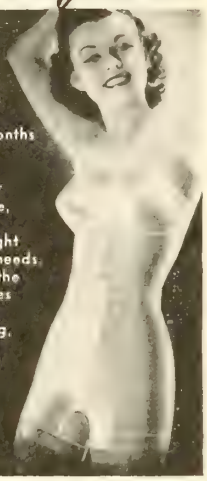

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A Chip Off The Old Block

You can be sure young Diana Barrymore will make a loud splash in the Hollywood pool or vanish from the scene entirely. She's that much like her famous father, John. Diana's in Universal's *Eagle Squadron*

By CONNIE CURTIS

■ Well, well! Who would ever have thought that of all the younger generation Barrymores it would be little Diana, daughter of the Great Profile himself, who would carry aloft the torch of the family's theatrical tradition.

Certainly, of all the various and sundry young members of the clan, Diana had the least encouragement. And now look: a star in her very first picture, *Eagle Squadron*, for Universal.

Quietly and, believe it or not, all on her own, Diana is the dark horse of the family who is the winner in the stardom sweepstakes.

Certainly, the three children of the great Ethel Barrymore were conceded to have the greatest chance. Close to their mother and their uncles John and Lionel, they wallowed in stage-dust and had the best opportunity of all to cash in on the Barrymore solidarity. But nothing came of it.

Even John's two youngsters by Dolores Costello were given odds to make it before Diana. Flanked on both parental sides by theatrical traditions, living in Hollywood, they were expected to blossom early as child starlets.

But Diana, who was always in the background! Raised as a typical debutante by a writer-mother, Michael Strange, and socialite stepfather, completely removed from the influence of her spectacular old man, a stranger to Lionel, estranged from Aunt Ethel by a family to-do, she had little occasion to travel in the theatrical set. In fact, she had never even been in Hollywood prior to signing a movie contract! And she turns out to be the first of the Barrymore juveniles to make the grade!

Diana was born in New York in 1921, and when she was seven she was sent to a convent school in Paris. When she returned home, at the age of 12, her mother and father were divorced and John was living with his new wife, Dolores Costello, in California. All that she knew about her famous Hollywood parent was what she read in the papers.

Diana was sent to several select private schools in the East where she hobnobbed with other proper little scions of the "400," and had no occasion to be bitten by the acting bug. But blood will out. Diana was a stormy, impetuous student, flouting rules, getting into hot water and behaving like a little tornado. A real chip off the old block.

Once her pa, in a rare moment of paren-

tal responsibility, wrote Diana a very circumspect, fatherly letter urging her to be a good girl in school. Diana snapped back, "I've made a close study of your career and look where you got by hardly knowing your ABC's. I'm going to follow in your footsteps, even if I break my neck doing it."

Finally her mother bowed to Diana's lusty attack of stage fever by withdrawing her from school and entering her in the American Academy of Dramatic Art where she plunged into the work gleefully, doing everything from sweeping the stage to playing Eliza crossing the ice.

But in spite of this, she still didn't get a complete go-ahead. Mama, member of the Social Register (Diana is ditto, but doesn't talk about it) insisted upon a formal debut. So Diana, very bored with the whole thing, was presented to Manhattan society with a lot of ta-rah-ta-rah, and when the launching was over she turned her back on deb committees and tea parties to spend the summer in dirty overalls playing in stock.

She started out like any beginner, not like a Barrymore at all; her famous dad was far away and too engrossed in his own hectic marriages and front page scrimmages to find much time to sponsor the career of his stage-struck offspring.

Father and daughter finally became acquainted in Chicago two years ago when Diana arrived in a revival of *Outward Bound* and John was ensconsed there in *My Dear Children*. For the first time, John made a noise like a papa. He got up early to meet the train. He hadn't seen Diana in almost eight years, and then only briefly, so when a long-legged, exotic young lady stepped down he didn't recognize her as his own daughter. When she introduced herself, he gasped, "I didn't know I was father to a Hedy Lamarr!"

Diana was ever the ambitious young actress. "I asked Dad to see me in the play and to be brutally frank in telling me what was wrong with me," she recalls. "The evening he was in the audience I was so nervous I almost muffed my lines. It was the strangest thing. I didn't feel as though it were my father in the audience at all. I kept thinking, 'That's John Barrymore watching me. He's probably tearing my performance apart.' Later, he came backstage with a big red apple, the family tradition as reward for a good performance. That was the nicest thing he could have done. I began to feel like a Barrymore myself!"

After this charming get-together, father and daughter separated again, and Diana plugged her way ahead, doing so well on her own that she could afford to turn up her nose at cashing in on the Barrymore name. One Broadway producer, for instance, about to put on a play in which he was going to exploit the talents of several daughters of famous fathers, approached Diana with a part, but she sniffed at the idea. "I've gotten along this far without being known as John Barrymore's daughter. Guess I'll coast along on my own steam the rest of the way."

Which is just what she did. She tried out for a role in *The Land Is Bright*, an Edna Ferber-George Kaufman play, and landed it cold. She played a neurotic,

[*Continued on page 74*]

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A Chip Off the Old Block

[*Continued from page* 73]

undisciplined young so-and-so and did it with such Barrymore intensity that she rated raves from reviewers and attracted the attention of Walter Wanger when he saw it. Wanger promptly offered her a movie contract and a starring role in *Eagle Squadron.*

Diana is 50 percent Barrymore, 50 percent common sense. She can be as wacky as her father. She likes to make a bid for attention and she has inherited John's tendency to be uninhibited. In fact, on one occasion when she was particularly obstreperous John snorted: "Stop trying to be a Barrymore!"

But basically, she has a sensible head on her shoulders. She knows where she wants to go, and she's going there on her own power. She realizes that being the daughter of the Great Profile has its limitations and she skims them.

Of one thing you can be sure: Diana will either make a loud splash in the Hollywood pond, or else she'll vamoose from the scene. She made that clear.

"It would kill me to be just so-so," she says energetically. She's a high-strung girl and talks with nervous gestures. "I don't want to be a righteous little ingenue who ends up with a kiss from the hero. I want to do interesting things, like Ida Lupino and Bette Davis. I don't care if they make me look like Charley's Aunt, as long as it's a meaty part."

She will probably get her wish, because Diana isn't a pretty-pretty who can get by on looks alone. She has a long, brooding face which she keeps very pale, and dark, unmanageable hair on which there is never a hat. She has the sensitive face of her mother. "But I can make with the eyebrows like Dad and Uncle Lionel," she chortles, and willingly glowers to prove it.

She is so intent on making a place for herself that although she is only 21 she has *twice* given up marriage in favor of—aha!—a career. She became engaged to one boy right after her smart debut. He was a socialite and when he muttered something about expecting his future wife to give up acting after marriage, she promptly returned his ring. There was another boy whom she admitted being in love with just before she received the movie contract, but she relinquished him pronto to heed the call of Hollywood.

Now that she is a prominent acting Barrymore herself, she wants to re-establish the old family tradition and she's going to try to persuade her father to stop making those zany little comedies.

"They make me sad," she says. "I'd like him to go back to real acting. He can do anything he feels like doing. Maybe we'll even do a picture together. Not a cheap little tweejee for publicity, but a fine film about a father and a daughter."

John is hugely proud of his dynamic young daughter. "Quite a girl! I'll soon become known as 'Diana Barrymore's old man,'" he crowed to friends.

Maybe he has something there. ■

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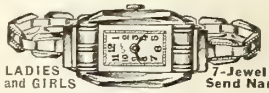

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Important Pictures

[Continued from page 70]

THE LITTLE FOXES (R-K-O) Cast: *Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Theresa Wright, Richard Carlson.* An even finer film than the magnificent stage play from which it was adapted. May easily be the best picture of 1941.

★★★½

DUMBO (Walt Disney Production) Disney's newest imaginative creation is completely captivating. Little *Dumbo*, the baby elephant with the grotesquely big ears, is the appealing little hero.

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ. (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Young, Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey.* For the first time in his career, Robert Young has an opportunity to show he is a truly good actor. Adapted from the popular novel by John P. Marquand.

JOE SMITH, AMERICAN (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Young, Marsha Hunt, Darryl Hickman.* Don't miss this exceptionally good film, the simple story of an average American and how he proved he could take it, when the time came.

LADIES IN RETIREMENT (Columbia) Cast: *Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester.* The successful stage play loses none of its grim horror in being transplanted to the screen.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Zorina, Victor Moore.* Comedy, alluring girls, Irving Berlin tunes, Technicolor, plus Bob Hope's comic antics make this swell entertainment for the whole family.

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER (Warners) Cast: *Monty Woolley, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Richard Travis.* The brilliant stage play has been transposed to the screen with Monty Woolley again the leading character—and a delightful one. The cast is abundant with capable actors. Woolley is an eccentric lecturer who breaks his leg and is stranded in the home of a nice family where he proceeds to muddle up the lives of all those around him in scathing style.

★★★

BABES ON BROADWAY (M-G-M) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Virginia Weidler.* A big hunk of entertainment is this refreshing musical about a group of talented kids who crash Broadway. Little Virginia Weidler shines.

BALL OF FIRE (R-K-O) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck.* About an unworldly professor (Cooper) who goes out seeking first-hand information on modern slang to include in his encyclopedia. He meets *Sugarpuss O'Shea* (Stanwyck), a nightclub entertainer, who increases not only his vocabulary but his heartbeats.

BIRTH OF THE BLUES (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, Brian Donlevy, Carolyn Lee.* This is the story of jazz—how it was born and how it grew. Bing Crosby's voice is particularly well suited to the old numbers.

CONFIRM OR DENY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Don Ameche, Joan Bennett, Roddy McDowall.* Tense and exciting, with Hitler's projected invasion of England as the basis for the story.

DESIGN FOR SCANDAL (M-G-M) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon, Edward Arnold.* Gay and smart, a bit sophisticated, this is pleasant entertainment for the adult audience.

I WAKE UP SCREAMING (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Carole Landis, Laird Cregar.* A better-than-average "whodunit" because of the capable actors in the leading roles. (Reviewed under the former title, *Hot Spot.*)

JOHNNY EAGER (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Taylor, Lana Turner.* A romantic gangster film with Taylor as a bad boy who reforms when true love comes along in the person of Lana Turner.

KATHLEEN (M-G-M) Cast: *Shirley Temple, Gail Patrick, Herbert Marshall, Laraine Day.* Shirley Temple wins new laurels for herself in her return to the screen after her two years' absence. The story is a striking penetration of a child's mind trying to make a pattern of complicated adult life.

[Continued on page 78]

Lou Costello doesn't quit his monkey-shines when the cameras stop grinding. His wife keeps a wary eye on him in public, for she never knows what gag he's apt to pull. At the Buy a Bomber Benefit, she caught him red-handed in the very midst of a trick. Lou's next film is *The People's Choice*, which was written by Lou and Gene Schrott, one of HOLLYWOOD's regular contributors

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The Woman Behind Dorothy Lamour

By DORA ALBERT

■ The two women faced each other across the narrow table.

The older woman looked cool and immaculate in her smart tailored suit, with her white hair framing her face. But her eyes were shrewd.

If she had not been so horribly tired, the younger woman would have looked beautiful. But her dark brown eyes were smudged with weariness, and her hands trembled with nervousness.

"You're not being fair to yourself or to Dorothy," the older woman said. "What can you really do for the child? She can sing and dance. But you'll never be able to develop her talent. From your salary as a cashier, you can barely manage to pay her board.

"If you'll let me adopt my granddaughter, I'll see to it that Dorothy gets dancing and singing lessons and whatever else she needs."

The younger woman rose from her seat, fists clenched. She was seeing a picture she couldn't stand, of Dorothy and herself separated forever.

"No, you can't have Dorothy. I know you'd be kind to her. But you'd never be able to make up to her for my having deserted her. You may have plans for my daughter. Well, I have plans, too. My child will live with me."

She walked out, and for a moment it seemed as if the tired lines in her back straightened. She was conscious of a great sense of inner triumph.

That was the real beginning of the Cinderella story of Hollywood's queen of sarongs. If it had not been for the sacrifices made by Dorothy's mother, now Mrs. Castleberry, Dorothy would never have gotten started on her career.

To understand Dorothy, you must first understand her mother Carmen, for the story of Dorothy is inextricably woven together with the story of her gallant mother.

A deep strain of romance runs in Dorothy's family. For four generations its members have faced a dramatic choice between love and great wealth, and each time have made the same choice.

Dorothy's story begins properly four generations ago when her great-grandfather, Jean Duvaquie, Marquis of Toulouse, France, faced his parents with flashing eyes. They had found out that he planned to marry a peasant girl, and they were horrified. If he dared marry her, they would disinherit him. The Marquis stood his ground defiantly, and gave up his title to marry the peasant girl. Never to the day of his death did he regret his choice.

"The Marquis was my mother's father," Carmen told me. "The peasant wife he loved so well died soon after my mother's birth. A very wealthy woman took care of my mother. It was her dearest wish that when my mother grew up she marry her son. Naturally, he was very wealthy, as he would inherit all his mother's wealth.

"But my mother, Marie Duvaquie, did not love her foster-brother. Instead she loved a poor boy, and disregarding the wishes of her foster-mother, she married him. Though they had very little money, they found happiness together."

Carmen Laporte, Dorothy's mother, had heard the romantic history of her family. She was determined that she would not fall in love, but would instead win for herself a career as an actress or a concert singer. As Carmen matured, the same motif that had occurred in her family for two generations was repeated. Although a wealthy Frenchman fell madly in love with her and proposed to her, she turned him down to elope, at seventeen, with a young American, who had been carrying her books home from school for years.

About twenty-seven years ago, Dorothy was born with her mother's dark hair and her father's blue eyes. Now for the first time, Carmen was glad that she had given up her career dreams, for she felt that this tiny baby with the clinging, shapely hands meant infinitely more to her than any career.

When World War I broke out, Dorothy Lamour's father was offered a government job in Anniston, Alabama. Five hundred camps were set up as living quarters for the workmen—rude structures with wooden floors and narrow, uncomfortable cots. Without hesitation, Carmen decided that her place was beside her husband; but they couldn't take Dorothy with them, since the quarters weren't fit for a child. Dorothy must be left with her father's people—the very same people who had opposed Carmen's marriage. But this was no time for counting personal grievances. Dorothy's welfare was what counted.

In crude Tent No. 1, Carmen tried to make a home for her husband, while twenty miles away was the child she adored.

"Week-ends, I would travel to Birmingham to see Dorothy," Carmen told me. "Sometimes her grandmother would bring Dorothy to visit us for a day or two. Even then, Dorothy, though only a tot, sang and danced. Often on the train, going to Anniston, she would sing for the soldiers in the front car, and they would buy her toy pistols made of candy."

Even to this day, Carmen will not say what went wrong with her marriage. While her husband needed her, during those hectic World War days, she stayed by his side, but after the War, they drifted apart. It was then that Carmen took the cashier's job in Birmingham, Alabama; and shortly after that, Dorothy's grandmother offered to adopt the child.

The strange story of Dorothy Lamour is inextricably woven with the past. For four generations the women of her family have been confronted with the same dramatic decision. Neither Dorothy nor her mother, Mrs. Carmen Castleberry, below, regrets the choice she made. Dotty has just returned from a sensationally successful defense bond selling tour. Her new film is *Beyond the Blue Horizon*

For the next ten years, life was a constant struggle for Dorothy's mother; yet as Dorothy grew up, she tried to build up some kind of social life for her. Although Carmen had to work Sundays, she would spend Saturday afternoons bent over a hot stove, preparing apple pie and fried chicken for Dorothy's friends, for she knew that if she made their home a delightful place, young people would flock there. They did.

You've undoubtedly read of how Dorothy won the title of Miss New Orleans in a beauty contest. But if it hadn't been for her mother, Dorothy would have withdrawn from that contest. For when Dottie saw the other girls' expensive frocks, she was ashamed to appear in her two dollar dress.

"Look, Dottie," her mother told her, "the judges are going to judge the girls, not the clothes they wear. If you backed out now, you'd be a quitter."

Dorothy didn't back out, even though she had to borrow a hat from another girl.

Knowing how badly her mother needed the money, Dorothy was all for turning her contest prize over to her mother. But Carmen wouldn't hear of it. "You won it," she said, "and you've got to use it to make something of yourself. This money may bring you the chance for which you've been waiting."

It did. It paid for her trip to Chicago, which led to her meeting with Herbert Kay, and to her radio career.

In Dorothy's life, the same motif which had occurred in her family for three generations was repeated, for a very wealthy oil man in Chicago proposed to her. Though Herbert Kay was successful as a band leader, by comparison he was almost poor. Yet Dorothy followed her own heart, as her mother had done.

"The truth about Dorothy and Herbert Kay has been horribly distorted by the press," Dorothy's mother told me. "If Hollywood hadn't come between them and destroyed their happiness, I am sure they would be happily married today."

For months the columnists have rumored that Gregory Bautzer, the attorney, and Dorothy Lamour were on the verge of marriage. But the marriage has not yet taken place, and there was a serious misunderstanding before Dorothy came East recently to help sell defense bonds.

No one—not even Dorothy's mother, who knows her so well—can predict how the romance will end, but of one thing Mrs. Castleberry is sure.

"If ever again Dorothy faces the same choice she already made once—between love and great wealth—she will make the same choice she made before, the same choice that her great-grandfather, my mother and I made—love in preference to wealth." ■

Maria Montez chooses a dramatic evening gown of wood violet combined with a delicate orchid shade patterned with white violets. Maria's in *The Mystery of Marie Roget*

JOAN FONTAINE'S SECRET FOR HOLDING MEN!

Yours—In an exclusive story by Joan herself in the May issue of HOLLYWOOD!

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Finest tobaccos, of course. But that alone is not enough!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Important Pictures

[Continued from page 75]

KEEP 'EM FLYING (Universal) Cast: *Abbott and Costello, Martha Raye, Carol Bruce.* Again Abbott and Costello offer plenty of fun and plenty of action. Martha Raye clicks as a rowdy, song-shouting air camp hostess.

MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN (Paramount) The first solidly dramatic modern story in feature length cartoon form.

SHANGHAI GESTURE (United Artists) Cast: *Gene Tierney, Victor Mature, Ona Munson.* The famous stage play suffers in its transposition to the screen. Muddled and confusing, but you'll want to see it because of the splendid cast.

SMILIN' THROUGH (M-G-M) Cast: *Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Brian Aherne.* First screen appearance of Jeanette MacDonald and her husband, Gene Raymond. All in Technicolor, which gives audiences a chance to admire Jeanette's gorgeous Titian locks.

SON OF FURY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney, George Sanders.* Adventure in the South Sea Islands, with Gene Tierney very fascinating as the sloe-eyed siren who wins the love of Tyrone Power.

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (Paramount) Cast: *Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake.* Again Preston Sturges goes against many of the accepted rules to produce an excellent, refreshing picture. Joel McCrea portrays a Hollywood director anxious to produce an epic of hard times, who goes out as a hobo looking for trouble. He finds plenty of it in the person of Veronica Lake.

SUNDOWN (United Artists) Cast: *Gene Tierney, Bruce Cabot, George Sanders.* Colorful, packed with excitement. Gene Tierney is beautiful to look at, and George Sanders does his usual smooth work in the role of a major.

THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER (M-G-M) Cast: *Nelson Eddy, Rise Stevens.* Brings forth a warm, rich personality in Miss Stevens, who has a glorious voice in addition to lots of charm.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS (United Artists) Cast: *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ruth Warrick.* Plenty of excitement with Doug in the type of role his father made famous. He plays dual role.

There was a time when Rosalind Russell was known as Hollywood's No. 1 bachelor girl, but that's all changed now. She was the picture of wifely solicitude when the camera caught her lighting the cigarette of her new lord and master, Fred Brisson, over their coffee at the Brown Derby. Rosalind's in Paramount's *Take a Letter, Darling*

TWO-FACED WOMAN (M-G-M) Cast: *Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Constance Bennett.* In her newest film, Garbo runs the gamut—she swims, skis, rhumbas, sports a crisp new haircut and overindulges in champagne. A far-fetched plot is given credence by the able Miss Garbo.

★★½

BORN TO SING (M-G-M) Cast: *Virginia Weidler, Ray McDonald.* About a trio of youngsters who save a would-be suicide whose musical comedy score has been stolen. Virginia Weidler, one of Hollywood's most talented youngsters, is swell.

HELLZAPOPPIN' (Universal) Cast: *Olsen and Johnson.* The highly successful Broadway play is brought to the screen with great gusto. Good entertainment for the evening if you're in the mood for wild hilarity.

THE REMARKABLE ANDREW (Paramount) Cast: *William Holden, Brian Donlevy, Ellen Drew.* An allegorical picture, in which Bill Holden is *Remarkable Andrew*, a near-perfect youth whose mode of life has been governed by the famous sayings of Andrew Jackson.

Alice Faye interrupted her retirement to attend the Buy a Bomber Benefit with her husband, Phil Harris. Rumor has it that Alice may retire from the screen permanently after her baby is born. Rita Hayworth stepped into the role in Twentieth Century-Fox's *My Gal Sal* which was originally planned for Alice

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Cut 1 slice ham (about 1 pound) into cubes. Place in frying pan, brown... Combine 1½ cups KARO for Waffles and ½ cup water. Pour over ham. Continue cooking over low heat until ham is cooked. Serve hot over waffles. Variation: Combine 1½ cups KARO (blue label), ½ cup water, 2 tbsp. prepared mustard, ¼ tsp. cloves. Pour over ham and proceed as directed above.

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Place 2 egg whites in a mixing bowl; add ⅛ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. vanilla, ¼ tsp. corn starch. Beat with rotary beater until they begin to hold shape. Add ½ cup KARO (red label), 1 tbsp. at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Meringues should be glossy and stiff enough to stand in peaks. Place heavy ungreased paper on a baking sheet; shape meringues on paper with spoon or pastry bag as shown. Bake at 250° F. for 1 hour or until dry and faintly browned. Remove from oven; let cool 5 minutes, then lift from paper with sharp knife. Cool thoroughly. Fill with jellied strawberries and place in refrigerator to set. Makes 6 meringues.

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Priscilla Lane
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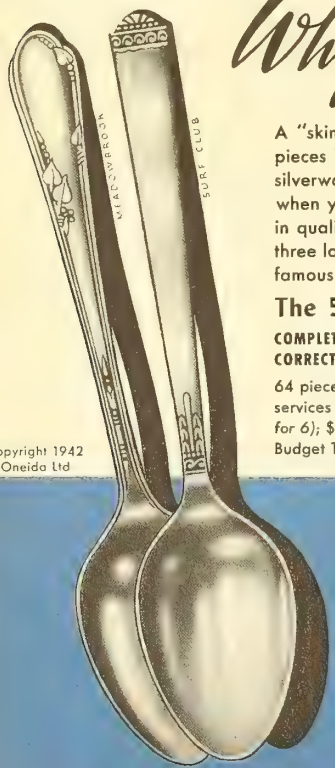
HOLLYWOOD SAYS:

Why be satisfied with less than enough?



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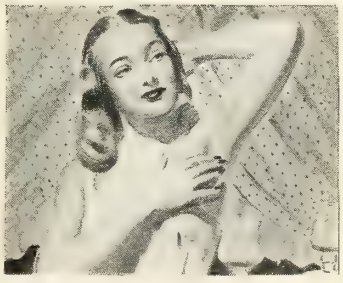
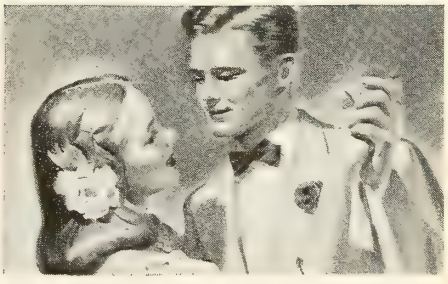
Luck came your way, Marion! You caught the bride's bouquet. If tradition holds, you should be next to say, "I do!" But how can a girl win a husband if she unwittingly turns men away—if one charm-destroying fault chills their interest? Nothing shatters a man's illusions, Marion, as quickly as underarm odor!

Smart Girls take no chances of missing out on Romance!

Freshen up in your bath or shower! It's a grand start for a busy day or a party evening! But play fair with your bath! Don't expect it to last forever—it takes something *more to prevent risk of underarm odor!*



Keep charming! Never gamble with underarm odor! Every day, and after every bath, use Mum! Then you're protected for a full day or evening. Never a worry about offending those you want as friends!



Plenty of dates make life exciting for a girl! It's fun to have a phone that jingles often—charm that nets you a rush at parties. That's why so many popular girls never give underarm odor a chance—every day—before every date—they play sure and safe with Mum!

Keep your charm from fading. Each day, and after every bath, use Mum!

Dependable Mum has made millions of lasting friends. For women know they can *trust* Mum's sure protection. They like its special advantages.

Mum is quick! Isn't it grand that Mum takes only half a minute. No fussing, no waiting.

Mum is safe! Even after underarm shaving sensitive skins won't resent Mum. It won't hurt your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

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In the former Nelson Eddy is the "I" and Jeanette MacDonald is the "Angel".

★ ★ ★ ★

But in the latter Abbott is not "Rio" and Costello is not "Rita".

★ ★ ★ ★

These are two excellent starring combinations and two excellent pictures.

★ ★ ★ ★

Anita Loos—a neater screen writer we never knew—made "I Married An Angel" into a photoplay.

★ ★ ★ ★

She had as a basis the celebrated Broadway (and points west) stage success produced by Dwight Deere Wiman.

★ ★ ★ ★

This was a musical adaptation by Rodgers and Hart of the play by Vaszary Janos.

★ ★ ★ ★

W. S. Van Dyke II directed. And an adroit job, too. He has missed none of the charm.

★ ★ ★ ★

The idea: Nelson Eddy, disillusioned with the quirks of matrimony, asks for an angel. Heaven obliges. She arrives wings and all.

★ ★ ★ ★

The entertainment is down-to-earth.

Getting down-to-mirth, consider "Rio Rita".

★ ★ ★ ★

This is the biggest enterprise the King Zanies have ever graced.

★ ★ ★ ★

Abbott and Costello are their funniest. The film is all theirs.

★ ★ ★ ★

But one or two renowned and attractive personalities augment the proceedings. You can't not-mention Kathryn Grayson or John Carroll.

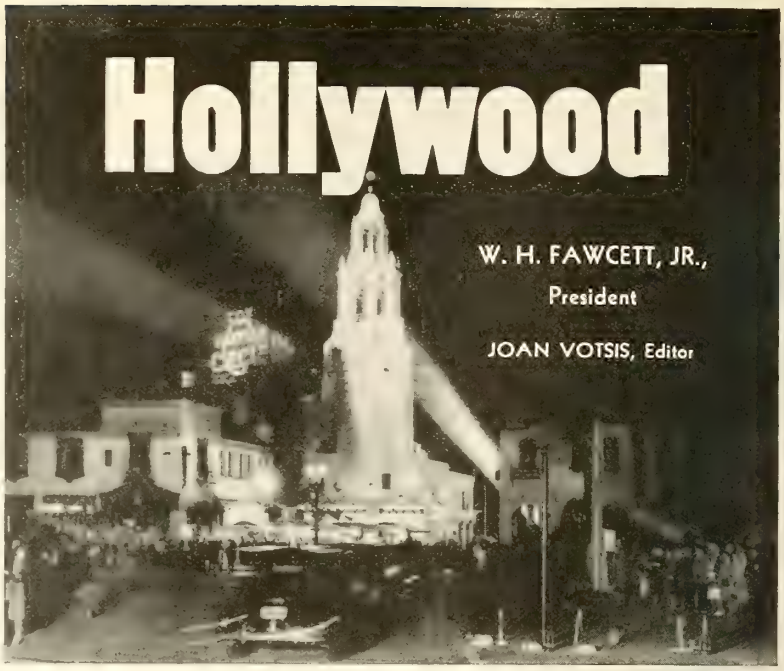
★ ★ ★ ★

"Bud" and "Lou" in their first big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer opus will have you rolling in the aisles.

★ ★ ★ ★

So let's go rolling down to "Rio Rita".

—*Leo (Rita)*



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BUD ABBOTT and LOU COSTELLO in
RIO RITA
Nothing neater! Nothing sweeter! Nothing ever approached it for laughs and lassies, songs and senoritas! The world's funniest two-some rollicking down to Rio in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screenful of spectacular showmanship! . . . with
KATHRYN GRAYSON
JOHN CARROLL
PATRICIA DANE · TOM CONWAY · PETER WHITNEY
EROS VOLUSIA
Directed by S. SYLVAN SIMON
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN
Screen Play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman
Special Material by John Grant
Six Song Hits
Rio Rita · The Ranger Song
Long Before You Came Along
The Shadow Song
Samba Dances by the South American Whirlwind Eros Volusia

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OF YOUR FACE POWDER

Men see every tiny complexion flaw. But Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder, even in a close-up, gives your skin heavenly smoothness, supreme naturalness.

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6 ravishing shades. In generous 10c and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ Talk Of The Sound Stages: Priscilla Lane's efforts to convince studio bosses she should be given a chance to portray a bad girl on the screen for a change. . . Casting of William Powell and Hedy Lamarr as lovers in *Crossroads*—which should be interesting. Before his marriage, Hedy told a friend: "Of all the men in Hollywood, I'd most prefer to fall in love with William Powell" . . . Guy Kibbee's comment about the rubber shortage. "Now I can stop resolving to wear a reducing girdle" . . . That line of dialogue in Judy Canova's new picture, *Sleepytime Gal.* Elisha Cook, Jr., is a scientific gunman who has just fixed up a devilish scheme which will blow Judy to bits when she starts to play a piano. Cook's henchman remarks, admiringly, "Say, you're a better inventor than Don Ameche." . . . Errol Flynn sinking $6,000 into a tailor-made, super-streamlined roadster. Among other novelties, the car's front seat folds back into a bed.

■ With sixteen stars and twenty-two featured players in the cast, *Tales of Manhattan* should be a box-office success even if only the cast goes to see it.

■ Bing Crosby and Bob Hope will repeat their famous patty-cake routine for their new picture, *The Road to Morocco,* but this time with disastrous results. Trying to rescue Dorothy Lamour, a princess, they get mixed up with a palace guard. They go into the patty-cake routine but just as they're about to slug the guard, he grabs them and cracks their heads together. Regaining consciousness, Crosby turns to Hope and moans, "My, my, but that gag sure gets around."

■ Joan Fontaine's habit of using "old boy" as a term of endearment for her husband, Brian Aherne, almost cost their excellent Filipino cook his job. Rapping at Brian's study door one evening, the Filipino announced, "Dinner is ready, old boy." The servant explained he thought Joan's use of "old boy" to be a deferential title meaning "master of the house."

■ Laird Cregar, the Man Mountain of the screen, is on another diet, losing close to 15 pounds a month. He weighed 360 pounds two years ago, is now down to 280 and hopes to get below the 200 mark.

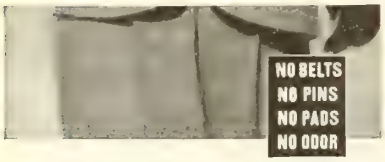
■ For his role in *The Gentlemen Misbehave,* at Columbia, Ronald Colman wears a beard. Before the picture started, Director George Stevens tested Colman in six different types, finally settling on a short Van Dyke. One of the beards prac-

[*Continued on page* 8]

Janie's a big girl now. She occasionally is seen in such night spots as Earl Carroll's, where the above picture was taken at a recent banquet. A. C. Lyles, Jr., was her escort, and Jane looked very grown-up and sophisticated in black lace, topped with a mantilla. Miss Withers' new film is 20th Century-Fox's *Not for Children*

From the stage hit that had
A LAUGH FOR EVERY LIGHT ON B'WAY
HENRY FONDA
is the worm that turns from
OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND
to JOAN LESLIE (Sgt. York's sweetie)
in the hit that's got all the priorities on laughin' and lovin'!
"The MALE ANIMAL"
It's women that make him wild!
WARNER BROS.' hilarity-packed hit . . . about the college professor who was in a class by himself with the gals!
with JACK CARSON · EUGENE PALLETTE · HEBERT ANDERSON
Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT
Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein and Stephen Morehouse Avery
From the Play by JAMES THURBER and ELLIOTT NUGENT • Produced by Herman Shumlin

HOW FREE AND UNHAMPERED WITH TAMPAX



WHAT would you give to go back to the months of your girlhood when you were unhampered by belts and pins? Well, you practically do that very thing when you use Tampax for monthly sanitary protection. Because you cannot *feel* Tampax while wearing it, and nobody else can *see* it or any sign of it at all. So life is very different with Tampax!

A doctor has perfected Tampax neatly and ingeniously for *internal use*. It is made of pure surgical cotton, firmly fashioned to hold together . . . Very dainty and compact and extremely absorbent . . . Each Tampax comes in a dainty one-time-use applicator, which makes insertion quick and easy. Your hands need not touch the Tampax at all. No odor and no disposal problems!

Tampax is so compact a month's supply will go in your purse. It is sold at drug stores and notion counters in *three sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

TRY IMPROVED SUPER TAMPAX

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., president of Fawcett Publications (center), appeared on a recent "Double or Nothing" program for the purpose of awarding a scroll of merit to the popular radio quiz show. However, Mr. Fawcett found himself pressed before the microphone as an impromptu contestant. Joining in the spirit of fun, Mr. Fawcett retaliated by walking off with a healthy sum of prize money, which he donated to his favorite charity. Above, Walter Compton, Master of Ceremonies, (left) and Frank Forest, tenor, smile appreciatively upon presentation of the scroll, which cites their program for outstanding merit and for their recently established policy of "Saluting one of the United Nations each week"

tically covered Colman's face and was promptly discarded. "We're paying Colman $150,000 for the picture," the studio ruled, "and we want him to look like Ronald Colman."

■ Asked in a routine studio questionnaire, "What is the hardest part of your job?" Ann Rutherford replied, "Convincing people I'm grown up."

■ The Hays censorship office, it seems, doesn't like to be kidded. In *Whispering Ghosts*, Brenda Joyce and Milton Berle mistake John Carradine for a ghost until Brenda says, "Why, that ghost is a man—he has underwear on." "Shh," whispers Berle, "of course he has—do you want the Hays office after us?" The Hays office got after the studio, killed the scene.

■ Carole Landis, with a 185-pound Great Dane on a leash, was touring the sound stages at 20th Century-Fox, collecting contributions for Bundles For Bluejackets. When questioned about the presence of the dog, Miss Landis said, "I'm helping defend America and the dog is helping defend me."

■ Short Story: She was a high school graduate from a small town in Idaho. He was an electrical engineer just transferred to the Pacific Coast. "Meet me in Los Angeles," he wrote her. "We can get married here and honeymoon at Catalina." She met him in Los Angeles and to celebrate their engagement and forthcoming marriage, they went to a Hollywood night club. A famous motion picture executive danced by their table, was struck by her beauty. He asked for an introduction, gave her his card, told her to come to the studio the next morning for a screen test. She took the screen test, was given a stock contract.

"Let's wait," she told the boy friend. "Give me a year. I'm making $75 a week. We can buy a lot of furniture, maybe even make a down payment on a little house. A year from today we'll be married." The boy friend was reticent but finally gave in. "A year from today," he agreed.

[*Continued on page* 10]

Romance is all the sweeter
... when life is dangerous!

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

A RED, WHITE AND BLUE ADVENTUROUSING HIT IN TECHNICOLOR!

starring JOHN PAYNE • MAUREEN O'HARA • RANDOLPH SCOTT

with NANCY KELLY • WILLIAM TRACY • MAXIE ROSENBLOOM

Henry Morgan • Edmund MacDonald • Russell Hicks • Minor Watson

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Directed by Bruce Humberstone • Associate Producer Milton Sperling

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti • Original Story by Steve Fisher

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

20th CENTURY FOX

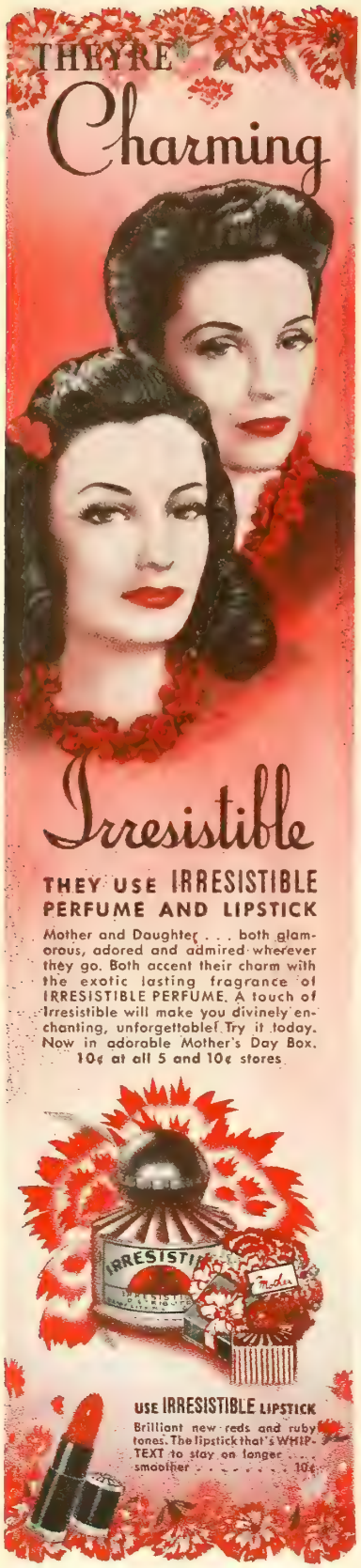
Watch for it at
your favorite theatre
COMING SOON

Coming! Eric Knight's sensational best-seller!

TYRONE POWER • JOAN FONTAINE

in "THIS ABOVE ALL"

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK



"You're smart kids," the movie executive told the couple at lunch one day. "Build up a nice bank account—and then get married."

The year is not up until next month. But the other day there was a wedding. The girl became the bride of the motion picture executive!

■ Sign on a Hollywood high school student's cut down flivver: "All This And Tires Too."

■ Humphrey Bogart surpasses all records for screen murder when he shoots and kills Stanley Ridges in Warners' *The Big Shot.* It's his 18th victim and even Eddie Robinson, with ten cinematic killings, doesn't approach the Bogart record. On the other side of the law, Bill Gargan will play his 20th policeman role as *Officer Rooney* in Shirley Temple's new picture for Edward Small, *Miss Annie Rooney.*

■ Charlie Winninger was raving about his new cook. "She's wonderful," he said. "Something new for every meal. I just hope she doesn't turn out to be a flash in the pantry."

■ On the set of *This Above All,* Tyrone Power was helping extricate from a wrecked building victims of a London air raid. Power was a little groggy but not from his motion picture duties. He'd had only three hours' sleep. He'd been up most of the night playing the real life role of a volunteer air-raid warden in the Brentwood district where he lives. Power finds the latter chore rather dull. In the reel one, he gets to kiss Joan Fontaine between alerts.

Not only is Barbara Moffett beautiful, she can twirl a neat lariat, rope a steer or handle a six-shooter. R-K-O is giving her a chance to put her robust talents to use in a new western film

■ Tops in multiple roles will be achieved by Joel McCrea in Paramount's *I Married a Witch.* He plays an insurance salesman named Wooley and, for a montage sequence, the fellow's ancestors for five generations back. When McCrea accepted the role, Director Rene Clair wired him: "I'm happy to hear you have agreed to play the whole Wooley family."

■ There's reel realism in Gene Autry's love scenes with Fay McKenzie, portraying the role of a school teacher, in his new picture, *Dusk on the Painted Desert.* In real life, Autry also fell in love with a school teacher—and married her.

That's Irene Dunne screaming for mercy from Patric Knowles and Ralph Bellamy as she is balanced precariously over a healthy cactus. The scene was the location camp for Universal's *Lady in a Jam,* Irene's new comedy film

■ Robert Taylor is doing a burn. An Eastern motion picture critic, raving about his work in *Johnny Eager,* referred to him throughout the review as Tyrone Power.

■ Typically Hollywood: Long before he became a film actor, Charles Winninger made stage history in a play titled, *Friendly Enemies.* Now Producer Edward Small is reviving the play as the basis for a motion picture. Winninger and Charley Ruggles are the friendly enemies. But Ruggles, not Winninger, is playing the part the latter made famous on the stage. Winninger gets the other role.

[Continued on page 16]

THIS lovely young screen star gives you a tip women everywhere are following:

"A daily Lux Soap beauty bath," she says, "makes you *sure* of skin that's *sweet!*"

You'll love the way ACTIVE lather gently caresses the skin, then swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. You'll love the delicate fragrance this smooth white soap leaves on your skin. Try it and see!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

FAIR WARNING ABOUT A BIG PICTURE

IF you should bust a rib and split **YOUR** sides, laughing at "**YOKEL BOY**," don't say **WE** didn't **WARN** you. **BECAUSE** we **GO** on record **RIGHT** here **AND** now that **THIS** latest **REPUBLIC** comedy **HIT** is pure and **UNADULTERATED FUN** all the way **FROM** start to **FINISH**. Which is just what you **HAVE** a right to expect from such **SURE**-fire comedy stars as **EDDIE FOY, Jr., JOAN DAVIS, ALBERT DEKKER, ALAN MOWBRAY, ROSCOE KARNS, MIKHAIL RASUMNY, LYNNE CARVER, MARC LAWRENCE AND MARILYN HARE**. Grand **PERFORMERS** all, and with a **RIOTOUS** script and some **TOP**-flight musical numbers to **HELP** them, they make "**YOKEL BOY**" a real comedy classic. It's **FROM** the Broadway **SUCCESS** that **HAD** audiences **HOWLING** for **MONTHS** in New **YORK**—and **EVERYONE** who has seen the **PICTURE** agrees that "**YOKEL BOY**" is even greater on the **SCREEN**. You'll jump for joy at "**YOKEL BOY**." It's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Deanna Durbin's Victory Dinner

Deanna Durbin carried out her Victory Dinner motif in her strawberry pie, which bore the V . . .— symbol in fresh berries. Deanna's next will be Universal's *Three Smart Girls Join Up*

By BETTY CROCKER

■ Deanna Durbin has a novel idea for combining a patriotic endeavor with social entertaining.

In a nutshell it's this: Deanna went out and purchased a quantity of defense stamps. Then she invited a group of friends to a Victory Dinner and told them to bring cash and expect to pay for their food and refreshments. Each guest paid for and received defense stamps, so actually, it was all an investment toward American victory. Isn't that a worthwhile idea? Deanna hopes that others will take up the plan and help along the good cause. If you wish to try it, send invitations explaining that dinner is a dollar, refreshments twenty-five cents (or whatever prices you wish to fix) and then you buy the stamps and resell them to your guests. It's truly a lot of fun, and beside that you'll be doing your bit for Uncle Sam.

Here's Deanna's Victory menu. She served it in her brand-new home in Brentwood, where she and her husband Vaughn Paul have established themselves. It's not a large place, but Deanna didn't skimp in the kitchen, which is big and bright and shining with all the modern devices a bride could wish for. In spite of all these mechanical aids, though, Deanna succeeded in burning her finger roasting the meat!

VICTORY MENU

Grapefruit and Avocado Salad with Lemon Dressing in Nests of Curly Endive
Roast Leg of Lamb surrounded by Browned Stuffed Potatoes and Pear Halves filled with Mint Jelly
Glazed Carrots and Green Peas
Cloverleaf Rolls
Strawberry Chiffon Victory Pie
Coffee

ROAST LEG OF LAMB

Before placing leg of lamb in roasting pan, mix together ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, 1 tbsp. dry mustard and 3 tbsp. flour. Then add ½ cup cold water and blend. Pierce fell in several places with tip of knife so that seasoning will penetrate. Rub seasoning over lamb without removing fell. Place skin side down on rack in an open roasting pan. If the fat covering is very thin, lay bacon strips over the cut side. Roast in a moderately slow oven, 300° to 350° for 35 minutes per pound. During the last hour baste with currant jelly every fifteen minutes. The currant jelly should be spread over the lamb at the beginning of the last hour. Remove the fell before serving.

BROWNED STUFFED POTATOES

Peel potatoes. Carve into each a little cave just large enough to hold a baby onion. Roll potatoes lightly in flour and place them in the roasting pan next to the meat. When they begin to brown, put a little butter on each one, and continue browning until tender. About 1 hour for good-sized potatoes. Serve garnished with chopped watercress or parsley.

GLAZED CARROTS AND GREEN PEAS

Put 4 cups of cooked carrots in saucepan with ½ cup butter and ½ cup sugar. Cook slowly until soft and glazed. Place hot, seasoned fresh peas on a hot serving dish. Surround with the carrots.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

1 cooled baked 9-inch pie shell
1 tbsp. gelatin
¼ cup cold water
3 eggs
⅝ to ¾ cup sugar (depending on sweetness of berries)
½ tsp. salt
2 tsp. lemon juice
1 pt. fresh strawberries (this makes 1⅛ cups crushed berries)
¼ tsp. cream of tartar

Pie Frosting

½ cup whipping cream
A few extra berries

Soak gelatin in cold water—about 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks slightly in top of double boiler. Blend in ¼ cup sugar, the salt and the lemon juice. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly—until smooth and thick—5 to 10 minutes. Blend in the soaked gelatin and crushed strawberries and beat with a rotary beater for 1 minute. Remove from heat. Cool.

Chill mixture in refrigerator until thickened—about 5 minutes. Beat mixture with rotary beater until smooth.

Stiff Meringue

Make a stiff meringue by beating the egg whites with cream of tartar until stiff enough to hold a point, then gradually beating in the remaining sugar—continuing beating until mixture is stiff and glossy. Fold this meringue into the strawberry mixture, and pile lightly into the cooled baked pie shell.

Chill in the refrigerator until "set"—about ½ hour. Keep cool until ready to serve. If desired spread stiffly whipped cream over the top of pie and decorate with sliced berries in V formation and the three dots and dash design.

PIE CRUST

1 cup all purpose flour (sifted before measuring)
½ tsp. salt
⅓ cup shortening
Ice water (2 to 3 tbsp.)

Sift flour and salt together. Cut in shortening with a pastry blender or 2 knives—leaving some of the shortening in lumps the size of giant peas. Add ice water. Sprinkle the water lightly—a little at a time—over the flour and shortening. At first blend it in lightly with a fork; then gather the dough together lightly with the fingertips. As soon as you can make the dough stay together, you have plenty of water in it.

Round up the dough on cloth-covered board using flour rubbed into cloth to keep dough from sticking.

Roll out to fit pan and place in 9-inch pie pan loosely to avoid stretching. Let pan rest on table while cutting off extra pastry—leaving ½ inch extending beyond the edge of the pan. Build up a fluted edge. Prick thoroughly with a fork to prevent puffing. Chill thoroughly and bake 10 to 12 minutes in a very hot oven, 500°.

FREE

Betty Crocker
HOLLYWOOD
1501 Broadway, New York City

Dear Madam:

Please send me a selection of your "WAR-TIME" recipes.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State .....

Wally Westmore *is head of Paramount's make-up department. His good taste is tops in the art of make-up. Here's Wally—behind the scenes, working on a shot for "Dr. Broadway."*

• • • •

Hollywood's and all America's best bet for *better* taste is Pepsi-Cola . . . finer flavored and pure all the way, first sip to last. And when you want a lot, those 12 full ounces do the job for a nickel. Give yourself a big treat today . . . a Pepsi-Cola.

Purity . . . in the big big bottle
. . . that's Pepsi-Cola!

BETTER TASTE . . .
PEPSI-COLA
. . . BIGGER DRINK

★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

Beauty Retirement Plan

By MARY BAILEY
Hollywood Beauty Editor

Marsha Hunt's bedtime preparations always include a thorough hairbrushing, which keeps her hair clean and lustrous looking

■ Have you ever enviously watched a cat retire for the night? I have, many times. And I honestly don't believe I ever do it without thinking, "It must be wonderful just to curl up and go to sleep when you're tired. The cat doesn't have to wash her face—or cream it—or brush her hair—or scrub her fingernails. Oh, she doesn't even have to undress."

But, my, a cat's life is a dull one. And with all the washing and grooming that she does during the day, she can't even have the reward of looking into a mirror and admiring the results of her efforts.

That's where we are much more fortunate. A few minutes' beauty workout each night certainly pays dividends, when we look into a mirror. And everybody (unless they're catty) admires that clean, well groomed appearance that results from nightly care of skin and hair and hands.

Marsha Hunt, popular young actress, does not for a moment underestimate the importance of a perfectly groomed appearance at all times. And she says the basis of this perfection lies in her nightly beauty routine, which you see pictured here. She would not think of neglecting it, no matter how hard her day has been nor how late she has been kept working at the studio. Indeed, it is on the occasions when she is particularly weary that Marsha feels she gets the most benefit from sticking religiously to her prescribed regime, photographs of which you see on this page. I am sure you will agree with her if you start taking the same care of yourself and watch the gratifying results.

Of course, your program would be incomplete without a bath. And whether you do this at night or in the morning, don't just soak in your tub but go to work with soap and bath brush and scrub wholeheartedly. After your bath, guarantee lasting freshness by applying your choice of a deodorant or non-perspirant. Although this personal daintiness step in your retirement program takes but a minute, it is most important. For without it, all your attention to other grooming details is of little avail. Don't neglect it!

You're ready for sleep now. And you can relax, happy in knowing that these few minutes of washing and scrubbing and brushing will stand by you—and will work for you while you sleep.

As for that cat—well, she's just a pretty, furry, four-footed creature. And she will never have your freshness and sparkle, nor the fun you can enjoy with these pleasing attributes.

Turn to page 16 for HOLLYWOOD Beauty Headliners

Because she knows the damage done to the complexion by overnight neglect, Marsha Hunt, who is currently playing in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Kid Glove Killer*, faithfully uses a good cleansing cream to remove her make-up, along with the grime accumulated during her very busy day

Soap and water play an all important part in Marsha's bedtime beauty routine. With mild soap and warm water, she lathers her face well and gently uses a complexion brush for stimulation. For softness protection, Marsha lightly massages dry skin cream into her perfectly clean face

Marsha knows the value of well groomed hands and nightly she scrubs them with soap and water, drying them carefully and pushing back the cuticle with the towel. With a generous application of hand lotion, she insures the soft whiteness of her lovely hands

TO PROTECT YOUR LOVELINESS . . .

make good grooming at bedtime your policy. Write for HOLLYWOOD'S May Beauty Bulletin. You'll like the helpful suggestions it offers on end-of-the-day beauty care. Address your letter to Mary Bailey, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. And ask about personal beauty problems on figure, hands, hair or skin.

For Girls Who Want More Glamorous Hair
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO ARRANGE !

Allure—*for your more frivolous moments! Hair swept smoothly up off neck and face. Tuck artificial fruit or fresh flowers behind ears. Hair shampooed with new, improved Special Drene.*

Amazing difference due to hair conditioner now in new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! Leaves hair lovelier, easier to manage!

You'll be thrilled by the difference in your hair the very first time you use new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! For that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene gives simply amazing results right away...leaves hair so much silkier, smoother, far easier to arrange right after shampooing! Just try improved Special Drene once, and you'll see!

Unsurpassed for Removing Dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff with the first application. And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color brilliance.*

So, for extra beauty benefits—plus quick and thorough removal of loose dandruff—try improved Special Drene right away. Or ask for a Special Drene shampoo at your beauty shop! You'll see an amazing difference!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Procter & Gamble
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother than ever before!

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

He'd Never Guess Her Age!

New kind of face powder makes her look years younger!

ONCE this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores.

But look at her now! He'd never guess her age! Is she 19—30—35? She has found her *lucky shade* of face powder—the shade that *flatters* her skin, makes her look young and enchanting.

How old does *your* face powder say you are?

Are you sure the shade of powder you use doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a bit older?

Why take that chance? Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder *today!* Try them one after another and let your mirror tell you which is the *perfect* shade for you!

Lady Esther Powder is made a new way—blown by ***TWIN HURRICANES*** until it's softer, smoother by far than ordinary powder. That's why its shades and texture are so flattering.

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Mail the coupon for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your *lucky shade*—it makes your skin look younger and lovelier!

Lady Esther

FACE POWDER

LADY ESTHER, 78
7130 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.
Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Beauty Headliners

By MARY BAILEY

As a remembrance gift for Mother on her day, why not choose one of these well-known perfumes? You'll find them at your favorite dime store, all dressed up in frilly, feminine wrapping, appropriate for the occasion. No extra charge for the Mother's Day package and greeting

■ You've probably long wished for one of those handy *round-the-neck* mirrors, which leave both hands free to arrange the hair or apply make-up. Now you can get a genuine one at a new low price, just a bit over a dollar. Compact and lightweight, it will serve many uses. Stand it on the dressing table, hang it on the wall, use it as a hand mirror and whenever you make up, suspend it round your neck.

■ One of the world's most famous lipstick houses has created a new satin-finish lipstick which answers the need for perfectly smooth and lasting lip grooming. Each of the company's three shades is as clear as before; and the formula calls for the same pure cream base. The new satin finish brings a softer and more flattering glossiness to the lips. It makes the stick easier to stroke on and more lasting.

■ If you're wondering what shades of lipstick and nail polish to wear with your new spring frock, we'll help you. Snip a piece of material from an inside seam and enclose it when you write for your bulletin. We'll send you harmonizing shade names.

Write before June 10th for your copy of HOLLYWOOD Beauty Bulletin for May. It contains many beauty hints and the names of tried and true products. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mary Bailey, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. And ask her advice on your own beauty problems.

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 10]

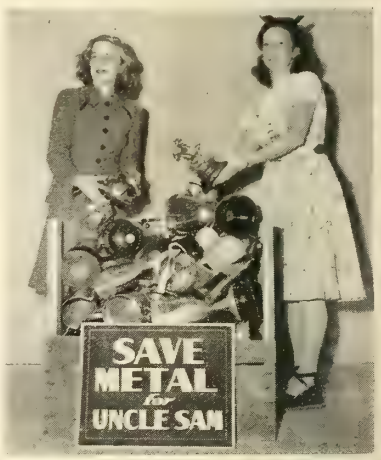
■ Sign in a Hollywood gas station: "Don't smoke around the gasoline tank. If your life isn't worth anything, gasoline is."

■ That mustache Jackie Cooper wears on the screen for the first time in R-K-O's *Syncopation* was put there by the make-up department. Jackie grew a real one but it refused to photograph properly.

■ When Mike Curtiz, the English garbling director, first read the script of Warners' recent hit, *Captains of the Clouds*, he complained to Bill Cagney, the producer, that there were no captains in the picture. Bill tried to explain that in the Royal Canadian Air Force there are no captains, and *Captains of the Clouds* is the nickname for the R. C. A. F. Mike still did not understand and shook his head sadly, "A picture about captains without captains," he said, "is ridiculous. Why, it's like horse radish without any horses."

■ Gene Tierney wanted to wear a nightgown husband Oleg Cassini designed for her for a scene in *Rings on Her Fingers*, but the Hays office censors nixed the idea. Too daring.

■ Director Bill Keighley tells the story. Seems Warner Brothers sent out a camera crew to get some authentic Chinatown backgrounds. First stop was a small Chinese laundry. Keighley amiably approached its owner, saying, "Mr. Ching, we came around to make a movie of your shop." The owner got very angry, began to yell, ran into the store and then came out again, waving a piece of paper. "Makee no movee!" he cried. "Makee no movee! Me got lease."



Joan Winfield and Faye Emerson, who make their screen debuts in Warners' *Juke Girl*, do their bit to swell the metal salvage collection on the studio lot. The girls cheerfully donated the many silver cups they have won in various beauty and dramatic contests

Lady, Be Good!

Thirty years ago in a small New York hotel, Cecil DeMille, Jesse Lasky and Samuel Goldwyn sat one day eating lunch. From that meeting—and a few notes scribbled hastily on the back of a menu card—was born Paramount Pictures. Of the three men, only Mr. DeMille remains with the organization today, and his has been the guiding, dominant force which has piloted the company to eminence in the motion picture world. *Reap the Wild Wind* celebrates the 30th anniversary of Paramount Pictures, and for his new film Mr. DeMille has again delved into the colorful spectacle of history. The background is the pirate-infested coast of Florida in 1840, and the film is studded throughout with star names. Here are four lively scenes from the picture in which Paulette Goddard slaps Ray Milland in a moment of pique, and receives unforeseen consequences

Orson Welles—Stickler for Realism

BY JOHN FRANCHEY

■ The taxicab driver had pulled up to the curb, announced, "Here you are, buddy." Instead of being unloaded at one of the many off-the-main-lot sound stages scattered all over Hollywood and environs, your reporter had been deposited in front of a cold storage plant—an ice house, if you must know.

It was obviously a mistake. Or was it? The baffled one checked the address that had been given him. The destination was correct. There was merely the one alternative: Orson Welles had pulled a fast one.

An indignant reporter was meditating murder when who should climb out of another cab but Herbert Drake, Mr. Welles' brilliant minion in charge of press relations.

"Why tarry outside when wonders are happening within?" Mr. D. demanded.

"In that ice house?"

"In that very igloo. Come, let us enter. The earthshaker awaits."

Inside is another world. Gone are the palm-tree vistas of Hollywood. Gone are the Pacific breezes. Gone is the California sun. The whole shebang is out of Jack London's frozen North. The scene is a wind-swept, snow-banked road cutting across a bleak countryside. The air is biting cold. Teeth chatter an impromptu obligato to "Blues in the Night."

"That's honest-to-goodness snow, brother," Mr. Drake explains proudly. "Anyone but my master would have been content with the standard Hollywood snow—borax and cornflakes. But you know what a stickler for realism is Welles. Or do you? For this particular scene he is demanding that the atmosphere be cold enough to register breaths for the camera."

"He won't miss it very much," your chilled agent commented.

Tim Holt and Anne Baxter are in a light, horse-drawn cutter, waiting for the signal to take off. They are dressed warmly, albeit in the fashion of the 1890's, which certainly doesn't do wrong by the Baxter lady who is all hills and dales.

"Action!" booms a familiar voice from above. It is Orson Welles, himself, riding the giant crane and peering through the range-finder directly behind cameraman Stanley Cortez.

"Giddap!" says Tim Holt, with an involuntary pressure at the knee, a natural reflex of a cinema cowboy. The cutter streaks across the snow, bells a-jingling and the camera in hot pursuit. All of a sudden it happens—the accident. The right runner of the sleigh hits a rock, catapulting Tim and Anne down a 15-foot embankment.

"Be calm," says Mr. Drake, grabbing hold of a would-be rescuer, "it's all part of the script."

"But maybe the lady's hurt!"

"Anne, hurt? Perish the thought! This is take Number 15, and the little lady is bearing up wonderfully. 'Anything for art'—that's Anne's motto."

Mr. Drake is right. A minute later and Anne is scrambling up the embankment, a little grim-looking but very brave about it all.

"That take was strictly n. g.," Miss B. said, dusting the snow from her anatomy. "I feel it in my bones."

"As a matter of fact, that was a perfect take and my compliments to you and Tim."

It was the Great One, himself, descended from his eerie eminence and obviously in high spirits. It was the Great One, himself, all right, but in one respect merely a reasonable facsimile of the Welles of a year ago. Mr. Welles was no longer lissom. He was chubby, plump even. And he didn't like it one bit. You knew it from the way he came back at Mr. Drake who wanted to know if it would be okay for the photographers to point their cameras at him and Joan Fontaine when they met to do a radio broadcast later that evening.

"Drake, my fine bucko," Mr. W. said, "I am not amused at the prospects of being confounded for a seal by the public. Besides, sheer gallantry toward Miss Fontaine would dictate my answer to so scandalous a suggestion. The answer is 'No!'"

Mr. Drake said he thought he got the general drift and headed for the telephone to tell the boys "no dice."

Was *The Magnificent Ambersons* going to be a killer-diller?

"It's a Welles production," our host said, eyes a-twinkle.

Was Welles starring in his picture, as usual?

"Welles doesn't have so much as a walk-on."

Mmmmmmm. What was the picture about?

"Oh, some people named the *Ambersons*."

Could he elaborate?

"Certainly. These magnificent *Ambersons* are rich, filthy rich, thanks to a certain *Major Amberson*—that would be Richard Bennett, in real life the sire of the three bouncing Bennetts—whose daughter, *Isabel*—that would be Dolores Costello—is being wooed more or less frantically by one *Wilbur Minafer* and one *Eugene Morgan*—that would be . . . .

". . . me," piped up Joe Cotten, who had

just fired a snowball at Anne Baxter and had sought swift and sure sanctuary behind the protective authority of Welles.

"Ready for the next take, Mr. Welles," cameraman Cortez semaphored.

"Carry on, Joseph," Welles said.

"Well," Cotten picked up, "in a moment of weakness I get tipsy, and in a moment of inspiration I decide to serenade the old girl. I don't do so well, however. I fall through the bass violin. *Isabel* is properly disgusted and pays me off by marrying this fellow, *Wilbur*. I leave

"Well, I still love the old girl, it seems, although her husband is still alive, and if that isn't enough of a predicament, her son *George* falls in love with my *Lucy*.

"*Wilbur*, the dullard, dies, my attentions to *Isabel* increase, a scandal breaks over my attentions, and *George*, the heel, packs his mother off to Europe and doesn't bring her back until she's dying. That's the very scene they're filming. Let's watch."

Tim Holt was in the midst of a lengthy plea to his mother who, by the way, was nowhere in sight (that's how things are in

that's available. The mighty have fallen, just as is promised in the Bible. Not quite so haughty, and not quite so inhuman, he is on his way home when he is run down by a cheap car. *Lucy* and I are with him at the end. It isn't the same *George*. The awakening has come too late."

There was a sudden whistling noise followed by a splash. A snowball, the size of a grapefruit, had s p l a t t e r e d ka-plop against Mr. Drake's skull.

Mr. Drake was scooping up some snow when Welles sauntered up.

Orson Welles, master showman, takes pride in uncovering new talent. Two of the leading roles in *The Magnificent Ambersons* were entrusted to newcomer Anne Baxter and Tim Holt

That's real snow you see in the above scene. Welles will allow no faking in his films, so he rented a real ice house for the winter scenes. Anne is the young lady, Joseph Cotten the pensive escort in the carriage

Dramatic camera angles are a trademark of the Welles films. Here's an example, in which Dolores Costello worriedly watches her son, handsome young Tim Holt

Tim gets his first crack at a really dramatic role in the *Ambersons*, as arrogant, spoiled *George Minafer*. Dolores was lured out of retirement by Mr. Welles

town in disgrace, not to return for over twenty years.

"Meanwhile, a lot has happened. For one thing, I am rich. Furthermore, I've been married, made a widower, and blessed with a daughter, *Lucy*."

"That would be Anne Baxter."

"*Isabel*, wouldn't you know, is not only losing her great fortune but is the mother of a grown son named *George*, the most arrogant, obnoxious character in town."

"That would be Tim Holt."

Welles productions) when out of nowhere a voice boomed "Cut!"

It was Welles who had approached silently and was now entering the door beside which young Holt was standing.

"That was bad, Tim," Welles says. "It sounded like the movies. Do it again, please. Only this time don't act."

Mr. Cotten resumed: "After *Isabel's* death, *George* discovers that the *Amberson* millions are gone and he takes a job in a nitro-glycerin factory, the only job

"Tormenting our little star again, eh Drake?" the Great One said reproachfully. "Supposing you lay off and lead the way to the commissary."

"Sure, Boss," Drake said meekly. "Anything to get out of this blizzard. It's getting in my hair."

And they were off, master and man, little Anne following discreetly at a distance until the party was out of the fabulous ice plant masquerading as a sound stage. ■

Introducing ... Alan Ladd

By ELEANOR HARRIS

Headed for stardom is young Alan Ladd, who hails from Hot Springs, Arkansas. He's the discovery of Sue Carol, ex-actress who's now an agent. Right, a scene from *This Gun for Hire*, in which Alan plays a cold and heartless killer

LADD, ALAN—This boyish actor is packed with talent—which the critics decided after his first bit part in *Rulers of the Sea* three years ago. His sea-sick scene in that picture was voted the best incidental performance of the month. Since then he's played leads or character roles in thirty pictures, among them *Goose Step*, *The Black Cat*, *Her First Romance*, *Paper Bullets*, *Joan of Paris*. Now he finds himself opposite Veronica Lake in *This Gun for Hire*. He also finds himself headed for stardom.

BORN—In Hot Springs, Arkansas, 29 years ago. When he was seven years old he moved to Alhambra, California—and then to North Hollywood.

FAMILY—None. His parents died four years ago. Mr. Ladd had been a certified public accountant, and was also in the painting business.

MARRIED—Not yet. Sue Carol, his agent, is now his fiancee!

EDUCATED—At North Hollywood High School, where he starred in track, swimming and diving. He still holds the fifty-yard free-style interscholastic swimming record, and in 1932 he was West Coast diving champion. He was also Student Body President—and yet found time to sing the lead in *The Mikado*, which was the Senior play.

APPEARANCE—He looks like a romantic lead, and he's played every kind of character part—the latest being a cold and friendless killer in *This Gun for Hire*. He has green eyes, blond hair, black eyebrows, and a whimsical cast to his face. He's medium-tall, slim and graceful.

HISTORIC LANDMARKS—This Ladd has earned a living in every way known to man. (Ouch!) In 1933 he graduated from high school and triumphantly entered Universal as an actor. So did Tyrone Power. Four months later they were both thrown out. Then he began a hodge-podge of jobs. He was advertising manager of a San Fernando newspaper. He was a laborer on studio sets. He attended the Ben Bard School of Acting for a year. He spent two years acting on 15 to 20 radio shows a week. Then, at long last, movie agent Sue Carol pounced jubilantly on him. Under her care, he's been in 30-odd pictures, and has twice appeared on Silver Theater opposite Bette Davis.

SOCIAL LIFE—His business life is his social life. His idea of a big evening is coaching twelve young actors for screen tests—or driving Agent Sue around to appointments —or seeing and studying movies.

HOME LIFE—Since his parents' death, he's lived in a one-room Beverly Hills apartment with a pull-down bed. The walls are covered with English prints, the tables with Hedi Schoup figurines, and the book shelves with biographies. He's had the same car and apartment from rags to riches —because he's practical enough to save his money. The only Ladd money outside the bank is sunk in defense bonds.

ATTITUDE ON LIFE—Simple, hard-working, and serious. He wants a real home with the accent on comfort. He'd like it French Provincial or English in architecture.

"Don't Elope"—Gene Tierney

By HELEN WELLER

Ever since her widely publicized runaway marriage to Count Oleg Cassini (above), Gene Tierney is deluged with letters from young people who seek her advice on their romantic problems. Gene's in *Rings on Her Fingers*

■ *"Shall I elope?"*

Every day girls throughout the country sit down and pour out their love problems on paper and then send it winging off to an apple-cheeked, baby-faced young girl of 21 just starting out on life herself, name of Gene Tierney.

Certainly no Hollywood marriage ever created the furore that the elopement of Gene Tierney and her lean-faced young Count did. Immediately after Gene and Oleg Cassini said their "I do's" in the old-fashioned parlor of a Las Vegas justice of peace last June, the post-elopement storm broke with a tremendous thunder. Then we all learned that Gene had run off and married the man of her choice over the screaming objections of her family.

Gene eloped over the parental black-balling—and now thousands of other girls want to know if they should do likewise. So they write to Gene. Obviously, a movie star cannot personally answer the flood of letters that pour into her every day, but in this case Gene has made an exception. She has taken the time to answer the troubled queries of love-torn girls who have laid their problems before her. Gene wants it understood first that she does not pretend to be an oracle on such affairs, nor does she presume to interfere in family problems. But she does feel, rightly, that as a famous Hollywood personality she may have set a trend in elopements, and may have given other girls similar ideas. Perhaps wrong ideas. So with an understanding and sympathy unusual in a girl her age, she has tried to set them right.

"What I have told most of them," she said, "is this: that in spite of my own elopement, I personally don't favor elopements at all! Marriage is the greatest step in a girl's life and that's the time when her family should be with her. But some girls have the ga-ga notion that elopements are romantic, that it's exciting to slip away from your family and tie the knot in secret. Like this girl, for instance. Here is what she writes . . ."

"My boy friend and I are planning to be married," wrote the girl, "but so many movie stars elope to Yuma or Las Vegas that we're planning to run away some night and do the same. It sounds much more thrilling than a regular wedding. You've done it—what do you think?"

"I think she's all wrong. There's nothing beautiful about sneaking off in the dark and going through a hurried ceremony in a strange place with none of your loved ones around. I think it's far more romantic to be married in a white gown and have your family and friends there. I've always wanted to be a 'white bride'—in fact, I used to dream of being married in my aunt's rose point wedding gown and having bridesmaids and lots of fuss surrounding my wedding. It would have been much more memorable than a hasty elopement. But then, my case was different. I couldn't have a conventional wedding. My family was opposed to my marrying Oleg and my brother was on his way to Hollywood to try to dissuade me from marrying him. I was afraid he might succeed, and that in years to come I would always regret having lost the one man I wanted. So, lacking family approval and co-operation, I eloped. I haven't regretted it. I know I married the right man and that is the important thing.

"There are times when it is the propitious thing to elope, and there are times when elopements are foolish. Like this girl—"

"We've been going together for two years," the small feminine scrawl read, "but my parents don't think he can make me happy. He's not perfect; no one is, but he's good and decent. We love each other and I can't get interested in any other boy. I'm thinking seriously of doing what you did."

"There's a girl," said Gene, "who's given herself the acid love test. She's gone with the boy a long time, knows him well, is aware of his faults and accepts them, and she's tried to become interested in other boys but can't. She has apparently made a genuine effort to reconcile her family to him but they're stubborn. Since they refused to give the girl the pleasure of their presence at her wedding, she'll have to get married without them. I think her case is like mine. I, too, knew Oleg well, I couldn't get interested in others and I too couldn't get my family's okay—so I found the answer in eloping. If this girl does the same, I hope she is as happy as I am!

"Now," said Gene, pointing to another letter, "when this girl wrote and asked me if I thought she should follow in my footsteps, I told her I thought not."

"I'm madly in love," gushed the words of this letter. "I'm 18 and I haven't gone out very much with boys. When I met Bob a month ago it was love at first sight and we're dying to get married as soon as possible. My parents want me to wait, so we're thinking of eloping."

"This girl," said Gene, "has two strikes against her which would make an elopement disastrous. For one, he's the first real beau she's ever had and girls who haven't had many boy friends can't possibly recognize the right man so quickly. Before I met Oleg I had had many beaux and I knew what I [*Continued on page* 55]

STYLED BY STUDENTS

Holeproof Hosiery's smart new lisle hose. With them the popular Norwegian-type moccasin. Try bright red for spring and summer

An air-raid-warning scarf by Glentex. In patriotic red, white and blue. You can buy it for about $1 at leading stores everywhere

THE WINNAHS! Plaid wool sports suit with bias cut pleated skirt, four pocket boy's jacket. About $11. The push-up sleeve sweater is $4

THE WINNAHS! The smartly detailed princess line coat with coachman's pockets and the six-button trim is about $15. The felt hat with a touch of veiling on the crown is $2

By Catherine Roberts
HOLLYWOOD Fashion Editor

A WINNAH! Checked seersucker dress, very full skirt, very fitted bodice. Pique trimmed. Very good for summer work or play. $4

Three lucky high school girls won the grand prizes offered in a recent nation-wide design contest. Twenty-seven others were awarded additional prizes of cash and merchandise. As one of the judges I was deeply impressed with the smart, practical, gay young fashions conceived by the competitors. On these two pages you will see a few of the winning designs. These "Hi-School Board Fashions" will be on sale in leading department stores all over the country. Ask your store for them.

The grand prize winners were Kaitie Jane Gardner, St. Paul, Minn.; Jeanne Rainey, Portland, Ore., and Jenny Franklin, Niagara Falls, Ont. The prizes consisted of three $500 scholarships to a school of fashion merchandising.

Write to me for the name of the store in your city where you may buy these "Hi-School Board Fashions."

THE WINNAHS! Date book pin. You can write in it. $1. The push-up-sleeve shetland sweater to wear with the suit or any skirt. $4

What Wrecked Rita's Marriage?

Ed Judson groomed wife Rita Hayworth for stardom—and then lost her! What are the facts behind this marital tragedy?

Turn to page 35 for the glamorous color portrait of Miss Rita Hayworth

By HARRY HOLMES

■ But for the fact that the world is aflame with war, a brief little item buried in the inside pages of the nation's dailies on the afternoon of February 25th, would certainly have hit the front page. The curt communique, lodged, in most cases, under a photograph of a smouldering siren, read as follows:

"Movie actress Rita Hayworth yesterday filed suit in Hollywood to divorce husband Edward Judson, wealthy oil man she married five years ago. Judson said she was a wonderful girl although highly nervous."

There is no question about it: the announcement rated the front page and would have appeared there in normal times. Basically, the thing is a real-life drama. For one thing, there are your two leading characters, a luscious beauty and a suave Svengali. Svengali in the better sense of the word. Too, there's the theme, not too original, perhaps, but a cinch for audience-attention! The naive young thing marries a not-so-naive and not-so-young gentleman of the world. The villain of the piece could be any of several: possibly it's Fame—stardom, they call it in pictures—or Disillusionment, or even something called Experience, the thing you acquire by living and learning.

This is a typical instance of a Hollywood marital tragedy in which two well-intentioned people who respect each other discover that it requires something more than screen success to sustain a happy marriage.

Rita Hayworth (nee Marguerita Cansino) was seventeen, stunning-looking in a Spanish fashion, sheltered and struggling, when Ed Judson, suave, successful and thirty-eightish, walked into her life. Under normal circumstances, he would have walked in and walked right out. He was, after all, old enough to be her father, a veteran of two marriages, and a man of the world. He was also, let it be said, affable, well-groomed and personable. Furthermore, he was a good dancer, a good dresser, and a good conversationalist. But the circumstances were not normal. When Ed Judson walked into Rita Hayworth's life she had to her credit not so much as a skirmish with romance, so that when the debonair Mr. Judson began wooing her with all-out attention, so dear to the heart of all young maidens, the result ought to have been a foregone conclusion. A year later, in the face of stiff parental objection (due to Rita's tender years), the two eloped and were married.

On the heels of the announcement that Ed Judson had annexed his third bride, it was taken for granted by Hollywood-at-large that he had made up his mind to settle down and leave the cafe set to stew in its own juices. Mrs. Judson, it went without saying, would toss her career overboard (if a $75.00 a week contract at Columbia could be called a career), and would make a full-time job out of being Mrs. Judson.

But Hollywood-at-large had made a slight miscalculation. Far from demanding that his wife give up pictures and live on his income, Ed Judson not only gave Rita's career his blessings, but the benefits of his wide business experience to boot by taking personal charge of her career.

"Rita is a dead cinch for stardom," Ed told one of his friends shortly after the two had returned from their brief honeymoon. "Take my word for it."

Ed Judson is a prophet second and a shrewd business man first. He figured it all out. Waiting for the public to find Rita and to confer stardom on her when the public got around to it was the wrong approach. The right approach was to have Rita explode in the public eye with a deafening roar. And it could be done. True, it would take time, energy, and even sacrifice. But wasn't stardom worth this and more?

For a man who had been a successful salesman of $20,000 limousines, the problem of selling a personality like Rita boiled itself down to the proper use of two ingredients—showmanship and splash.

To obtain the first, he advised certain alterations: the Spanish coiffure should be discarded because it invited type casting; the outdoorsy, schoolgirl personality should be traded in for something more arresting and electric, and the wardrobe should be built up starting from scratch, with the accent on eye-catching and figure illuminating evening frocks.

To obtain the second, he mapped out a grand strategy that will go down as an exploitation classic: it was based on the premise that the best way for a would-be star to exhibit her wonders is by touring the night club circuits, for the very simple reason that these very same night clubs are haunted by photographers, columnists, and feature writers, not to mention droves of producers. The Judson strategy, based on a long-range view of the situation, was bound to succeed, but not without exacting heavy tolls, as Ed Judson, realist, guessed they might. To the young bride it meant giving up night after night of her leisure, returning home from a day's work on one of the studio's B pictures and having to dress, make up, and swoop down on whatever Hollywood boite was drawing the right crowd. It meant sitting at an inside table inwardly taut, but outwardly serene, so that the candid camera artists would never catch her off base. It meant having her dinner interrupted by admiring newspapermen and columnists. It meant having herself ogled by wolves and stared at by awe-stricken tourists.

As predicted, Rita did explode in the public eye thanks to newspapers, rotogravure sections and magazines. Columbia, acting on cue, promptly clapped her into A pictures, *Only Angels Have Wings*, *The Lady in Question*, etc.

All this flurry and to-do, while it was doubtless getting Rita to the top in pictures, was not conducive to a happy and solid married life.

"We've just begun, honey," Ed Judson said a few months after the campaign had begun, "and already we're getting dividends."

Thanks to Ed Judson, Rita Hayworth became known as the most cooperative girl in Hollywood, the photographer's pal, the interviewer's delight. At his generous invitation, photographers who couldn't work Rita in during the week were invited over to the house on Sundays. Dozens of photographers will tell you today that Judson is one prince of a fellow—and he is. [*Continued on page* 62]

For that Spring-Lovely Look

POND'S TWIN BEAUTY SPECIAL

Luxurious enough for a princess—soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream is priced for thrifty purses! Use this smooth-as-silk cream for your daily Pond's glamour care. Slather it thick over your face and throat. Tissue it off. "Rinse" with lots more Pond's. Tissue it off again. Do this *every* night—for daytime cleanups, too. Lovely how Pond's takes off every little smitch of soil—leaves your skin so much softer, so much smoother!

Gossamer-light Pond's NEW Dreamflower Face Powder! Your choice of 4 flattering new Dreamflower shades, each blended to give your face a magic touch of glamour-soft color. New smoothness that lends a dreamy "misty-soft" quality to your skin. Adorable new Dreamflower box! The 28¢ size is *free* with your purchase, at the regular price, of the medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream in this Pond's Twin Beauty Special!

Get these Two Delightful Beauty Aids—for the Price of the Cream alone

You'll find this Pond's Twin Beauty Special at your favorite beauty counter—the Cold Cream and Powder conveniently packaged together to take right home. Don't wait—this offer is for a limited time. You pay only for the Cold Cream (the medium-large size)—the 28¢ size box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder comes with it free—a gift to you from Pond's!

- "I just love Pond's Cold Cream. It makes my face feel so fresh, clean and soft," says Ann Swanson of Washington, D. C.—one of Pond's lovely engaged girls.

- "I'm so pleased with Pond's new Dreamflower Powder! The texture is lovely—fluffy as air—but so clinging! And the box is simply sweet!" says beautiful Geraldine Spreckels, of the famous California family.

Free *28¢ size Pond's Dreamflower Powder with purchase of medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream at the regular price. Such a large jar for so little. At your favorite beauty counter. Sold only in this convenient package, this Twin Beauty Special is for a limited time only.*

The Truth About Melvyn Douglas' Defense Job

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

Melvyn Douglas' appointment to an essential job in the Office of Civilian Defense brought an undeserved rain of partisan criticism. Mel's in Columbia's *He Kissed the Bride*, with Joan Crawford

■ If there was ever any doubt about Melvyn Douglas being a good actor, here is ample evidence to dispel it.

The morning I chatted with him over the coffee cups a few things had gone wrong. Specifically (1) he was three days late reporting for work at Columbia studio opposite Joan Crawford in *He Kissed the Bride*; (2) on arrival back in Hollywood after an arduous journey he had found his wife, the former Helen Gahagan, in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital with a throat infection; (3) his daughter, Mary Helen, was laid up with a broken collarbone, result of an automobile accident; (4) his son Gregory had yanked loose some cartilage in a ski accident; (5) he had just taken a severe and undeserved drubbing at the hands of a clique of Congressmen and commentators who didn't know or care what they were talking about as long as their wisecracks got in print.

Despite these multiple cares and exasperations the man was as calm as any master-mind he had ever portrayed on the screen, as enthusiastic as ever about the dozen patriotic and benevolent causes that draft every moment of his time away from the studio and as charitable as a saint toward his critics.

"I'm willing to serve anywhere, any time I can be useful," he said.

"From the outset I have been willing to forego any cash income whatever from my professional screen work. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, my employers, have been extremely generous and will collaborate to the utmost extent providing I fulfill my minimum commitments to them."

That's a simple summary of the Douglas attitude toward the war effort and the national welfare, before and after Pearl Harbor. It was this unquestioning readiness to pitch in and give a hand whenever called upon that made him the butt of half a dozen sniping attacks, culminating in the sustained barrage of partisan criticism that followed his appointment to an unpaid, thankless and essential job in the Office of Civilian Defense.

The function he was to perform was one that had been deemed necessary by four government departments. It was to set up machinery to take advantage of the thousands of offers of services by persons of standing in all the arts. This embraces painters, cartoonists, poster artists, composers and lyric writers as well as actors and musicians.

To deny that the efforts of such talented volunteers are not valuable to the prosecution of the war is idle. Contributions of each of these professions are recognized as having aided inestimably both in the World War and the Anti-Axis War. The Germans utilize them to the utmost.

Although qualified by heavyweight experience in three mediums—stage, screen and radio—and by mature professional judgment as evidenced by the success of his own career, Melvyn Douglas did not seek a government job. The job sought him. Dean James M. Landis of the Harvard Law School, while executive assistant to New York's Mayor LaGuardia in the Office of Civilian Defense, wrote Douglas that there was a task that needed doing and that he was the man for it.

Without asking particulars Douglas went to Washington and sought an audience with Dean Landis, who was about to take over the top job in the defense administration. Before he had an interview with Landis, the hatchet-men went to work. Movie actors, being rich and personable, are swell targets once they stray off their home grounds. Douglas, because he had proved himself a humanitarian as well as a Hollywoodite, was doubly vulnerable.

"The job to which Dean Landis appointed me has nothing to do with providing entertainment for soldiers and sailors. It would deal solely with making efficient use of the multifarious skills and talents which have been offered and for which no outlet has yet been found. There is no question of the value of such services both because of their intrinsic worth and because of the sense of usefulness to the war effort which such participation imparts. My office would be a clearing house for talented people in all the arts who are clamoring to help."

Washington columnists, without bothering to check the facts, announced that he had been hired at $8,000 a year "to head the bureau of information" in the Office of Civilian Defense. The fact was that Landis was about to offer him a job he could do. At a juicy salary of nothing.

Simultaneously newspapermen discovered that Mayris Chaney, a young woman friend of Mrs. Roosevelt, had been appointed some time earlier to a civilian defense post. Miss Chaney and Douglas were immediately paired in the wisecracks because both were professional entertainers and both were acquainted with the president's wife, Douglas having been her host on a visit to Hollywood.

Speaking on her regular Sunday night radio program over the National Broadcasting Company's facilities, Mrs. Roosevelt said, "It seems to me that we in this country should have a feeling of deep gratitude to the writers, actors, artists and musicians who always give so generously of their time and talents to charitable and civic institutions of the nation. It is apparently all right for business men to come to Washington to give their services on an expense basis, but not for an actor. We should be grateful to these business men, and we should be equally grateful to men like Mr. Melvyn Douglas."

By the mere act of presenting himself in Washington at government request, Douglas was held up to national ridicule as a prime jerk, a self-seeking carpet-bagger fastening himself on the public payroll at a salary equal to that of General Douglas MacArthur.

His chief critic was Representative Leland Ford of California, who represents a silk-stocking Beverly Hills district adjoining Hollywood. Following Ford's lead, the other Congressional comedians dug into Melvyn's [*Continued on page* 65]

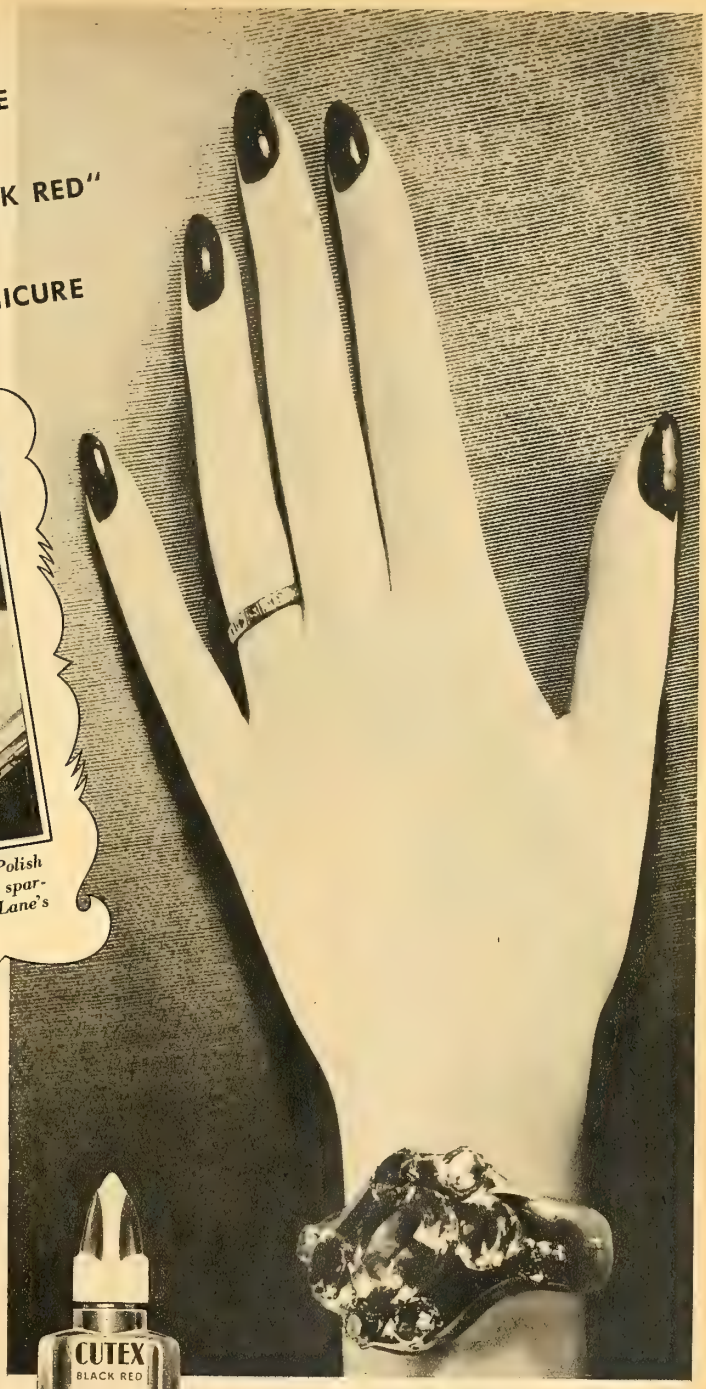
"A Whole Week Without Polish Chipping" *Mrs. Mervin Lane*

Hand MRS. MERVIN LANE

Polish NEW CUTEX "BLACK RED"

Time 7 DAYS AFTER MANICURE

After a whole busy week Cutex Nail Polish was still wearing like a dream—still sparkling like a dream on Mrs. Mervin Lane's lovely, long nails!



Mother of four active children, a successful illustrator and now a busy war worker . . . MRS. MERVIN LANE. No wonder she's so enthusiastic about the way Cutex stays on her nails! "At the end of a whole busy week there wasn't a chip or peel in my polish!"

Wear Cutex Sugar Plum, Gingerbread, Lollipop, Butterscotch, Sheer Natural, Black Red! See if you aren't thrilled with the way their beauty lasts! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U. S.

Northam Warren, New York

Wear CUTEX

APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

Popping the Question to

Quizzed by HELEN HOVER

Brenda Marshall is the first movie lovely to succumb to HOLLYWOOD'S new and entertaining quiz-interview

Q. What famous person (outside of President Roosevelt) would you most like to meet?

A. Greta Garbo.

Q. What is your greatest failing?

A. I am sarcastic and very critical.

Q. And your strongest point?

A. I think I'm very fair. I can see two sides to a question.

Q. At what age did you first show signs of becoming an actress?

A. At the age of 13. I used to disappear for long stretches of time and when I'd return I'd have a very thrilling, dreamed-up story to tell of some great adventure that happened to me while I was gone. If that wasn't acting I don't know what is.

Q. What sort of clothes do you feel most comfortable in?

A. I feel best in an ankle-length peasant type dirndl dress.

Q. What is your idea of the most fun?

A. To have friends in and listen to music, then to have a barbecue meal outdoors.

Q. Do you prefer the company of men or women?

A. Men. I think they're more genuine and generous than women. Whoa there, I mean generally speaking. I don't want to knife my own sex.

Q. Of what accomplishment are you most proud?

A. Skeet shooting.

Q. What gives you the jitters?

A. Getting last minute notices to do things.

Q. Are you impulsive?

A. Yes.

Q. What false impression do you believe you give?

A. I think I seem to be more sophisticated than I really am—or so people tell me.

Q. Do you like jitterbug music?

A. No.

Q. What emotional weaknesses have you had to fight to overcome?

A. Extreme nervousness and a perfectly awful inferiority complex.

Q When, and of what, have you been most terrified?

A. When I was ten years old I was once carried out by an undertow. I thought I was a goner then, but I was pulled out in time.

Q. Why did you change your name from "Ardis" to "Brenda"?

A. I had nothing to do with that. The studio changed my name because they thought Ardis was too theatrical.

Q. What do your close friends and your husband call you?

A. Ardis.

Q. If you could live anywhere, where would it be?

A. In sunny Californi-ay, thank you.

Q. Are you fussy?

A. Am I! I'm extremely orderly, and a perfect nut on things being neat and tidy in their place. I'm forever straightening drawers and I'm a fanatic on the way the hangers hang in my closet. Believe it or not, the hooks all have to be even and hang the same way.

Brenda looks sophisticated, but really isn't

Are Brenda's legs her worst feature?

Her favorite feature: eyes and eyebrows

Bill Holden gives in to Brenda

Q. Who gives in on the little things, you or your husband Bill Holden?

A. Bill. We're both stubborn but I hang on for dear life while he'll give in to preserve the peace.

Q. If you had a choice of looking like anyone, whom would you most rather resemble?

A. Katharine Hepburn. I'd love to look tall, gaunt and interesting.

Q. Do you do any domestic chores?

A. Yes. On maid's day out I cook.

Q. What advantage do you believe you have lacked?

A. A mother's upbringing. My mother died when I was five years old.

Q. Who is your closest friend?

A. Mona Carlson — Richard Carlson's wife.

Q. What type of role do you like most to play?

A. A woman who is a no-good.

Q. How are you and Bill most alike?

A. We like the same people; the same sports—horseback riding and skeet shooting; and we both loathe night clubbing.

Q. What was your biggest thrill?

A. Being invited to the President's birthday luncheon. I happened to be seated at the President's immediate left, the place of honor. When I learned that I was to sit right next to the President, I was so tongue-tied and flabbergasted I wanted to sink through the floor. But the President has so much charm and tact that after awhile I lost my nervous feeling completely.

Q. What is your favorite color?

A. A deep red.

Q. What food idiosyncrasy do you have?

A. I love mustard on almost everything.

Q. What feature about yourself do you like best?

A. My eyes and my eyebrows. I like my eyebrows particularly because they're thick.

Q. And what do you like least about yourself?

A. My hips and legs. My self-confidence is shaken when I wear a very short skirt.

Q. What do you think is your husband's best picture?

A. *Texas.*

Q. What is your next picture?

A. *The Constant Nymph.*

Guess What?

Unh-Unh . . . guess again.

Something worse. . . . Give up?

All right, here's what's wrong . . .

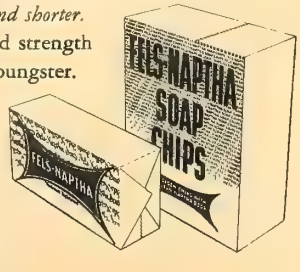
This young man is lonesome. He wants company. He wants that wonderful woman who always understands him. Even if he can't talk. So he's sending a hurry call for Mother.

And Mother? Well, today was washday. Her poor back aches. Her arms are like lead. And she just *has* to rest another minute before flying up those stairs again. If only she had some help . . .

And so she should. *Especially* on washday. She should have the help that only Fels-Naptha Soap can give . . . *two* wonderful cleaners—gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap—combining to banish dirt, without the rubbing that wears a woman out.

Making washdays easier *and shorter.*
Giving her more time and strength
to lavish on this lusty youngster.

[*MORAL: On washday, a boy's 'best friends' are his Mother—and Fels-Naptha Soap.*]



Golden bar or Golden chips_ **FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Look who's talking now!

NO—DON'T LOOK OUR WAY! This time it isn't us that's telling you news about Modess. This time it's 12,000 women who're talking and telling what *they* discovered. So . . .

TURN YOUR HEAD and listen! Recently, 12,000 women compared their regular napkin with Modess in a nationwide test.* "Modess is softer!" voted 3 out of every 4. Now it's *your* turn to wonder. Have you been missing out on extra comfort? Well, find out! Go on . . .

AND SCURRY OFF to get Modess. Try it! See if you don't join the millions who say Modess is the softest, most comfortable napkin they've ever tried. If you don't agree, mail the package insert slip with a note stating your objections —to The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J. We'll refund your purchase price.

*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer

The "56-pack" costs you less— The thrifty way to buy Modess!

Here's a scoop for HOLLYWOOD readers—the private diary of Ann Ayars, the Cinderella girl who became a star in three days! Below, a scene with Lionel Barrymore from *Dr. Kildare's Victory*, which marked her screen debut. Ann will next be seen in *Nazi Agent*

72 Exciting Hours

As given to MARION COOPER

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1941.

I've just signed my first contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! I can hardly believe it. Tomorrow I start work in *Dr. Kildare's Victory*.

At last I'm going to work in a picture, instead of a test. It's been wonderful training, but I'm tired of assisting some other actor or actress who is up for a role.

I shouldn't be complaining, though, for this wonderful break is due to a test. It was the one I made with Lew Ayres, last week, which George Cukor directed himself. Lucky for me, Mr. Cukor has a way of dragging things out of you that you didn't know you had.

Bill Grady came on the set this afternoon. I wonder if Mr. Grady remembers what he said at our first meeting, last June. "Anyone who looks that badly, yet can make me forget I'm looking at a test, must have something." I know I'll never forget it. I was sitting in his office, simply dying, because I knew he had just finished looking at the awful reel I made for Warners.

Well, the experimenting I've done since! A new hair-do. Make-up and lighting has helped too. In fact, whatever you can do to make the most of black hair and blue eyes, I now know how to do. I thought that solved everything, until this morning up popped the problem of the blond wig.

I was testing (but naturally!) for one of the angels in *I Married an Angel*, when they told me I must prepare to be a towhead. All movie angels, it seems, have golden hair. The make-up woman put a blond wig on my head—and I looked fierce. It's no go with my brunette coloring. The poor woman struggled valiantly with the problem, but finally she gave up.

It doesn't matter now. I can be as brunette as I like, as *Nurse Kirk* in the *Kildare* picture.

The scene we'll start with tomorrow has me at the reception desk of the hospital, and there'll be a close-up of my hands. Wish I knew more about the habits of nurses. Do they use any nail polish? They don't wear long nails, so I'm going to file mine down to a more practical length. And after that—to bed—so I'll be fresh for tomorrow.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1941.

What a wonderful, exciting day. I love my role as the nurse. It's a small but meaty role, and it will be my own fault if I don't manage to make it stand out.

I was right about shortening my nails. Director Van Dyke was pleased when he noticed I had also left off my nail polish. He is patient and helpful, and takes great pains with me. I am very grateful. So

very much depends on this first picture.

We haven't a leading lady yet. They've been testing a lot of actresses, but so far Mr. Van Dyke hasn't found the one he wants. The character is a very glamorous debutante named *Cookie*. Hope they find someone good, as I'm anxious to have everything about my first picture perfect. *My* first picture, indeed! You'd think that the entire script was built about the minor character of *Nurse Kirk*.

Lew Ayres was so sweet when I came on the set this morning. I'm glad I had a chance to become acquainted with him before we started the picture. I'm not nearly so nervous now.

He congratulated me on my contract, and then he teased me with, "I thought you had your heart set on Grand Opera."

Of course, with Father a vocal coach and Mother a piano teacher, how could I help being interested in music? And I'll admit that when Dad told me my lyric soprano is a good one, right away my thoughts turned to Opera. But all that's come of that ambition so far, were those concerts in Okland and Los Angeles. Anyway, as I told Mr. Ayres, I've always wanted to act, too.

The first time I met Lew Ayres, he commented on our names being the same, but I explained that I spell mine differently. I told him about Ayars being Grandmother's maiden name. After all, there isn't much you can do with my real name, Pellicciotti, on a marquee.

I've just put in several hours, detailing everything that happened on the set today, for Mother's and Father's benefit. That's what comes of being an only child, everything you do seems doubly important to your parents. Or maybe it would anyway. I've no way of knowing.

I can hardly wait for tomorrow, so I can get back to the set.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1941.

They've given me the lead! I'm *Cookie*!

I arrived on the set this morning to find that Jean Rogers was to do *Nurse Kirk* and that Mr. Van Dyke decided he wanted me to do *Cookie*. Now that I'm over my panic, I'm deliriously happy.

Mr. Van Dyke says I needn't play *Cookie* as the accepted version of the glamour girl. "Do what you want with the script," he said. So I shall play her as an outwardly hard debutante with a heart of gold. But my poor long nails, which I could use so well now! Why did I have to be so conscientious?

Good news certainly travels fast. My friends have been telephoning all evening. Looks like all Beverly Hills is rooting for me. I only hope I can live up to their expectations.

Things are happening so fast, it's just a little bit frightening. Here I am, the leading lady in a motion picture! But it's a lot more exciting than frightening. I can't help wondering, though, what will happen next? And whether I'll make good. Well, Ann, old girl, I promise you this much. If hard work will do the trick—you're on your way up! ■

HOLLYWOOD goes on sale the 10th of each month.

High-speed camera catches the motion and grace of Arthur Murray dancers in a Conga turn—all on one film.

In Action

Jean Kern *of Arthur Murray's Rochester Studio staff—is band-box fresh after her busiest day!*

use Odorono Cream . . .
Arthur Murray Dancers Do!

• Glamourous Arthur Murray dancer Bunny Duncan rushes through her day like a whirling dervish. Yet you'd find her still enchantingly fresh and sure of her charm at the end of her last lesson! For Arthur Murray girls trust Odorono Cream to guard them against underarm odor and dampness.

Gentle, delightful to use—non-greasy, non-gritty Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance *safely* 1 to 3 days! Get a jar! Dance and still be sweet and appealing when the orchestra plays "The Star-Spangled Banner"! Generous 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes at your favorite cosmetic counter.

THE ODORONO CO., INC., NEW YORK

ENDS PERSPIRATION ANNOYANCE 1 TO 3 DAYS

1 FULL OZ. JAR—ONLY 39¢ (Plus Tax)

•

ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—REGULAR AND INSTANT

Young Hollywood's Bond Brigade

By SONIA LEE

Ivan Stauffer of the U. S. Treasury Department congratulates Freddie Bartholomew and his co-workers for their part in the defense program. The other super salesmen are June Lockhart, Gloria de Haven, Bonita Granville, Jackie Cooper and Jane Withers. Right, their first outdoor rally. Jackie and Bonita are in *Syncopation*

■ "My name," said the voice on the phone, "is Bartholomew. Freddie Bartholomew. I am in the lobby. May I see you for a few moments?"

The accent was British-American. The tone was urgent.

Ivan Stauffer, the Treasury Department's liaison man to Hollywood, shook hands with the tall, grave-eyed boy as he entered his hotel-suite office.

Freddie came directly to the point. "I have a list of names here. We are willing to do anything you want us to do. We are completely at your disposal."

It was a list of famous youths. The kids of the screen. Kids whose names have flashed over a thousand theater marquees. There was Jane Withers and Jackie Cooper and June Lockhart and Edith Fellows and Bonita Granville and a dozen more. Ann Gillis, fourteen, was the youngest. Rand Brooks, at twenty, was the patriarch of them all.

"We thought," Freddie hesitantly explained, "we could do things other boys and girls our age couldn't because a lot of people have seen us on the screen and know us."

Mr. Stauffer's specific job is to mobilize and utilize the assets and the star personalities of the screen in the promotion of Defense Bond and Stamp sales throughout the country. Yes—definitely—these youngsters would be of inestimable service to their country.

Rightly, this story begins on that Sunday a whole nation listened to its radios in shocked disbelief, and felt itself grow in stature and in unity.

There were half a dozen youngsters in the Withers play-room, listening to the endless stream of news dispatches. Jackie Cooper and Freddie and Joe Brown, Jr., and Bonita Granville and Robert Jordan, and Jane, of course.

A half-phrase from one; a phrase from another during that long and momentous afternoon, revealed a collective desire. This was their country; this was their democracy. This earth they would some day inherit. And if their years barred them from a certain type of service, there were *some* things they *could* do. The gist of their fumbling, half-expressed thoughts was that individually they would not be as effective as they would be organized into a unit for service.

That was an idea. The screen's 'teenager's could get together. "I'll line them up," Freddie volunteered.

And during that week he telephoned and discussed the idea with all of Hollywood's conspicuous young talent.

When the group seemed large enough, Freddie took that trip to see Mr. Stauffer.

A few days later, a meeting of all the young volunteers was called at a Hollywood Hotel. Treasury officials were present to observe the proceedings and to sit in on the plan-making. They saw enough that night to give them new faith and new hope in the future of a country which produced youngsters like these.

It really wasn't a meeting—it was a rally. Jackie Cooper was blunt and to the point when he said, "Now, look, all of you—there aren't going to be any hitch-hikers in this outfit. We're going to work. If any of you don't want to buckle down, get out now. You don't belong here."

The kids cheered, applauded and buzzed like bees with excitement. Officially, they were now a part of the Junior Division of the Defense Service!

Freddie was elected chairman; Jackie Cooper, vice-chairman, and June Lockhart was chosen secretary.

Into the capable hands of Sidney Miller, who appears in the Mickey Rooney pictures, the job of production was placed. It was up to him to whip the varied and individual talents available into one coordinated whole.

With the directness of the very young, they have discarded all the artificial measurements. Neither name nor box-office standing is in itself a reason for an assigned spot. They have only one yardstick—"What can you do? Are you really good at it?"

The unit was first booked for a Saturday afternoon appearance at Pershing Square in downtown Los Angeles, where a Defense Hut for the sale of Bonds and Stamps is maintained. Fifteen thousand people jammed the block-square area. On the band-stand were twenty-seven boys and girls whose faces are familiar to millions.

"All right, gang. Let's go! Let's give the crowd something to remember and make 'em buy Bonds!" Jackie Cooper pep-talked.

He was there with his band and his famous drums. Freddie was Master of Ceremonies. Jane Withers sang, and had the crowd shouting for more. For an hour the show went on. It was a variety show platinum-lined and diamond-studded! How those kids gave!

The roster of acts wasn't half done when it came time to start selling Bonds and Stamps.

"We'll be back next week," Freddie promised the crowd. "Now it's your turn! Buy Bonds!"

The kids were loaded on a huge ferris wheel, and four at a time they autographed Stamp albums and Bonds. They were relieved by another shift of four when their fingers could no longer hold a pencil.

In an hour and a half a record had been set. The kids had sold a hundred thousand dollars worth of securities!

Again and again [*Continued on page* 66]

Help your BEAUTY *bloom this Spring!*

Give your skin Ivory "baby-care," doctors recommend

Help yourself to a fresh complexion . . . to go with your new spring clothes. Use as your model of skin perfection the Loveliest Complexion in all the world . . . baby's own!

Do as you do for baby . . . take doctors' beauty advice! Give *your* skin, too, the gentle daily care of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory Soap . . . now *milder* and faster-lathering than ever!

What finer beauty-care could *your* complexion have than that advised by doctors for baby's lovely skin?

Make your skin **SPRING FRESH**

Avoid WINTER-DRIED "flakiness"

Help bring spring's bloom to your skin by "babying" it this way *every night:* With New Ivory's creamy, quick lather (lukewarm, never hot!) gently massage your skin upward, following facial contours. Warm rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin is "winter-dried" apply lightly a little cold cream.

Avoid OILY-SKIN drabness

Since oily skins tend to *hold* dirt, give yours this *thorough* spring-cleansing each night and morning: Work up a cleansing-mask of quick, thick Ivory lather on your face. Then *scrub* with a washcloth. Rinse. Repeat Ivory-mask cleansing. Warm rinse, then cold. Let New Ivory be spring to your beauty!

I'M MOSTLY COMPLEXION—

To help keep *my* sensitive skin perfect, Doctor recommends New Ivory Soap. It's an improved Ivory — milder than ever, and contains no dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.

ENJOY "BABY-CARE" ALL OVER!

Sink back into a caressing sea of "velvet suds" that quickly creams off your big white floating Ivory cake. Every pore responds to gentle Ivory! Then you step out to untroubled sleep . . . and waken with "Spring-Fresh" beauty!

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1941 Academy Award Winners

Top, left: Gary Cooper smilingly displays his *Oscar*; center, left, Cooper, Joan Fontaine, Wendell Willkie, principal speaker of the evening, Mary Astor and Donald Crisp, winners for supporting roles; bottom, left: Burgess Meredith, Olivia de Havilland and Joan. Both sisters were contenders for *Oscars*. Top, right: Joan Fontaine receives her statuette from Ginger Rogers, last year's winner. Bottom photo, Mary Astor happily accepts her statuette for her work in *The Great Lie*

■ No pomp and ceremony accompanied this year's Academy Award Dinner. It was a night of patriotism, with the stars wearing dinner gowns and business suits as ordered by the Academy executives. But it was, nevertheless, an evening of excitement, drama, tears and smiles. Lieutenant James Stewart, in the uniform of the United States Army Air Corps, grinned happily—and nervously—as he presented Gary Cooper with the statuette as the year's best actor for his work in *Sergeant York*. Jimmy was last year's winner. Gary f u m b l e d and shuffled, thanked everyone, and finally left the platform *without* his Oscar! Ginger Rogers, 1940's winner for the best performance by an actress, beamed with happiness and excitement as she gave 1941's award to Joan Fontaine for her work in *Suspicion*. Joan was so overcome with emotion that she could scarcely speak. Neatest introduction of the evening was Rosalind Russell's presentation of Jimmy Stewart: "Last year he was of the stars; this year he's of the Stars and Stripes!"

Here's a list of the other Oscar winners: best supporting actor, Donald Crisp, for his role in *How Green Was My Valley;* best supporting actress, Mary Astor, for her role in *The Great Lie;* best picture of the year, *How Green Was My Valley;* best director of the year, John Ford; best written screenplay, writers Sidney Buchman and Seton I. Miller for *Here Comes Mr. Jordan;* best original story, *Here Comes Mr. Jordan.* ■

Gorgeous Rita Hayworth will next be seen in Twentieth Century-Fox' musical production, *My Gal Sal*, with Victor Mature

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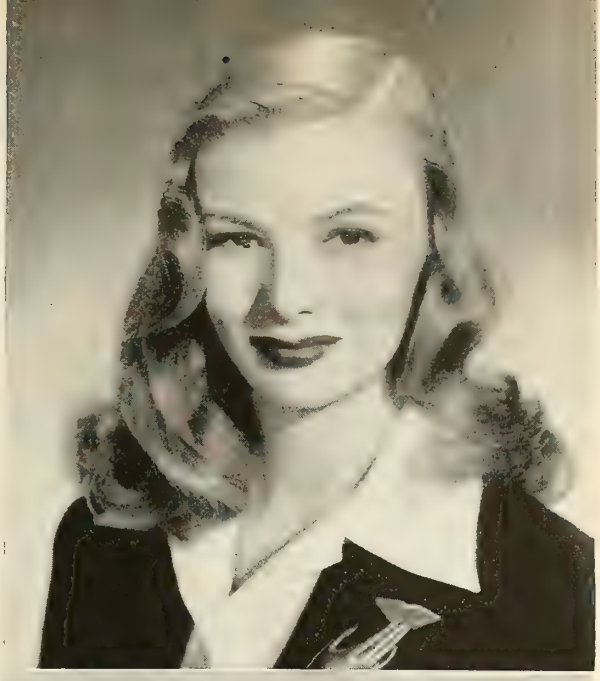

Luckily for her, Veronica Lake doesn't mind getting herself messed up. In each of her three pictures, she's been knocked around plenty. See pictures below

In *I Wanted Wings*, Veronica had her famous hair drenched, in *Sullivan's Travels* she wore boys' clothes and a dirty face, and now Paramount's exciting new film, *This Gun for Hire*, smears up her countenance some more

Little Miss Dirty Face

By JACK DALLAS

■ It's a good thing that Mistress Elaine Keane Detlie, going on eight months and a doting daughter, hasn't the slightest inkling of what happens to her momma, an exciting little mirage known as Veronica Lake, after she kisses her little snookums good-bye mornings and takes off for the studio.

In the name of Art, Elaine's marvelous momma endures indignities of the spirit, tortures of the flesh, and sabotage of glamour and beauty. For which, on the one hand, she is known by the undignified titles of "Knockabout Girl" and, on the other, as "Miss Dirty Face."

Mistress Elaine, who loves her mommie dearly, would probably weep bucketsful of crystalline little tears if she were hep to things. Her mommie doesn't let out a whimper. She just loves it.

"I guess I'm a natural-born tomboy," she leads off, before reciting the acts of mayhem committed against her person by three demanding scripts. "I don't mind being knocked around at all. In *I Wanted Wings* they tossed me out of the tail of an airplane so that I fell ten feet on ground which had been softened, theoretically, for my fall. I say 'theoretically' because the fall jarred every tooth in my head. Then, before I could get my breath back, they turned on the wind machines and covered me with dust. I came out of that with a sprained ankle. I walked with a cane for weeks.

"That was mere openers, as the poker-players say. In *Sullivan's Travels* I was slammed around no end. Joel McCrea pulled me into a swimming pool and ducked me so realistically that I inhaled a quart or two of water and began coughing like a flivver in twenty degrees below zero. After I recovered (in part) I was put into boys' clothes, and made to run, jump, and even leap from a moving train. But once more no complaints. I actually adored it.

"*This Gun for Hire* goes whole hog. I am tied up with rope, gagged, lugged around as if I were a sack of potatoes, and tossed into closets by villains who don't like me very much, it seems. I am even rolled down stairs. Alan Ladd tops off all the fun—it really is hilarious—by throwing me through a door and shoving me down alleys, over fences, through a storm sewer, and across railroad tracks—as the spirit moves him."

Does Miss Lake hold a grudge against the script writers? Isn't she getting a little bored?

No!—on both counts.

Taking a beating is one thing but having one of Hollywood's most photogenic faces and Hollywood's most celebrated coiffure besmirched, begrimed, and bedraggled is something else again. "Miss Dirty Face," miraculously enough, has no complaints on this score, either, although it is 100 to 1 that not even Louis B. Mayer could get Hedy Lamarr to follow suit, Mr. Mayer being, it should be noted, one of the ablest persuaders alive.

For three straight pictures Miss L. has had to shut her eyes while different geniuses attached to make-up have dirtied up her face, sprayed sticky stuff into her famous, long, blond hair, ripped shoulders off her frocks, and finished up the job by rubbing dust and grime into the garments.

"I don't wonder that no one kissed me in my first two pictures," Veronica quips. "I certainly was no bargain. In *This Gun for Hire* I wind up getting kissed by Robert Preston. It is the you-deserve-this-you-cute-thing-you type of kiss, pure and simple, rather than the smouldering Charles Boyer variety. But isn't there a proverb about great oaks growing from little acorns?"

While it is true that Paramount's marvelous momma speeds cheerfully along darkened streets to the studio these mornings of Pacific Coast Wartime, it is equally true that she sprints merrily home of an evening. She may be a tomboy, but she is also a fond parent, as a certain cooing party can vouch for.

Mistress Elaine is blond, blue-eyed, fond of smiling, and given to making curious gurgling sounds which her mother interprets as a recitation of Longfellow's poem, "Hiawatha."

She arrived on August 21st, last, precisely six weeks after her mother had finished making *Sullivan's Travels*. Everything was all ready. The nursery walls were lined with a quadruple panel of animal pictures—four pictures to the panel—executed by Elaine's papa, John Detlie, who is an art director over at Metro. The bassinet, a scrumptious affair lined with blue satin, was the handiwork of Elaine's marvelous momma who had contrived the whole business from two ingredients: a clothes basket and a vivid imagination.

The medicine man, seconded by the man of the house, recommended a three-month lay-off. They didn't know their Veronica. Five weeks and she was reporting to work. Nights she was coming home to her moppet, crooning melodies out of Gershwin, reading poems by [*Continued on page* 54]

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Magnificent Menace

By CONNIE CURTIS

■ When Conrad Veidt takes a movie heroine in his arms, every woman in the audience knows that he is just as likely to choke her as kiss her. Yet there's probably not a woman in the audience who wouldn't gladly change places with the imperiled heroine.

The reason for that is a mystery that has bothered many a Hollywood male. According to all the glamour boy standards, there's no reason why Veidt should have such a tremendous appeal for women. By those standards, he's neither young nor very handsome. Still, the fact remains that he's a "menace" in more ways than one.

I thought it might be this very "dangerous" quality, this power he has to cause shivers to run up and down the feminine spine, that is the secret of his fascination. But I changed my mind after I interviewed him in his Beverly Hills home, where he lives with his wife and fourteen-year-old English refugee boy.

Conrad Veidt in person is a courteous, gallant gentleman, and the secret of his charm for women is that they can't be with him for more than ten minutes without feeling cherished and important. He loves women, and they sense that in him, no matter how mean he is being on the screen. They know that if he does choke the heroine, it will be done so tenderly and with such infinite regret, that they forgive him everything.

He is a romantic about women; he is sympathetic and understanding. According to him, no woman has a fault. Anything they do is all right with him. A male skeptic once asked him, "Don't you even mind waiting for women when they're late, and the reason is nothing more important than, say, a date with the hairdresser?"

And Veidt answered, "I don't mind waiting at all. Because I know that if women spend two hours in a beauty parlor, they aren't keeping their men waiting because they're having fun. I know they're prettying up for the *men's* sake. So I'm flattered, not angry."

No wonder women find him irresistible.

There's none of this "you insist on being man's equal, so now you can light your own cigarette" attitude about him, either. The fact that the modern woman is capable of being independent if she has to, of helping her husband or supporting her parents, makes her even more important in Veidt's eyes. So he likes to do little things for her, to be chivalrous and thus prove his esteem and respect. No wonder women adore him!

What a bedside manner he would have had, if he'd gone through with his early ambition. When he was sixteen, he wanted to be a doctor. But that resolve faded the day he was selected to read the prologue to a school Christmas play. "Applause is dope for an actor," he confessed, "and I became an addict that day. I decided then

and there that I would become an actor."

He's been acting since he was nineteen. First for Max Reinhardt on the Continent; then he came to Hollywood, and after that continued his picture career in England. It was because an English film company sent him over in June of 1940 to exploit his picture, *Blackout*, that he is in Hollywood a second time.

He happened to arrive just when a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive was looking for the ideal actor to cast as the villainous "General" in *Escape*. As soon as he heard Conrad Veidt was in town, he knew his problem was solved if he could persuade him to stay. He finally did, by convincing him that he could serve England better by remaining. Even before signing a contract, Veidt arranged that the major portion of his salary should go to the British War Relief fund.

He's been sneering his way through Hollywood pictures ever since, but being a "meanie" on the screen doesn't bother him in the least. "A very kind man in a picture," he told me, his eyes twinkling, "can become a bore. An actor has a much better opportunity when he's being 'bad.'"

Veidt came to Hollywood the first time in 1926, at John Barrymore's invitation. John was about to do *The Beloved Rogue* and needed a super-meanie to portray King Louis XI of France. He happened to catch a showing of *Three Wax Works*, a European picture in which Veidt was at his menacing best in the role of Ivan the Terrible, and Barrymore lost no time in cabling him to come to Hollywood.

The Great Profile met the European star in person, when he stepped from the train in Pasadena. By this time "shooting" had started, but that didn't stop Barrymore. He left three hundred extras on the set with the comment, "I must meet that guy," and went just as he was, in make-up and period costume. He bundled the startled Veidt into a car, and with two motorcycle cops in front and two behind, they made a triumphal entry into Hollywood.

Veidt loves to tell that story when anyone asks him if he liked Hollywood when he first came here. "How could I help it?" he asks. "In Hollywood, people either open their arms to you or you have to fight your way in, and Barrymore saw to it that they opened their arms to me."

The two were great friends from that very first meeting, and it was John who introduced him to the intriguing native custom of the Hollywood premiere.

"It was the first evening I was here," Veidt told me, "and the fact that my tuxedo hadn't arrived yet didn't dissuade him. 'That doesn't mean a thing,' he said. 'We have plenty of them in Hollywood, even for a man with your long legs.'

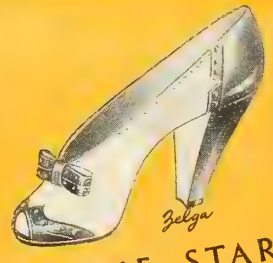
"He was wrong about that, as I found when he sent up four tuxedos to my hotel. The trousers were too short on all of them. But that didn't worry him. He finally persuaded me to wear one—much against my better judgment."

What had been merely misgivings at the hotel, turned to panic when they arrived at the Carthay Circle theater. Veidt had had no idea the place would be as brightly lighted as daylight, nor that thousands of people would be watching from grandstands. The prospect of walking past them in his abbreviated trousers filled him with horror, but Barrymore gave him no chance to back out. He led him firmly to the microphone, where the announcer introduced "John Barrymore, and the great European star, Conrad Veidt."

But by this time, the great European star was so embarrassed at the thought of his too-short pants, that he was literally running past the crowd to the entrance. The fans screamed with delighted laughter and whistled good-naturedly after him. Veidt, however, jumped to the conclusion they didn't like him, because whistling is "booing" in Europe. So when Barrymore reached him he found his new friend anything but happy, and had to explain.

Now he and his wife are in Hollywood for good, comfortably ensconced in Beverly Hills. A refugee guest, Clive Wigram, lives with them. Fourteen-year-old Clive is the son of an English friend of Veidt's, and at first he didn't get along very well. Our customs seemed strange, and as is only natural to a boy his age, difficult to become accustomed to. Veidt gave him a "pep" talk which changed his ideas for him, and as one result, Clive now "out-footballs" the most rabid of his classmates.

That problem having recently been satisfactorily settled, his protector is free once again to devote his acting time to putting the glamour boys in the shade. And making the women, at least, like it! ■



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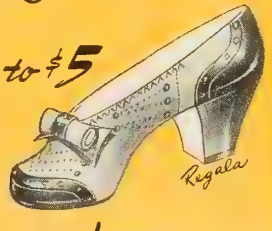

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"No, No, Jeanette!"

By MARION COOPER

Contrary to popular belief, a singer's life is not an easy one. Jeanette MacDonald almost always has to forego the things she likes, to keep her voice in top form. Jeanette is co-starred again with Nelson Eddy in *I Married an Angel*

■ Florence was very nervous. It was bad enough to be young and shy, but to be young and shy and about to meet your new boss for the first time was the very worst that could happen to a wardrobe girl. Especially when your new boss was not only a famous movie star but a famous singer as well. Weren't famous singers supposed to be terribly temperamental and accustomed to getting their own way about everything? They didn't know what "no" meant—and they didn't have to learn. Florence was so nervous that she doused herself generously with perfume, subscribing to the general feminine belief that nothing very terrible can happen to you if you smell nice.

Fortified, Florence went in to meet Jeanette MacDonald on the first day's shooting of *I Married an Angel*. Miss MacDonald sniffed the air and immediately asked: "What is that perfume you're using?" Florence beamed, thinking how kind it was of her to notice. "Sandalwood," she told her. Jeanette surprised her by saying. "Well, if you'll promise not to use any during this production, I promise to buy you a big bottle of it as soon as the picture is over."

Florence looked baffled, until Miss MacDonald explained further: "You see, I'm allergic to perfume. It makes me sneeze."

Florence was more surprised than ever. She thought: "Well, here's one singer at least who doesn't get everything her own way. She can't even use perfume!"

"Florence didn't know the half of it," Jeanette said, laughing as she told me about that meeting. "The fact is that any singer who wants to retain a top position, has to forego nearly everything she likes. Take me, for instance," she said, sighing. "Practically every time I want to do something, a little warning sign flashes on and off in my mind, like a neon. 'No, no, Jeanette' it says, 'not good for the stomach or voice.'

"I mustn't eat ice cream or drink milk, they form a coating on the throat. I mustn't eat beans, they give me indigestion. I mustn't eat anything heavy or rich. No, not if I want to go on singing," she said. Suddenly she laughed. "And oh my, the remedies I've tried, the punishment I've taken for Art's sake! Like that time in Springfield, Massachusetts."

That was during a recent concert tour. The nervous strain of traveling, combined with a busy schedule, had conspired to upset her stomach. She was due to sing that evening, and she was desperate. She couldn't sing when indigestion was making her miserable. Suddenly she recalled a conversation she had in Hollywood with Miliza Korjus, a singer too, had the same problems to cope with as Jeanette.

"I used to suffer too." Miliza had said. "it was agony. But no longer," she smiled mysteriously.

"Why no longer?" Jeanette had asked eagerly. "Did you find a cure?"

Miliza had smiled happily. "I have found something that can't miss. Just before a concert I mix raw ground steak with a raw egg, sprinkle it with salt and pepper—and there I am. No discomfort, no indigestion, it's wonderful!"

So in her hotel in Springfield with her stomach doing nip-ups and the time for her concert drawing near, Jeanette remembered Miliza's advice. She lost no time in phoning for the necessary ingredients.

A very puzzled waiter brought them up. He also brought a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, believing apparently that it would make the concoction more palatable.

Jeanette believed so too, after one look at the raw meat and eggs, and added a generous portion of the sauce. Then she forced herself to eat the mixture. It nearly gagged her, but she went through with it, and waited hopefully for results.

They came almost immediately, in the form of the worst attack of indigestion she had ever suffered. What had been Korjus' meat was definitely MacDonald's poison!

"But with a singer," Jeanette continued, "it isn't only what she must and must not eat, but when she must eat it. It's definitely 'no' to the conventional dinner hour, for instance. A singer must eat several hours before she is to sing, in order to give the food time to digest. For that reason, I can't even accept dinner invitations when I'm on a concert tour. Anyway," she smiled, "think how embarrassing it would be to have to refuse practically every dish that was set before me, because it might affect my work!"

It's "no, no" to dancing too, because too much of it dries the throat.

Night clubs are also out, because of the smoky atmosphere.

Drinking is another taboo. "Even if I wanted to, I couldn't," Jeanette confessed. "Every time someone offers me a cocktail, that little 'no, no,' sign pops up."

Only once that she can remember, did this taboo prove embarrassing.

It was after she and Gene Raymond returned from their honeymoon. A friend gave a big party for them. As a crowning touch, two loving cups were passed around, while the guests sang: "Drink it up, drink it down." One cup contained champagne for the ladies, the other vodka for the men. Everyone drank to the happiness of the bride and groom, and then came Jeanette's and Gene's turn.

Jeanette hesitated, that little warning sign flashing on and off in her mind. She hated to spoil the fun by being a poor sport, especially since the drinking was meant as a tribute.

No one noticed her discomfort except Gene, who realized what was bothering her. He whispered in her ear: "Join the singing." She did, and immediately every eye was on her face. Gene drank her portion, the cup was passed on, and everyone was too busy listening to Jeanette to notice. A bad moment was passed, but Gene paid for his gallantry the next morning. Champagne and vodka don't mix!

It's "no, no" to strenuous games like tennis, too, because excitement is bad for a singer's voice. It "roughs it up," Jeanette says. ■

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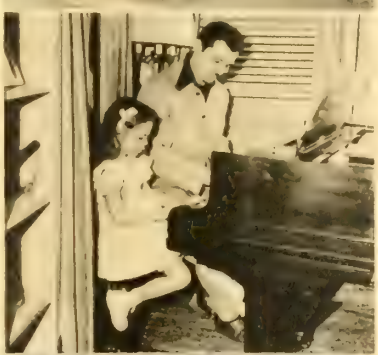

Atop a Hollywood hill, John Carroll is building the sort of castle every man dreams of. Every moment he can spare from his work at the M-G-M studios is spent there, painting, overseeing, or relaxing with his young daughter, Juliana. Bottom photo, a tense moment from *Rio Rita*, his new film, with Kathryn Grayson

By KATE HOLLIDAY

■ To get to John Carroll's "dream house," you drive almost perpendicularly up the curving steepness of Lookout Mountain. You park your car against the curb, and pray that it won't go off on a jaunt of its own. You walk past four men who are laying a brick walk, climb a breathless forty feet, and—finally—ring a bell.

John opens the door himself, his black hair tousled and his white teeth showing in a gypsy smile of welcome. His six feet two-and-a-half rather precludes a view of anything behind him, but you catch a glimpse of a blue-walled bedroom before he motions you up the stairs to your right.

They are graceful stairs, matching in mood the tall Colonial pillars which front the house. They lead to a wide living room which is irresistibly comfortable. You sink down on a long couch and try to get back your breath.

This takes time, for the climb has been a strenuous one. And, during the process, John wanders about the room, pointing out his treasures to you. You notice a deep fireplace, heavily-curtained windows with hangings of beige, and bookshelves with curios in them. You resolve to come back to these in the next half hour.

When you are breathing normally again, John shows you the house.

"I've had the place for seven years," he says, "but I've never been able to live in it before. That's why it's still in the formative stage. I was driving up here one day a long time ago and saw that old oak tree out there—they say it's fifteen hundred years old!—so I built a house around it."

He leads you out through the bar, the kitchen which sports red curtains and a pair of smiling colored servants, and the service pantry, to a patio.

"This is where I eat," he says. "I hate to eat indoors, unless I can't help it."

"This," is one of the most delightful spots you can imagine. It is a broad, wood-floored patio which juts out from the side of the hill and overlooks the canyon. Sheltering it from the wind and sun is the giant tree which caused John to create the house, a truly ancient tree, gnarled and twisted, seemingly as old as time. There is a ping pong table here, and a small stove for outdoor cooking, and—I imagine—a sense of utter peace on summer evenings.

"There are my chicken houses," John goes on, pointing up the hill toward a group of small white buildings, "and there is my workshop. Do you want to see that?"

You climb again, your heels digging into the still-unfinished pathways, until you come to the welter of machinery which is an integral part of John Carroll's idea of perfect living. There are lathes here, an electric saw, all sorts of tools and workbenches.

"You see," John explains, "I can't stand doing nothing. So, when I finish a picture, I come here. I make things. It's my hobby."

He walks around the little room, showing you how an instrument works, cutting a slab of wood for you so that you can see how vicious the electric saw is.

Back in the house again, he takes you downstairs. This time you see what you missed before. His bedroom, masculine, its wall paper striped in blue and coral, its heavy drapes of dark blue, its wide, simply-covered bed. His dressing room and bath with glass-enclosed shower.

And, next to his, you see his little daughter's room. She is five, lives with John for six months of the year, and her quarters reflect her childish daintiness. There is sprigged paper on the walls, flowered chintz at the windows, and a collection of delicate French prints above the bed. In one corner, you find a small phonograph which is covered in a gay material. (John hopes that she shall grow to love music as he does, so he's giving it to her at an early age.)

That is the house. Yes, that's all there is to it. It isn't large, yet it's spacious. It isn't by any means the ordinary "moom pitcher star" house. It's too simple a place for that.

And, when you've seen the surface, John shows you what really makes it into a home.

There is his collection of guns, for instance. He has about four hundred and fifty of them, old and new. One, he says, killed Billy the Kid. Two more are antique French duelling pistols. He pulls firearms out of filing cases, from the top of the piano, from drawers.

You hope they aren't loaded, and momentarily expect an explosion which will scare you out of your wits.

Then, too, you begin to see the part music plays in the life of John Carroll. One corner of the living room boasts a grand piano, fitted with an organ attachment. Behind this, you glimpse a 'cello. Against another wall stands a magnificent Capehart, with racks of records on it. There is also a professional recording machine, with which John can record the voice which won him a place in the roster of the Metropolitan Opera. You'll hear his voice again in M-G-M's *Rio Rita*.

In the living room and his bedroom, too, you see the clues to another object of his devotion. On the walls, on tables, and in the book cases, there are pictures of his small daughter, Julie. Some are with him, the two of them laughing together. Some alone. And one shows her running across a sweep of lawn, her arms outstretched, smiling.

You ask John what home means to him, why he built this house.

"Home—" he says, "means a place where I can sing at any time of the day or night. Where I can make all the noise I want, without disturbing anyone. Where I have no one to consider but myself. Where I can live as I want to live." He pauses for a moment.

"I saw a house once on a calendar," he continues. "That sounds like hokum, I know. It may be. But the place in the picture had a white picket fence around it and roses in the windows. It looked peaceful and warm. And this house—yes, you can call it my 'dream castle'!—looks just like it. It means what the other house meant. It means peace!" ■

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Promotion For Peggy

By
GLORIA BRENT

From bit parts to a 7-year contract at $1,000 a week is nice going, even for Hollywood. That's what happened to Peggy Drake, who walked into a leading role in *Tuttles of Tahiti*

They tested forty actresses for the role of *Tamara* in *The Tuttles of Tahiti*, before an R-K-O talent scout suggested a test for Peggy Drake. No one slapped him enthusiastically on the back. After all, forty established actresses is a lot of talent, and the Drake girl was just someone the scout had spotted in a small theater on a Hollywood side street. Her background consisted of bits in a few pictures and some dancing done in San Francisco.

The least excited of all was dark-eyed, twenty-year-old Peggy herself. She was so sure she wouldn't get the part anyway, that she wasn't the least bit nervous when she reported at the studio at six-thirty one evening. She was even less optimistic when she learned that Jon Hall, who has the romantic lead in *The Tuttles of Tahiti* and who had made the tests with all the other candidates, had left at six. Another actor was to substitute for him. That showed, she felt, that the studio had as little hope for this particular test as she had.

Her real hopes were pinned on another test she had taken for Warner Brothers. That was for a stock contract, something quite within the bounds of possibility, and not a "reaching for the moon" proposition like the fabulous lead in a Charles Laughton picture. So when Warners informed her the next day that they had no part in mind for her, but invited her to sign a commitment with them, she jumped at the chance.

Then she learned that she had been selected for the coveted role of *Tamara!* Heartbroken, she explained her predicament and R-K-O agreed to wait two days while she found out if the other studio would release her. It took six days, because now her value was considerably increased, but finally Warners decided they wouldn't stand in her way. She was free to accept one of the biggest plums of the year, and to her great relief she found that R-K-O was still waiting!

That's the story behind the discovery of the town's newest Cinderella.

From bit parts to a seven-year contract starting at $1,000 a week is nice going, even for a Hollywood Cinderella. So no one would have been very much surprised if Peggy's head had been turned just a little, and she had suddenly broken out in a rash of new clothes, cars and a swimming pool or two. But it would take more than success to turn this Cinderella's pretty head, or those of her family.

She still lives in the same modest Hollywood apartment, with her mother and seventeen-year-old adopted sister. Her father still works on a defense project in San Diego, visiting his family on weekends. Her older brother still ranches in Montana. The only change is that her twenty-four-year-old brother, Albert, has enlisted in the Coast Guard. "He had to help support the family before," Peggy explained, "but now that I have a job, it's no longer necessary." That job she was referring to is her $1,000-a-week contract!

As for moving out of the small apartment, Peggy raised her eyebrows when I suggested she might be considering any such thing. "What for?" she wanted to

know. "If it was big enough before, it's certainly big enough now that Albert's away."

She hasn't changed her way of living, even to the extent of attending parties. She has yet to go to her first big Hollywood party. "I haven't the time," she explained gravely, "not while I'm working. Besides, I'm not very fond of them. I prefer small gatherings where I know everyone, and can let myself go and really have fun."

She proved that, when she celebrated the biggest event of her life to date, the winning of the *Tamara* role. She celebrated her good fortune with a small gathering of her family and old friends around her, right in her own home.

She was born Liese Lotte in Vienna, where her father was the opera star Carl August Mayer. The family moved to America when she was three years old, and settled in Salt Lake City. Five years later they moved to San Francisco, where her father found work as a painter and interior decorator, while Peggy began the study of dramatics, dancing and singing.

It was in San Francisco that Peggy's dancing in the production of "Faust" won her a scholarship to the Max Reinhardt Work Shop in Hollywood. The scholarship was for six months, but Peggy stayed nearly two years, and was still there when R-K-O's talent scout spotted her.

She's certainly a level-headed young woman, for all she looks like a little girl as she scampers around in a pereu (a long sarong) and bare feet on the South Sea Island set. She's just five-feet-two, and weighs only 104 pounds.

She confessed she didn't like the bare feet part very much. "I'm always forgetting and stepping on the rocks they've placed around for atmosphere," she smiled, then added, "but there are plenty of thrills to make up for that discomfort.

"The biggest thrill of all was meeting Mr. Laughton," she told me. "I've always admired him so much, that I would have been excited even under ordinary circumstances. But to meet him for the first time as the leading lady of his picture, made it even more wonderful. I was nervous about the impression I'd make.

"Mr. Laughton was very helpful, after we started shooting. When I'd give my lines the wrong intonation, for instance, he'd take me aside and say, 'Why don't you try it this way, my dear?' " Peggy smiled. "He's been wonderful!"

Another thrilling experience was the most difficult of all hurdles for a new actress—her first love scene, with Jon Hall.

One of the greatest thrills connected with her "break" came when she was asked to sign her first autograph. It was right after she got her contract, when two young boys stopped her right outside the studio. "We read you had changed your name," they said, "and we want to be the first to have an autograph of your new name."

But you can bet your bottom dollar that her name's the only thing that's changed about Peggy Drake. Otherwise, she's the same girl she was when she was playing an occasional bit in motion pictures—hard-working, ambitious and intent on self-improvement. Except, of course, that now she has a much better "job"! ■

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Sneering for a living has packed the family coffers to the brim, so Humphrey Bogart hasn't any intention of reforming right now. He's in Warners' *The Big Shot*

Sneer Career

By DUGAL O'LIAM

There's more to making a career of a sneer than you might think. Especially where ninety percent of your salary paying public is female. Ask Humphrey Bogart, who has parlayed one into a yacht, money in the bank and steady work at first class rates.

Sneering, Bogart believes, is nice work if you can get it. There isn't anything he'd rather do for a living than sneer, unless it would be sailing his boat and talking to the sort of people he likes to listen to.

He doesn't mind not getting the gal. In fact, he rather likes it. He doesn't especially enjoy playing opposite women. He's happiest when he's in an all-male cast, or as near to all-male as Hollywood ever lets a cast get.

As for not getting the girl, there's a technique about that and none knows it better than the Emir of Sneer. He has to almost, but not quite, get the girl. Not getting her must be his doing, not hers, or some handsome rival's. He must have it in his power to get her, but in the end he must spurn her and remain forever untamed.

If he started losing girls by other than his own volition, his career would suffer. He's smart enough to know that. That's why he's popular with the women picture-goers. They seem to sense that any time he wants to turn on the pressure, he can set up housekeeping with the best of them. He doesn't, however, and therein lies his charm. He's hard to get and the woman hasn't yet been created who isn't intrigued by something hard to get, even if it has everything its best friends won't tell it about.

"A friend told me that if I ever got the girl, I'd be licked," he explains, "and then he told me that if I ever lost the gal, I'd be a dead pigeon, too. So I mustn't lose 'em; just walk out on 'em."

He looked a little alarmed. He didn't want the impression to get out that he believed in himself as he appears on the screen. You'd hunt around a long time before you found a friendlier, more natural citizen than "Bogey."

He and his wife, Mayo Methot (known to him as "Slug," or "Sluggy" when he's in a tender mood), are among Hollywood's most informal and popular people. Their home is a sort of clearing house for laughs. If anyone has an idea for a gag, they drop in and talk it over with Bogey and Slug. If they haven't an idea for a gag, they drop in and borrow one from the Bogart files. There are always plenty around that aren't working.

He's just had quite a problem to struggle with. His *Maltese Falcon* is a box-office riot, but there's been a serious recoil. While the women fans have flocked to see it, they've protested. They don't want him to turn straight, as he does at the end of the *Falcon*. They want him to fight it out on anti-social lines.

All this has happened at a point when the Freres Warner were figuring on carrying him over into a sort of sequel to the *Falcon*. He was to have the gal under his thumb, seem hard and unrelenting and aligned against the law, and then turn straight again. But it seems the women wouldn't stand for it; and what the women won't stand for in pictures has a peculiar way of turning out to be exactly what the studios don't stand for.

"They say I have to go on being unregenerate," he says. "That suits me. So long as I make money out of being unregenerate, unregenerate I'll be."

He has a way of talking in everyday phraseology. He likes interviews, but reserves the privilege of talking his own kind of talk. He has an abiding fear of being considered an actor on parade.

"Some actors have a way of thinking they have to be something they're not," he says. "They talk about things they know nothing about and cover their lack of information with a glib line of stereotyped conversation. If I don't know anything about a subject I'd rather listen, provided someone else will talk about it and teach me something. If they can't teach me anything, I'd rather talk myself. I like to talk."

His unabashed admission had a pleasant ring. There probably isn't anybody living who isn't fascinated with the sound of his own voice, but few of them admit it and many suppress the weakness under a gloomy, owlwise exterior. Bogey doesn't.

He was wearing a green herringbone suit. Someone arrived in the party with one almost like it. They mentioned it to Bogey. He looked down at his jacket, casually.

"Say, they are almost alike, aren't they?" he said. "Funny thing, my other suit's something like this one, too."

His other suit? A Hollywood actor who commands a salary with muscles protruding all over it and is one of the most popular, socially, in the movie colony, talking about his other suit! A by-sitter called his attention to the inconsistency.

"Yeh," Bogey said, in that slow way he has of speaking, inside his mouth, as if afraid his words might tumble out on a bit of tablewear and fracture it, "I used to have three suits, but one wore out. I never get any chance to buy clothes. Besides, not having a lot of suits saves time. There are never any minutes lost figuring out which one to wear. While one's being pressed, I wear the other."

Bogey started his stage career as a goggle-eyed juvenile. In *Saturday's Children* and *Cradle Snatchers* the down of adolescence was soft on his Thespian chin. He never liked that sort of role and was about to quit the stage, but after he had become a gangster in *Petrified Forest,* he decided he'd stay on and make a career of sneering.

Seeing Bogey in person for the first time, one gets a surprise. On the screen he looks hollow cheeked and sunken eyed, a sort of skull face type designed for the utmost in sinisteria. Actually, there's still a trace of the round-faced juvenile in his appearance. Women who yearn for the screen copy would swoon completely over the original. He has friendly and vaguely provocative eyes, a flicker of a smile that won't leave his lips, and a mysterious tilt of the brows that would promise adventure to a female bacteriologist.

Back to the subject of his career. He had something more to say about that. "To be successfully bad in pictures, you have to be good and bad. That's when the hisses become cheers and the snarls become smiles. Say, how about somebody writing a picture for me called *Hiss the Boys Good-bye?*" ■

"I've lost my heart to a little rascal in feather pants!"

Linda Darnell

LINDA DARNELL, 20th Century-Fox Star last seen in "RISE AND SHINE"

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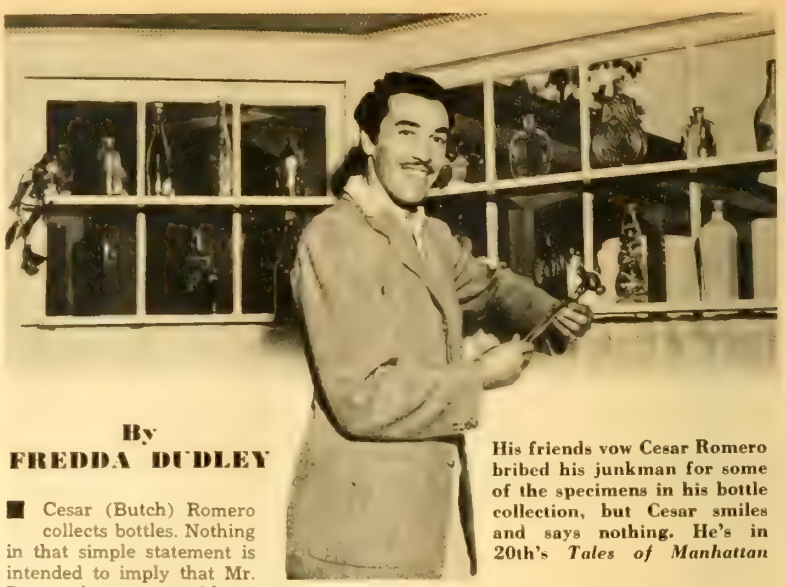

His friends vow Cesar Romero bribed his junkman for some of the specimens in his bottle collection, but Cesar smiles and says nothing. He's in 20th's *Tales of Manhattan*

By
FREDDA DUDLEY

■ Cesar (Butch) Romero collects bottles. Nothing in that simple statement is intended to imply that Mr. Romero has a personal hand in emptying said bottles. Nor is it to be inferred that Butch is the Face Leaning Over The Bar Room Door, wistfully waiting for juiceless containers. No, indeed.

Hobbies are like greatness, which—you remember—some are born to, some acquire, and some have thrust upon them. Cesar stumbled over his hobby, literally.

It happened in this way: many of the *Cisco Kid* stories are filmed in Death Valley, a basin with a history as varied and sinister as that of an apartment house sink.

One evening, after the day's shooting (both kinds) was over, Cesar took a long walk alone. He has never completely outgrown an adolescent habit of kicking at things in his path. In one direction flew a small stone, propelled by the Romero boot; in another, skipped a bit of whitened bone. The third object, glittering faintly in the sunset, refused to arise and fly.

Romero knelt down and rubbed a curious finger over the shiny surface of what appeared to be a bit of glass. When he tried to pry it out with his penknife, the object wouldn't budge. "Hmm—much larger gadget than I thought," he said.

He excavated his find and discovered that it was an odd-shaped bottle of a strange amethyst shade. As an old gazer into glassware windows, he couldn't remember ever having seen anything quite like it before, but upon thinking over the old stories about Death Valley, he had an uncomfortable conviction that some early-day pioneering party may have perished in the vicinity, and this fragile vessel might be the last trace.

As soon as he returned to Los Angeles, he took his find to an expert on glassware, and had his premonition confirmed. The bottle, said the expert, was at least fifty years old, and had been brought to its odd and lovely coloring by decades of blazing California sunlight.

For weeks Butch was the life of the party with an empty bottle. Eventually someone asked him what he intended to do with his treasure. "Well," meditated Mr. Romero, "I'm just going to keep it, that's all. Maybe, someday, I'll start a bottle collection."

This got a wonderful laugh as Romero, at that time, was about as restless as a jumping bean during an earthquake, hence not interested in possessions.

However, the next thing Hollywood knew, there was a house going up under the *Cisco Kid's* label, and interviews about domesticity were abounding. In this new house, a flock of shelves were included to sustain the beginnings of a bottle collection.

His friends took up the problem of bottle blessed events. Ann Sothern, returning from New York by way of the Carolina azalea farms, patronized a remote Southern gift shop to the extent of two bottles that had, perhaps, run the Yankee blockade with *Rhett Butler*. At any rate, they were of Civil War vintage.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland, returning from their harried trip to England just before war broke out, still remembered to

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bring Cesar an old Stout bottle, and two cobwebby husks that had held festive 1906 champagne.

Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy, who have a farm in Oregon adjoining that of Ginger Rogers, were picnicking one day when they chanced upon a minor bottle dump not far from a camp ground. It was too much for them. Carefully they selected some assorted pickle bottles, catsup containers, and other miscellaneous glassware and stowed it in the back of their car. Hiding the little beauties amid mountains of excelsior, they shipped the works to one Romero, Hollywood, California.

Suspecting a rib, Butch still took time to unravel every single bottle in the crate. The moral of this story is, people who live in Oregon shouldn't sneer at glass bottles, because among the drugstore cologne-holders and the kitchen shelf equipment, our tall, dark and handsome hobbyist discovered two Italian pottery bottles, one wearing a turquoise glaze, and the other fired a deep burgundy.

Having been thus cheered on by his friends, Mr. Romero determined to add some specimens through his own efforts. He isn't very open and above-board about how he attained some of the bottles that gradually appeared on his shelves, so a lurid rumor has grown that he bribed his junk collector—the man who shows up twice a week in a noisy truck—to keep an eye out for the quaint and unusual in discarded you-know-whats. Butch doesn't say yes, he doesn't say no, he just twirls his mustache and grins, "Ze Cisco Keed, he keep ze secret."

About this time Watson Webb, a close friend of Cesar's decided to make his home in Hollywood, whereupon his mother forwarded thirty-nine cases of priceless Americana. There were hooked rugs and fruitwood highboys; there were daguerreotype miniatures, and exquisite hobnail bottles; there were—but you could see it all at Watson Webb's. All, that is, except those hobnail bottles.

So far there has been (in spite of the destructive picture of Mr. Cesar Romero with his bottles) only one casualty. One week-end, Cesar and a friend drove up to Carmel. They discovered a candle-lit cellar cafe and ordered dinner. About that time, Butch began to take a great interest in the objects in which the candles were placed; they were covered by varicolored drippings eloquent of the burning of years of tapers. Underneath all these waxen petticoats, Romero—the glass-conscious—detected a pair of quaint, bell-bottomed bottles.

It took some bargaining, but he finally persuaded the cafe owner to part with these candleholders. The moment he got them home, he painstakingly scraped all the wax off one and viewed the denuded glass with approval. It was a honey. However, it had taken a long time to get rid of that wax, so Butch tried to shortcut on the second bottle. He decided to get smart and melt off the wax over an open flame. It worked fine until the bottle cracked in twelve places and then exploded.

When Romero explained his bandaged hand by saying a bottle hit *him*, there were those mean enough to counter, "Oh yeah. Dog bites man, huh?" ■

"I was a Part-Time Wife"

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The latest heroine of the Gene Autry thrillers is something new on the Western horizon. She sings, she dances, she acts, and she's plenty exciting. Her name is Fay McKenzie, and her current appearance is in Republic's *Heart of the Rio Grande*

Oomph On the Range

By GEORGE HOWARD

■ Up until lately, the millions of small fry who look upon Gene Autry as the White Father in a Stetson have behaved as one. Let there be flashed on the screen a scene in which their idol, looking a mite pained, begins sparking the heroine who invariably reminds them of a nice, wholesome, and rather sweet school teacher they know, and the urchins scowl, mutter "Aw, nuts!" and scamper off to buy a bag of peanuts, hoping Gene will be back in the saddle when they return.

Pop into any house showing an Autry movie today, and you wouldn't know it was the same small fry. When the heroine comes on to be romanced by the wonderful Autry, nobody scowls, nobody mutters "Aw, nuts," and nobody goes scampering off to buy peanuts. On the contrary, every little man in the audience holds on to his hat and whistles. Or nudges his neighbor, maybe.

The new heroine most emphatically does not remind them of any school teacher. She is electric. She is exciting. She is put together like a roller coaster. In the language of the small fry she is "Some babe!"

"Some babe" may or may not be the right tag, but Fay McKenzie is certainly the right girl. With a mere four Autreys to her credit, she is not only the hottest article in Westerns but the only female in Westerns whose box-office voltage would electrocute anything bigger than a cricket.

The studio gives Fay fancy billing, theater exhibitors demand all the McKenzie art available, and the small fry are sending in hundreds of letters asking Gene why he doesn't quit being a dope and, instead of leaving Fay at the end of reel eight, marry the girl. Fay, herself, is bombarded with letters asking for photographs, not just any old photograph, mind you, but "a picture of you in one of your dancing outfits," which is known in the trade as cheesecake. Also, they'd like the picture signed, "To my pal, Bill."

Republic Pictures is just as surprised about the McKenzie epidemic as is Gene Autry, who has had a dozen leading

ladies whom nobody ever heard of much, although one of them actually appeared with him not in four pictures but in eight. All they know at the studio is that when they came around to putting Gene in a South of the border extravaganza called *Down Mexico Way*, they decided, as a matter of good neighbor policy, to make the heroine a sultry senorita, well-bred but addicted to the rhumba (hot). No one on the lot seemed to fit the bill, so Republic shopped around, sent out its scouts, queried dozens of applicants, and settled on Fay who had just returned to her native Hollywood from an 18-month tour with *Meet the People* in which musical she was a dancing sensation—on Broadway especially.

Fay sang a few songs, did the hot rhumba, dismissed the whole affair, and stood by for her next assignment. In two weeks the returns began pouring in from the exhibitors. *Down Mexico Way* is a terrific picture. Ditto this McKenzie girl.

Republic officials blinked, hurried her into *Sierra Sue*, in which Fay did what she calls "a McKenzie hula." *Sierra Sue* did something that two score of Autrys haven't been able to do. It implied that at long last the crooning cowboy had become hep to the facts of life. In a scene at a shooting gallery, Fay, seductive and scenic, leans over to show Gene how to shoot a gun.

"Don't look at me like that," Gene tells her, obeying the script. "I can't take it."

Heavenly days!

Deferring to Gene's admirers who demanded to know how come at finis in *Down Mexico Way* he rode off with his fat friend, *Frog*, leaving Fay behind, studio officials instructed the scripters to see to it that Gene never behaved like that toward Fay again. In *Sierra Sue*, the two rode off together. And in *Cowboy Serenade*, he looked at her very tenderly just before they walked into the sunset. In *Heart of the Rio Grande*, they will probably hold hands. Give them a few pictures and there will probably be a clinch. And an explosion.

It is high time to clear up a point or two about Fay McKenzie. While it is true that Fay has a figure that artists like to draw but Nature hardly ever turns out, she is not a whoopsedaisy cutie who will sparkle in Westerns until the customers have had enough and then slip into permanent oblivion.

For one thing, Fay can act. Sam Wood tested her for the lead in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and was very much impressed, although he's reserving decision. Any number of studios would like to borrow Fay but can't get her unless they lay real money on the line. Republic says confidentially, they don't mean to keep her in Autrys any longer than Mr. Public demands it. Right this minute they are considering her for their huge-budget picture starring John Wayne and Ray Middleton, a sure-fire epic based on the Commandos, those devil-may-care British soldiers who raid Nazi-occupied France and Denmark by night and worry Hitler gray.

There is good reason why Fay should become the rage of Hollywood. She comes from an acting family. Her father, Bob McKenzie, directed the first "Our Gang" comedies for Hal Roach, ran tent shows for twenty years or more, and retired to the easy life of character actor which he still follows. Her mother is a veteran stage actress, with a sizable list of screen credits. And her brother-in-law is Billy Gilbert, who, by the way, is Fay's idea of a real actor as well as sneezer.

Labeled the "Girl with the Blitzkrieg Eyes" and the national "Camera Appeal Girl," she does next to no promenading off the lot in Hollywood. She's been to the hot spots once and mostly that will do her for a dozen years. Glamour boys she can do without, unless one should happen to be Glenn Ford. She likes to window shop. Her idea of a good date is a good chat over a good dinner topped off by a good movie.

A patriot, par excellence, she is constantly chasing out to some army camp to croon and wiggle for our boys. They think she's terrific. They send letters to Republic asking for more McKenzie.

Apparently our boys haven't heard about the Hays office. ■

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Plenty of Socko

By
TOM CASEY

At 21, Dona Drake can chalk up four careers under four different names — chorine, singer, band leader, and at present, actress, in Paramount's *Road to Morocco*

■ As Hollywood luminaries go, Dona Drake is in a league all by herself: she is probably the only creature in town whose opinion of herself lags miles behind her studio's opinion of her.

"Dona Drake is one of the most talented girls in pictures, and I don't see how she can miss stardom," is how her boss, Buddy De Sylva, in charge of operations over at Paramount, carries on over the lady.

"I sing a little and I wiggle a little," is how our Dona, the dynamic little package who flashed so brightly in *Louisiana Purchase*, describes her talents.

So what happens?

Merely this: while Mr. De Sylva is beating his brains out trying to find the right role in the right Paramount supercolossal for his little volcano, Dona is constantly heckling him with communications beginning, "Dear Boss," and inquiring, "how's about playing a few nurses, telephone operators, or even gangsters' molls in B-pictures—just for laughs? This hanging around doing nothing is killing me."

Mr. De Sylva always replies by inquiring via memo whether the weekly pay checks are arriving regularly, work or no work, and Dona counters by admitting that the checks arrive regularly—and so does boredom. After which Dona goes off on a movie-viewing binge, which lasts a week sometimes and comes to a halt only after Dona has seen every picture in town (at the rate of three double-feature bills a day) including the Western epics on view at the Hitching Post, a cinema palace dedicated to sagebrush movies.

Is the Drake girl out of her mind that she should resent leisure, freight prepaid by Paramount? You and I should be out of our mind like the Drake girl is out of *her* mind. She's got nothing against leisure as such. In fact, she thinks it's wonderful—for some people. But not for Dona. When she's not kicking one of the lively arts to pieces, she's unhappy. She feels she's becoming useless, passe.

Dona makes sense at one fell swoop as soon as you're hep to the fact that, barely twenty-one, she has behind her no less than four careers in as many departments of the entertainment business and under as many names.

She was thirteen and answering to the name of Rita Novella when she got bored with the Philadelphia school system, as well as the tranquil life at home, and talked herself and an older sister, Renee, into a job as chorine for N.T.G.'s very smart and sophisticated floor show over at the Paradise Restaurant in Gotham.

At fifteen she was signing her checks Una Vilon when she burst out on Broadway as a sizzling specialty singer, sizzling enough to be booked, among other places, at the same Paradise Restaurant mentioned as the highest paid act on the bill.

Broadway began to pall on her after a few months, whereupon she changed her name to Rita Rio, formed a partnership with an Iowa lady called Orrel Johnson, whipped up a girls' band that was hotter than hot, and took off on a tour of the country.

The band, with Dona—or rather Rita—up in front wielding the baton (in tight-fitting evening gowns) and doing the crooning, was an instant success. It was inevitable that when the orchestra reached Los Angeles everybody would start discovering Rita for pictures. Eddie Cantor discovered her first, and put her in *Strike Me Pink*, but not until she had changed her name to Rita Shaw. *Strike Me Pink* was pretty much of a fiasco all around, so Rita kissed Hollywood good-bye, rejoined her band, stuck it out for three more years, before she got fed up with the whole works one night in Chicago, and posted a notice telling the musical maidens

that as of now there wasn't any more band but that every one of them was getting a two weeks' bonus.

With nothing to do but mope around, she decided to pay a visit to a chum of hers by the name of Dorothy Lamour. She arrived in town, rang up her chum, Dottie, who said, "What are you doing in town and how would you like to be in a picture I'm doing?" Dona didn't protest very energetically, with the result that Miss L. put in a good word, as a result of which Dona was tested, admired, and given a fine spot in *Aloma of the South Seas*, in which festivities Miss L. figured quite prominently, you'll recall. Once the picture was previewed, Dona was in. They gave her a contract.

Dona doesn't stop with baffling her boss, but goes whole hog and baffles all Hollywood. She lives in a doll's house on top of a high hill, accessible only via a hair-pin drive, one of those hair-pin drives you see in the melodramas.

"If you turn real fast on a curve, it's the end of your pants," Dona says, a little discouragingly.

Most new arrivals in Hollywood spend anywhere from $2,500 to $25,000 getting their new house interior-decorated and furnished. Not our Dona. She spent $250 on the place and that's all she is going to spend.

"Old age is just around the corner," she says. "A smart girl puts away a few nickels."

She wouldn't trade her mountain chalet for Pickfair. It's cozy, snug, and homey. The Paramount publicity boys facetiously refer to it as a menagerie, not a menage.

"Menagerie indeed. All I have is four rabbits, two Siamese cats, a blond cocker spaniel, a crow . . ."

Never mind, Dona.

There's a colored girl who does the cooking and the worrying over Dona's ivory-tower existence. She feels Dona doesn't get about enough, that she should spend more of her time in night clubs.

"Are you kidding?" Dona invariably replies, reminding her that she's the little item who spent seven years of her life off and on working in night clubs.

Fond of music, she's no shakes as a musician. She plays a fair sax and a terrible trumpet. Tommy Dorsey gave her lessons on the trumpet but she's still terrible. When she cuts loose with a fierce blast on the bugle, her two Siamese cats jump out the window and the colored girl spends hours trying to coax them back.

Owner of a collection of heaven knows how many costly evening dresses (relics of her days as bandmistress) and owner of a classy chassis on which they cling as if glued to her, she hangs around the house in dungarees and low shoes. She used to traipse to the studio in slacks until the publicity department got after her and said that would never do. Nice little glamour girls dressed glamorously, they explained. Dona compromised by wearing plain little linen numbers to the studio. The publicity boys who love her very dearly because she is Paramount's wise-crackingest bit of chattel and consequently the delight of all interviewers, have resigned themselves to letting Dona be Dona.

Which is all for the best. ■

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Little Miss Dirty Face

[*Continued from page 37*]

William Blake, and darting into the nursery every ten minutes, after the baby had been put to bed, to see if everything was all right.

Mistress Elaine was six months old when she discovered her mother's sensational hair-do. Out of self defense, Veronica has taken to wearing snoods and nets at home. And to the studio, too. The safeguarding of the Lake hair-do operates almost by instinct. The other day, for instance, a friend of hers at the studio handed her a beautifully-crocheted, very-gossamery afghan.

"It's a present for the baby," the nice lady said.

The next day Veronica showed up at the commissary wearing the afghan as a turban. Being a blond bomber and a matron at the same time wouldn't be quite so much of a problem were it not for the fact that in real life Veronica (depending on her get-up and the glint in her eye) can look thirteen very easily and often does.

Take for example an incident that happened early in March. She was trying on hats at a flossie millinery shop, putting them on and taking them off, when the floor manager walked up to her.

"Now run along, little girl," the gentleman said, with a toothy smile. "You mustn't play with the merchandise."

The Lake item met the impasse with typical Lake whimsy.

"I didn't mean nothin', Mister. Honest!" she said. And Hollywood's marvelous momma ambled out, a pixie look in her eyes. ■

Tuneful, colorful *I Married An Angel* has a star-studded cast which includes Binnie Barnes and Nelson Eddy. All Nelson's fans will be glad to hear that there will be a swell new story on their favorite in an early issue of HOLLYWOOD

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You know that gray hair spells the end of romance . . . yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

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"Don't Elope"—Gene Tierney

[*Continued from page 21*]

wanted. I was able to compare Oleg with the other boys and I knew that the way I felt about him was something special. Then again, this girl hardly knows the boy. It's ridiculous to say that you can know someone in a few weeks. You must go through the various stages of courtship, of being companionable, of splitting up after squabbles and realizing desperately that you can't live without him. I went with my husband for seven months and we passed through all those phases. This girl ought to wait. Time and association will tell if the boy is right for her, and if he is, her family will no doubt give her their blessings and she won't have to resort to an elopement after all.

"Right now so many girls write asking if they should elope with their soldier beaux. One girl wrote me that she and her fiance had been planning to marry as soon as he got a raise. Came the draft and he was called, so they want to be married right away. But her mother wants them to wait until the war is over because of the uncertainties involved. The mother is adamant, the girl is heartbroken. What to do? I would say: try like anything to persuade the mother to agree to the marriage. If she still refuses, then elope. The girl has the right man, it's really love, they know their own hearts—so follow through.

"On the other hand, another girl wrote me that she fell in love with a handsome soldier boy when she was a volunteer hostess in a service camp near her home. Now they're talking of running off and hunting up a justice of peace. This girl hardly knows the boy, doesn't know his family or surroundings, hasn't seen him in his normal civilian background. She has fallen in love with his uniform and has no way of knowing if he is the right man. Elopement here would be only a thoughtless move, a marriage taken on the run by two people who are strangers to each other. That is elopement at its riskiest.

"In the majority of cases, I think elopements are a grave mistake. To the girl-on-the-rebound who suddenly meets another boy and wants to elope with him to show her ex-beau that she is still in demand, I'd say whoa! And to the girls who are becoming panicky about the lack of available males and who, in desperation, want to run off with the first boy who is willing, my advice is to put the brakes on the elopement urge. Also to the girl who thinks that a speedy elopement will solve some of her other problems, I'd say stop!

"In other words, an elopement must have the same thought, understanding and love that a conventional wedding would have. Marriage shouldn't be performed on the sly; a hasty hit-and-miss idea contrived on the spur of the moment. It is much too sacred to be made sneaky or fugitive. Give it the dignity of a conventional ceremony whenever you can, and resort to an elopement only when it is the last measure left open for you to marry the man you love." ■

If you suffer distress from "Periodic" Female Weakness

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At such times are you annoyed by backache, headache, cramps, distress of "irregularities," periods of the blues, perhaps weak, tired, nervous feelings—due to functional monthly disturbances? Then do this *at once!*

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Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Joan Fontaine Says:
"Be Feminine First!"

As Told to William French

One night at an informal Hollywood gathering I made a discovery concerning one of Hollywood's most beautiful and talented stars that has served as a social guide for me ever since. I won't name her, but many an eligible Hollywood male will recognize this ravishing redhead. The most noticeable thing about the lady was that she drew men like honeysuckle draws bees. Sooner or later every male in the room capable of locomotion buzzed over to her. And, like the bees, after sampling her nectar, they buzzed on.

The traffic to and from this star was so reminiscent of a line at a bank teller's window that I just had to see how she handled the men who came to pay her homage —how she kept them moving.

Having my eyes as well as my mouth open, I soon caught on. Her beauty and glamour brought them hither, and her personality sent them yon.

Being too young at the time to have formed any individual philosophy in the matter of human relationship, I accepted the natural laws of cause and effect. So it took me about two minutes to discover why only her manager, press agent and escort stayed to bask in the warmth of her beauty and brilliance.

She was so busy being a star that she had forgotten how to be a woman. She greeted the men with a verbal slap on the back and treated them like barrack room pals. She had a gag and a blunt joke for each. Nothing coy or blushing about her. Nothing shy or simpering. She was as good a man as anybody there.

So I felt sorry for her. I, a nobody, lucky to be making a "B" picture, was sorry for this world famous glamour star. But I was. Because I knew a little freckle-faced shop girl in our neighborhood who could take any red-blooded man away from her that she ever met. Because that little girl had what this great star had lost—femininity.

I wanted to tell that star what was wrong with her. But I didn't dare. And I've just now gathered courage enough to tell it to the world.

The star was successful, independent, brilliant and a jolly good fellow who could, and did, meet any man on his own ground. But the little shop girl met them on *her* ground. And her ground of femininity, sweetness, understanding, sympathy and open-eyed admiration for the big strong man is fly-paper to any buzzing male. It not only catches him, but it holds him—*and makes him like it.*

There's only one sure way to win a man and to hold him, avers Academy Award Winner Joan Fontaine. Joan will next be seen in *This Above All*

Of course, if a girl doesn't want to be annoyed with a man, the things I've learned won't interest her. But in case she would like one of those exasperating, but altogether desirable, males known as a husband, and would like to keep him—I suggest she consider the following facts.

First of all, a man wants a woman. A *woman*, not a career girl; not a "good fellow" or a pal; not an athlete; not even a ravishing beauty or a brilliant brain.

And, just to prove this isn't only a woman's viewpoint, let me quote someone whose opinion ought to carry weight with any girl. On this subject, Jean Gabin says:

"To be attractive to a man a girl must be feminine. That means she must be always conscious that she is a woman. If a woman always keeps in mind that being feminine is powerful she is usually fascinating regardless of her looks."

But now to get back to my own knitting. A man's first and basic desire is for a human of the opposite sex. His nature craves that difference. It craves it not only in the actual physical difference of sex, but in every characteristic. Especially in mannerisms and dress. We may think we get away with wearing slacks and throwing our legs over the arm of a chair—but it's all entered against us in man's little red book. Because he wants femininity, and instinctively revolts against anything masculine in this opposite being that nature urges him to seek out. Civilization, custom, social niceties and chivalry may prevent him from outwardly expressing that revulsion—but it is there. He can't help feeling it any more than we can help revolting from a feminine man. Remember that, girls.

Many of my friends in Hollywood have told me that they have introduced unattached men friends from out of town to beautiful stars with the idea of warming up a romance—only to have the men say, "Ah, she's very charming and attractive and all that, but you know there's a little too much career." Or, "she's a little bit too much of a regular fellow" or "she's a little too, ah, er—smart, for me."

Most of these unattached stars felt the urge to marry, but they never took time to think what a man wants in a woman. A girl must know that, and be prepared to give it, if she wants a happy married life.

I know clearly what kind of a wife my husband wants me to be. He wants me to be feminine first, and after that to be charming and receptive, to be a good hostess and when I speak to speak intelligently and not too often. He wants me to make him believe I know everything and can do everything—and to say nothing about my accomplishments.

Quite an order? Well, really not so great. You see, a man is eager to be sold on the idea that the woman he loves has rare qualities. That's because he likes to feel he is a good picker.

Can you imagine a man glowing through a faceful of lather and a shaving mirror? My husband, Brian Aherne, did. He was shaving when he learned that James Montgomery Flagg said he had impeccable taste in wives. He was far more thrilled about it than I was. He took it as more of a compliment to himself than to me.

When Brian comes into the house at night with a terrifically pleased expression, it is because he has heard a compliment about me. That pleases him immensely and convinces him of his ability to pick the right kind of a wife.

A woman that men swear by says that's the way it is with all men.

More women are happy and beloved because they know what not to say than because they make brilliant remarks. A man wants peace and comfort in his home, not sharp wit and keen observations. He may want to be seen in public with glamour, beauty and fame, but in private he wants femininity, sympathy, encouragement and understanding.

We might as well recognize it, a man wants to be admired and pampered and babied. Especially babied, or comforted as he calls it. He wants a shoulder—a 100% feminine shoulder—to rest his head on. If a girl hasn't enough maternal instinct, or patience, for this—by all means she should bury herself in a career.

Because she'll never hold a man if she doesn't give him the comfort he wants. If he doesn't get it from his wife, he'll get it somewhere else. And in every town in the country are smart women who make a career of comforting neglected husbands.

The most important thing in the world to a man is his wife. Around the selection of that wife more or less revolves his ego. If he has made a bad marriage bargain he loses face with himself and suffers a blighting sense of futility. The defense mechanism he sets up against that will justify him in anything.

No one can ever convince me that marriage isn't a bargain that each side must live up to. And to live up to her side a woman must be able to do the wifely things expected of her. Long red fingernails and a glamour girl reputation don't belong in a kitchen.

And a wife being a "pal" to the boys and tossing wisecracks won't bring harmony to a drawing room. And vulgarity won't ever improve the family kennels.

A man wants people to respect his wife. She is the weak spot in his armour—his Achilles heel. She should try not to become a regular heel. It is just as easy to make a man proud of you as ashamed of you. Charm and dignity, and a little consideration of his feelings will do this. Because he is usually so childishly anxious to be proud of his wife.

A woman is born with all the tools necessary to shape a man's happiness. All she has to be is natural—just a woman.

If you doubt this: watch a little girl—before she gets old enough to curb her natural instincts. See how she handles a man. It's really worth watching. ■

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When you are through reading this magazine, put it aside and save it. Do the same with any other magazines and newspapers you buy.

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Your local junk dealer will buy your accumulation of old magazines and papers at an established rate. Phone him when you have more than a hundred pounds. The American Red Cross, the Salvation Army or the Boy Scouts will take any sizeable amount of paper off your hands and see that it is put to use in defense.

Do your bit in this easy, but important, way. Save your magazines!

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INHALING MEANS YOU NEED

what PHILIP MORRIS *alone provides!*

All smokers sometimes inhale. But—*your throat* needn't know it. Here's a vital difference you may not know exists. Eminent doctors compared the leading favorite cigarettes . . . *found and reported* that:

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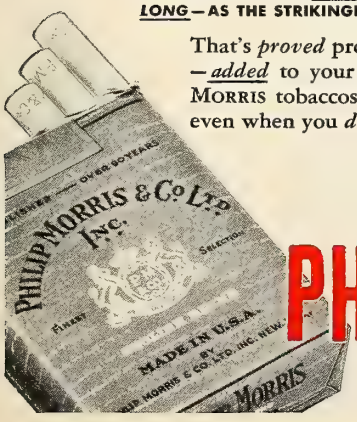

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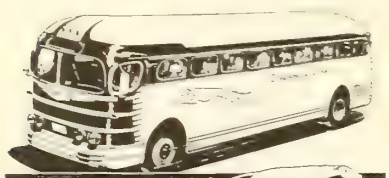

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Hale and Hearty

By DENNIS SPRAGUE

■ Thirty years ago Alan Hale quit a $12-a-week job on a Philadelphia newspaper to be an actor.

"No good will come of this," gloomily predicted his boss. "Acting makes bums of people."

A year ago Alan Hale was making a picture at Warners' which called for him to wear a down-at-the-heels ensemble reserved for movie derelicts.

He had gone to a drug store across from Warners' for a cooling drink, in costume, when he saw none other than his old boss, on a tour of the Hollywood studios.

"So?" said the O.B., eyeing Hale's disreputable attire. "But don't say I didn't warn you. Would ten help you any . . .?"

Life is that way with Alan Hale. One laugh after another. Big, bluff, salty, with terrific vitality, he was the first heavy to see the value of laughter in villainy and he still employs it successfully.

He enjoys everything. He enjoys Alan (Bud) Hale, Jr., and Alan's Stanford University co-ed sister, Karen, 18. He enjoys Jan, his adopted daughter, and he enjoys Mrs. Hale's enjoyment of the beautiful home he gave her on their thirtieth anniversary.

He enjoys talking, poker, a drink now and then, people, fishing, baseball, fights, acting, puttering in his laboratory, giving people hot feet, and hunting, but most of all he enjoys a joke, preferably on himself.

"I was named Rufus Edward MacKahan," he says, setting up the background for a laugh on himself. "I had an uncle named Snyder Bane, a crusty old West Virginian who wouldn't buy any false teeth because he claimed he could eat horse corn without them.

"I changed my name to Alan Hale when I decided to be an actor. You could get it in the biggest type because it had only eight letters. But my people always called me Bud and I had gone down to Charleston, where Uncle Snyder Bane lived, with a road show. I hadn't seen him in years and I called him up.

" 'This is Bud,' I said.

" 'This is who?' Uncle Snyder said.

" 'This is Rufus,' I told him.

" 'Who did you say 'twas?' he came back.

" 'Alan Hale,' I came back, kind of desperate.

" 'For the luvva Mike!' Uncle Snyder roared. 'There's three of yez down there and none of yez can tell me who 'tis.' "

This called for another guffaw, but we finally got him on the subject of his inventions. It was he who perfected the retractable seat for picture theaters which slides back when others pass enabling latecomers or early departers to escape without crushing numerous toes or ripping off hapless garments.

"That's not new," he said, referring to the seat. "My potato chip is the big thing now. Especially with the need of conserving food. They used to use potato culls, which formed thirty percent of the crop, for postage stamp glue, but that absorbed very little. We use them, now, for a greaseless potato chip that retains its freshness indefinitely.

"A few days ago I gave a nationally known household authority a sample of these chips. She ate the whole exhibit. You should have seen her face when I told her those chips had been packed seven months before. It's keeping the peelings on the chips that does

Genial Alan Hale can quit the movies any day he pleases and live off the royalties of his numerous inventions. Hale's in Warner Brothers' *Juke Girl*

the trick, but I can't reveal any more about them."

He has also patented a fire extinguisher for elegant hotels, apartment houses, etc. Its chief feature is a suede, or leather cover, which makes it easy to handle, less dangerous than the metal cases and infinitely better to look at. Moreover, it can be operated by a child and can be controlled by a simple flick of the thumb.

Alan Hale isn't in Hollywood permanently. Actually, he and Mrs. Hale are on their way to Honolulu. They started twenty-four years ago. They got as far as Catalina once, but returned to Hollywood to wait for more favorable sailing conditions. They'll make it some day, he says.

Looking at him today, thick chested, bushy haired, bluff and swashbuckling, you wouldn't think of him as a matinee idol. He was, once, however. He was also a singer and one of the best of the early ballroom dancers. He became a smiling heavy because he figured acting needed more naturalness and less ham and he wanted to pioneer.

He started acting because everyone he met told him he should be good at anything he mentioned taking up. He went to the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy and people told him he was the perfect type for an osteopath. He studied engineering at night and others told him he looked more like an engineer than General Goethals. He took up singing and still others said he resembled a combination of Feodor Chaliapin and John McCormick.

"Everybody said I looked like everyone I mentioned," he says, "so I said to my mother, who was a concert singer, 'Sam Hill, if I look like all these people, I'll be an actor and make money looking like them.'" Thus a star was born.

Then he told of going to New York and sitting in the lobby of the Friars' Club. A little man sat down beside him and asked him what he did. Hale told him he was an actor. He also told the little man he could sing and dance.

"My name's Martin Herman," the little man said, repeating one of the great names of Broadway in those days. "Where have you been all my life?"

"What do you do?" asked the bland young Philadelphian.

"Here's my card," said Martin Herman, who was, incidentally, a brother of Al Woods, the great producer. "Look me up when you aren't snowed under with offers."

The following morning Hale was enjoying a bounteous repast of coffee in the Automat when he noticed the Eltinge theater, in which the card said Martin Herman had offices, was next door. He asked the elevator man if Martin Herman worked there, the elevator man looked a little odd and said yes.

Upstairs, he asked a secretary the same thing and she smiled vaguely and also said yes. Then he saw a door leading into a room about the size of the Academy of Music in Philadelphia and in it a huge desk behind which sat the little man of the Friars' Club.

"Hello," said Hale. "Tell me, what do you do here?"

"Are you kidding me?" the little man inquired.

[*Continued on page 60*]

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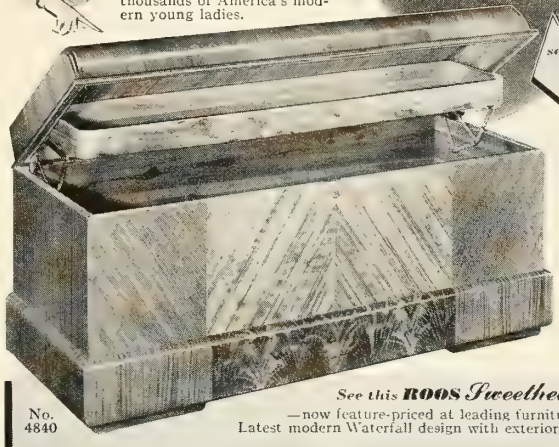

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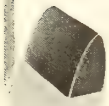

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Hale and Hearty

[*Continued from page 59*]

"Hell, no," said Hale.

"Well, I'm Al Woods' brother," Herman said.

"Who in heck's Al Woods?" our hero asked, naively.

"That," screamed the little man, "is the pay-off. You're an actor, all right. You'd have to be to be that dumb. Here, sign these papers."

He signed the papers and from then on, so long as he played on the stage, he worked for Martin Herman and Al Woods.

Alan Hale doesn't have to stick to pictures. He's made between fifty and seventy-five thousand a year for fifteen years, he has a paying theater seat business, his fire extinguishers are beginning to sell and he has sound investments. But he likes pictures because there are people around who like to tell stories as well as he does and who pull gags on him, which always floor him.

Whereas Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson made places for themselves as sneering gangsters, Hale has become famous as the rollicking heavy. His robustious good humor, even when he's slicing off an enemy's head with a broadsword or being knocked into a bog by a beautiful glamour boy, has been so beloved of movie audiences for twenty years that he's always had more assignments than he could fill and commensurate earnings.

With all his earthiness, Alan Hale is one of the gentlest of men. His affection for his six foot, three inch son, who may be an actor or take over the Hale business interests, as he chooses, is unsual in Hollywood. The long marriage of Hale and Gretchen Hartman is another seven years wonder in the movie colony. He has no clique of friends; he has as many friends as there are people needing his kind of friendship instead.

"Life has been good to me because I always said it consisted chiefly in being yourself," he said. "Acting is being yourself, or being natural, and it has kept me busy an awful long time."

No one who meets him, after seeing him on the screen, can doubt the truth of this claim. For all his six feet, two inches and two hundred and thirty pounds, you couldn't get enough ham out of him to make a railroad lunch counter sandwich. ■

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Hollywood in Hock

By BOB HALL

When you go broke in Hollywood the custom is to go broke on a magnificent scale. The conventional thing for prominent picture people to do is keep on spending in the face of adversity, then blow up to the tune of a few hundred thousand and leave the creditors holding the bag. An auction is then held on the estate and the public is permitted to have a field day. This is in the grand ducal Hollywood tradition.

Hock shops are unfashionable and patronized largely by the little folk and by such of the big shots as have the courage to keep struggling when the going is tough and to give hostages to the future against the time when they will be back in the money.

One of the most pathetic little dramas ever enacted in pawn shop history was the struggle of an under-sized day laborer named Lou Costello to keep abreast of the interest payments on a ring he had pawned for $1.25.

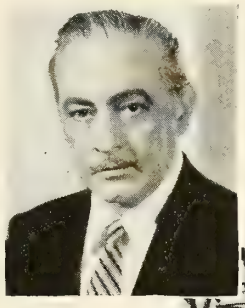
That was in the days when the kid Costello and a chum lived in a tiny two-room house near the M-G-M lot in Culver City. Existence was such a struggle that for an entire year after taking possession of their hovel they didn't have gas and light connected.

Their only income was an occasional $5 for day work with pick and shovel at Metro. This entailed getting up two hours before dawn and standing in line at the studio hiring gate. Eleven days out of twelve there wasn't a chance for either of them.

Lou had left home the year before with the idea of electrifying Hollywood with his ability as a stunt man and acrobat. All that, and Bud Abbott, came later, of course, but meanwhile there was the matter of sleeping and eating to be considered.

Christmas came around. Lou, devoted to his family in Paterson, N. J., had no money to buy gifts. But on Christmas Eve, roaming around the streets alone and broke, he felt he had to make some sort of gesture toward the folks. So he hocked his birthstone ring, a present from his mother, and sent a long and glowing telegram full of good cheer and optimism.

[*Continued on page 63*]



Both big shots and little folk in Hollywood have found the pawnbroker a friend in need. John Barrymore, Lou Costello, and Robert Cummings' stand-in, Eddie Reagan, are only a few of the cinema folk who have made trips to the corner loanery. Lou's in Metro's new musical, *Rio Rita*

This cotton sheet—washed, Linit-starched, ironed 87 times—shows no evidence of fabric wear, *even under the microscope.* It looks new, has linen-like finish. (Tests by United States Testing Co., Inc. Test No. 24747, Feb. 6, 1942.)

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Laboratory Tests Show Linit-Starched Cotton Wears And Wears; Looks Like New

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What Wrecked Rita's Marriage?

[*Continued from page 24*]

With Rita's face and form appearing en masse on magazine covers and billboards, Judson played his trump card: he hired Henry Rogers, a top-flight Hollywood press agent, to see to it that Rita's face and form stayed on magazine covers and billboards. Mr. Rogers followed through beautifully, so that what happened was inevitable: rival studios, anxious to cash in on the Hayworth popularity, began borrowing her from Columbia. *Strawberry Blonde . . . Blood and Sand . . . My Gal Sal.* Rita Hayworth was in. She was now a star, one of Hollywood's most twinkling, to be exact.

At which point the announcement hit the papers: Rita Hayworth had filed suit for divorce.

After five years, presumably the hardest, why did it happen?

You get little help from Rita Hayworth who dismisses the question with this statement:

"Due to the fact that Mr. Judson's business takes him to Texas and Oklahoma so much of his time, and my career is in Hollywood, we just came to a parting of the ways. There is no one else in either of our lives. I certainly wish Ed a lot of happiness. He is a grand fellow."

You have a right to inquire why does a lovely lady want to leave a grand fellow, even if his business does take him to Texas occasionally.

There must be several possible reasons. And there are, although Rita isn't setting them down, one, two, three, four.

Reason one: The twenty years difference in their ages was never easy to overcome and became more and more difficult as time passed.

Reason two: The swift infatuation that brought on marriage, the fascination of a girl who had never experienced so much as a crush on a boy her own age, dwindled to mere congeniality and respect.

Reason three: The temperaments of Rita Hayworth and Ed Judson were miles apart. Rita is the only one who has had to play hard at being a screen siren. Judson is the dynamic extrovert, always on the go, full of conversation, jokes and yearning for a good time.

Reason four: The Judson scheme worked too well, shot Rita up into a stardom she never really dreamed about, a stardom that took everything out of her so that when she returned home evenings she was ready for bed and had little relish for a night on the town. And even less for Ed Judson's latest plans (all of them with Rita's best interests at heart, no doubt) for lifting her $800 a week salary to $2,500, courtesy of Columbia Pictures, and scrutinizing her parts more carefully—nothing but the best for Rita.

Apparently Rita wants to do it her way —in leisurely Spanish style. ■

The star-studded issue of June HOLLYWOOD will include stories on Eleanor Powell, Nelson Eddy, Betty Hutton, June Preisser, Bill Orr, Ida Lupino, Don Barry and many other favorites.

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Introductory offer. With every order for smart, new, yellow gold plate, solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight simulated diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money with order, just name, address and ring size.

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SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

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Hollywood in Hock

[*Continued from page* 61]

The cost of that message upset his budget for an entire year. At the end of six months he was able to get up an interest payment of a few cents. But the principal seemed forever to elude his grasp.

When, at long last, he proudly walked into the hock shop with the full sum due, he discovered that the contract had lapsed and he had lost the ring by default. That was the darkest day in the kid's life and it took a thousand bright days to compensate for it.

There's a nice touch of pathos in the tale of the struggling scenario writer who hocked his evening clothes to make a down payment on a baby daughter. When some small success came his way, he neglected to pick up his togs at once.

Then, on a fateful winter afternoon at four o'clock he got a telegram announcing he had won an Academy Award and was expected to appear at the Academy banquet that evening.

He rushed to the hock shop and picked up his suit. In a fever of excitement he bustled around his house, trying to compose an acceptance speech while his wife carefully pressed the long-disused garments.

He arrived at the banquet on time and took his place at the head table. Eventually he was called on to speak. As he rose in response to polite hand-clapping, his suit, like the one-hoss shay, fell apart everywhere at once, one sleeve dropping almost to the floor. The hapless fellow had forgotten that he had gained much weight since he had resumed eating regularly.

Like the good sport he was, the writer told the assembled brains and beauty of the industry just what the circumstances were. His speech, and his trick suit, were the hit of the evening.

During the making of *The Sea Hawk* at Warner Brothers a celebrated but some-

[*Continued on page* 64]

Marlene Dietrich's beautiful gams (at least one) may go back into a plaster cast as a result of a violent scene in *The Spoilers*, Universal's latest. Still recovering from an injury to her leg several months back, Marlene kicked John Wayne so realistically that her leg became severely swollen

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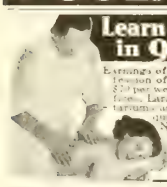

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Hollywood in Hock

[*Continued from page* 63]

what passe Shakespearean actor was hired, at $350 per week, to play a pivotal minor part.

Flat broke but as proud as ever, he slept that night in a bus terminal. The next day he hitch-hiked to the studio, where he was fitted with an Elizabethan costume.

Returning to Hollywood in costume, he hocked his only suit for a few dollars. With these he purchased enough food to last until his first payday. He slept every night in his dressing room and his costume sufficed for daytime wear. Nobody but the pawnbroker knew how close to the end of his rope this grand old trouper had been.

Robert Cummings' stand-in, the fabulous Eddie Reagan, has aspirations to be a writer. Between pictures, when funds run low but inspiration flames high, Reagan can frequently be found composing short stories, poetry and greeting card rhymes in the storeroom of the Vine Street hock shop where his typewriter is pawned. It says on his ticket that he may have access to the machine whenever the shop is open.

Hollywood's most famous hock shop story, one that is known to half the movie colony, concerns the Star, the Director and the Producer.

The Star, a notorious ladies' man, was arrested trying to pawn an emerald bracelet belonging to a movie queen. A friendly judge signed a bail order. The Star's buddies, the Director and the Producer, rushed to the police station with funds. As the Star was receiving back his personal possessions from the property clerk, the Director noticed among them an ornate gold cigarette case.

He exploded with wrath, pointing an accusing finger at the Star and screaming to the Producer:

"Why, the dirty crook! That's the cigarette case I stole from your wife!"

John Barrymore, who is making a herculean effort to erase his mammoth debts, describes himself as pawnshop counselor extraordinary to the arts and professions. Two of his close friends, artists and decorators, he always advises to pawn their paints and brushes before undertaking a new commission, thus insuring that at least part of the promised fees will be paid in advance.

A partly reformed artist himself, the incomparable Barrymore knows the hock shop as a haven of refuge. In his newspaper days he and a chum used to have many a succulent meal of ham and beans on payday eve with the proceeds of a demountable gold tooth with a hock value of eighty-five cents.

This favorite anecdote Barrymore recounted many times to Elaine Barrie, his ultimate bride.

"It made an impression on the little woman," he relates. "It made so deep an impression that when we parted, lovable Elaine took one of my gold teeth as a souvenir. With gold selling at $35 an ounce, I have no doubt that my favorite fang is reposing even now on the shelf of some unsanitary Shylock." ■

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Send the COMPLETE GUIDE TO BUST CULTURE in plain package. On delivery I will pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage. If not satisfied I may return it within ten days and my $1.98 will be refunded.

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It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

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I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.
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The Truth About Melvyn Douglas' Defense Job

[*Continued from page* 26]

recent past for non-existent evidence that he was a Communist. Among them they built up a fictitious Melvyn Douglas who was a combination of a lisping adagio dancer and a bomb-throwing Bolshevik.

One of the horrible allegations thrown at him was that he was a member of the California State Board of Public Welfare. Because of his sympathy for the kind of migratory workers pictured in *The Grapes of Wrath*, Douglas has been castigated time and again as a socialistic monster. He was threatened with tar and feathers three years ago for daring to provide, at his own expense, Christmas dinners for an entire encampment of starving okies. According to his detractors, this good Samaritan act was dangerous because it encouraged laziness and attracted an undesirable type of immigrant to California.

Another indictment hurled against him was that he was chairman for California of the White House Conference on Children in a Democracy. This means that as a father he is interested in what is going to happen to his children.

Melvyn Douglas was one of the founders of the California State Guard, along with Russell Hicks and Lewis Stone. This was a group of patriotic citizens who saw trouble looming and took steps to do something about it. They bought their own uniforms and drilled on high school grounds.

When the international situation became ominous for the United States, the Guard was recognized as an important defense adjunct. The governor was asked to appoint a permanent command of higher officers. In discussing such appointments Douglas was one of the first he mentioned. The actor had been pencilled in as a lieutenant-colonel.

Immediately the wail went up, "He's a Communist!" Before the appointment could be made, Douglas wired Governor Olsen his wish that the commission be withheld because there were others better qualified than he.

Douglas first drew the fire of the busybodies when he declared in a public gathering that the Spanish Revolution was a dress rehearsal for Nazi-Fascist aggression, an assertion confirmed by history. In this period he was invited to participate in a radio program organized by an Americanization committee headed by Dr. John Lechner.

His chore on the program was to read the Declaration of Independence, an assignment he accepted readily. On arriving at the studio he discovered, however, that the script contained opinions contrary to his own about Nazism and Fascism as they affected Spain. Accordingly he asked to be excused from the program, a suggestion to which Dr. Lechner agreed.

The next day rumors were darting about Hollywood that Melvyn Douglas, the well-known "lousy Communist agitator," had refused to read the Declaration of Independence. At once there was a hue and cry by all the Hollywood hotheads and hopheads. The emptiness of this accusation is attested by the fact that since that time Douglas and Dr. Lechner have worked together in many causes and have the highest regard for each other.

"The nastiest kind of sniping against me has been by public figures who describe me as 'Melvyn—er—Hesselberg—Douglas, so-called.' I have never tried to conceal the fact that my name was originally Hesselberg. It appears in all the mimeographed biographies. The change to Douglas was merely a matter of euphony. Hesselberg is a name that is honored and respected in the musical world because of my father's accomplishments, accomplishments for which there need be no apology."

His O. C. D. job is a very real job, that of marshalling the best artistic talent to do its superlative best for the nation. He will stay at it until the snide criticism of smaller men embarrasses his chiefs, Dean Landis and President Roosevelt. The only thing phony about his job is the salary, which is a quick zero, with scallions on the side. ■

Hilarious is the word for Joan Davis as she goes into her dance in Republic's *Yokel Boy*. The irrepressible Joan never fails to keep 'em laughing with her own inimitable flair for comedy

SUSAN HAYWARD
"REAP THE WILD WIND"
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As *registered* nurses go into military service, more trained practical nurses will be needed at home!

During the last war there were not enough practical nurses to meet the nation's demands; those who were available received high wages for their services. Today, CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING is training hundreds of men and women, IN THEIR OWN HOMES, for this necessary, well-paid, patriotic service. 43rd year. High school not necessary. Many earn while learning—Mrs. J. M. P. earned $15 a week after completing the 12th lesson; Mrs. E. G. made $430 in 3 months! Free book tells of other successes. *Send coupon today.*

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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Young Hollywood's Bond Brigade

[*Continued from page* 32]

on that Saturday, and on the succeeding Saturdays, young voices were heard urging—"All right, everybody—keep buying, and you'll keep 'em flying!"

Obviously, the publicity value of these kids is very great to the government. They have the importance, poise, and enthusiasm to appeal to all audiences. But they have more than that. They have a sense of responsibility which will undoubtedly spread to all youngsters of their own age throughout the nation.

This was amply demonstrated on the 12th of February, when the unit faced 3,800 delegates from every school in the Los Angeles Educational System. They represented approximately 300,000 future citizens. In that Hollywood High School auditorium an amazing rally for patriotism was held.

It was conducted by kids—for kids! And the message got over! The delegates carried back to their schools not the formal words of duty and responsibility and unity, but the underlying idea of service and sacrifice.

Talented children are invariably more mature than the average. So their thinking in terms of the future as well as in terms of today, is understandable.

Those in the top 'teens have well-crystallized ideas. Talk to Jackie, to Freddie, to Bonita, to Bob Jordan, and they will all say this: "We're the understudies for the thinking men and women of today. We've got to be ready to take over their responsibilities when we are old enough. If we don't do it, the world will get into a mess again.

"The trouble after the last war was that nobody wanted responsibilities. They got out from under them whenever they got a chance. I hope our generation will be ready to do a better job when all this is over."

They'll be ready.

Young Hollywood—more vocal and more mature—speaks for every boy and girl their own age.

Young Hollywood says:

"You win the War! That's your job. We'll help!

"We'll keep the Peace won! That's our job!" ■

Next month we "pop" questions at Rosalind Russell. Don't miss her witty and amusing answers.

June HOLLYWOOD goes on sale everywhere the tenth of May.

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If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So stir up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish bile.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but ALSO help elimination. Get a box TODAY! 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

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RADIO

Is Calling for Boys 16 Years of Age and Up

This field offers your boy the opportunity for a good job today and a permanent future. Here at my school we can train your boy quickly by the famous "Learn By Doing" method. He can earn while learning. Pay After Graduation. Lifetime employment service after graduation. Mail postcard today for my big free book. I'll send you the facts. Then you folks make your own decision.

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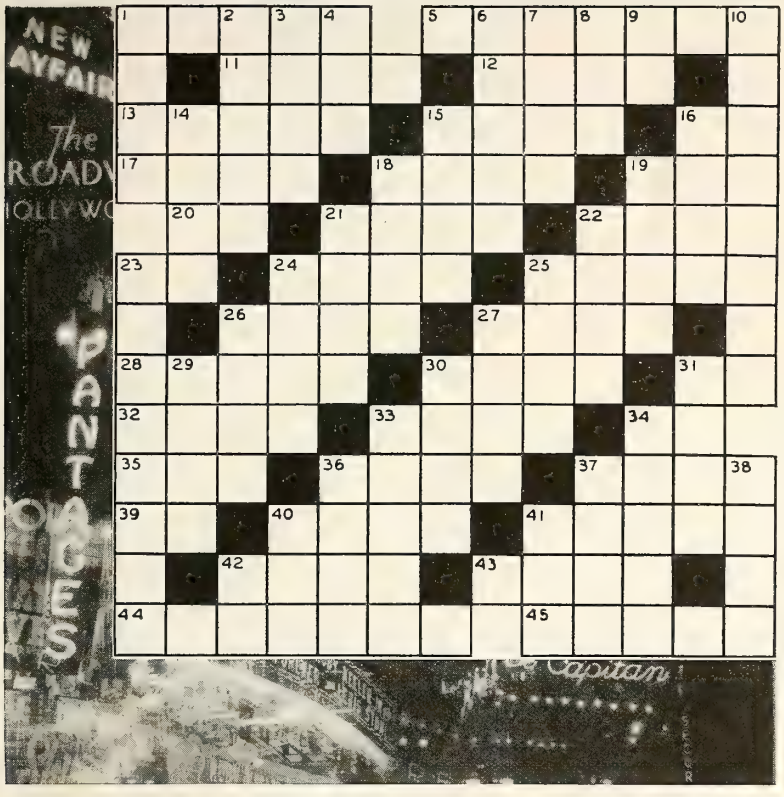
MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Players use assumed names in these.
5. Terpsichorean twerps.
11. A Pop-Eyed greeting.
12. Kind of reports heard on battle sets.
13. Lynn Bari's knight (errant) in *Night Before the Divorce.*
15. Hand Hitler deserves.
16. Baby stars cry for her.
17. It's often mentioned by garrulous gossips as hanging thereby.
18. Something connected with *Arsenic,* frightfully old.
19. Joan's b. f. in *Confirm or Deny.*
20. Black sheep may be wolf on White Way here (abbr.).
21. Tuneful Porter.
22. What actress knits for a new wrinkle.
23. He often has scene with 16 Across.
24. Players use pin money to do this for recreation.
25. Kind of tunes featured in certain shorts.
26. Admirer of (any) *Ziegfeld Girl.*
27. Many stars work themselves into lather over this.
28. Something lost by Sir Arthur Sullivan and picked up by Hall Johnson Choir.
30. Where Myrna Loy lived before she "arrived" in Hollywood (abbr.).
31. Initials of slow-burner who finally flares up.
32. Axis army will be pushover when Uncle Sam's get rolling (sing.).
33. Billy Conn was roped in when he appeared in this.
34. Where time is said to go.
35. Movie Merkel.
36. What Bing's songs go over with.
37. Kind of circus barred to poochy patrons.
39. Initials of Mr. Dix.
40. Henry, when he doesn't sound his "a."
41. Soul seller to Satan in Metropolitan circles.
42. Wave of this will make Japs see stars.
43. They're apt to be thrown for a loss in gambling shake-up.
44. Actress who lives rather a Norma-l life.
45. Silent characters in musicals.

DOWN

1. This is taken off before hero's opponent is taken on.
2. She lived in our alley before associating with Irene and Mary.
3. Someone of whom I sing.
4. Said to be like father.
6. Havana (eye) filler in *Week-End in Havana.*
7. *Dumbo* needed a trunk for this.
8. Gangster's share of spoils before cinema sleuth snatches it.
9. Mr. Arnold, when subject is short.
10. *Ball of Fire* who became professor's flame.
14. Taylor was *Eager* to win her.
15. Comedians get a tumble for this.
16. Romance requisite.
18. He was called in for *Call Out the Marines.*
19. What villain may get on hero (but we know he'll be rescued).
21. Martha Raye's hot numbers stop show thus.
22. You might find sailor in a row of this.
23. Where you ought to be, according to some singers.
24. A wow that takes a bow for sound effects.
25. Descriptive of movie that was *Gone With the Wind.*
26. Miss Barrie, but not Wendy.
27. You can get Autry's services for this.
29. Disney can put a finger on this any time.
30. Hardest thing for actress to make up.
31. Madeleine Carroll, ex-schoolteacher, now has pupils here.
33. Cowboys ride it, others go here to learn what's cooking.
34. Every swing band plays these in the Night.
36. They made him look hoggish and was he wild!
37. Double feature attributed to Garbo.
38. Reely Roscoe.
40. State that boasts another Hollywood (abbr.).
41. Green thing in *Trail of the Lonesome Pine.*
42. It followed Santa and landed in New Mexico.

(Solution on Page 70)

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HOLLYWOOD'S MOST CENSORED STAR!

SPOT REVEALS THE REAL REASON WHY JANE RUSSELL'S FILM WAS BANNED

IN ALL of Hollywood's fabulous history, no one has had a more fabulous career than luscious Jane Russell, star of "The Outlaw." Long before she ever appeared on the screen, she was famous the world over as a movie star. Why? Long after "The Outlaw" was completed, the picture was withheld from the public. Why? Even the revised version was frowned upon by the New York State censor. Why?

SPOT, the most entertaining of the picture magazines, answers these questions in an exclusive feature in the May issue. SPOT prints the whole story of Jane Russell and her controversial film, together with the most striking photographs ever taken of Miss Russell.

This is only one of the many highlights in the big new issue of SPOT, on sale at your newsstand for 10 cents. "War Girls in Washington" is another feature you won't want to miss. Every page in the new SPOT is packed with entertaining pictures and timely stories.

Be sure to get your copy of the May issue.

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By SARA CORPENING

TO BE OR NOT TO BE ★★★★
United Artists

You will probably go to see *To Be or Not To Be* with mingled emotions. Since this was Carole Lombard's last picture, you may feel the impulse to tears rather than laughter. However, by the time the fake *Herr Hitler* of the film has ordered two genuine Nazis to "yump" from a plane, and they salute and do so without benefit of parachutes, you will be laughing uproariously. The film is a subtle satire on the Nazis, and it proceeds to kid them wholeheartedly. Miss Lombard and Jack Benny are a perfect pair as the Polish acting team who—along with the rest of their troupe—fall captive when Poland is invaded by Germany. How the troupe outwits the Gestapo by obvious theatrical trickery is delightful.

Carole's last film is a fitting tribute to her memory.

THE GOLD RUSH ★★★★
United Artists

For his contribution to the boys in service, Charles Chaplin has reissued his grand picture, *The Gold Rush,* and added narration and musical scoring. The film was made 17 years ago, but it ably withstands the test of time. Chaplin's inimitable antics, his derby, his little moustache, and his big, flapping shoes are still as funny as ever. The younger generation who missed the heyday of the Chaplin talent are in for a real treat. Chaplin is the narrator, and his delivery is brisk and dramatic.

There are moments of unforgettable charm and poignancy, as well as hilarious slapstick. The famous shoe-eating sequence becomes even funnier with the added music and narrative.

This is film fare at its best. Take the whole family.

THE MALE ANIMAL ★★★
Warner Brothers

The Male Animal enjoyed a successful Broadway run two years ago, and the movie follows closely its legitimate predecessor. It is the story of a college professor who risks his job and his wife to make a stand for academic freedom. Henry Fonda, in horn-rimmed spectacles, is a perfect professor, while Jack Carson, as the ex-football hero who returns to stir up the embers of an old flame in the heart of Olivia de Havilland (Fonda's wife) is excellent. Herbert Anderson, now in the army, is good as the scholarly collegian who unwittingly writes the news story that starts the big rumpus.

THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY ★★★
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The latest chapter in the *Hardy* saga is the most appealing yet. The film captures the tempo of today—its casual slang, the mannerisms of the young—with amazing accuracy. Mickey Rooney comes through with a touching, convincing performance unhampered by his previous overdone mugging.

In the new film, *Judge Hardy* endeavors to reconcile the parents of an adolescent daughter. He calls upon *Andy* for help, and *Andy's* campaign to break the girl of her hauteur complex is successful. But both he and his sophisticated sister (Cecilia Parker) come in for some deflating along the way, before everything is straightened out. Throughout the film, there is the endearing warmth of the *Hardy* family and their typical life in a small American town. The old favorites— Lewis Stone, Fay Holden and Sarah Haden—are again on hand.

THE INVADERS ★★★
Released through United Artists

The newest English film sets out to prove that the Nazis, even when treated like human beings, are really

[*Continued on page* 70]

Sweethearts on screen and off, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville play the real thing in R-K-O's *Syncopation*. Their many fans will be happy to learn that they may make a personal appearance

JEAN PARKER, Republic Star appearing in "Pittsburgh Kid," uses GLOVER'S.

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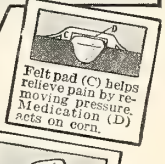

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 69*]

beasts. It is a savage commentary on German ideology throughout. The time is before America's entrance in the war, and the story takes place in the Canadian woods. The crew of a raiding submarine is marooned on the shores of Hudson Bay when their U-boat is sunk. Their attempt to escape from alien territory is tense and dramatic.

A fine group of actors, headed by Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard and Raymond Massey, comprise the cast.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (R-K-O) Cast: *Walter Huston, James Craig, Anne Shirley.* Although many liberties have been taken with Stephen Vincent Benet's Faustian fantasy, *The Devil and Daniel Webster* (including a change of title), it emerges as a striking film. Walter Huston is magnificent.

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall.* The picturization of the popular book was voted the best film of 1941. See it for the unforgettable performance of young Roddy McDowall.

JOAN OF PARIS (R-K-O) Cast: *Michele Morgan, Paul Henreid, Laird Cregar.* A superb picture, beautifully directed and beautifully enacted. The plot concerns five RAF flyers who crash in occupied France, and their desperate attempts to return to England.

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN (Warners) Cast: *Martha Scott, Fredric March.* A milestone in motion picture history. An absorbing study of the life of a Protestant clergyman.

SUSPICION (R-K-O) Cast: *Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nigel Bruce.* Compelling film in which Hitchcock again proves himself the superb master of direction and production. Miss Fontaine, as the young wife who suspects that her husband plans to murder her, equals her unforgettable performance in *Rebecca.*

TARGET FOR TONIGHT (War Documentary) In a simple, unpretentious little short, the story of the heroic fighters who drop bombs on Germany is told in straightforward, engrossing fashion. There are no women or professional actors in the film.

THE LITTLE FOXES (R-K-O) Cast: *Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Richard Carlson.* An even finer film than the magnificent stage play from which it was adapted.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR (M-G-M) Cast: *Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy.* Loaded with laughter. It's a new twist to the old story of the battle of the sexes, with Hepburn and Tracy giving sparkling performances. Katy's satire of a brilliant woman columnist is brittle and beautiful. Men will love the scene at the ball park where Tracy patiently tries to explain the game to Miss Hepburn.

★★★½

DUMBO (Walt Disney Production) Disney's newest imaginative creation is completely captivating. Little *Dumbo,* the baby elephant with the grotesquely big ears, is the appealing little hero.

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ. (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Young, Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey.* For the first time in his career, Robert Young has an opportunity to show he is a truly good actor. Adapted from the popular novel by John P. Marquand.

JOE SMITH, AMERICAN (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Young, Marsha Hunt, Darryl Hickman.* Don't miss this exceptionally good film, the simple story of an average American and how he proved he could take it, when the time came.

LADIES IN RETIREMENT (Columbia) Cast: *Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester.* The successful stage play loses none of its grim horror in being transplanted to the screen.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Zorina, Victor Moore.* Comedy, alluring girls, Irving Berlin tunes, Technicolor, plus Bob Hope's comic antics make this swell entertainment for the whole family.

★★★

BABES ON BROADWAY (M-G-M) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Virginia Weidler.* A big hunk of entertainment is this refreshing musical about a group of talented kids who crash Broadway. Little Virginia Weidler shines.

BALL OF FIRE (R-K-O) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck.* About an unworldly professor (Cooper) who goes out seeking first-hand information on modern slang to include in his encyclopedia. He meets *Sugarpuss O'Shea* (Stanwyck), a nightclub entertainer, who increases not only his vocabulary but his heartbeats.

BIRTH OF THE BLUES (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, Brian Donlevy, Carolyn Lee.* This is the story of jazz—how it was born and how it grew. Bing Crosby's voice is particularly well suited to the old numbers.

CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS (Warners) Cast: *James Cagney, Brenda Marshall, Reginald Gardiner.* A simple, compelling story of the young pilots of the Canadian Air Force. Cagney is excellent.

CONFIRM OR DENY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Don Ameche, Joan Bennett, Roddy McDowall.* Tense and exciting, with Hitler's projected invasion of England as the basis for the story.

DESIGN FOR SCANDAL (M-G-M) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon, Edward Arnold.* Gay and smart, a bit sophisticated, this is pleasant entertainment for the adult audience.

I WAKE UP SCREAMING (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Carole Landis, Laird Cregar.* A better-than-average "whodunit" because of the capable actors in the leading roles. (Reviewed under the former title, *Hot Spot.*)

JOHNNY EAGER (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Taylor, Lana Turner.* A romantic gangster film with Taylor as a bad boy who reforms when true love comes along in the person of Lana Turner.

KATHLEEN (M-G-M) Cast: *Shirley Temple, Gail Patrick, Herbert Marshall, Laraine Day.* Shirley Temple wins new laurels for herself in her return to the screen after her two years' absence. The story is a striking penetration of a child's mind trying to make a pattern of complicated adult life.

KINGS ROW (Warners) Cast: *Robert Cummings, Betty Field, Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan, Nancy Coleman.* A gloomy adaptation of the popular best-seller. If you like psychiatric studies, you'll enjoy this. Otherwise, you may find it pretty depressing.

MISTER V (British film) This is an English film produced by Leslie Howard. Howard plays the title role, that of a Cambridge professor who takes a group of students on an archeological expedition into pre-war Germany. He cleverly releases some valuable prisoners of the Gestapo, right under the very noses of the Nazis. Suspenseful and dramatic.

RIDE 'EM, COWBOY (Universal) Cast: *Abbott and Costello, Dick Foran, Anne Gwynne.* The robust comedians romp through their delightful antics against a western background, replete with shootin', horses, and Indians.

SHANGHAI GESTURE (United Artists) Cast: *Gene Tierney, Victor Mature, Ona Munson.* The famous stage play suffers in its transposition to the screen. Muddled and confusing, but you'll want to see it because of the splendid cast.

SMILIN' THROUGH (M-G-M) Cast: *Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Brian Aherne.* First screen appearance of Jeanette MacDonald and her husband, Gene Raymond. All in Technicolor, which gives audiences a chance to admire Jeanette's gorgeous Titian locks.

SON OF FURY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney, George Sanders.* Adventure in the South Sea Islands, with Gene Tierney very fascinating as the sloe-eyed siren who wins the love of Tyrone Power.

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (Paramount) Cast: *Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake.* Again Preston Sturges goes against many of the accepted rules to produce an excellent, refreshing picture. Joel McCrea portrays a Hollywood director anxious to produce an epic of hard times, who goes out as a hobo looking for trouble. He finds plenty of it in the person of Veronica Lake.

SUNDOWN (United Artists) Cast: *Gene Tierney, Bruce Cabot, George Sanders.* Colorful, packed with excitement. Gene Tierney is beautiful to look at, and George Sanders does his usual smooth work in the role of a major.

THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER (M-G-M) Cast: *Nelson Eddy, Rise Stevens.* Brings forth a warm, rich personality in Miss Stevens, who has a glorious voice in addition to lots of charm.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS (United Artists) Cast: *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ruth Warrick.* Plenty of excitement with Doug in the type of role his father made famous. He plays dual role.

THE NEW SPIRIT (Disney-R-K-O-Radio) This is the special *Donald Duck* feature which Disney created at the request of the Treasury Department. After viewing this charming little short, you'll feel happier about your income tax.

★★½

BORN TO SING (M-G-M) Cast: *Virginia Weidler, Ray McDonald.* About a trio of youngsters who save a would-be suicide whose musical comedy score has been stolen. Virginia Weidler, one of Hollywood's most talented youngsters, is swell.

HELLZAPOPPIN' (Universal) Cast: *Olsen and Johnson.* The highly successful Broadway play is brought to the screen with great gusto. Good entertainment for the evening if you're in the mood for wild hilarity.

SLEEPYTIME GAL (Republic) Cast: *Judy Canova, Tom Brown, Billy Gilbert, Ruth Terry.* Judy Canova is *Bessie Cobb* in this one, which gives you a pretty good idea of what to expect. Lots of splendid talent, but the story is weak.

THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN (Universal) Cast: *Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Ralph Bellamy, Lionel Atwill, Bela Lugosi, Evelyn Ankers.* Never at a loss for a new twist, the latest in the horror series delves into the field of clinical brain surgery. On the morbid side.

THE LADY HAS PLANS (Paramount) Cast: *Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, Margaret Hayes.* Another fifth columnist story, with Paulette stumbling innocently into the clutches of the Gestapo. Exciting in spots.

THE REMARKABLE ANDREW (Paramount) Cast: *William Holden, Brian Donlevy, Ellen Drew.* An allegorical picture, in which Bill Holden is *Remarkable Andrew,* a near-perfect youth whose mode of life has been governed by the famous sayings of Andrew Jackson.

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS (M-G-M) Cast: *Ann Rutherford, Robert Sterling.* The ups and downs of a young married couple form the basis of the plot. The Sterling-Rutherford team is good, but the light story gives them little opportunity to exercise their talents.

VALLEY OF THE SUN (R-K-O) Cast: *Lucille Ball, James Craig.* Gusty western of pioneer days. If you liked the Clarence Budington Kelland story, you'll enjoy this. Native Indians add an authentic note to the picture.

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PORTRAIT OF A WALLFLOWER

Annette was a debutante.
She came from a good family.
She went to the very best schools.
Then she "came out"—
And NOTHING happened!
Here she is at a party, all dressed up,
And no heart to break but her own.
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She wears just the right shade of lipstick,
But her eyes are a *BLANK*—
They just don't register!
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Just as you are doing—and,
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MORAL: *Many a man has been swept off his feet by fluttering lashes!*

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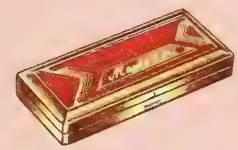

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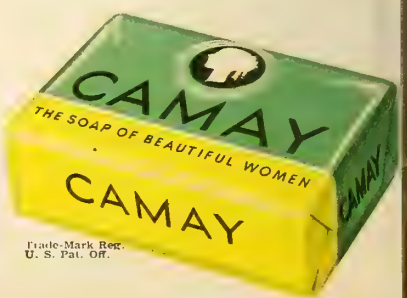

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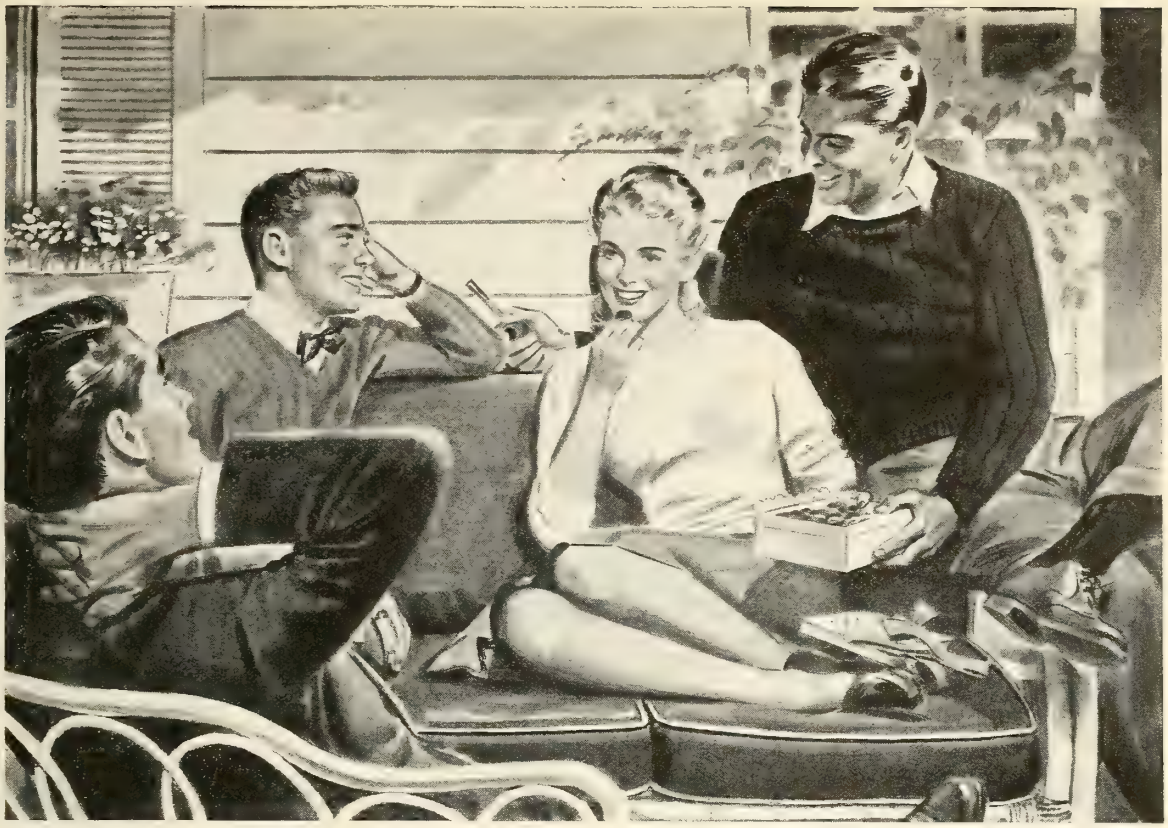

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Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!"

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★ ★ ★ ★

Leo's idea is bounteous, too,
In bringing "Tortilla Flat" to you!

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Based on John Steinbeck's best-selling novel. A more mirthful group of folk than dwell, and love, and gambol in the place called Tortilla Flat you never did see.

There are new laurels to pin on Spencer Tracy as *Pilon*—an authority on those three essentials of the gay life—Wine, Women and Song!

★ ★ ★ ★

There's Hedy Lamarr, as Dolores. They call her "Sweets". You'll soon see why.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's John Garfield, as Danny, who inherited two houses and a watch. But his eye for an attractive female was his own to begin with.

★ ★ ★ ★

Others? Lots of them, and all good. Frank Morgan, Akim Tamiroff, Donald Meek, Connie Gilchrist, Henry O'Neill. A veritable galaxy. The director? A fellow named Fleming. Victor Fleming. Maybe you've heard of some of his many pictures—"Gone With The Wind", for instance."Captains Courageous" too. A capable chap, you'll agree. Screen play by John Lee Mahin and Benjamin Glazer.

★ ★ ★

On the horizon also is Leo's speedy musical "Ship Ahoy". Coming to you in a breeze on waves of laughter with a cargo of stars and songs and swing-tunes and saucy sirens. The sirens are ship-shape.

★ ★ ★

Salutes to the carefree crew: Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Bert (Stage-Star) Lahr, Virginia O'Brien and the justly-famous Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

Ahoy there Director Eddie Buzzell and screen play writer Harry Clork for a see-worthy entertainment.

★ ★

To "Tortilla Flat" and "Ship Ahoy" Leo gaily tips his Spring bonnet.

—Leo

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as Dolores. They call her "Sweets". She's equal parts of fire and fun.

JOHN GARFIELD

as Danny. He inherited two houses and a watch but his eye for an attractive female was his own to begin with.

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CONNIE GILCHRIST • HENRY O'NEILL
DONALD MEEK

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and Benjamin Glazer
Directed by VICTOR FLEMING • An M-G-M Picture

CHERAMY perfumer

Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ Two of Hollywood's top leading men—John Payne and Victor Mature—were the center of a typical movietown controversy this month. Both are under contract to the same studio, and both have been accustomed to sharing fadeout clinches with the leading lady. But when they were cast together in the same picture, *Strictly Dynamite*, it called for an executive decision on a question important to both of their careers. The question—whether Payne or Mature should win the prize fights in the picture and also the heart of the leading lady, Betty Grable. Studio minds went into a huddle and came up with the answer—Victor Mature would win two of the fights. John Payne would win one fight and Miss Grable.

■ As you probably know, Dorothy Lamour and Woolworth Donahue, the wealthy New Yorker, are having a terrific romance. But here's a story you didn't know—the story of how they met. When Dorothy went to New York for a vacation, she stopped at one of the big hotels. She was given a suite next to Donahue's. But Donahue was away. Dorothy's maid and Donahue's butler met and had a couple of dates. Two days later the butler wired his boss, "Come home. Dorothy Lamour is our new neighbor." Woolworth Donahue flew home and the romance was on.

■ For his role in *The Road to Morocco*, Bob Hope wears a Turkish costume with red satin slippers, the toes of which curl up pretzel fashion. For a gag sequence in the film, the toes of the slippers shoot out straight for a moment and then snap back when he kisses Dorothy Lamour. Watching this strange phenomenon, Bing Crosby says, "Kiss him on the end of the nose, Dottie. You might be able to straighten that out."

■ Box-office figures prove that *Gone With the Wind* is the most popular motion picture of all time. Curious, I did some investigating the other day to find out on what ages it exerted its greatest appeal. I discovered that the picture's most consistent fans—three and four time repeaters—range from 12 to 17 years of age. And here's another interesting fact: *Gone With the Wind* had a better reception in the west than anywhere else—including its locale, the south.

■ A trophy cabinet has been erected in Orson Welles' studio office to house all the prizes won during last year by *Citizen Kane*. Welles won every award except Hollywood's Academy *Oscar*. In the middle of the cabinet there's a blank space bearing a tiny plaque on which is written—"Due to the fact that the Motion Picture Academy didn't see fit to award *Citizen Kane* its *Oscar*, we are solemnly dedicating this space to nothing at all."

■ Goofy Facts: Olives double for grapes in film scenes because they look more like grapes than grapes do. . . . A Chinese restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard ad-

[*Continued on page* 8]

To boost War Bond and Stamp sales, spirited June Havoc autographed albums at a Los Angeles defense booth. With her was her pet goat parading as the Japanese emperor. Needless to add, sales increased 100%. June is appearing in R-K-O's *Sing Your Worries Away*

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

AVOID LIPSTICK PARCHING

"WITH Sub-Deb"

Are your lips in style? Coty has made it so easy to keep that glossy, glamorous look that everyone admires—that smart lips *must* wear.

Into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick goes a special ingredient to ward off chapping—protect against dryness, parching! Your lips keep their delicate, flower texture—while they wear thrilling, high-style color! Join the millions who have changed to "Sub-Deb"! $1.00 and 50¢.

Coty

TRY MAGNET RED

Rich, true, ringing red—blends with almost all skin tones. Other high-fashion colors in the Coty range of 9 flattering shades:

GITANE
bright "gipsy" tones

BALI
luscious, siren shade

DAHLIA
lovely, flower-soft

TAMALE
ultra-chic "Latin" red

He's down again! Veteran of many a screen tumble, shooting and beating, Humphrey Bogart has always come through intact. But in this quiet domestic scene in *The Big Shot*, Humphrey fractured two ribs when the old rocking chair threw him for a loss

vertises itself as "Hollywood's Only Non-Japanese Chinese Restaurant." . . . Tay Garnett, the director, has a plaque in his home inscribed: "Let any guy who thinks he's good—just have a try at Hollywood." . . . It costs Grauman's Chinese theater $200 every time a star puts his or her footprints in the cement forecourt. . . . Edgar Bergen's Beverly Hills home has a separate bedroom with twin beds for Charlie McCarthy. . . . Kissing below the chin on the screen is illegal in Maryland.

■ Mary Howard, the Fox lovely who's always cast as somebody's adoring wife in the movies, was complaining about being typed. "I'm tired of saving family homesteads," she said, "I want to wreck one for a change."

■ Hays office censors still are frowning on sweaters. They just nixed a fuzzy thing Mary Astor wanted to wear in *Across the Pacific*.

■ Not in the Script: "I think what the public wants on the screen is kisses. Not just casual little pecks on the cheek such as we've been getting in altogether too many romantic stories lately, but more of those old-fashioned caresses that established movie love scenes as something real and vital."—Joan Crawford.

■ They say Hollywood forgets to remember. But that isn't always true. Eight years ago Jean Muir left Hollywood to return to the New York stage. The other day she came back to movietown to resume her film career. She didn't expect many people to remember her. After all, eight years is a long time. But when she walked into a hotel in Hollywood where she lived eight years ago, the clerk at the desk said, "How do you do, Miss Muir," and gave her the key to her old room. That afternoon Jean Muir walked down the street to the lending library and selected a couple of books. "How much is the deposit?" she asked. The woman behind the desk smiled. "For you, Miss Muir, there's no deposit."

■ Joan Fontaine, who is married to Brian Aherne, is now playing Charles Boyer's leading lady in Warners' *The Constant Nymph*. The other day she was being interviewed by a feminine writer. "You lucky girl," said the writer. "To act opposite Charles Boyer all day—and go home to Brian Aherne at night."

■ Ginger Rogers attracted national attention two years ago when she played a 14-year-old girl for opening scenes in her Academy Award winning picture, *Kitty Foyle*. And now she's going to be a little girl again—this time age 12. The picture is *The Major and the Minor*. Lacking $5 with which to purchase a train ticket, Ginger makes herself up to look like a little girl in order to buy a half rate

[*Continued on page* 10]

WE PROUDLY PRESENT TWO FRANK AND INTIMATE STORIES ON A RARE AND GENUINE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN TWO GLAMOROUS STARS, JOAN FONTAINE AND IDA LUPINO. PLEASE TURN TO PAGES 36 AND 70.

sister against sister!

Love made them hate each other!

THE MEN IN THEIR LIVES

BETTE SAYS: *"What I want I go after—and I get it!"*

OLIVIA SAYS: *"I'm going to be hard—just as hard as she is!"*

A sensational novel throbs to life! The cast is one of WARNER BROS.' best — the picture is one of Warner Bros.' biggest!

BETTE DAVIS · OLIVIA de HAVILLAND · GEO. BRENT · DENNIS MORGAN

in

"In This Our Life"

with

CHARLES COBURN · FRANK CRAVEN · BILLIE BURKE · *Directed by* John Huston

Screen Play by Howard Koch • Based Upon the Novel by Ellen Glasgow • Music by Max Steiner

ticket. Deanna Durbin doesn't want to be typed as a juvenile these days—but Ginger Rogers doesn't mind.

■ Before leaving for the army, Joe Rivkin, a Hollywood agent, presented his best girl, Katharine Booth, with a bracelet engraved: "To Katharine. Remember Pearl Harbor—and Joe."

■ Diana Barrymore's role in Universal's *Love and Kisses—Caroline* will be the most unglamorous feminine role of the year. She'll portray a girl of 14 with braids, horn-rimmed glasses and braces on her teeth. It's the role Deanna Durbin turned down to escape the juvenile tag.

■ Gene Raymond's face is still red after flopping at a legerdemain trick at a dinner party before reporting to the army. Gene borrowed a large silk handkerchief from one of the guests and started the hocus pocus with a burning cigarette. He doesn't know what went wrong but instead of vanishing, the cigarette burned a big hole in the expensive handkerchief. "There was only one trick I wanted to know right then," says Gene, "and that was for me to disappear."

■ On a recent night clubbing expedition, Nancy Kelly wore a hunk of costume jewelry fashioned like a traffic signal, with small, colored stop and go lights operated by hidden batteries and controlled by a switch. Worked fine in keeping the playboys in check—until the red bulb burned out.

Dolores Del Rio returns to the screen after a long absence to star in Orson Welles' *Journey Into Fear*. Rumor has it that the dark, exotic actress, one of Hollywood's most beautiful women, will soon become Mrs. Orson Welles

■ Hollywood scenarists have written many stories of bravery but here is a real life story that tops them all. A year ago Vera Steadman, the famous silent day star, was struck by an automobile. Her back and both her legs were broken. Before operating, doctors said she had only a slight chance to live. And if she survived the operation, they said she'd probably be a cripple for life. The operation saved her life but Vera Steadman could not leave her hospital bed for six months. Four months ago she was released from the hospital in a wheel chair—a brace on her hip and braces on both legs. Doctors said she'd never walk again. But Vera Steadman didn't believe them. The other day, at a Los Angeles school for paralytics, I watched Vera Steadman walk again. It was a painful process but the pain will lessen each day. Vera Steadman will not be a cripple—thanks to bravery and determination far surpassing any movie plot.

■ Five years old, precocious Carolyn Lee asked her mother if she couldn't cut her hair for her role in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. "Why?" asked mama. "It's too long," said Carolyn. "I'm afraid people might mistake me for Veronica Lake." Or so the story goes.

■ Dorothy Lamour's press agent has just figured out that the sarong star is the champion "all-wet kissing heroine" in Hollywood. In every jungle picture she's made, she's played her love scenes after taking a swim. She was all wet when

★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

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REMINDER:

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS EVERY PAYDAY AND HELP PRESERVE THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

kissed by Ray Milland in *Jungle Princess,* and *Her Jungle Mate;* by Robert Preston in *Typhoon* and *Moon Over Burma;* by Jon Hall in *The Hurricane* and *Aloma of the South Seas* and by Richard Denning in *Beyond the Blue Horizon.*

■ Looking Backward: Several years ago one of the studios was having trouble with two male stars tipping the bottle during production of a big epic. The shooting schedule bogged down and expenses ran sky high. Finally the studio boss sent the director a note saying, "The cost of this picture is staggering." The director replied with an equally curt note, "So are my stars!"

■ The Academy *Oscar* Joan Fontaine won for the best acting performance of the year now stands on her fireplace mantel—between a trophy she won for catching a tuna fish and a plaque she won for making a hole in one.

■ There was a big executive meeting at Warners' the other day at which everyone was told to watch picture budgets and cut expenses wherever possible. After the meeting, a writer working on *Saratoga Trunk* met another writer, who asked: "Tell me—how's *Saratoga Suitcase* coming along?"

[*Continued on page* 14]

Teamed for love interest in *The Big Shot,* Susan Peters and Richard Travis cut up (romantically speaking) on the Warners' set. Is this also an off-the-set romance?

First impressions are lasting! Always guard charm with Mum

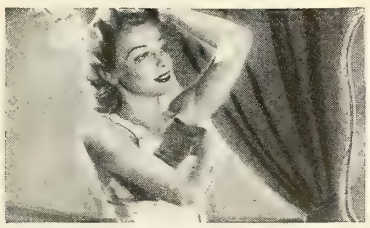
WHO KNOWS when a chance meeting—an unexpected introduction—will bring you face to face with romance. Are you ready to meet it—sure of your daintiness—certain of your charm—certain that you're safe from underarm odor?

Millions of women rely on Mum. They trust Mum because it *instantly prevents* underarm odor—because it so *dependably* safeguards charm all day or all evening.

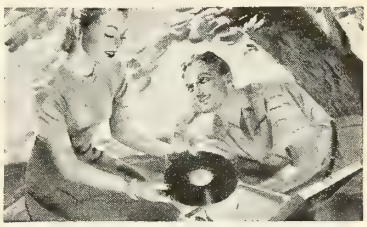
Remember, even a daily bath doesn't insure your daintiness. A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.* Let the daily use of Mum insure your charm. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today!

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Mum is the preferred deodorant for this important purpose, too, because it's so gentle, dependable.



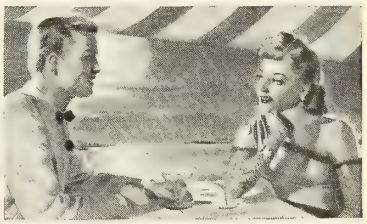
After every bath, and before dates, use Mum! Then you're sure underarm odor won't spoil your day or evening! Mum takes only 30 seconds—grand when you're in a hurry!



Stay popular with the friends you make this summer. Give romance a chance. With *convenient* Mum you never need risk underarm odor. Mum's safe for clothes, safe for skin, too!

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



To hold a man's interest, stay sure of your charm! Always be nice to be near! You can trust dependable Mum because, without stopping perspiration, it *prevents* underarm odor for a whole day or evening.

Armed With Allure

By MARY BAILEY
Beauty Editor

YOUR OWN LOVELINESS CAMPAIGN . . .

calls for the right tactics in applying make-up. Write for HOLLYWOOD's June Beauty Bulletin. It contains some valuable time-saving tips. Address your letter to Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. You may ask about personal beauty problems on hair, figure or hands.

Smooth loveliness like Jane Frazee's doesn't just happen. So . . . with allure on our minds, we asked her how she made her "A" rating. Jane, who is currently being seen in Universal's *Almost Married*, is a girl with ideas. They really work, too. Just look at these pictures of Jane! No chance for a beauty slip-up if you follow her thoughtful tips. Even the perky bow in her blond curls is invisibly anchored with a split-tooth retainer.

Jane wants to set her hair, but there's not much time! So instead of using water, she sprays on a mist of cologne. It dries faster and after her coiffure has been combed and arranged, the fragrance lingers

To create a delicate blush of color, Jane applies moist cream rouge. She carefully blends it into the skin, avoiding any noticeable rouge line. The effect is completely natural and stays fresh-looking

It's the attention to details that counts, says Jane Frazee. In applying pancake make-up, she extends it down over her throat and the back of the neck. She gives heed to the oft-neglected spot behind the ear

A bright touch of lipstick completes Jane's perfect make-up. For greater allure, she dramatizes her mouth by extending the line beyond its natural borders. Her special brush makes it easier to do this

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish contains Chrystallyne**

Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels;
and this polish "stays on" amazingly

What causes the exceptional *brilliance,* the luster and *life,* of Dura-Gloss Nail Polish? How is it that Dura-Gloss brings you such pretty compliments? Dura-Gloss contains CHRYSTALLYNE.* Chrystallyne gives Dura-Gloss all its own glamorous brilliance and blessed powers of adhesion. Chrystallyne is the reason Dura-Gloss makes your nails glisten with shimmering highlights, radiate light and *life!* The reason Dura-Gloss *stays with* your nails not just one or two days, but *many.* The reason Dura-Gloss has carried the United States like a landslide! It transforms your fingernails into ten fabulously beautiful jewels! Make Dura-Gloss *your* polish . . . for the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Twenty shades. At all cosmetic counters.

*Chrystallyne is a special resin-ingredient developed by chemistry-experts who were dissatisfied with existing nail polishes. Before being blended into the superb Dura-Gloss formula, it looks like glittering diamonds.

3 New Colors for Summer
Blackberry Mulberry Wineberry

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10c
PLUS TAX

It's DURA-GLOSS *for the most beautiful fingernails in the world*

LORR LABORATORIES • PATERSON, NEW JERSEY • FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS

DOROTHY LAMOUR, Starring in "THE FLEET'S IN"—A Paramount Picture

Canaries

A HOLLYWOOD HOBBY YOU SHOULD ENJOY!

The stars of Hollywood have taken canaries into their hearts and their homes. Wherever the great of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting everyone's spirits with the enchantment of his song.

And you, too, should know the joy one of these perky little pets can bring. A canary takes but little care—and keeps hearts buoyant amid the worries of these trying times.

Send for beautifully illustrated 76-page book on Canaries. It's the book the movie stars use—and it's FREE! Just mail your name and address, on a penny postcard, to THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, 2491 Mustard St., Rochester, New York.

IN HOLLYWOOD

FRENCH'S BIRD SEED

is the Favorite . . . 4 to 1

Keep your canary happy, healthy and singing. FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit included FREE) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Today—and every day—feed your canary FRENCH'S . . . the largest selling bird seed in the U.S.

Charlie Chaplin's great epic, *The Gold Rush*, has been revived to provide entertainment for the boys in the training camps. The addition of narration and music have made it a little less than terrific. Here Charlie is being congratulated by Mickey Rooney at the preview

■ Add Oddities: William Boyd has never kissed any of his 42 leading ladies in the *Hopalong Cassidy* series. But in almost every picture he's kissed his horse.

■ Orson Welles writes from Rio that the Brazilians are wonderful people. He's been interviewed by every member of the press on every subject in the world. Prize remark came from a young painter who requested an interview with Welles, saying: "We two young artists should respect one another for we both are successfully crazy."

■ Paramount studio asked Director Al Rogell to bring in a birth certificate before he started work in *Priorities of* 1942 The film will include scenes inside airplane plants, and proof of birth is needed to pass the guards. Director Rogell explained that he didn't have one, and couldn't get one. He was born in the Indian Territory before it became part of Oklahoma. "Heck," he moaned, "they didn't have birth certificates then. If a man was walking around, people just sort of took for granted that he'd been born."

Students! The old Professor, Kay Kyser, landed on New York like a stick of dynamite and immediately the joint started jumping. He is shown whooping it up at the station with the trio of lovelies who are replacing Ginny Simms. Kay plans on continuing his tour of the Army camps with his band. His latest picture is R-K-O's *My Favorite Spy*

Vivacious Jeanne Cagney, real life sister of Jimmy, is his movie sister in Warners' *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. This life story of George M. Cohan features three of the celebrated Cagney family, brother Bill being the associate producer

■ Lana Turner's absence from her favorite Hollywood night spots these yawnings is the result of a session with her studio boss, Louis B. Mayer. Assuming a *Judge Hardy* attitude, Mayer called Lana to his office and they had a heart-to-heart-talk. Mayer suggested she cut down on her night clubbing—and Lana took his advice.

■ Cute dialogue when Shirley Temple receives her first screen kiss from Dickie Moore in *Annie Rooney*. They're driving to a party when Dickie has to suddenly brake his car. He throws his arms around Shirley to stop her from going through the windshield. And then it happens. He pecks her on the cheek. "Gosh," he says, "I'm just a cad. I won't blame you for being insulted. Now you won't even go to the party with me." "Well," Shirley retorts, "I'm not THAT insulted."

[*Continued on page* 17]

"Will YOU give one month to winning a ROMANCE COMPLEXION ?"

ROSALIND RUSSELL

See what Lux Toilet Soap Active-Lather Facials will do for you

1. "It's lovely soft skin that wins Romance," says this famous screen star. "So it's important to use a real beauty soap.

"Make Active-Lather Facials with Lux Soap your regular care. First, smooth the creamy lather lightly in—

2. "Then rinse with warm water, a dash of cool . . . You'll be delighted with the satin-smooth feeling this beauty care gives your skin.

3. "Pat to dry with a soft towel. This gentle care's a wonderful beauty aid! Try it for 30 days. See what Lux Soap Active-Lather Facials can do for you!"

YOU want the soft, smooth skin that wins romance—a lovely Romance Complexion! Lux Toilet Soap removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—gives skin protection it needs.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

GET YOUNG IDEAS – use Tampax

YOUTH sets the fashion in the world of today. The younger set does not hold back from trying new ideas and new ways. All through the country's famous colleges for young women, Tampax is especially in favor.

And why not? Progressive women know that Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be *worn internally!* No bulging "line" is possible and chafing is eliminated. Made of pure surgical cotton, it absorbs gently and naturally—permits no odor to form. Each Tampax comes sealed in one-time-use applicator, for quick and dainty insertion. Really you do not *feel* Tampax while wearing it, and disposal furnishes no problem at all.

Now 3 sizes of Tampax: Regular, Super, Junior. They meet every individual need. (The new Super is about 50% more absorbent.) Sold at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you real bargain. Join the millions using Tampax now! Tampax Incorporated, New Brunswick, N. J.

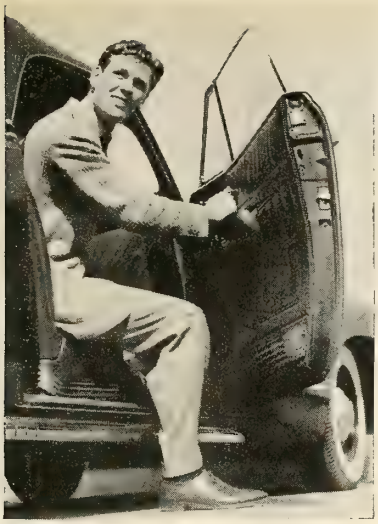
TRY IMPROVED
SUPER TAMPAX

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Mexico greeted Hollywood at the huge benefit show sponsored by the Hollywood Victory Committee for the Mexican armed forces. Eighty-three screen celebrities lent their talents toward making the show one of the most gala that Mexico has ever seen. The movie-makers turned the Ensenada Theater into a scene of fiesta, and in turn were feted by the appreciative Mexican soldiers, sailors and marines. Among those who appeared were James Cagney (front row); Desi Arnaz, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Jinx Falkenburg, Martha O'Driscoll, June Preisser, Ann Miller, Stan Laurel, Joel McCrea and Lynda Grey (rear row)

After an exciting though exhausting day entertaining the Mexican soldiers, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell slept soundly on the train back to Hollywood



Handsome Bill Edwards, brand new Hollywood heartthrob, takes a look around his new stomping ground, the Warners' lot, where he is under contract. Bill's first flicker will be *The Hard Way*

■ A long chat with Humphrey Bogart, the man they love to shoot on the screen and who usually dies violently. This time, contrary to Bogart custom, he dies in bed for the final and fadeout scene of his latest picture, *The Big Shot.* He dies talking about the error of his ways and advising a friend to abandon the easy way of crime for the more satisfactory path of virtue and honesty. "The idea," says Bogart, "came from the scenarist—not from me."

Carole Landis, all smiles in ermine and decollete gown, previewed *The Gold Rush* revival with Greg Bautzer in his new naval officer's uniform. Carole is currently one of the happenings in 20th Century-Fox's *It Happened in Flatbush*

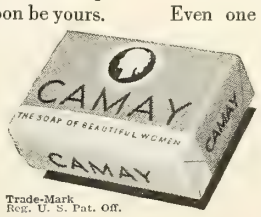
Enchant Him with New Beauty! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

***This lovely bride** is Mrs. Angus G. Wynne, Jr., of Dallas, Texas, who says: "My complexion has a new lease on loveliness since I went on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"*

Try this exciting beauty idea, based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

A SKIN radiantly fresh . . . exquisitely lovely! What man can resist it? With the help of Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet such a lovely skin may soon be yours.

Perhaps, without knowing it, you have been cleansing your skin improperly. Or have failed to use a beauty soap as mild as it should be. Then the Camay Mild-Soap Diet can bring thrilling new loveliness!



Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is more than just *mild*—it is actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we urge you to "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! . . . TONIGHT!"

Even one treatment will leave your skin feeling fresh and thrillingly alive. But stay with Camay and this easy routine night and morning for at least 30 days. Within a very short while you should see an enchanting . . . exciting new loveliness.

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

IT TAKES A GIRL LIKE Rita TO PLAY A GAL LIKE SAL!

Like old tunes? You'll get 'em.
Like new tunes? You'll get 'em.
Like laughs—riots—fun—stars?
You'll get 'em!

The great once-a-year-musical in Technicolor. See it! *It's swell!*

Rita
HAYWORTH
Victor
MATURE
JOHN SUTTON
CAROLE LANDIS

Theodore Dreiser's

MY GAL SAL
in TECHNICOLOR

with
JAMES GLEASON • PHIL SILVERS • WALTER CATLETT • MONA MARIS • FRANK ORTH

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Produced by ROBERT BASSLER • Screen Play by Seton I. Miller, Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Six famous Paul Dresser songs! Including **"ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH"** *and* **"MY GAL SAL"** *plus four new smash 1942 model hits including:* **"OH THE PITY OF IT ALL"** *and* **"HERE YOU ARE"**

WATCH FOR THESE 2 GREAT HITS!

JEAN GABIN
IDA LUPINO
in **MOONTIDE** *with* Thomas Mitchell, Claude Rains

Introducing . . . June Preisser

By ELEANOR HARRIS

PREISSER, JUNE—That small, blond ball of fire you've seen tumbling through fast dances and parts in *Babes in Arms, Gallant Sons, Dancing Coed, Judge Hardy and Son, Strike Up the Band, Henry Aldrich for President,* and *Sweater Girl.*

BORN—In New Orleans, Louisiana, 20 years ago. From the age of 7 to 17 she danced with her sister Cherry all over Europe and America. She really grew up in Dressing Room Five at Schubert's Follies in New York—where she and Cherry danced for five years straight. Three years ago she came to Hollywood.

FAMILY—Two words describe her family: huge and happy! Father Preisser's an accountant in New Orleans, and Mother Preisser was her daughters' manager until her death last year. Sister Cherry is now married to Harry (White House) Hopkins' son, David, and the stage has seen the last of her. The brothers Preisser are four. One teaches high school, one works for the city of New Orleans, one is in the finance business (and constantly threatens to repossess June's bicycle—just for fun!), and the last, Eddie, is June's manager. He's also a flyer on the side.

MARRIED—No. She's so fickle, so far. She's let a thousand men run through her fingers—and thrown them all away.

EDUCATED—At St. Dominick's School in New Orleans until she was seven and began earning her living all over the world. From then on she was tutored en route. But first she found time to win a baby's medal in diving and freehand swimming at the A.A.U. At six years, she could leave champions behind!

APPEARANCE—Pep and warm friendliness radiate from this tiny, bouncy actress. She's five feet one in height, and miserable about it. (At night she props herself up on 4-inch cork soled shoes, hidden beneath a long skirt.) Her hair is blond, her eyes dark brown, and her nose pug. Her entire wardrobe, off-stage and on, is blue. Best of all she loves tailored sports clothes—sweaters, skirts, slacks and suits.

HISTORIC LANDMARKS—When she was seven and Cherry eleven, Mrs. Preisser decided to manage them as a dancing team—although her family was big, happy, and economically well-feathered. Under her direction, June tumbled and Cherry tapped their way from New Orleans into big-time, big-pay shows in New York. Success was immediate.

SOCIAL LIFE—Confusingly full of trips to New Orleans for fishing or to New York for theatering. In Hollywood, she sees New Orleanites like Connee Boswell, Joan Carroll, Dorothy Lamour; and she bowls, plays tennis and bridge. But best of all she likes to sit screaming at a triple-horror movie bill. Her favorite was *Dracula, Dracula's Daughter,* and *Frankenstein*—complete for 30 cents at the neighborhood theater.

HOME LIFE—Hectic. She lives with David and Cherry Hopkins in a seven-room Spanish house in Beverly Hills—four of them bedrooms. Also present are her brother-manager and her two nieces, small June and small Cherry Hopkins.

ATTITUDE ON LIFE—Happy and hard-working. She wants to continue indefinitely in the movies—because "stage shows are only fascinating up till opening night. After that it's just routine." She likes the bustle of a big family and the stimulation of working in pictures. In fact, this animated young thing is wired for living—and thoroughly enjoys every minute of it!

Pep and friendliness radiate from the tiny person of June Preisser. She's that small ball of fire you'll see next romping through Paramount's *Sweater Girl.* Left, a scene from the film with comedian Eddie Bracken

The Care and Feeding

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Life is smooth for Abbott and Costello.

Professionally they're sitting on top of the world and domestically they're in the hands of two super-efficient housewives—Mrs. Abbott and Mrs. Lou Costello.

It's no slander against Bud Abbott and Ann Costello to classify them as the second-best managers in their respective households; merely an acknowledgment of the superior skill of their mates. They don't have to try.

Costello, the small soprano apple-dumpling of the comedy team, the guy who can't get anything right on the screen or over the microphone, is a managerial genius in private life.

The proof of this lies in the fact that the trig and modish young Mrs. Costello entrusts the buying of all her clothes to him. When Lou returns from a business trip to New York or Chicago his arrival is heralded by a safari of deliverymen bearing frocks, gowns, slacks, shoes, stockings and lingerie, all in the right size, all in the correct mode, and all harmonizing with his wife's vivid coloring and warm personality.

"The money I save in alterations," Mrs. Costello confesses, "stretches my budget about 25 per cent."

The Costello country estate in the San Fernando Valley just over the Hollywood hills, is a reflection of Costello's taste, with only minor modifications suggested by its mistress. Every stick of furniture, every drape, every shrub, was personally selected by the boss, even down to the last details of the living quarters of the small Costelloettes, Carole Lou, three, and Patricia, five.

The landlord personally performed the masonry work on the flagstone walks that connect the main house with the playhouse. Over some complaints by the stoneworkers' union he made considerable improvements on the well that graces the west flank of the grounds.

No detail was too trivial for Lou's attention. The playhouse, itself as large as most Hollywood dwellings, is equipped with a theater-size projection room where Lou officiates as operator on movie night.

The whole estate is fitted with a two-way loudspeaker system designed by Costello which permits instant communication with all points. The original purpose of this installation was to warn the parents if the children became restless at night. It also serves as a challenging apparatus at the main entrance. Messenger boys have been known to get the heebie-jeebies when accosted by a disembodied voice asking their business.

Around the kitchen Lou has as much authority as in the rest of the house, with one important exception that will be noted later. Famous for his prowess with knife and fork, the roly-poly comic has a built-in fondness for steaks and chops, ham and eggs, spaghetti and meat balls and chopped chicken livers, when prepared under his supervision.

When in the East he sustains himself almost entirely on nickel hamburgers sold by the White Tower chain of restaurants. He customarily eats ten of these at a sitting. Except for dishes that he can choose and oversee himself, he will have nothing else.

Pausing overnight at Buffalo recently, he was seized with pangs of hunger during the night. He reached for a telephone and told the bell captain: "Go out and get me ten White Tower hamburgers."

The hotel functionary was flabbergasted. "But, sir" he objected. "Room service

The Abbotts hired a professional decorator for their new home, then Betty had Bud shove things around to suit themselves. The comedians are in Metro's *Rio Rita*

Betty and Bud eat one meal each day which consists solely of fruit. Bud can whip up a tasty spaghetti sauce

# of Abbott and Costello

can supply a truly superior hamburger, made of premium beef."

"Nuts," Costello remarked. "I want ten White Towers right away. Get 'em up here."

An assistant manager and eventually the manager got on the wire, lauding the quality of the house hamburgers. Finally, Costello got up, wrapped an overcoat around his pajamas, went down to the street door and sent a taxi driver out to get ten White Tower hamburgers.

Joe DiMaggio, another fellow who knows what he wants to eat, was staying with his bride at the Costellos' last season when a physician's check-up revealed that Mrs. DiMaggio, the former Dorothy Arnold, was to become a mother. Leaving their wives at home, Joe and Lou set out for a celebration dinner in Hollywood.

At Earl Carroll's they went out to the kitchen and made a great ceremony of selecting the biggest and best steaks in the house and ordering two apiece, which they ate with all the trimmings.

Arriving back at Costello's house at midnight, they both felt a bit hungry, not ravenous but in the mood for a snack. Lou suggested a poached egg.

"Never tasted one," confessed DiMaggio, who owns one of the best-known restaurants in San Francisco. "Are they any good?"

"Very tasty," Lou said. "Very light; just a tidbit, really."

He put on his poaching apron and whipped up a sample. Joe liked it all right but mentioned that it was a bit on the unsubstantial side. So they each had another. By the time they got through snacking they had eaten fourteen poached eggs apiece, with accompanying toast and coffee in suitable doses.

The part of the commissary department that Mrs. Costello reserves for herself is concerned with Saturday dinner and Sunday breakfast. Her home town of Pawtucket, R. I., where she went to school under the misleading name of Ann Battler (she never lifted a finger at Lou in anger) is in the Boston brown bread belt.

Accordingly Saturday dinner is invariably baked beans and brown bread and Sunday breakfast as a rule consists of codfish cakes and leftover beans. This hearty fare is not supplied to the Mlles. Costello, who rebel at any food except fruit grown on the home rancho.

The Abbott household is geared to a different system. Bud, probably Hollywood's heartiest host, confines himself to making the guests comfortable. His only culinary gift is an ability to mix a heady sauce which he concocts whenever a posse of old friends get together for a spaghetti dinner at his house. He himself can't stand the stuff.

Strictly a home boy, Bud manages to get to bed early every night. By that time he has used up his day's supply of the energy that he dispenses so freely during the daylight hours.

In his twenty-four years of married life he hasn't found any place he likes better than home. His wife, known as Betty although her baptismal name is Jennie May Pratt, was a dancing soubrette in a "tab" show when they were married.

Now that they are in a position to maintain a manor in fashionable Encino, Bud and Betty let the professional decorators take over. These experts did a noteworthy job on the three buildings spaced comfortably over two acres, but once they had finished the Abbotts pushed things around until they looked comfortable.

It's a dull day when there isn't a procession of friends, old and new, trooping through the glittering new Abbott estancia. Dogs of all sizes (one a gift from Jack Dempsey, one a monster commandeered by Bud in a bar from a man who was mistreating it) roam about as if they owned the joint. Anecdotes, laughter and the barking of dogs set the tempo for an Abbott "at home" party.

Loyalty to old friends is one of the homely virtues of both Abbott and Costello. Each has a brother as part of his permanent staff and an old crony of theirs named Frank Penny, who has had a part in each of their pictures, is in daily touch with both. Childless, Abbott announced a few weeks ago that he had adopted Penny, who is older than he is, and has built him a house on the Abbott grounds.

Late Spring will find both Abbott and Costello absent from their elaborate new homes and back on the grinding personal appearance routine. They have vowed to contribute $350,000 for a bomber as a free-will gift to the government, with no strings attached, and will stay on the five-a-day route, eating hamburgers, until every nickel of it is safely stowed away in the national till. ■

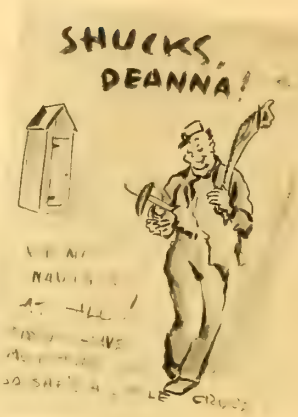
Lou Costello gives a preview for his favorite fans—his pretty wife and their two daughters, Patricia and Carole Lou

Lou not only buys his wife's clothes, but personally supervised and selected all the furnishings for his new hilltop home

My Army Camp Tour

By Deanna Durbin

as told to KAY PROCTOR



In her own words, Deanna Durbin gives you a first-hand account of her recent army camp tour. The tour was terminated only because the star was scheduled to make *Three Smart Girls Join Up* at Universal, and it will be instantly resumed the moment the film is completed. At left is a poster welcoming Deanna to Camp Edwards. The one next to it features a crudely constructed dressing room—a Hollywood paradox which Deanna liked very much. Both cartoons are the handiwork of Carl Austen, a soldier at Camp Edwards, Mass. Above: Deanna signed autographs happily. The mess boys showed their appreciation by feeding Deanna well

I have just lived through three of the most exciting weeks of my life. Even now the memory of them brings a lump to my throat and a lovely warm glow around my heart.

They were weeks packed with the hardest grind of work I've ever done, a few physical hardships, and a constant emotional strain. Translated into terms of salary or money received, they added up to exactly zero. And yet—

My reward was greater than money. It was something money could not buy. I was given a privilege which, in all sincerity, I wish every man, woman and child in this country could share. That privilege was seeing the fighting heart of America standing up to a job. It also made me proud to know I no longer was just a bystander in the struggle but was doing my part of the job, small though it is.

I am talking about the recent tour of army camps which I made with the USO Camp Show No. 4, a vaudeville unit called *Razzle Dazzle*. During the three weeks of the tour we presented our hour and a half show exactly 30 times (twice a night, six nights a week) before a total audience of about 50,000 servicemen. My part of the bill was singing five numbers, which I have since discovered added up to a total of eight hours of straight singing plus the special appearances I made at service clubs, mess halls, dances and so on. But believe me, every minute of those eight hours was sheer joy and I thanked God silently many times for the voice with which to sing the songs. It was so little to be able to do for those who are doing so much for us!

As did most of the stars, I signed a pledge with the Hollywood Victory Committee, which works in conjunction with the USO Camp Shows, signifying my willingness to appear on a show at any place or time which did not conflict with picture commitments. Late in January the committee asked me if I would join the *Razzle Dazzle* company which was scheduled for a tour of camps in Maryland, Virginia, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. My next picture, *Three Smart Girls Join Up*, was not ready to go into production, so of course I said yes.

In all honesty, I did have a few qualms. Vaughn's classification is 1-A, which means he may be called for service any day now. Such time as I have left with him, therefore, is doubly precious to me and I dreaded to spend one moment of it away from him. Too, I was a little nervous about how I would fare on a stage before an audience. However, we both agreed that if I was needed, there was but one answer—to go gladly. So the first week in February saw me joining the company in New York, ready for the tour.

Incidentally, I wasn't so far wrong about my nervousness in front of an audience. On opening night I was singing "Rose O'Day" and got the Irish double talk lyrics all mixed up, but went ahead anyway. When I finished I laughingly apologized for putting a shinamaroosha where a fillagadusha should have been.

"That's okay, Deanna," one of the boys shouted. "What's a fillagadusha between friends?"

That's what we were from then on, friends. Every one of the 50,000 men I sang to made me feel it in a thousand and one ways. It was wonderful.

My part of the show came next to the closing finale, which was a gracious gesture on the part of my fellow entertainers, because in vaudeville, next to closing is the star or headliner act. My songs—"Amapola," "Taps 'Til Reveille,"

"Rose O'Day," "Tonight We love," and "Embraceable You"—however, played no greater part in the success of the show than did the talents of the juggler, the song and dance team, comedian, xylophone team, impersonator, and 15 chorus girls who preceded me.

The various camps usually were a two-hour drive from the nearest city where we stayed in hotels overnight. As a rule I would arrive at the camp around four in the afternoon and visit with the men in the mess halls.

Once in a while I would get a chance to eat with them, but usually I was too busy signing autographs and answering questions. It was interesting to see the military influence on the autograph seekers; instead of milling around in a tight group the way civilians do, the men always lined up in an orderly fashion, asked for the autograph, thanked me, and then moved on to make room for the next fellow. Just part of the unselfishness which every soldier learns in the army.

Our first show went on at 7 p.m. and the second at 10 p.m. before capacity audiences. If the camps were unusually large, we played for three successive nights. Between shows I would visit with the men in the recreation halls and

A smitten soldier admires Deanna

service clubs and then finally get my dinner after the two-hour drive back to town. When we had finished our stay at one camp, we'd train overnight to the next camp and start the two-a-day grind again.

It was hard work. There were times when I was cold and hungry and tired. There were times I was homesick and lonely for Vaughn. And yet in the gratitude of the men, so touchingly displayed everywhere, all the hardships faded away like magic. The things they did for me, the gifts they made me, don't sound like much on paper. If you could be in camp, however, and see the effort they required, you would realize, as I did, how much they meant.

There were the two boys at Camp Edwards in Massachusetts, for instance, who came backstage to present me with a gardenia corsage just before showtime. So what? Gardenias [*Continued on page* 64]

You Can't Keep a Good Man Down

When John Boles got the heave-ho from Hollywood, he set out on a personal appearance tour which proved emphatically he's still a great favorite. *Land of the Sky Blue Water* is next on John's film program

By TOM DEVANE

■ In Greenfield, Texas, they've long been proud of a native son who is still known affectionately as John Love—not just plain John, as he's been known to millions of movie fans for over a decade.

John Love's last name is Boles, and he has returned to the screen in a modest but thoroughly entertaining picture called *Road to Happiness*. And although this is his first film in over three years, it can't honestly be termed a "comeback." Greenfield's John Love hasn't been out of the public eye once in all those three years.

Many of you may have seen him during the course of his wanderings on a concert tour (Boles prefers that phrase to "personal appearances") which took him into every corner of the country as well as South America, which he toured for eight exciting weeks.

Hollywood, which has a notoriously short memory, had almost forgotten Mr. Boles when he returned, his jeans stuffed with negotiable currencies and the satisfaction of having broken box-office records in dozens of cities, including Loew's State in New York City, Number One vaudeville house of the country. The erstwhile co-star to such ladies as Barbara Stanwyck, Irene Dunne, Loretta Young and Margaret Sullavan was cordially greeted—but he wasn't offered a single job. The producers knew little, and cared less, about the fact that Mr. Boles was given what amounted to a royal reception in the South American cities of Rio de Janeiro and San Paulo. They had forgotten him, and took it for granted that the public had too.

Boles grinned, not at all abashed, because he knows his Hollywood. Besides that, John Love can sit on a satin stool, twiddling his thumbs, for the rest of his life if he wants to. (His South American tour, for instance, netted him over $35,000!) But he intended to work. And in a short time the film town was buzzing with the news that Monogram, that brisk little company, had turned out a picture called *Road to Happiness*, starring Boles.

The singing star told us all about it the other day during lunch at the Los Feliz Brown Derby. "I wasn't surprised," he said calmly, "when the picture attracted favorable comment. I liked the script the minute I read it. It was a good story, a little bit on the tear jerker side; but remember, I was in *Stella Dallas, Only* [*Continued on page* 66]

A fore and aft view of the suit you all helped design! Smooth, flattering lines, a bra that really does things for you, adjustable straps. Created by Catalina in a range of luscious colors. About $6. Tag identifies your styling

Beach accessories are as much a part of today's sunning technique as is the sun. Beach towel by Cannon, "Stars and Stripes" pattern, about $3. Dorothy Gray's "Pretty Hot" beach kit. $2.50

Sunlit Fashions

Catherine Roberts
Fashion Editor

The National Retail Dry Goods Association in co-operation with the Fawcett Publications has asked thousands of department and specialty shop customers what style details they prefer in bathing suits and dresses. These are the answers we found

Above right: Kedette's lattice strap sandal is cool, comfortable, gay and smart. Leather soled, wedge heeled. A buy at $3.95. Right: U. S. Rubber's striped beach bag has water resistant lining. Very capacious. Only $1.95

A "Queen Make" frock that interprets the style preferences of thousands; simplicity of cut, boldly printed spun rayon, comfortable, practical and modestly priced. About $4. The N. R. D. G. A.-FAWCETT tag identifies this frock. Stores selling dress and bathing suit are listed on page 65

The Greatest Snubbing in Oscar History

By EDWARD MARTIN

The Man With No Dull Moments, Orson Welles, knows now that the best places for him to win Hollywood honors are New York, Cuba, Mexico and Brazil. Ten thousand of his Hollywood neighbors, the members of the movie industry who cast their ballots in the annual Academy Awards, handed him the greatest snubbing in *Oscar* history. They passed him up as a duly nominated candidate in eight different departments of movie arts and sciences, all based on the various excellences of *Citizen Kane*, and let him down with one split credit for the year's best original screenplay, the other half going to Herman J. Mankiewicz, his collaborator.

When the smoke cleared away from the Academy's adding machines, Orson had been beaten in most events more soundly than any prize contender since Montenegro had the crust to enter the Olympic Games in 1912.

For the next few days Welles' well-wishers (and they are none too numerous even at his own studio) scanned the papers anxiously, fearful lest they encounter news of the boy wonder's suicide. Little did they know their man and the frigidly realistic summary he had made of his chances in the annual *Oscar* sweepstakes.

When the ballots were first made up, listing Welles as a candidate in *nine events*, Orson himself thought the whole thing was a typographical error. He thought so little of his chances to win *anything* that he bet his right hand man $10 he'd be out of the money in every individual contest. The categories in which he and *Kane* had been entered were: best production, best actor, best director, best art direction, best photography, best recording, film editing, scoring, screenplay and original screenplay.

In earlier national ballots conducted from other cities and in other countries, he had won first place in most of the major classifications. Even as the Academy votes were being counted, Orson was in Rio de Janeiro directing a good-will movie and accepting scrolls, plaques, medals and loving cups as the greatest guy Hollywood had ever given to the world.

His biography was running simultaneously in five papers; the Brazilian Army was providing him with its anti-aircraft searchlights for use as sun-arcs; and the whole republic had been turned over for his personal use as a property, wardrobe and talent department.

Overnight the unpredictable prodigy banished the feeling of ill-will engendered by previous South American junketeers from Hollywood and by the well-meant but infuriating "Rio" pictures turned out in Hollywood studios. Washington tingled at the reception accorded Orson by Latin-America.

Here, then, was a situation in which the United States (except Hollywood) and Pan-America (except Hollywood) was lionizing a Johnny-Come-Lately in the film business. How come—this circumstance in which the new master-mind of the movies received top recognition everywhere on two continents except from his colleagues in the business, the people who normally would be the first to discover and applaud a new talent in their midst?

The simple truth is that Hollywood hasn't had a chance to know Welles nor a chance to see *Citizen Kane*, the only Welles picture yet released. The good-sized segment of upper-crust Hollywood that envies, fears and hates him has seen to it that everything favorable about the boy and his works has been suppressed or distorted.

Of the four daily newspapers in the great metropolis of Los Angeles, two—the first and third in point of circulation—are forbidden by their publisher to print the words "Citizen Kane" in their columns, even in advertisements. On a single day recently, the notices of *Citizen Kane* in the movie columns of these two great journals of opinion referred to the Welles movie as "Big Screen Attraction," "It's Terrific" and "Voted Best Picture of 1941" but without any further clue to its identity.

Thus half the newspaper readers of Hollywood, which is part of Los Angeles, are theoretically unaware that there ever was any such film as *Citizen Kane*. Inasmuch as the 6,000 extras whose vote swings the Academy Awards are little better than outsiders in the movie business it can safely be assumed that they never had the privilege of discussing that extraordinary film with the great Hollywood directors and producers who acclaimed it in extravagant terms.

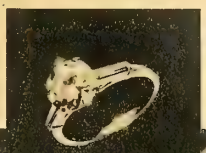
When the Hearst press began to bedevil *Kane*, presumably because its founder detected in its yarn of a press baron of the '90's some disparagement of himself, the studio that imported Welles from New York to Hollywood began to have misgivings about the wisdom of releasing the picture. Its opening date was postponed from winter to spring.

Meanwhile, some private screenings were held for selected Hollywood personalities. Of these, Charles Chaplin and Sam Goldwyn, among dozens of top-flight picture people, gave *Citizen Kane* an unqualified "rave." Universal, among other studios, offered [*Continued on page* 55]

The greatest snubbing in movie history took place when Orson Welles, nominee for nine individual awards, won a lone *Oscar*. Welles' new film, released through R-K-O, is *The Magnificent Ambersons*

SHE'S *Engaged*

(below) *SALLIE HAMILTON* and her fiancé, Ralph James White, will have a military wedding—in the famous West Point chapel. Sallie is descended from one of the old and distinguished Hudson River families. She is another lovely engaged girl who uses Pond's Cold Cream to help give her skin a flower-soft look.



HER RING is a large solitaire with baguette diamonds on each side of the perfect center stone, exquisitely set in platinum.

When Jim was on week-end leave this Spring

SALLIE HAMILTON HAS DELICATE WHITE SKIN, FRESH AS SWEET-PEA BLOSSOMS

SHE'S *Lovely!*

Sallie's days are crowded with first-aid classes, defense work, wedding plans—but, like engaged girls everywhere, she senses that one of her important jobs these days is also to look just as pretty as she knows how.

"No matter how rushed I am, I'm *not* going to let my complexion get that dull, neglected look," she says. "That's why I'm so careful never to skip a day with my Pond's creamings."

Sallie prefers to give her lovely face a *twice-over* creaming with Pond's:

SHE SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats—quickly, gently. Then she tissues the cream off.

SHE RINSES with more Pond's, and tissues off again. "It leaves my skin just beautifully clean, and so soft-to-touch," she says.

Use Pond's—Sallie's way—every night—for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see why Mrs. Lytle Hull, Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan—more women and girls everywhere use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Buy a jar at *your* favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big* jars.

She uses Ponds!

—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream

Popping the Question to Rosalind Russell

Quizzed By
HELEN HOVER

Rosalind Russell, movietown's best-loved screwball, is this month's willing question and answer victim

Rosalind is famous for her crazy hats. See what we mean?

By her own admission, Roz is a confirmed chatterbox!

Q. Do you dress to please your husband?

A. No. To please myself.

Q. Do you take to people at first sight?

A. Yes. I like 98 per cent of the people I meet.

Q. Who has the last word at home?

A. _____

Q. Do you resent having your private life made public because you are a motion picture star?

A. My private life has actually never been discussed. I have never talked on love or about my husband—so I can't say that I mind it at all!

Q. What would you say is your main idiosyncrasy?

A. I guess my friends could tell you better. But I *definitely* talk too much.

Q. Does your husband like your extreme hats?

A. Only if they are flattering.

Q. What famous person, outside of President Roosevelt, would you like to meet?

A. General Chiang Kai-shek.

Q. What photographic angle of your face do you consider your best? Worst?

A. Full face—with sleep. Full face—without sleep!

Q. Have you ever tried to disguise yourself to avoid fans in public?

A. Yes—for the sneak preview of *The Women* I dressed as a woman of 80 with a gray wig, etc.

Q. Did you ever have an inferiority complex as a child?

A. I'm afraid not. I was always something of an extrovert.

Q. Do you mind candid camera shots of yourself?

A. No. I prefer them. I dislike posed pictures.

Q. If you couldn't be an actress, what would you like to be?

A. I should like to be in the merchandising world.

Q. What type of clothes do you like most to wear?

A. Suits. I think I wear them better than other things.

Q. What do you notice first about people?

A. Their eyes. Most eyes are good. There are some (few, thank heaven) which I recall as "mean."

Q. Do you like to fuss with yourself?

A. No. It makes me nervous to keep tampering with my hair and my face.

Q. Which role was the most difficult for you to do?

A. *The Citadel*. I am not the "Arrowsmith" type. I mean by that, the wife in *Arrowsmith*.

Q. Would you like to switch from your screwball, fast-talking roles to the sympathetic character you were in *The Citadel*?

A. No. Not for the duration of the war.

Q. What do you consider the best picture you ever made?

A. *His Girl Friday*.

Q. Are you always impeccably groomed?

A. Not always. That would be impossible considering the wind, rain and so forth.

Q. Does your husband help you in your work?

A. My husband helps me in my career by keeping out of my career.

Q. What would you say is your greatest fault?

A. I procrastinate.

Q. And your greatest virtue?

A. I listen.

Q. Do you have an oft-recurring dream or nightmare?

A. I very seldom dream, and I've never had a nightmare that I can remember.

The happy faces belong to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brisson—recent bride and groom

Q. Do you worry about what others think of you?

A. No. I have enough lines as it is.

Q. Have you ever missed out on a role you wanted?

A. Yes. *Dark Victory*.

Q. Are you stubborn?

A. Not particularly. I can see the other fellow's side, but when I think I'm right I'll stick to my guns.

Q. Do you find it flattering or annoying to have autograph fans hound you?

A. It's usually flattering.

Q. Do you wish you were shorter?

A. No. I find my height very comfortable and makes it easier to wear clothes.

Q. Do you find it difficult to combine marriage with your career?

A. Not at all; each has its place and my husband respects my work.

Q. Do you like to play games where you have to do silly things as a forfeit?

A. Yes. I like to act silly now and then.

Q. Do you talk as fast in person as you do on the screen?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you notice men's clothes?

A. Yes; I'm very conscious of them.

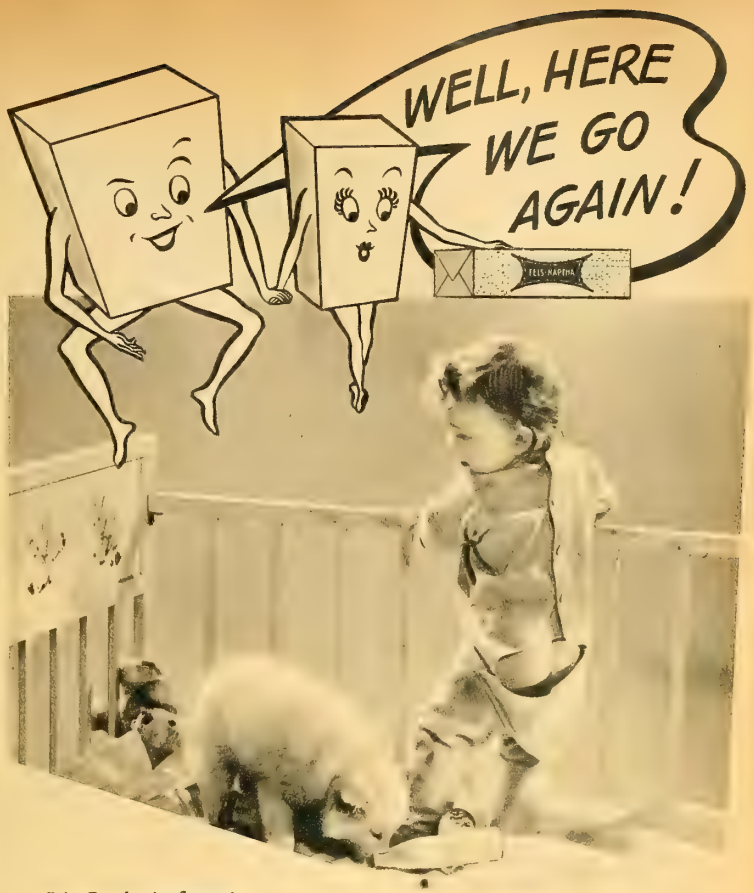
Q. What is your pet peeve about them?

A. Careless linen.

Q. When have you deliberately tried to steal a scene?

A. Every time the camera turns over!

Roz is a regular fellow. She sold peanuts to raise funds for the Buy-a-Bomber benefit. She's in *My Sister Eileen* next



It's Junior's favorite game. He plays it every day. And he never gets tired.

According to the newest rules it's a game for three. Junior, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap. When these three play, *no one* gets tired.

Let Junior present his most complicated washing problem. Between them, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap will solve it in a jiffy—with Fels-Naptha's gentle naptha and richer *golden* soap doing most of the work.

Not many mothers play Junior's game the old way any more. It's so much easier and quicker when you use the new rules—and Fels-Naptha Soap.

Golden bar or Golden chips_ **FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Isn't it time to get curious?

HANGING ON TO AN OLD HABIT, are you? Not even wondering if another, newer kind of napkin might be softer? Well—wait till you hear what happened when 12,000 women made an astonishing test — *then* see what happens to your habit. Just prick up your ears to *this* . . .

12,000 WOMEN HAD A HABIT of buying a certain kind of napkin. But then they compared their usual napkin with Modess.* And guess what! 3 out of every 4 of them discovered that Modess was actually *softer!* Now doesn't that start you wondering? Let go your old habit—and catch on to a new kind of comfort! So . . .

GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK! Try Modess! If you don't agree with millions that it's the softest, most comfortable napkin you've ever tried, mail us the package insert with a note stating your objections. We'll refund your full purchase price. The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N.J.

3 out of every 4 voted

Modess softer

Regular size or Junior? Yes—
Take your pick when you buy Modess!

Richard Travis isn't going to stand idly by and let talented youngsters suffer the torments he did while waiting for a "break." Dick's in Warners' *The Big Shot*

Good Samaritan

By MARION COOPER

■ This summer, unless something unforseen occurs to upset his plans, Richard Travis will realize his pet ambition. He will open a Little Theater in Hollywood for the express purpose of helping "unknowns" gain a foothold in motion pictures.

If this sounds like an overly-ambitious plan, coming from Dick who is himself little more than an unknown, it shouldn't, and it isn't.

"I am not," he told me hastily, when I asked him about it on the set of Warners' *The Big Shot*, "setting myself up as an oracle or anything like that. I expect to get as much benefit out of the place as the newest beginner. But I remember some of the awful experiences I had trying to get a start in this game and I think I can make it a little easier for others who come here facing the same problems. And I think now is the time to do it—while the problems are fresh in my mind."

So high are his hopes that already he has arranged with a friend who owns property rights in the heart of Hollywood to lend it for the purpose. He is reading plays with an eye to finding good material with which to work. He has enlisted the aid of friends who will offer their own services and time when the theater is in operation. All that remains now is to find an old house about to be wrecked, and move it onto the property.

Dick and his friends have definite ideas about how that old house should be fixed up, just as they have definite ideas about its operation.

"In the two years I've been in Hollywood," Dick said, "I have had a pretty thorough encounter with the processes of 'breaking in'. Along with affording an actual theater showcase for newcomers, I hope to give them the benefit of my experience with the studios—the talent departments, the casting departments, the direction, etc.—information which I would have given anything to know when I arrived here two years ago."

Behind that ambition to help others, is the story of a man who finally got a "break" through sheer luck, but who believes that if his theories work out, other ambitious youngsters will not need to trust to luck. If a Hollywood scenario writer had been turned loose on the problem, he couldn't have devised a more original twist than Fate gave to the "discovery" of Richard Travis.

Dick, however, doesn't want to count on luck for the boys and girls he hopes to help. As already mentioned, the theater will be right in the heart of Hollywood, where, as Dick says, "It will be as convenient as possible to the studios. We're not going to give the scouts a single excuse to avoid us."

He has equally definite ideas about how

the theater will be run. "We're not going into this to make money," he said. "We're just going to try to provide a place where unknown people can develop and show their wares in a workmanlike way, eliminating as much guesswork and 'luck' as possible.

"To begin with, every person who wishes to work with our group, whether he has had previous experience or not, will be asked to take an accredited I.Q. test and a vocational aptitude analysis. At least two such tests have been proven highly accurate in determining a person's natural endowments.

"Incidentally, I have already approached two excellent people who have agreed to direct and stage the shows. They will conduct all auditions and decide who is to be invited to work with us. Each prospect who is accepted will be expected to pay a small membership fee. This money will be used to defray attendant working expenses. However, if a person auditions with us and indicates—personally and by the tests—a sincere desire to act, he will be given every opportunity at our command, even if he hasn't a dime.

"Previous experience will not be necessary, but in practically all cases it should be an important factor in acceptances. After all, everyone should have some reason for tackling this game. While I don't agree with the oft-repeated advice: 'Stay at home, and a talent scout will discover you,' I certainly do agree that it's a good idea to stay *somewhere* until you know you have definite possibilities.

"Among other things we will tell the people who come to us, as will any good teacher, that vigorous health is an absolute essential of an acting career. Unless you have great energy and endurance, you can not get very far. There is no other career which requires so great an amount of nervous energy as acting does.

"Other things we'll impress on them," Dick said, "are the following:

"Be sure you can concentrate and concentrate and concentrate. Be sure you have a thorough grasp of tempo and shading and projection. Work before the camera involves many mechanical limitations and distractions one does not encounter on the stage, and unless you have tremendous concentration and sure knowledge of tempo and the rest, you may be completely demoralized by these added demands of the screen."

He had one more thing to add, for the boys and girls not yet in Hollywood. "Don't come to Hollywood without thoroughly considering the money angle," he said. "Be sure of your living expenses for at least a year, because time flies in this town and it may take even longer than a year to find a market for your particular talents.

"But if you have honestly measured your chances of success, and found them good, and if you have some provisions for living for a period of at least a year, then come to Hollywood! It is the nearest place I know of to your market."

And those who do come will have the earnest hope of Richard Travis that his Little Theater will make "discovery" for them a little quicker and a little less dependent on chance, than it was for him!

That will be his reward. ■

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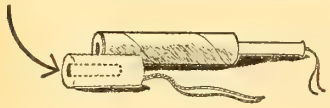

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Meds

The Modess Tampons

Supercharged Songstress

Betty Hutton may begin her songs in approved fashion on a piano bench, but before the last note she's one vast anatomical agitation. If Paramount can get her before the camera long enough, you'll be seeing her soon in *Happy-Go-Lucky*

By HOYT BARNETT

■ They have uncaged a youngster out here in Hollywood, and now they are trying to get back at least part of the cage.

On the Paramount contract list she is Betty Hutton, but the boys on the lot, especially those trying to keep her from flying off the sound track, call her Betty the Blitz, Whoop-It-Up Hutton, or the Supercharged Songstress. It's just the way she is put together, and any resemblance to a high-tension wire is purely coincidental.

Other singers sell songs, it's true, but this uninhibited hoyden really auctions them off, not merely with hips, but with an anatomical agitation extending from her pale, honey-colored ringlets to her cavorting toes. She might, if the thought struck her, sit on a piano, but not for long. Her natural inclination would be to take it apart and give the pieces to the customers to clinch the sale.

The source of this energy is no secret to Betty. "I got this way playing with boys," she declares. "I was so dog-gone ugly the girls of Lansing, Michigan, made fun of me, but the boys didn't care if my nose was wrong and covered with freckles."

The boys so completely took her into their games that she was nearly drowned when one of them pushed her off the pier into Park Lake. She could swim, but she struck her head on a spike protruding from a piling. The scar across her cheek still is visible.

But merely being rough and rugged didn't get her to Hollywood. She filled out right in the best places and at thirteen discovered a natural singing voice.

Soon she was singing with Frank Winegar's band in Detroit. Frank took her and three of his musicians on an invasion of New York City, but the invasion not only lacked radio support, the supply problem was bad and Betty says, "The only square meal, aside from the lunch mother packed when we left Detroit, was dinner at Tommy Dorsey's." She repaid her host by teaching his 12-year-old daughter to truck.

Betty is a stubborn cuss, as well as pretty—despite the verdict of Lansing girls—and she might have starved in New

York had not George Marlowe, a publisher, bought her a ticket and sent her back to Detroit.

Whoop-It-Up Hutton considered this a withdrawal to a previously prepared position, not a defeat. But she was fighting mad, and on her next singing engagement in the automobile metropolis she took her mad out on the mike, grimacing and wrestling it about the stage of the Continental Hotel. The customers loved it, and so did Vincent Lopez, the famous bandleader, who caught the show.

Now Hutton had a job, and her singing changed. How could she stay mad when she was getting $65 a week? The Blond Blitz wasn't blitzing. Lopez was impatient, but said nothing. Sooner or later, he reasoned, she would find herself and start selling songs the way she had that night in the Continental Hotel.

But Betty wasn't bustling. She couldn't snarl at a mike when it was giving her a job.

When the band reached Miami Beach for its engagement at the Royal Palms Hotel, Mike Durso, a trombonist in the band, decided to give fate a nudge. He took Betty aside and really poured on the verbal acid. "You're letting the band down," he finished, "besides being a flop yourself." Then he ducked out of range.

What a beating the mike took that night! And how the customers loved it. Betty is no boob, she learned that you can't merely give people a song, you must sell it. And she was no sissy salesman. She took her songs apart and bit by bit crammed them into the microphone with the gestures she learned playing football with the boys in Lansing.

Then Betty decided to incorporate, expand and go places. The ensuing row with Lopez was a lallapalooza. He raked and scraped the byways of the country until he found Anne Barrett, a near-double for Betty in face, figure and voice. To show she was a good sport, Betty took her successor in hand and taught her the Hutton scowls and grimaces. Then Betty went her way to vaudeville and summer stock at Marblehead.

Back in New York Betty bounced into a part in *Two for the Show*, and Broadway knew that a Blond Blitz had hit the main stem. About this time Lopez found that his audiences were demanding Hutton again, and he sued to get Betty back into his band.

Suing Betty is something like throwing cold water on a touchy tomcat. She got the best lawyer she could find, who happened to be Abe Burman. She didn't know Burman also was Buddy De Sylva's attorney, or that De Sylva, who is the boss of production at Paramount, also was casting the stage show, *Panama Hattie*.

Abe Burman's secretary admitted the Howling Hutton, and for ten minutes the respectable attorney literally cowered in a corner. Betty then paused for breath, and before she could do a retake, Burman grabbed the phone, got De Sylva on the wire. "Listen, Buddy," he yelled, "I got the girl to play *Florrie* in *Panama Hattie*." And he had. The Lopez suit later came up, and Betty won because she had helped train a substitute advertised by Lopez as *Hotter than Hutton*.

[*Continued on page* 43]

All you've ever longed for in a Lipstick

AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY

Constance Luft Huhn

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Meet the screen's outstanding mother of the year—Mary Martin. She has a five months' old daughter and a ten-year-old son. Started fireworks in her home town when she named her daughter "Heller." Claimed that was Texas-talk for a vivacious girl. Weatherford, Texas, objected. Said that was no decent name for a lady. Mary compromised by calling her "Mary Heller." Her husband is Richard Halliday, screen writer. Mary ranks high on the Paramount lot (she's in *Happy-Go-Lucky* next) as well as on a nation-wide radio show. Still considers her biggest and most important job is being a mother

Our Cover Girl

"You're going to be a Beauty!"

said Doctor, advising IVORY

1 SO BIG! ME AT 10 MONTHS . . .

wearing a rose-petal complexion, if I *do* say so myself. 'Course, Doctor *insisted* on Ivory for my sensitive skin—and Mommy's, too. He explained how Ivory Soap is *pure* and *gentle*, without any dye or strong perfume that might be irritating.

2 BIGGER YET— 18 MONTHS OLD

Ah me . . . the good times I've had in my Ivory bath! How could they *ever* make a soap any milder, any sudsier than this scrumptious big white floating Ivory cake of mine?

3 PRACTIC'LY GROWN UP—

2½ years next week! And guess what . . . they've actually made a *milder* Ivory (with LOTS more SUDS) for Mommy's complexion and mine! Mommy says our New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory gives us *safe* beauty-care. You oughta see her cream New Ivory lather all over her face! And afterwards she looks so pink-and-white! Better be like me and Mommy—give *your* face a velvet sudsing every night!

P. S. In a nation-wide survey, more doctors said they recommended Ivory for both babies and grown-ups than any other toilet soap. And doctors now recommend *New* Ivory—which is even *milder!*

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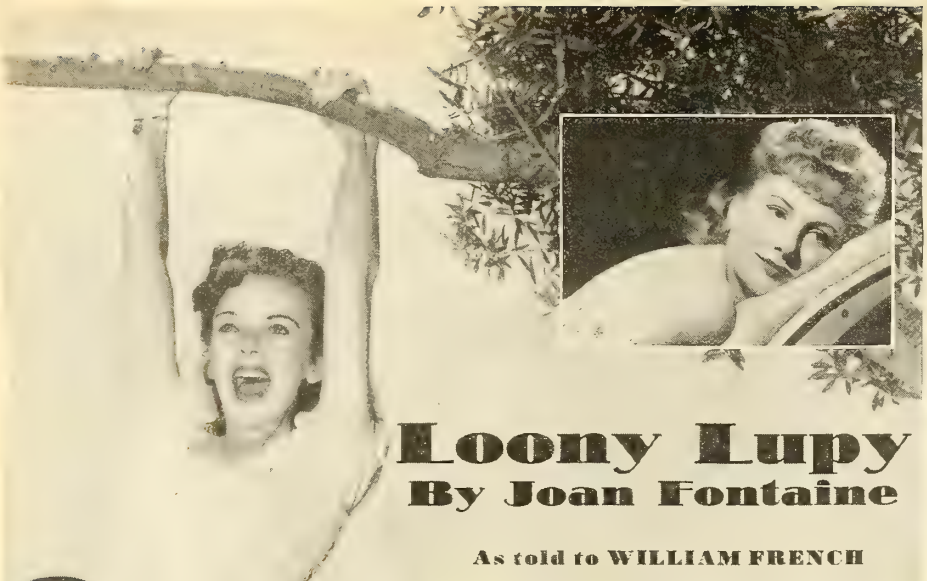
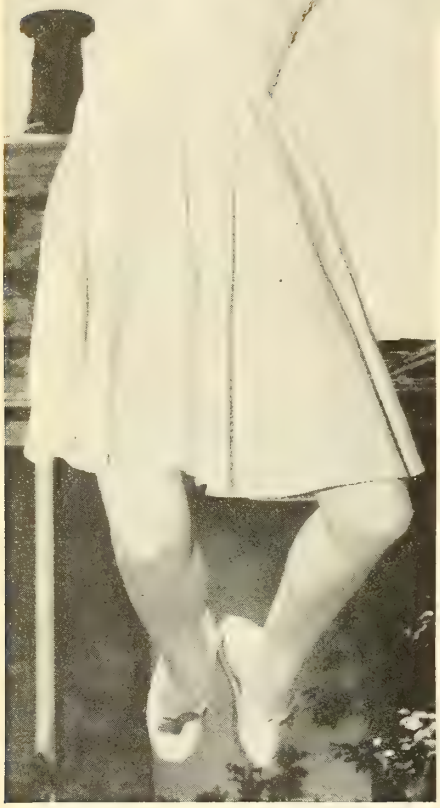


Loony Lupy

By Joan Fontaine

As told to WILLIAM FRENCH



There's never a dull moment where Ida Lupino is concerned. Nobody knows that better than her best friend, Joan Fontaine, who has written a startlingly frank story about her for HOLLYWOOD. Right, Ida in her trim uniform of the Women Ambulance Drivers Corps. Ida's in *Moontide*; Joan's in *This Above All*

Ida Lupino is the nearest thing to a caged tiger I ever saw outside a zoo. I don't think she has ever been still a whole minute in her life.

I have yet to see her when she wasn't tense—like a coiled spring. Or exploding like a firecracker.

At six in the morning something is tragic with her, and she's on the verge of something. Or in the middle of it. At midnight she still burns with energy that won't let her rest.

She wanders about the house all night, sleeping from couch to couch. Nobody ever knows where she will be found in the morning. She can't sleep in a second-story room. When she was a child some bright relative told her our a window and put the fear of heights in her soul.

She seethes—with energy, emotion, ambition and kindness.

Everybody calls her Ma—probably because she is the most loved girl in Hollywood. She has such a kind heart.

"My dear, it's so awful I simply can't stand it," is her usual form of salutation; but it's always something about herself she can't stand. I've never heard her say an unkind thing about anyone—and she's always saying something. Lupy must talk or burst.

She's a bundle of nerves, like a cat. And as fond of being fussed over. Being the center of attraction is natural to her. I'm sure she was an actress in the cradle. I'll bet she stole the scene from her mother when she was born. And she's been stealing scenes ever since.

Of course Ida isn't normal. No one ever accused her of that. She is definitely off the track. Watching her half an hour would convince you of that.

One of her peculiarities is that she does everything well. She is a Jill-of-all-trades—but good. She makes herself up better than the studio make-up man can. She designs her own clothes, is a good cook and an immaculate housekeeper. Interior decorating isn't a hobby with her, it's an art.

At twenty-four she knows more about acting than most people do after a lifetime on the stage or screen. She's an excellent dancer. Also enough of a poet to write lyrics for her own songs. And she's had her music published and recorded by symphony orchestras. She's an inveterate reader, is well informed and can talk convincingly—with gestures. And, boy, I mean gestures!

And she's just loony enough to think she's on top because she has had good breaks!

She keeps open house for her friends, and expects them to behave and do exactly as they please. She doesn't try to be a professional hostess or the life of the party. Because she acts as a restless urge to all there are always a dozen things going on at the Haywards.

You never know what to expect from Lupy. The other morning she brought me flowers that she had picked in her garden at six—after serving the soldiers on her hill with coffee till three a.m.

Lupy keeps coffee, doughnuts and sandwiches ready so her anti-aircraft unit can get them any time during the night.

She's the kind of a girl who would come to a hospital on a fire engine. When my hairdresser broke a vein in her leg, Lupino came tearing over with bandages, liniment and an ice bag. She made the hairdresser lie down, and took care of her—doing about six things at a time. She made herself late on the set doing it.

Ida probably works harder than anybody else in Hollywood. And no wonder; she keeps herself so broke giving money to other people that she has to make a lot of pictures.

No matter how hard or how long she has been working, her vitality never seems to lessen. After a strenuous day before the camera, or standing hour after hour taking fittings, she'll out-dance, out-talk and out-charm everybody in the evening. Because she positively encircles and mothers her friends, she's generally known as Old Ida Girl.

And, of course, there's never a dull moment around her. Her moods are like clouds scudding across a blue sky. I've seen her sad and gay within two minutes.

At the War Relief Party the British Colony gave for seventy R.A.F. and twenty American fliers, tears were streaming down Ida's face as they sang "Auld Lang Syne," and the next minute she

turned to the boy beside her and said, "Let's cut a rug."

I love Lupy because in this loony racing life of hers she somehow finds time to understand a fellow—and to let you know she understands.

Lupino and I didn't get off to a good start. I sensed that she distinctly disliked me at first. I think it was because she thought I was prim, stuck-up and haughty.

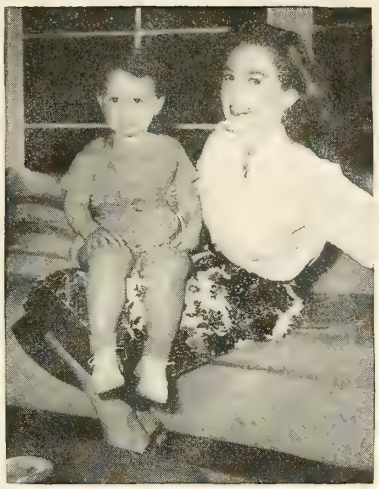
Then, suddenly, I knew she was the first person who understood what I was up against. That is, so far as recognition is concerned. And then, just as suddenly, she was an inspiration to me. I wasn't doing so well, and needed assurance so badly. And because I believed firmly in Lupino's capabilities as an actress, I suddenly was confident that there was a chance for me, too. Because she proved that one didn't have to put in years of grind to become a success. She was proof that art can be a natural gift, and not always exclusively the result of long experience.

All this happened when I was making a picture with her husband, Louis Hayward. One day she came on the set, and in spite of the antagonism I sensed, I couldn't help telling her what a splendid performance I thought she gave in a picture I had seen only a few nights before.

She was dumbfounded—and showed it. And then she gathered me in. That's the only way I can describe how Lupino makes friends.

Because I was reserved and awkward at expressing myself, this girl's amazing frankness fascinated me. She is absolutely free from anything devious or circuitous.

At first I thought she was saying exactly what she thought in plain words to help me cut through the reticence with which I was protecting myself. But now I know she couldn't have been anything but frank and straightforward. Her facial expressions are too revealing to let her pretend. Her emotions are so deep they reach right up to the surface. She is absolutely spontaneous.



The young man perched on Geraldine Fitzgerald's lap is her handsome young son, Michael Edward Hogg. Geraldine is in Warners' *The Gay Sisters*

I've had her burst into my home early in the morning, crying: "Joan, Joan, Joan, I've got a great chord! I thought it up in the middle of the night. I got up and played it. It's like this." And she sat down at my piano and pounded out her small-hours-of-the-morning composition.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she cried.

She didn't mean she thought the chord was wonderful—but that it was wonderful that life gave her the chance to do these things—to wake up in the middle of the night with an inspiration. That it was wonderful to be alive.

Yes; my Lupy is magnificently loony.

Acting is instinctive with her, and she creates from emotion. But she uses her head, too.

Because I'm making *This Above All* at the same studio where Ida is starring with Jean Gabin in *Moontide*, I hear reports on her work—and they're all wonderful.

But with all that, the artist doesn't dominate in Lupino. When you look at her you see more than just an actress. You see a completely natural and frank human being. You can't fail to recognize her friendliness and to know that she's absolutely sincere. She says, "Hello, chum," and gives you a straight look. Nothing mysterious or coy. When she meets you, her eyes say, "Here I am, take me for what I am."

That's exactly what I did—and I'm not giving her back. ■

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Duck Hunter

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

Every nook and cranny of John Howard's home overflows with ducks. There's even a live one in the fabulous collection. John's in Columbia's *Submarine Raider*

■ When John Howard was a student at Western Reserve in Cleveland, he and a gorgeous Freshman girl had reached the moonlight-for-two stage when along came dat ole debbil, Depression. The G. F. G. gave up music and took up dental nursing.

After a year of devoted service in the children's ward of a tubercular hospital, she learned that she had contracted the disorder of her patients. She was ordered to bed for months, but she managed to have a writing board rigged up so she could write her daily letter to John. About this time Joe Penner was making America duck-conscious, so John and the lady in white had a pact to listen each Sunday night to the Penner query, "Ya wanna buy a duck?" Consequently, John wasn't too amazed when he received a package one day containing a white porcelain duck.

Which item formed the nucleus of a duck collection that now overflows every nook and cranny in the Howard home. (P. S. The girl who started John's collection is now happily married, living in the East, and is the mother of a youngster who, undoubtedly, goes to sleep each night in a blanket on which ducklings appear.)

Chief among the Howard ducks is a living specimen named The Goon. By the way, all of John's ducks are named because —as John says—"I belong to a family that labels everything. Not once, but repeatedly. At home I'm called Sully, or Sela, or Tela, or Skip—which is short for Skipper. Oh, we're death on names."

The Goon is very large, very fat and very belligerent. However, since he is a drake, he is voiceless—a boon because the last pair of live ducks John owned were a couple of squawkers who made the night ring with protest every time a strange footfall sounded within a hundred yards. This caused the Howard neighbors to speculate daily on the merits of roast duck.

The Goon was the gift of some unidentified fan. Each Easter, John receives a squad of ducklings by express, but he has been discouraging the practice because some of the livestock always die en route. Even if the little feathered friends arrive safely, that state of health lasts only until there is no one present to curb The Goon's jealous disposition.

At present, The Goon is the largest member of John's collection, although he hasn't always had that distinction. An Australian theater owner once sent John a pair of carved wooden ducks, exceedingly heavy, and about *four feet high.* They were gorgeous, but as immovable as the Sphinx. With a sigh of mingled pleasure and premonition, John named them and established them as door guards. There they stood in awesome splendor until Mr. Howard returned rather late one night, neglected to turn on the light, crashed into one of the sentinels and promptly changed the name of both.

After that he passed a law that no duck over a foot high was to join his flock.

One of the most amusing items in this menagerie is a lopsided drake carved of pine. He is wearing a battered hat and a set of disreputable wings. To add to his

rakish appearance, the Howard maid dropped him, breaking off one foot and causing him thereafter to teeter uncertainly. Label: The Drunk.

Near this old soak stands a drake of another color: a dark, suave smoothie wearing a top hat and carrying a cane. In his eyes lurks a leer that no one could misunderstand. He is affectionately known as The Reprobate.

"Ma" and "Pa" are a Czechoslovakian pair; "Ma" wears a painted shawl and a Sunday bonnet, and "Pa" wears a cap, smokes a pipe, and has a peasant's-eye cocked toward the sky, checking rain clouds.

Furthermore, the timepiece that John takes with him on location is set in the body of a flat wooden duck. "I suppose it was intended originally to keep time in a nursery, but it was a gift to me so I pack it along wherever I go," John stated. He declined to tell who was the donor of the ticking duck.

He also owns a duck lamp, duck bookends, and a dozen duck ash trays. He has received decoys copied after every known specie of duck all over the world; he keeps a complete sample line, but the surplus is turned over to an old duck hunter from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. Chap by the name of Fred MacMurray.

It's astonishing, the lengths to which one can carry a duck hobby. "I always make my own Christmas cards," John said, "so that I can incorporate a duck or two in the design. My friends have probably wondered what on earth the idea is. Personally, I think there's nothing as artistically beautiful as a mallard in flight."

Sometimes a duck gets *too* artistically beautiful. For instance, when John, Jean Parker, and a studio group were in San Francisco for a gala premiere, John spent his spare time showing Jean the town and vice versa. One afternoon she lured him into a world-famous shop in Chinatown and explained that she wanted to commemorate the trip by adding a duck to John's collection.

The shop owner, a man of rare discrimination, began to exhibit ducks by the dozen. Jean finally saw one that took her eye, a smooth little number made of transparent material. Overall height was about two inches, but that dimension was packed with personality. John admired it and admitted that he had never seen anything quite like it.

"This duck is several centuries old," the shop owner said. "It was carved by some Chinese artisan out of crystal. Originally it was probably sealed in a tomb that was eventually rifled by bandits; it has been sold in bazaars and carried in the knapsack of invaders. Two hundred and fifty dollars is the price."

When he could collect his breath, duck-fancier Howard set a price limit. "Sorry, but I never allow a duck worth more than three dollars to enter my collection," he announced. "I don't want the other ducks in my collection to get an inferiority complex."

He and Jean quietly repaired to a smaller, less pretentious Oriental shop to purchase a blue Pekin fowl for a modest cash sum. Name of substitute duck: Cost Way Low.

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Saddle Cinderella

By SONIA LEE

The story of Marjorie Reynolds would make bad fiction. The Cinderella motif is exaggerated. The element of luck plays a fantastic role. Her transition from leading lady in Westerns—those poor relations of the movies—to leading lady with Fred Astaire and Bing Crosby in Irving Berlin's *Holiday Inn,* is a tale which confirms the tradition that anything can happen in Hollywood!

On a Friday afternoon Marjorie was one of the Saddle Girls, whom Tim Holt, Buck Jones, George O'Brien and the other spurred and booted gentry periodically rescued in the nick of time. Her chances for graduating from the back of a horse into first rank stardom were a million to one.

But Monday morning she had a Paramount contract in her pocket, one of the acting plums of the year, a temperature from excitement, and a sleep-walker's look in her eye.

Marjorie made her acquaintance with movie cameras at the age of four. A year earlier, her father, a physician, moved his family from Buhl, Idaho, to Los Angeles, and began building up a practice.

The three-year-old was entered in Frank Egan's drama and dancing school, and before many months was being called by studios when especially cute and clever tykes were needed. The family name of Goodspeed was changed to Moore—and by that name she was known for years.

She was in many of the important productions of pre-talkie days—in *Revelation* and *Scaramouche* and *Svengali.* She played in many pictures which starred Viola Dana and Norma Talmadge and Ramon Navarro.

At eight, she "retired" for a year to fill in a few chinks in her schooling, to pick up a bit of radio experience, and to do some really concentrated work on her ballet dancing.

She emerged from this retirement when Director Herbert Brennon chose her for the ballerina role in *Wine, Women and Song* with Lilyan Tashman and Lew Cody.

Marjorie finished grade school and high-school. There were interludes of dancing jobs in the musicals then in vogue. With school behind her, she made her plans for a consistent career. She wasn't hunting for a spectacular break or a sudden catapulting into stardom.

All she wanted to do was to go slowly, develop modestly, get just a little bit ahead each year. In line with her program of progress, she made regular rounds of the studios to make them remember her face, her figure and her talents.

Through a boy she knew at high-school, she was introduced to Jack Reynolds, an assistant in Goldwyn's casting department.

Once a week she went to see him. "I thought if I pestered him enough, he might get me a job," she recalls today.

She got more than a job. She got a husband. They were married within the year. Jack was earning thirty-seven and a half dollars a week—but his prospects were bright. They set up housekeeping in a little apartment near the studio,

On a Friday afternoon Marjorie Reynolds was one of the Saddle Girls, but on Monday morning she had a Paramount contract in her pocket. Right, a scene from her first big film, *Holiday Inn,* with Fred Astaire

and began building their life together.

In those months of courtship, Marjorie had appeared in several Paramount pictures, and among them was *Three Cheers for Love,* which Danny Dare dance-directed.

The girl with the long, deep-set dark eyes, which so often crinkled with humor, attracted him. She had poise and stability and earnestness. And the girl could dance. He asked her for a date. "It's nice of you to ask me," she said to him, "but I am engaged."

There wasn't much future in chorus jobs, Marjorie realized. On the advice of her agent she tossed her dancing slippers away, and began what seemed an interminable period of waiting for a chance at something else.

Eventually, she landed a dramatic role in *Murder in Greenwich Village.* She knew now that she could handle an acting part. But she had no intention of waiting month after month for work. When her agent suggested that Western pictures held many opportunities, she agreed with him.

She learned to sit a horse like a veteran, lightened her hair, changed her name from "Moore" to her legal name of "Reynolds" and thus began the third phase in her career.

For two and a half years she was under contract to Monogram. Later, she freelanced. The pay was good. She had the status of a leading lady. And she had a lot of fun.

In the meanwhile, Jack was getting along, too. Promotion followed promotion, until finally he was made Assistant Production Manager of his studio. Jack was ambitious for Marjorie. He was certain there was a brilliant future for her. But they were not impatient. And they were happy.

During the first week of November last Marjorie completed *The Dude Cowboy* for R-K-O. The following Monday she dropped in at Paramount's talent department to check on job possibilities in forthcoming Westerns.

She was given a script to study and told to return in a week for a reading.

As she was leaving, one of the casting assistants remarked: "We're sure having a headache these days. We're looking for a girl who can sing and dance and act for the Astaire-Crosby picture. You don't happen to know anyone like that, do you?"

The search for that girl had gone on for weeks. One candidate after another had been considered and discarded. It was difficult to find a girl who could follow in the magic footsteps of Ginger Rogers and Rita Hayworth.

Danny Dare, newly returned to the studio after a five years' absence, remembered the dark-haired girl in *Three Cheers for Love.*

"I think I know the girl who'd fill the bill," he told Mark Sandrich, the director. But he couldn't recall her name.

There was a frantic search for old stills. "That's the girl, right there," Danny Dare exulted. The caption identified her as "Marjorie Moore."

But there was no recent record anywhere of a Marjorie Moore in Hollywood. Eventually, someone in the casting office

[*Continued on page* 43]

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1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
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FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

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A few years ago you loved her as *Little Miss Marker.* Today she's *Little Miss Glamour,* and all set for a career as a lovely and talented young lady of the screen. You'll be seeing this "new" Shirley Temple soon in *Miss Annie Rooney*

Saddle Cinderella

[*Continued from page* 41]

did identify her. "Her name is Marjorie Reynolds now, and she's a blonde, and she plays in Westerns," executives were informed.

Early Friday morning Marjorie was called and asked to come to the studio at two o'clock that afternoon and to bring her dancing shoes. She didn't know what it was all about, and didn't even speculate.

She was casual, moderately curious when she reported. But casualness departed when she discovered the reason for the summons.

"In the next four hours I didn't know whether I was afoot or on horseback. I did a routine, although I hadn't danced in years. A lot of people came and looked me over. Mr. Astaire was there and Mr. Sandrich and studio executives. It was finally decided that I was worth testing for the role, and I reported for all-day tests Saturday.

"I didn't dream of getting the part. In fact, I was so skeptical that I studied all day Sunday that script the talent department had given me the previous Monday. I was almost sick with excitement.

"Monday morning the studio called me and I went over and signed the contract. The unbelievable was true—I was to dance with Astaire!"

A new star has been born.

A miracle? Certainly. It happens in Hollywood! ■

Supercharged Songstress

[*Continued from page* 33]

Later, when De Sylva signed Betty for films, Anne Barrett got her second break for Betty trained her for the part of *Florrie*.

There was no change of pace when Hurricane Hutton hit Hollywood and was cast in *The Fleet's In*.

"Please try to slow that girl down," the head of the music department begged the director. "Only a third of Betty's lyrics sticks to the sound track."

Camera crews wailed, "Keep that female in the finder."

De Sylva reasoned, "If we slow Betty down, we haven't got Hutton. So do the best you can."

Finally they compromised. Betty slowed down to a dead run, the technicians speeded up to a fast fly, and *The Fleet's In*, was in the cans.

Betty has trouble finding outlets for her energy between pictures. After finishing *The Fleet's In* she had nothing to do until shooting started on *Happy-Go-Lucky*. She thought to kill an evening by singing on the Bob Hope radio show, and became a fixture.

Betty's mother lives with her in Hollywood and accepts her cyclonic off-spring philosophically. She has learned that it takes little energy to keep tabs on Betty. She merely remains in one place, for Betty soon will be past on her next time around. ■

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He Makes Faces

By MURIEL REED

■ May we respectfully direct your attention to the following line, filched from a cynic's notebook: "Matrimony—A system of holy monotony."

However, since practically everything can be cured nowadays by either sulfanilimide or scheming, we herewith offer a stratagem for coping with wedded boredom: don't confine yourself to one (only) husband; marry a million men.

Don't interrupt at this moment, screaming something about The Law, The Law! Neither Church nor State will make a bit of fuss, for the million men we have in mind are wrapped in one tall, blond and handsome package, weight 155 pounds, and labeled "William T. Orr." T. for Tunney.

Bill Orr came into this vale of waiting women on September 27, 1917, in New York City, and almost immediately found himself entered in a series of swank schools as follows: Coburn School in Miami Beach, Florida; Rumsey Hall in Connecticut, and finally Phillips Exeter Academy.

This should indicate to you that Bill was born on the sterling silver side of the tracks, but he proved in a hurry that he had as much ingenuity, ambition, and general moxie as the ruggedest prize-fighter's son.

For a brief period he was a member of the dramatic society at Phillips Exeter, but this sedentary undertaking interfered with his football, basketball, swimming, track, horsebackriding, tennis, golf, and squash raquets, so he dropped drama.

Clearly, such a program exercised every muscle he owned with the exception of the facial. In order not to neglect them, he spent a few moments each day imitating

At first glance, mimic William Orr appears to be just a tall, good-looking young fellow, but in a flash he's Mickey Rooney, George Arliss, Lionel Barrymore, or W. C. Fields. Bill is lending his diverse talents to *The Gay Sisters*

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anyone and everyone who amused him.

Came summer time, and Bill decamped to California for a vacation. At the end of this blissful period, he gave a combination farewell-birthday party at the Trocadero B.F. (Before Folding) and put on a superb performance as a movie star on his night out. This imitation was so successful that an agent, seated at a neighboring table, sent for Bill to ask a few questions among which was, "How would you like to take some screen tests?"

Nothing much came of these tests for two years, however. Bill went back to the Academy for a year, then returned to Hollywood and enrolled in a dramatic school, from which spring-board he landed in that celebrated production, *Meet the People*. In this, he imitated President Roosevelt so well that every fireside in Southern California prepared for a chat.

How would you like to close your eyes, float through the air on a magic carpet, and find yourself—still with closed eyes—seated at a luncheon table with Charles Boyer, Ronald Colman, Lionel Barrymore, W. C. Fields and Mickey Rooney?

Very simple. Just go to luncheon with Bill Orr. He has mastered the intonations, the little tricks of speech, and the characteristic vocabulary of each of these diverse gentlemen.

In the midst of his *Meet the People* imitations, Bill was grabbed by Warner Brothers for a part in *Stella Dallas* in which he had three lines.

Bill wrote to his family, who were spending the summer in a small town in the Midwest, telling them about his pass at the lady known as Fame. Having done his best to keep his relatives informed of his progress, he promptly forgot the incident until he went home on vacation. Seems the family had arranged with the local theater operator to have a special showing of *Stella Dallas* in Bill's honor, and had invited scores of their friends to this midnight spectacle.

"I'll say this for the projectionist," Bill grins. "He ran my three scenes so slowly that they took up at least one-tenth of the showing time, and the rest of the picture he ran like money through a gambler's fist."

After *Stella Dallas* he was given a feature part with Olivia de Havilland and Jeffrey Lynn in *My Love Came Back,* and then he went to Metro to appear in *The Mortal Storm* with Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullavan.

Following that he was an attorney in *Honeymoon for Three* with George Brent, and currently he's back in the barrister business in *The Gay Sisters*—again with Brent.

Between these bouts at the bar, Bill did a flock of personal appearances. Wherever he went, he was always asked to take off some local character instead of a star. This, of course, is a terrific stunt, requiring more knowledge than can be gained in a short time, but in an army camp in San Antonio he met a Major who made a super subject. When Bill wound up his act with a take-off of this Major, the camp almost laughed down the tents. They made him repeat it again and again.

"Wait and see—that guy will one day be my commanding officer," says Bill gloomily. ■

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Tough Orchid

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

■ Everyone gets so puzzled about Claudette Colbert. And it is a rather curious thing when you come to think of it. For years her sheer exquisiteness has been a sort of Hollywood legend. Until you've lunched with Claudette from one of those fabulous hampers which arrive at her studio dressing room every day, you simply haven't seen anything. If you've dined at her home you know something about Continental living at its finest. Her house and her clothes, her silken sheets and convent-made underwear are things the Hollywood gossips discuss with an odd sort of pride. These same gossips point to her with emphasis when snooty visitors accuse the colony of being gauche or vulgar.

One of these boasters was proclaiming, "Most Hollywood people live well. Claudette lives delicately. But she is so fragile . . ."

Cecil de Mille happened to overhear and he roared with laughter. "Fragile! That one?" he chortled. "Why, she can take more physical punishment than Tarzan. I know!" And he launched into a lusty description of the first picture he made with Claudette. The cast and crew of *Four Frightened People* went to the Hawaiian Islands on location. Not to a big resort hotel mind you. But to one of the islands where there isn't much except jungles and large bugs and lizards and mud. Claudette had just had a serious operation. She was so ill, indeed, that the company sailed for the Islands without her and she went to the harbor in an ambulance to catch the next ship, completing her convalescence on the way across. She had fought for the chance to go and go she did, in spite of hell and high water and a barely healed incision!

De Mille relates that on the day she arrived she had to go into the surf and take a pounding from the waves which were not nearly as gentle as the travel folders may have led you to believe. After that the company moved to an inland location to which they had to travel every morning, over rough country, on mule-back. And here the script called for Claudette to prance about and try to look happy under an icy waterfall. This presented some difficulty because the impact of the water made her gasp and she spoiled a couple of takes by sputtering.

"I laughed at her," C. B. relates, with relish. "And finally she got so mad that she reached out, grabbed my sleeve, caught me off balance and pulled me into the cold torrent with her. It made me gasp, too, and I was wearing a good many more clothes than she was. This little revenge made her feel better and she finished the scene with no more gasping. Fragile? Hah!"

That's what they said when she was playing in *Boom Town* and took her drenching with mud and oil, helped fight the oil well fire, and bent over that steaming wash tub.

It wouldn't seem quite so outrageous if you hadn't seen her at home. That bedroom . . . all peach satin and point d'esprit ruffles. Lace over satin. Petticoats on the bed and on the mirrored dressing table in its windowed recess. Crystal bottles, embroidered cushions piled about, an occasional blue satin bow somewhere, just for fun. Claudette has let frivolity run away with her in her own room. It's fluffy and gay and feminine.

The rest of her Georgian house has dignity and simplicity. Correct period furniture in the living room. The dining room is formal to the point of stateliness. The playroom (which is also a projection

Fragile-looking Claudette Colbert smiles broadly when called upon to do a tough job. She's learned how to take it. She takes more punishment in Paramount's *Palm Beach Story*

room) is ample and designed for fun.

But—watch Claudette presiding at one of her so-carefully-thought-out small dinner parties. Then think of her in that scene in *Skylark* where she tumbled down the stairs to the galley of the little boat where she made, spilled and re-made the coffee. Remember?

That shot wasn't made on location. It was made in a tank at the studio where the storm they stirred up was a good deal more violent than a real storm encountered on angry days in the Pacific. But the studio-made storm, violent as it was, didn't photograph to the director's satisfaction. Claudette stumbled, slipped and fell down those stairs *ten times* before everything lunged and swayed for a proper take. She bruised her elbows and her knees and the part of the anatomy which usually suffers when one falls downstairs. When she was finished and they patched her up, she had enough iodine and adhesive tape decorating her pretty chassis to stock a small hospital. But she was cheerful as all get-out.

It's not that she never complains, that she is a "martyr to her art" or any such nonsense. She values her skin and hates a broken leg as much as you do. One director said of her, "There's one nice thing about Claudette. If she's going to do any beefing about a scene, she does it *beforehand*. She gives you that horrified little squeal, 'Oooooh, do I HAVE to do that?' Once she's convinced that the scene belongs in the picture, she makes a face and says, 'O. K.' and that's all there is to it. From there on in she doesn't pull her punches.

She was almost as frail as she looks when she first came to Hollywood. She was constantly struggling to put on weight. She says that isn't true any more. She thinks she started to improve in health and general stamina when she stopped pampering herself. If Hollywood still thinks of her as a fragile creature, she thinks that is very amusing.

"I have," she says, firmly, "the appetite and the nervous system of a truck driver."

How did she achieve this enviable state? "Well-ll, I discovered that to do a good job in anything you had to go all the way. I mean, you had to do things *hard* or they didn't register. You had to be thorough. Then I began to discover that a lot of other things in life were more fun if you were thorough about them, too. If you 'go all out' for things, you get more out of them—or is this getting scrambled?"

She discovered, for instance, that exercise was fun and not a duty. She plays a good game of tennis and likes to swim but she didn't discover her real passion until she went to Sun Valley for *She Met Him in Paris* and discovered skiing. She twisted her ankle that time and had to finish the picture with a tightly taped stem. But on her next vacation she learned to swoop and skim with the best of them.

"Yes, I learned to think things *hard*," Claudette continued. "Then I learned to *do* them that way. Fittings, photographs, falling downstairs, playing games, talking with people—everything. The more I did, the more I found I could do and the more fun it was. If anyone tells you that I'm an orchid, tell him for me that orchids are really hardy plants. They're tough!" ■

"I was a Wife *in name only*"

A NEGLECTED WIFE REGAINS
HER HAPPINESS BY OVERCOMING
HER "ONE NEGLECT"

1. Our marriage started out like a story-book romance. We were so head-over-heels in love. But soon my romance faded. Jim's love turned to cold indifference. I suffered agonies.

2. Mrs. M. dropped in one morning and caught me crying. She dragged the whole sad story out of me. "My dear," she said, "don't mind my frankness—you see, I used to be a Registered Nurse, and I understand your trouble. So many wives lose their husbands' love because of carelessness about feminine hygiene.

3. "Our head physician set me straight," continued Mrs. M. "He advised his women patients to use Lysol for intimate personal care. Lysol, you see, is a powerful germicide; used according to easy directions, it kills all vaginal germ-life on instant contact . . . yet can't harm sensitive tissues. It cleanses and deodorizes, too."

4. I've used Lysol for feminine hygiene ever since—with never the slightest worry about its effectiveness. Lysol is so economical—it never dents my budget. And—oh, yes, Jim is once more "that way" about me—and am I *happy!*

Why you can depend on Lysol

GENTLE YET POWERFUL—Used as directed, Lysol is gentle to delicate tissues (not an acid—no free alkali), *yet there is no germ-life in the vaginal tract that Lysol will not kill on instant contact.* SPREADING—No other widely advertised douche preparation has the wide spreading power Lysol has—Lysol solution virtually searches out germ-life in tiny folds other liquids may never reach. ECONOMICAL—Small bottle makes almost 4-gallons solution. CLEANLY ODOR—Soon disappears. HOLDS STRENGTH to last drop—play safe with Lysol.

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Whether you're engaged in war work . . . or the important job of being a woman, the sensational new NEET Cream Deodorant will preserve and defend your daintiness.

New NEET Cream Deodorant is a sure way of instantly stopping under-arm odor and perspiration from one to three days! A flesh-tinted, stainless, greaseless cream, that vanishes almost instantly, makes armpits dry and free of odor. Will not irritate the skin, or injure clothing.

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DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

Buy it from your druggist today

Problem Child

Nothing like Nancy Coleman has ever hit the Warner studios. She has the place stumped. Nancy is currently working in the Warner production, *Desperate Journey*

By JACK DALLAS

■ Nancy Coleman has the Warner publicity boys just about stymied. They shake their heads in despair. And they worry themselves ill.

"She's a good kid, you understand, and we'd like to do something for her. But you know how it is with publicity. You've just got to have a little something to work with. Now you take a quick gander at this Coleman party, if you don't mind:

"She isn't a sweater girl like Joan Leslie.

"She isn't a gal with photogenic gams like Alexis Smith.

"She isn't a ravishing beauty like Olivia de Havilland.

"She isn't a hand with interviewers like Ann Sheridan.

"She isn't even a personality girl like Ida Lupino."

A deep sigh and the Warner boys continue.

"So what are you going to do with a party like Coleman? She's a good kid, you understand—tops. But you know how it is with publicity. You've just got to have a little something to work with."

Poor Nancy Coleman. No wonder the Warner wonderboys are worried. All Nancy can do is act.

Five hundred movie critics said as much after witnessing her debut as the unfortunate *Louise Gordon* in *Kings Row*. That many critics and more underlined the statement in red after glimpsing her first leading role opposite John Garfield in *Dangerously They Live*. In her next, *The Gay Sisters*, she shines like a good deed in this naughty world. And against such top-flight competition as Barbara Stanwyck and Geraldine Fitzgerald!

You'd think a girl like Nancy would have been a pal to the Warner boys and brought along an exciting background, as well as a terrific talent, when she checked in at the studio a year ago or so. Most Warner girls have been pretty cooperative along those lines. Olivia de Havilland was born in Tokio (God forbid!) and knew how to say "Hi!" in Nipponese by the time she was seventeen months old. Joan Leslie used to run the truant officers ragged from the time she was 12, what with touring the country and dancing with her sisters on the well-known "hunger time." Brenda Marshall helped her papa run a sugar plantation in the Philippines and bossed the natives like a miniature *Scarlett O'Hara*.

But this Coleman party . . .

Well, Everett, Washington, is where she hails from, and her father was editor of the local paper. She shot up like a beanstalk, was tall and gangly at 16, breezed through high school (where she was more noted for her bronze-colored hair than her

beauty), and went off to the University of Washington to major in dramatics although the closest she had come to dramatics in high school was entering—and winning—a declamation contest.

It wasn't that she hadn't tried, mind you.

"I was a sort of ugly duckling—but in technicolor," she confides. "Nobody saw any resemblance between me and Bernhardt."

At the U. of W. she laid one beautiful egg as an actress.

She was five feet six, baby-faced, and so innocent-looking that most parts were automatically ruled out; and when they weren't, leading men (who were on the comparatively short and puny side) balked at playing with Nancy.

Frustrated and disillusioned, she quit the U. of W. after two years, went home, and mapped out a campaign to conquer the theater.

She doped it all out very beautifully.

"I couldn't tackle Broadway without experience and, not being a beauty, I couldn't tackle Hollywood without Broadway."

She solved the impasse by going to San Francisco, a city teeming with little theaters, after promising herself that the minute she had saved $1,000 she would kiss S. F. good-bye and hie herself East to lick Broadway.

San Francisco was no cinch. Nobody threw any fancy jobs at her. She got herself a job as elevator girl at a local department store called the Emporium.

She must have driven the executives of the Emporium pretty frantic. She would wait until she had them alone in the elevator before bursting into an impassioned plea to be made a salesgirl. Three months of being badgered by Employee 116 and the personnel director, sadder but wiser, put her in the millinery department.

Poor Nancy! Piloting people heavenward and announcing "second floor—drapes, linoleum, chinaware," etc. was bad, but telling dumpy-looking ladies that they looked nice in turbans was worse. A salesgirl barely two days and she began spending her lunch hour blasting for an opening as a radio actress. Ironically enough, she was an instant success. So that in a few weeks she was out of millinery and in radio full-time.

It took her ten months to save the $1,000, three hours to pack her belongings, a week to get to New York (via boat) an hour to check into the Rehearsal Club, actor's boarding house made famous by the movie *Stage Door*, and a month to land on Broadway in a smash hit called *Susan and God*, mostly thanks to another Nancy—Nancy Kelly—who had quit the part and the play to go to Hollywood.

Our Nancy was terrific in the part, went on tour with the play, landed in Hollywood, was spotted by Selznick scouts as a potential *Scarlett O'Hara*, and dropped like a hot potato when Mr. S. saw her screen tests and began shaking his head like a man with the palsy.

Amused but unperturbed, she went back to Broadway, snagged the lead in a play called *Miss Liberty Jones*, was spotted by Warner scouts, and was sealed, signed, and delivered to Hollywood.

For months the make-up men worked on her trying to make a tall, hot toddy out of her.

"I could have saved them the trouble, but they wouldn't listen to me," Nancy tells you, very amused. "Nowadays I don't worry the make-up men so much as I harass the poor cameramen. I can't be photographed dead front because my face looks as broad as a barn door.

"It isn't that I mind not being glamorous," she hurries to explain. "It's only that I dislike being a bother to the gentlemen who are doing their best to make amends for Nature."

One year in the cinema Babylon and she is still an observer rather than a participant. She finds the place a "delightful bedlam" of which she has quit trying to make heads or tails.

She's never visited a night club, never attended the fights, never been wooed by Mickey Rooney, never trekked all-dyked-out to a premiere, never swished into the Brown Derby wearing form-hugging slacks.

Her one concession to Hollywood is a mink coat.

"It's like a union card," she says with an elfin grin. "It establishes my connection with the industry."

No wonder this Coleman party has the Warner publicity boys stymied. All Nancy can do is act. ■

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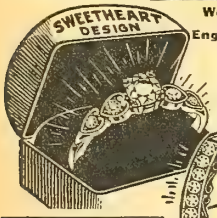

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By JOHN FRANCHEY

Proud as he is of winning one of filmdom's coveted *Oscars*, Donald Crisp is even prouder of raising the best dahlias in Hollywood. He's in *The Big Shot*

■ Any resemblance off-the-set between Donald Crisp and a movie actor is purely coincidental in every respect but one: he is mighty proud of having won an Academy Award for his performance in *How Green Was My Valley* and, like any other actor, has given it the place of honor in his living-room.

There the similarity stops.

He doesn't mix with actors. He cares nothing about being seen. He is indifferent to what is written about him. He lives without splash or noise in a house not on the list pointed out to tourists. He despises nightclubs. He doesn't give a whoop about billing, maintaining that "a marquee is not nearly so accurate a judge of acting as is the public." He has passed up stardom many times on the theory that casts—not stars—make good pictures. Finally, he is the living proof of the error of that old saw that insists that actors are poor business men. He is not only a millionaire but a financial advisor to the Bank of America and helps pass on requests for huge loans by every studio in Hollywood.

Proud as he is of his winning the Award, after having been twice nominated and twice passed up (*Jezebel* and *The Life of Knute Rockne*) he is prouder still of the fact that he raises "the best dahlias in Hollywood and by odds the best poinsettias,"—pretty strong language from a man who dismissed his acting career spanning 35 years, 150 pictures, and some 20 magnificent performances with the comment: "It's nothing to be shooting off cannons about."

False modesty?

Not at all.

In the Crisp lexicon, acting is something you do before a camera and not something you yip about in the presence of a man with a notebook. It takes a hardy interviewer to storm the Crisp barrier of silence and reserve. Being a gentleman, Crisp answers questions—even those dealing with his career. Getting the facts does, however, take a little longer than it does to siphon the same information out of, say, Gracie Allen.

Donald Crisp is in pictures on a pass. He never intended to become an actor. He did intend to become a surgeon like his famous father, Dr. James Crisp, the first medicine man to successfully stitch the human heart. But he never could quite stomach the thought of profiting from human suffering. So he junked his ambition, surrendered to adventure, and trekked off to South Africa to fight in the Boer War.

When it was all over (he was wounded twice) he sailed for England just in time to hear tidings of the great San Francisco

earthquake. Curious to see what damage had been wrought, he headed for America.

The trip made an actor out of an adventurer.

Fond of singing and blessed with a fine tenor voice, he was crooning in the bathtub on the very day of his arrival in New York when the waiter who had served him his breakfast happened by, listened, and reported to another guest that wondrous sounds were coming out of Room 317. The other guest, one John S. Fisher, turned out to be the head of the Fisher-Riley Opera Company and signed up the singing sightseer on the spot. Two days later Crisp departed with the company for Havana.

From then on all he had to do was sit tight. The "little people" were looking out for him. Someone was always tapping him on the shoulder and saying: "You're just the man I'm looking for. Step this way, please."

A good soldier, Crisp obeyed.

Command No. 1 got him into the movies —or, at least, a reasonable facsimile. The company was called Mutascope, and your mamma probably saw Mr. Crisp in such dazzling dramas as *All on Account of the Milk, What the Bellboy Saw,* etc., etc., available to anyone who would step into a penny arcade, drop a copper into a slot, and turn a crank which rifled a lot of still pictures so that they seemed to be moving.

Command No. 2 got him to Hollywood, thanks to George M. Cohan who hired him as singer and stage manager with a company of *The Student Prince* which went on tour and wound up its triumphant jaunt in Los Angeles.

Command No. 3 got him into the real movies. None other than the great D. W. Griffith signed him up as director-actor. For his first chore he directed the battle scenes in *The Birth of a Nation* and played General Grant in the bargain.

From then on he directed and acted by spurts until Warner Brothers managed to talk him into a four-year contract just terminated.

That one and only term contract was a pain in the ahem to both parties. Mr. Crisp, being a pretty shrewd article, had wangled a unique little contract which, unlike even Bette Davis', permitted Warners' four pictures per annum and no more. Furthermore, the studio was obliged to give him 90 days notice before recalling him to service once he had done his year's stint, a proviso which had the Warner executives tearing out their hair.

Crisp didn't like the contract because it left him no choice but to hop into any old picture at the word "Hop!" Besides, Crisp is a great one for impulsively sailing off on his yacht, the *Zahna,* a nautical masterpiece. It does seem a bit ironic, however, that Crisp's first two pictures as a free lance are two Warner items, *The Big Shot* and *The Gay Sisters.*

Crisp's new freedom finds him busier than ever. When he isn't moiling for gold at Warners' or listening to fancy oratory from would-be borrowers of the Bank of America's millions, he's probably following his newest hobby of attending railway and warehouse auctions where clothing and other necessities are being offered up.

He goes alone, scrutinizes things with a trained eye, bids on everything that looks useful. The last auction netted him 375 sweaters at 35 cents the sweater, excellent sweaters, all. The shipment had been refused by a local department store because the packaging had been damaged.

How come? Well, Mr. Crisp is a one-man relief organization, that's all. Every nine days he sends over to England whatever clothing he's managed to buy up, along with boxes of tea, coffee, canned butter and other delicacies to 22 English families whose names have been supplied him by a sister active in war work. Into every box goes an aspirin bottle.

"Do you know people seem to appreciate those aspirins more than they do the tea, the butter, and the other things?"

And, even more than the actual article, they probably appreciate the thoughtfulness of the kind gentleman across the water. ■

WATCH FOR THE STARTLING COVER ON THE JULY HOLLYWOOD, FEATURING BARBARA STANWYCK AND GEORGE BRENT. THE SAME BIG ISSUE BRINGS YOU A LIVELY PRODUCTION STORY ON THEIR NEW FILM, *THE GAY SISTERS.*

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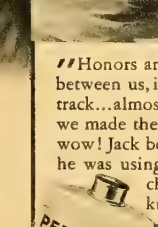
"Honors are usually pretty even between us, in swimming, golf, or track...almost any sport. But when we made the tooth powder test... wow! Jack beat me a mile because he was using Pepsodent... I had chosen another well-known leading brand."



"It wasn't even close! At school, friends knew Jack at a glance... because his teeth were *twice as bright!* No question about it—Pepsodent made the difference! That's why the family began using it, too, even before the test was over!"

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When genial Guy Kibbee found himself with two stage-struck youngsters on his hands, he hit on a worthy plan to handle a touchy situation. Right, Guy, his charming wife and children. Guy will be seen soon in *Scattergood Rides High*

Father Knows Best

By DICK PINE

■ On the set of the latest *Scattergood Baines* picture sat two youngsters. There was stardust in their eyes, and in their hot little hands they clutched their precious bits of "script."

They were Shirley Ann Kibbee and her brother, Guy Kibbee, Jr., and they were practically delirious because they were actually going to be in a movie. They were really going to be actors.

What they didn't know was that they were in for "the works" in Hollywood's best style.

It was all the idea of their father, Guy Kibbee, beloved *Scattergood Baines* of the films. When he found out that his two children were bitten by the acting bug, he decided it would be the wisest and best thing for all concerned if he gave them a foretaste of what an actor's life is like. More than anything, genial Guy wants his two children to have normal childhoods, and child actors are denied that. He decided to give them their chance before the camera; if they stood up under the "cure," then he would give them his blessing and do everything possible to help them in their careers.

Well, right off the assistant director, a stern soul (as are most assistant directors), led them to a corner of the sound stage where he began to hear their lines. Each was proudly letter perfect in the two required sentences, but it appeared that that wasn't all. It wasn't, indeed, even a beginning. They must learn how to walk, how to gesture, how to sit down. This was a gay game for the first half hour; after that it began to pall. Shirley Ann, age ten, and young Guy, age six, thought they already knew how to walk pretty well, and they'd been sitting down, off and on, for years. Their attention began to waver. Guy noticed his father step onto the set.

"There's Daddy!" he cried, "I want to . . ."

"Never mind Daddy," barked his mentor, "he'll keep. Pay attention to me." They paid attention until their instruction was completed, and then dashed off together.

"I want to talk to the director about my part," announced Shirley Ann, firmly. "There he is, over there. Come on!" But they didn't get anywhere near the director. A kindly-looking lady with a firm voice appeared upon the scene.

"Come along, children," she said, "time for school!" The children looked up at her, unbelievingly. [*Continued on page* 54]

That Veiled Look

Veiling is all the rage this season, lending that much-desired feminine touch to any bonnet. Peggy Diggins, Warner player (top), models a large brown felt with coin dotted veiling looped under the chin. Brenda Marshall (center) chooses a white straw trimmed with navy ribbon and billows of veiling. Brenda is in *The Constant Nymph*. Alexis Smith's black cellophane straw pillbox (bottom) is accented with perky swirls and fine black veiling

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- Keeps shelves dust-proof with spotless white surface.
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I have helped thousands seeking a more pleasing appearance free of that ugly, noticeable, unwanted hair. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer—no obligation. Write Mme. ANNETTE LANZETTE, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 201, Chicago, Ill.

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Father Knows Best

[*Continued from page 52*]

"School?" echoed young Guy, blankly.

"We're making a picture," chipped in Shirley Ann, hopefully.

The teacher was unimpressed. She led them across the stage to an improvised schoolroom, where she purposefully opened some books. "You won't be needed until after lunch time," she told them with a smile, "so we'll have a nice long time to study." There was no answering smile on the faces of the children. "You know," she went on, "children who work in the movies have to take their lessons when they can, and consequently have to work twice as hard and twice as fast as children who have more regular school hours. Otherwise they'd get behind, and I'm sure you wouldn't like that, would you?" They didn't look as though they liked anything at that moment.

At twelve o'clock, their father collected them and took them off to lunch in the studio commissary. "Well, how did you like your first morning in pictures?" he inquired with a twinkle. They looked at him reproachfully.

"All we did was go to school," young Guy stated dismally.

"We can do that at home," put in his sister.

Guy Senior felt a little twinge of remorse as he watched the two rather pathetic little faces. "Cheer up," he said, "maybe this afternoon you'll get in a shot or two. What do you want to eat?" Shirley Ann pointed at some lobsters going by on a tray, but her father shook his head. "Actors don't eat lobsters when they're working," he told her, solemnly. "I'd suggest some nice vegetable soup and a salad with cottage cheese, and a glass of milk. We can't run the risk of our child actors getting a tummyache. Might hold up production, and that would be very expensive. Child actors have to have their tummyaches between pictures or not at all." The meal passed in comparative silence.

They were called for a shot soon after lunch. It consumed all of five minutes. They used all the gestures and things they had learned in the morning. It was exceedingly dull. Then the schoolteacher scooped them up again. When she decided that they had had enough for one day, she told them they could go and sit quietly on the set. They found a couple of seats next to their father and watched him as he prepared for a scene. "Now, not a sound," he cautioned. They promised, and sat uncomfortably on the edges of their chairs.

After the shot was under way, young Guy leaned back in his chair which emitted a dismal squeak! "Cut!" snapped the director, and looked around for the culprit. The assistant director nosed them out and stood menacingly over them. "Look here, you kids, if you don't can that racket, you'll have to sit in the schoolroom. We've got no time round here for babies that have to be watched. See?" They saw all right, and for the rest of the day, the two chastened youngsters hardly dared draw a deep breath. Two very subdued little children rode home with their father that evening.

They felt a little better inside the friendlier portals of their own home, and Mother had never looked so good to them. However, more shocks were to follow. After they'd eaten their dinner, their father ordered them up to bed! "You've another day's work tomorrow," he told them. "You have to be on the set at eight so you've got to get your sleep. Don't forget you're young troupers now."

"But Daddy," wailed young Guy, "I want to listen to . . . . . ." "And, Daddy," wailed Shirley Ann, "tomorrow's Saturday, and it's Mary Helen's birthday and . . . ."

But it was all in vain. "You can't listen to the radio tonight," Father said, firmly, "and Saturday is just another day in our business. As for the birthday party, I'm afraid Mary Helen will have to get along without you. Off you go!"

The next and succeeding days were duplicates of the first day, and when they were finally finished with their "roles," they confessed to their mother that they would be so glad to get back to their own school where they could play and make all the noise they wanted, and where there were no assistant directors!

I asked Guy Senior if he didn't think he'd been a little hard on them. "No," he answered firmly. "What they went through isn't the half of it. If a child is really pursuing a serious picture career, there's no time for anything except work and study—either lines or lessons. There'll be dancing, singing, and perhaps skating or fencing lessons outside of working hours and on holidays. And I don't think that's any life for a child."

"But we've got to have children in the movies," I suggested.

"Certainly we have, but the trouble is that we have some ten thousand children in Hollywood, hoping for a break on the screen. They all think they'd be miracles if given the chance! Shirley Temple, Virginia Weidler, Jane Withers and a handful of others *are* miracles whose mothers have untiringly seen to it that their children enjoy their childhood in full measure. Furthermore, they have that inward spark which no miracle of make-up or camera technique can bring forth if it isn't there, and which not one child in a thousand possesses. It takes more than golden curls and a dimple or a cute little face with pigtails. These are a dime a dozen—and no takers!" Guy's face relaxed into a grin. "You know," he went on, "those little ones of mine had no idea of what picture work meant. Shirley Ann once asked me why I let her mother do all the work of arranging meals, looking after them, and so forth, while all I did was to go to the studio all day! She looked upon my work as an enchanting game of make-believe!"

"Do you think your cure will work?" I asked.

"Well, all I know is that when I offered to take them down to the studio a couple of days ago, they looked at each other uneasily, then Shirley Ann said, 'We don't *have* to go, do we, Daddy?'" ■

The Greatest Snubbing in Oscar History

[*Continued from page 26*]

to buy the film outright for a huge sum, and brave the consequences.

When at last the decision was reached to reveal *Kane* to the public, the studio had the devil's own time finding a theater in Hollywood. Exhibitors feared suits and reprisals from Hearst.

Finally R-K-O, Welles' distributing company, made a deal to open its problem-picture at the El. Capitan on Hollywood Boulevard, a legitimate theater ill-suited for movies. The rental was so high, a seat scale of $1.65 was necessary, a price practically nobody among Hollywood's 6,000 extras could be expected to pay to see a novice movie actor in a pig-in-a-poke picture.

The movie trade press in Hollywood, persistently hostile to Welles because he threatened the prestige of some of their advertisers, had created a local atmosphere of suspicion about the quality of everything Welles had undertaken in California.

The label "Communist" was hung on him by interested parties. The venality of this phase of the anti-Welles program was demonstrated by an authentic offer to Welles to call off the whole thing in one nearby community for a "nuisance fee" of $100 a month. Welles didn't pay.

His picture opened in Hollywood at long last to the cheers of the non-Hearst press. But the ticket price was beyond the pocketbook of the extra players and the attendance was pitifully small. Because of the unfriendliness of local realty interests, no other theater was "available" for subsequent runs until autumn.

When *Citizen Kane* opened in Hollywood at 55c a ticket, the public was not slow to discover it. The grosses of the theater housing it zoomed to record heights and for seventeen weeks the Welles picture played at the highest totals ever registered by a continuous-run picture in Hollywood.

Nevertheless, a goodly percentage of Hollywoodites never heard of the picture and many who did, thought of its author-producer-director-star as a combination Communist and crackpot, thanks to the hostility of the local Hearst and trade press. At its present rate of circulation, *Citizen Kane* will never be seen by most of the residents of the movies' home town, where they also give out the *Oscars*.

Next year or the year after word will seep around the movie colony that Welles is in Hollywood to stay. At the moment he has two movies finished and ready for release, *The Magnificent Ambersons* and *Journey Into Fear*. When he returns from South America, where he is already hailed as a demigod, he may expect, some time, to get a few kind words from Hollywood, which is his voting residence and artistic home.

Until a new target comes along, however, Orson will serve as the prime example of the profitless prophet, the guy who banged away at nine Academy Awards and came up with half a bull's-eye. ■

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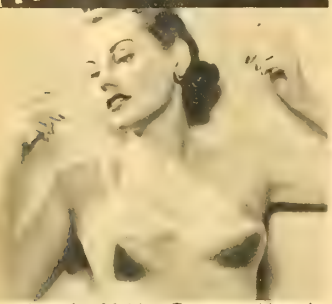

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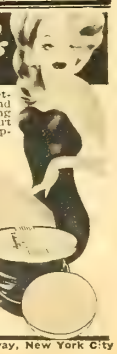

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Buckeroo From Texas

By E. J. SMITHSON

Don Barry's rootin', tootin' screen antics have won him a solid spot at the Hollywood hitching post. Red-headed Don is devoted to his pretty missus and their two dogs. Bottom, his fan mail has more than trebled in the past year. Don's new film is *Remember Pearl Harbor*

■ Don Barry is a non-singing, non-guitar playing, non-yodeling buckeroo from Texas, whose rootin', tootin', shootin' antics on the screen have boosted him right up there among the top-notch hoss opera heroes such as Gene Autry, Buck Jones and Roy Rogers.

He's a cocky, confident little rooster with a temper as hair-trigger as the six guns he totes when he's horning into some wild range fracas. This temper business, by the way, isn't an occupational disease confined solely to his screen behavior, but is carried into his private life. That it's gotten him into what he calls more than one "mess of trouble" we've verified by examining the record.

Don's full name is Donald Barry de Acosta, the "de Acosta" being due to his Irish-Spanish ancestry. It's been whittled down to a mere Don Barry for marquee purposes.

His portrayal of *Red Ryder*, the popular comic strip character in the Republic serial of that name, won him such a tremendous following of fans that he's been signed up for a series of westerns of his own.

A year ago his pictures got into no more than 1,200 motion picture houses. Right now the booking on his films has grown to 5,000 with exhibitors fighting to get them.

Don first came out to California as quarterback of the 1929 All-State Texas High School team to play the All-State California High School squad. Don felt so badly about the loss of that game (California 24, Texas 14) that he vowed he'd never visit the state again. But that was before he decided he wanted to become an actor. Once he got the acting bug into his noggin, he couldn't get to Hollywood fast enough.

"Looking back, now," Don says, "I must have had some mighty peculiar notions about getting into pictures. I got here fast enough, but I might just as well have come on a slow freight because those studio gates began slamming in my face every time I got within ten yards of 'em. This slamming routine went on for weeks, with me always on the outside trying to get in. Finally I got sick and tired of the steady brush-offs and decided to figure out a new line of attack."

One bright afternoon Don snuck up to the fence that surrounds the R-K-O lot and climbed over. A studio cop bounced him out quicker than M-G-M lifts the option of Clark Gable. He got bounced the same way on three successive days, but on the fifth he made it. That is, he managed to sneak down an alley before the cop hove in sight.

"It was the first time I'd ever been on any motion picture lot and it was all very confusing," Don relates. "I walked along minding my own business, all the while hoping I could get into the office where movie actors were signed up. At the end of the alley was a huge building with the words "Stage No. 3" painted on it. Outside the door a number of girls, clad in shorts, were milling around and I ambled over to give them a look. The girls were jabbering away and trying hard to get into some kind of a line so I stepped in and assumed charge of them. They took me for granted, thinking I was a new hired hand. Anyway, I got 'em into line by barking out an order and marched 'em inside the sound stage. I soon discovered I had mixed

myself up in the production of *Flying Down to Rio* and that the girls belonged in the chorus. Lou Brock, I also discovered, was the bossman of the production. One of the girls pointed him out and I noticed that he was giving me an occasional gander, but he didn't say anything to me. Dave Gould was the dance director and he let me go ahead with my self-appointed chores.

"Well, I must have pleased him for I was back on the job bright and early the next morning. I worked on *Dancing Down to Rio* for the better part of a week before Brock discovered I wasn't on the payroll!"

Don might have been at R-K-O right now if he'd been diplomatic in his dealings with others during the course of the production of *Flying Down to Rio*. But Don let fly too many times at those whom he thought were holding back the shooting schedule.

"They didn't waste much time in giving me the grand bounce," Don admits.

One night he went to see Henry Hull in the stage version of *Tobacco Road* and decided that he might wrangle himself an acting job. He saw Hull, put on one of his incredible talking spells with the result that he was assigned the role of *Dude!* It wasn't until he'd been playing *Tobacco Road* a year and a half on the road that he told Hull of his deception.

Don quit the show in Washington, D. C. Not only because he felt he needed a rest, but because his ex-boss wanted him to go along on a six-day train trip with Franklin Delano Roosevelt!

"That was an honor I couldn't pass up," Don says proudly. "And, boy, did the hometown folks roll out the barrel when they learned that a native son was coming home on the Presidential train!"

After being a distinguished guest of the President, Don came back to Hollywood, as cocky and as confident as ever—but wiser. R-K-O, reading press notices of his acting in *Tobacco Road*, signed him up for two pictures, *Night Waitress* and *The Woman I Love*.

From R-K-O Don went over to Republic Studios to do *Wyoming Outlaw* in which he acquitted himself so well that the studio put him under contract. Don was a little reluctant about tying himself down to westerns. He believed that pictures of this type failed to give him a chance to really show what he could do in honest-to-goodness acting roles, but he's convinced now that there's plenty of room for good, honest acting in a sage-brusher and that's what he tries hard to give. What he particularly wants to do on the screen are those stories of high and exciting historical adventures born of the wide open spaces.

So far as vital statistics go on this buckeroo from Texas, he's blue-eyed, red-headed, five feet eight and one-half inches tall and tips the scales at 160 pounds. He enjoys music, both classic and swing, and is active in all sports. Football is his first love, with polo a close second. His only superstition is that everything that is supposed to bring bad luck will bring good luck to him.

For a buckeroo who first gained entrance to a studio lot by climbing over the back fence, Donald Barry de Acosta is doing all right. Keep an eye on him! ■

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Beauty Tips From A Hollywood Beauty

Charming Jane Frazee, now being seen in Universal's "Almost Married," certainly knows a lot about the things that make a woman alluring. And she shows you some of her sure-result beauty tips on page 12 in this issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine. Turn to it now and find out how you, too, can use Jane's beauty formula.

Each month Mary Bailey, HOLLYWOOD's beauty editor, brings you practical information about keeping and improving your looks, and tells you about the new beauty preparations. And if you have a special individual problem, all you have to do is write her about it and she will advise you what to do about it. For all the newest ideas in skin care, make up, hair do and other beauty helps, be sure to look for her article each month in

HOLLYWOOD

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

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If anybody deserves to hit the jackpot, it's Louis Hayward. Bad luck has dogged him for years

He Can't Win

By CONNIE CURTIS

■ If anyone has a bang-up, sure-fire recipe for breaking a jinx, will he please communicate with Louis Hayward? At once, if you don't mind. The thing is reaching unfunny proportions and is getting downright nightmarish. It doesn't make any difference whether it's Louis' most solemn business investment or one of his good-humored, generous gestures or a well-laid plan. It goes wrong. He can't win. And he means so well. He thinks things over, makes careful decisions and pursues logical courses. But he can't hit a jackpot and darn it, it begins to seem that he deserves to hit one sooner or later!

Well, listen. Last summer Louis went East to act as dramatic coach at one of the universities for a couple of months. This was a combination of generous gesture and careful plan. The university needed him and, although he wouldn't make any money, he would gain valuable experience, and he intended to go on to New York to do a stage play, anyhow. Since he didn't expect to return to Hollywood for at least a year, what could have been more practical or generous than for him to give his sports togs to people who needed them? "Mustn't let them hang here, gathering moths!" he said. It was admirable as the dickens but when he changed his plans abruptly, after only a few weeks in the East, it was dismaying to realize that he now possessed none of the sweaters, sports coats or slacks which are so necessary for the California climate.

So the end of his carefully planned, completely profitless trip found him destitute of clothes to wear on the home grounds.

That was but a drop in the bucket of his woes. Just before he left he had made a "business investment." This had seemed astute, too. An old friend, to whom Louis felt he owed a favor or two, wished passionately to become the manager of a super-market, the kind of super-market which abounds in California. They always look so bright and shiny and prosperous.

Louis agreed to furnish the money for the market and his friend would manage it. Louis would reap a fat profit and return past favors at the same time. Sensible? Of course. They had a super-opening, too, with searchlights and celebrities like Ida Lupino (Louis' wife, who hates premieres anyway) and Pat O'Brien and many others, posing for their photographs among the brass bands, Brussels sprouts and pot roasts. And Louis had barely reached New York on the first leg of his trip East when the sad news reached him that his market was no more. It had been crowded with highly polished fixtures and expensive foods but forlornly empty of customers. It had seemed such a good idea!

But by this time Louis had met some more lovely people who told him they had a wonderful play they wanted to try out on the road before they took it to New York for a triumphal run. Everyone knows that a successful play is a gold mine and a gold mine was what Louis felt he needed just then so he financed the play. The whole thing faded quietly away before it ever got anywhere near New York. Louis hadn't hit a jackpot yet.

Pretty soon he came home and it was then that he acquired the horse, named Triumpho. Now that *was* a good investment, obviously. Louis had a place to keep it, so it wouldn't cost anything for stable rent. It was a lively horse and needed exercise every day and Louis figured that

if he rode it enough to keep it in condition, that would keep him in condition, too, thus saving gymnasium bills for himself.

"In the first place," Louis relates, "no horse ever had such an appetite as did Triumpho. In the second place, no horse ever had so much pep and needed so much exercise. If he had all he needed to eat, then I wouldn't have money to eat, myself. If I exercised him enough, then I wouldn't have time to work and then neither of us could eat and you can see for yourself the thing had no answer. So I gave him to my stand-in."

"But—what did the stand-in do about the exercise and the appetite?"

Louis' eyes filled with admiration. "The stand-in has just quit work," he said, softly. "He rents Triumpho to the movies so the horse earns a living for the two of them and gets his exercise while he's doing it. He was a good investment, after all. But not for *me!*"

Then there was the house on the hill which he and Ida bought. It seemed such a fine investment until the first rain. Then a retaining wall by the driveway collapsed. It was going to be expensive to replace it and Louis thought it would be economical to wait until the rainy season was over, thus minimizing labor difficulties and expense. Two days after he reached this sensible conclusion, his car skidded on the wet drive and Louis jumped clear just as it slithered over the precipice to bury itself in what he described as "a huge wad of mud" fifty yards or more below. "What," he asked himself, pop-eyed, "if Ida had been driving—and she hadn't jumped soon enough?"

Rain or no rain, he had to invest in a lot of earth fill and some more wall and then his original investment didn't seem nearly such a bargain as it had at first.

There was his "dream roadster"—the perfect car, with all the gadgets, exactly the right upholstery, everything. "I shan't *look* at another car for years," he gloated. "That's real economy." He parked it in front of a market and someone tossed a lighted cigaret onto the perfect upholstery and whoosh went the perfection—up in smoke. His next "perfect car" was stolen. Lost without a trace. Now he thinks any old car will do, whether it's "economical" or not. There are limits. . . .

It seemed a practical bit of charity when he gave a friend 150 dollars for an operation for his wife. But when he walked into his tailor's the next day he wasn't so sure.

His friend was there, being measured for a new suit—price 150 dollars. "If he'd asked anyone else for the money," Louis said, "he'd have *had* a sick wife!"

He did think that Jessie might break his jinx. Jessie was a coal black, hungry stray cat he found near his house one night. He advertised conscientiously for her owners before he adopted her. Jessie immediately fell ill and spent long, expensive weeks in an animal hospital. At last Louis paid the sizeable bill, took his pet and jinx-breaker home and settled down to enjoy her company. Two weeks later her original owners turned up to claim her.

Will someone please offer a jinx-breaking recipe? ■

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Hollywood's Most Startling Romance

By GLORIA BRENT

Even in a town accustomed to the unexpected, the engagement of glamour-queen Hedy Lamarr and Montana-born George Montgomery came as a complete surprise. Hedy is in M-G-M's *Tortilla Flat*; George is in Fox's *Orchestra Wife*

■ Five years from now a rancher and his wife will arrive in Montana to settle down on a 1500-acre ranch. With them will be a six-year-old adopted son and—perhaps—some children of their own. On holidays their relatives will come visiting—her mother and his two parents, twelve brothers and sisters, and *twenty-three* nieces and nephews. But in all the noisy conversations there, no one will ever mention two words—"glamour" and "Hollywood."

Because this handsome young couple will be none other than Hedy Lamarr and her husband George Montgomery. In five years they'll have shaken the stardust of Hollywood from their cowboy boots forever.

You don't believe that? Well, no one seems to believe anything about Hedy and George. Hollywood hardly believes yet that they're engaged. "It doesn't make sense," everyone out on the Coast is still muttering. "Montana cowboys and glamorous European women don't mix!"

But, once you've studied the situation, it's not confusing at all. One rainy night Hedy slipped into one of her many simple white dinner gowns and went downstairs to join her escort John Howard. They headed for a party at the Fred MacMurrays'. It was as pleasant and as unexciting as that. The evening promised another friendly get-together—nothing more. Which only goes to prove how wrong even Hedy can be.

George Montgomery was the first thing Hedy saw when she walked through the doorway of the living-room. He didn't see her. He was listening to a story of Fred MacMurray's and grinning—his six-foot-two frame leaning carelessly against the mantelpiece, his dark blond hair pushed back off his forehead. It wasn't until Fred's story was finished that he half-turned and his green eyes met Hedy's green eyes for the first time . . . and it happened. As simply as that. No one even heard George when he asked her out for the next night—or when she accepted.

They went out for the next six weeks, nightly. Gradually they began to discover what no one else stopped to believe—that a Montana cowboy and a Viennese beauty are sometimes cut out of the same piece of cloth—in background, in personality, and in ideas of living. But they only stumbled on this fact by seeing each other away from the Hollywood limelight.

He took her to lunch with his parents, who live with him a few minutes' drive from his studio. There, with seventy-five-year-old Mother Letz—George's real name is Letz—and with eighty-year-old Father Letz, Hedy discovered that his background was as European as her own. He had barely missed being born in Sebastopol, Russia, where eleven of his twelve brothers and sisters were born—and where his father had been mayor. "Only George and Maurice were born in America," his mother told Hedy. "Why, he spoke Russian before he spoke English—and he still calls me Mamotchka." George's father interrupted to say with a grin, "But his name is American enough. We named him George Montgomery Letz after our favorite periodical—the Montgomery Ward Catalogue!"

Sitting thoughtfully beside George on the way home, Hedy realized that she was becoming more and more interested. She suddenly invited him out to lunch at her studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. "But it's not just for lunch," she told him hesitantly. "It's to see something . . . You see, everyone thinks of me in flowing gowns and exotic perfume. But I've another side too!"

So that's how George happened to find himself, right after lunch, standing in a studio machine-workshop with Hedy. He watched while she pulled on a gingham smock, led him through a roomful of machinery and benches, and then went to work with the lathe! Over its whirring noise she told him, eyes shining, about her latest mechanical invention—a remote-control device to guide airplanes in battle. It's now in the hands of the National Inventors' Council in Washington. "But I've been inventing things ever since I was seven," she added. "I love to do it."

George left, reeling a little. "Hedy an inventor!" he kept repeating incredulously. He kept thinking of the world's most famous glamour girl running a lathe, and the thought kept making him blink. Then he stopped, struck with an idea. He was soon telephoning her.

"I've got a surprise for you too," he told her. "Everyone thinks I'm only a cowboy, but *I've* another side too . . ."

Which explains why they were seen several times on sunny hillsides around Hollywood—with George working at an artist's easel and Hedy watching, entranced. Back in Montana, George won as many state fair prizes with his paintings as with his rodeo events.

From then on, over luncheon, dinner and tea tables, they discovered startling things about each other. George found that Hedy was the most natural girl off-screen that he'd ever met, in conversation, make-up, and clothes. Her recipe for life was equally natural—good food, enough sleep, exercise, books and friends. Every time she stated her ideas on living, George discovered he was agreeing with astounding enthusiasm.

He found that they shared something else in common, too—past times of grief and struggle. On Hedy's side, there were her two previous marriages, the first to Europe's munitions king Fritz Mandl, the second to Hollywood's Gene Markey—producer-writer-and-man-about-town. Both men were much older than she, not in her profession, and unable to share her longing for the simple life. On George's list of trouble there was his heart-breaking fight for success in Hollywood—which included shovel-crew work with the W. P. A., bartending and carpentering. And just plain starving.

All of these things, past and present, were discussed and re-discussed in six weeks. At the end of that time, Hedy and George had discovered each other forever. At last Hedy had found some one of her own beloved acting profession, with her own European background—and her exact ideas of the way to live the Good Life. And at last George had found just the natural girl he'd always wanted for a ranch wife—even if she had been concealed under the world's thickest layer of glamour!

So if you're out Montana-way a few years from now, look for the Montgomery ranch, sprawling deep in the hills. You'll find it easily enough. Listen for the sound of a lathe—that'll be Hedy, her black hair falling softly over her shoulders, her green eyes intent as she works away on her latest invention. Then look for a big suntanned man in blue jeans—supervising the branding down by the corral. That'll be George. And they'll both be humming at their work. Because sometimes a Montana cowboy and European beauty are born with exactly the same design for living. And that's how it is with Hedy and George! ■

Hedy Lamarr and Bob Hope mug at the mike during a rehearsal for a Screen Guild Show. On this radio program the stars donate their salaries to charity. Tousle-haired Hedy's new fiance is George Montgomery; her new picture, *'Til You Return*. Bob is currently appearing in *The Road to Morocco*

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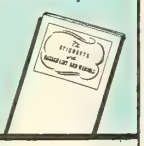

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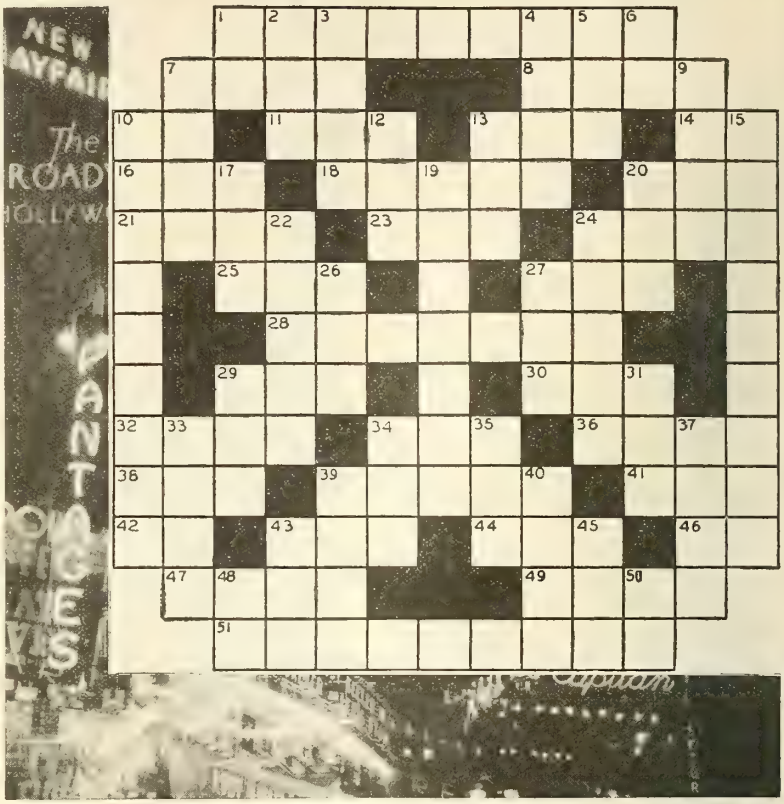

ACROSS

1. Picture star who poses for pictures on the side.
7. She says it's all over—no Flynn.
8. She appears womanly, no end.
10. Actressy asset, awfully oomphy (abbr.).
11. Movie queen seen in *Kings Row.*
13. There's plenty of excitement when there's a rube connected with this.
14. Mr. Tracy's initials.
16. Something bagged by pink elephant hunters.
18. French actor, so roMANtic!
20. It requires a double in African golf scenes.
21. Leather pusher (with pull) in *Miracle Kid.*
23. What toughie totes (slang).
24. Former Tone poem, now a solo number.
25. Players see this when purple with rage.
27. Male mimic is best in take off of this for feminine fans.
28. Dorothy's date in *The Fleet's In.*
29. Number of feet used for a Ritz Brothers' sequence.
30. They appeared in recent film phase of Loretta's life.
32. We saw all of it, and Heaven, too.
34. She came in for *Moontide* and went all out for 18 Across.
36. They're left by players all washed up.
38. What marines were called in recent film.
39. Scotland Yard man given much footage in *International Lady.*
41. Something added to *Panama Hat* by Sothern company.
42. Nancy Carroll's initials.
43. Junior member of dapper Daileys.
44. Knock that isn't a boost.
46. Director Enright's initials.
47. Chan's No. 1 son, older than Yung, No. 2 son.
49. What Rooney's real one is Yule have to find out.
51. Bull who preferred cowslips.

DOWN

1. Boyd Irwin's initials.
2. Where fellow with banjo on knee came from (abbr.).
3. What the dirty coward left in bathtub.
4. He was given a Major role in *We Were Dancing.*
5. Cowboy whose pal is *Gabby.*
6. What Abbott and Costello lately rode.
7. It may come in for a trimming in frilly scenes.
9. Where Japs are badly cut trying to break China.
10. *Dagwood's* darling.
12. One who doesn't always run true to (racing) form.
13. Kind of parade Tin Pan Alley hopes to get into.
15. Chattanooga Choo-Choo's destination.
17. Place to plant cauliflower in Madison Square Garden.
19. Very Eddyfying when Nelson sings 'em.
20. Miss Lamour in one of her briefer moments.
22. M-G-M sends her a Bill when Powell's scenes are finished.
24. Bette's C. O. Deliverer.
26. Wild westerner in *Badlands of Dakota.*
27. First part of Hamlet, before he is cured.
29. What you do at theater when you're on reserved list.
31. Good prospect for role of little kernel.
33. Mickey Rooney got a Finn for this role.
34. First name of a Hunter, veteran in movie game.
35. What Bob Hope is heard on weekly, although his sponsor wouldn't give it to him.
37. Kind of straits in which hero finds himself before his ship comes in.
39. Prizefighter matched with a Loy-al lady.
40. She was James Stewart's *Ziegfeld Girl* friend.
43. What heroine would do for her lover.
45. Sparks owns dead one which allows him to live well.
48. He stuck to his gunshoeing in *Footsteps in the Dark* (init.).
50. Initials of Columbia's willing lady.

(Solution on Page 74)

Beauty Headliners

By MARY BAILEY

Bonita Granville, M-G-M's young star, applies a second coat of berry-bright Dura-Gloss. It's from the new 30 cent leaf green wardrobe box of summer shades. She has a choice of three fashion-right colors. Blackberry is very dark, Wineberry bright and Mulberry a soft, blue red

■ Faces at play can be carefree, too! Armand has a make-up called Play Proof, especially for the busy girl who spends hours away from her dressing table. Applied with dampened cotton or sponge, it forms a smooth, long-lasting film. Complete with sponge and retouch box of powder for $1.

Tweed Whisker is Pro-phy-lac-tic's smart contribution to good grooming. This miniature brush looks and works like a comb but has bristles instead of teeth. Little in size, little in price ($1), it works with commendable efficiency

Write before July 8th for your copy of HOLLYWOOD Beauty Bulletin for June. It contains innumerable beauty hints and the names of tried and true products. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Mary Bailey, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. And ask her advice on your own beauty problems.

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My Army Camp Tour

[*Continued from page 23*]

are gardenias and nothing very extraordinary, you may say. Not to me! I knew it had meant obtaining leave, driving three and one-half hours to town and back to get the flowers, and a $3 slice out of a mighty slim paycheck. Again, at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, the boys rigged up a special dressing room backstage for my comfort and draped the walls with white target cloth tied with big red bows. Can't you picture hulking big buck privates carefully tying on red bows because they thought it would please me? And there was the dressing room built for me at Camp Edwards. On the outside door was a placard with the message: "Welcome, Deanna. We are sure glad to see you."

There was the huge cake, at least two feet in diameter, which the mess sergeant baked for me at Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland. Hours of extra labor went into that cake, and the elaborate icing which pictured the company emblem (a bomb and flame) and personal greetings to me. It was presented between shows backstage and we made a grand ceremony of the cutting.

"What kind of cake is it?" I asked the sergeant.

"Oh," he said. "That's G.I." It brought a great laugh, for G.I. means government issue, and that cake was anything but! Unfortunately, the boy who had done the painstaking work of icing could not be present to share the fun, as he was on guard duty that night. He wrote later asking for an autographed picture and you can believe me I sent the biggest and loveliest one I could find!

There was the day at Indiantown Gap when I was in the service club, signing autographs. Shyly one of the boys handed me a five-cent cupcake he had stopped to buy at the lunch counter. It was his way of thanking me.

There was the day at Ft. Devens, Massachusetts, when we visited Captain Gibbons in his home. His quarters were located between two target practice fields, and could be entered or left only between specified hours when the guns were stilled. By accident we overstayed the time limit but it was imperative we leave in time to make the show. That took a special telephone call to the firing range to hold their fire while our car made the dash, and I must admit it wasn't the happiest ride of my life.

There was my first sleigh ride at the same camp. When some of the boys learned I'd never been on an old-fashioned sleigh ride, they routed out a sleigh from goodness knows where and hitched up. The fact no horses were available didn't bother us; we rode regally away behind two army mules!

There was the chap at Ft. Dix, New Jersey, who gave me the honor of being the first to autograph his belt. When he has the signatures of 61 well-known persons on it, he intends to send it to President Roosevelt for his 61st birthday next year. Somehow, that was typical of the unselfish spirit in all the camps, for such a trophy would be a prized treasure and one well worth keeping for himself.

There was the boy who asked me to autograph a gorgeous white satin Valentine he was sending to his bride-to-be—my awful handwriting on that gorgeous creation was a crime!—and my initiation into the select organization of enlisted men, known satirically as "The Brass Hats." And finally there was the dance at a camp which must remain anonymous. It was a farewell dance for 500 men who were leaving that night for overseas duty. Just outside the building the train stood ready to carry them away to their unknown destination and destiny.

They asked me to sing "Embraceable You." I tried, but the words choked in my throat. Then they asked me to say a few words. That was harder still. What can you say to boys at a time like that which won't make the going-away harder? I spoke to them, but I made no mention of their leaving. I talked about the fun I had had visiting them, and my gratitude for the wonderful way they had received my efforts. I talked as if nothing was in the

[*Continued on page 67*]

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You Can't Keep a Good Man Down

[*Continued from page 23*]

Yesterday, Back Street and other big tear jerkers that made millions."

Road to Happiness is a father-and-son drama, with the talented young Billy Lee of *Biscuit Eater* fame as the son and Mona Barrie as the heartless wife. Soon Boles is to star in an expensive production called *Land of the Sky Blue Water.*

Originally brought to the screen by the great Gloria Swanson for a silent movie called *Loves of Sunya,* John Love had been known widely and favorably as a Broadway musical comedy star. He played in such big shows as *Mercenary Mary* and *Kitty's Kisses* until Miss Swanson decided that his good looks were too valuable to be wasted behind the footlights when they could delight movie millions. Soon after came the talkies, and he found his voice again, playing in such early and spectacular movie musicals as *Rio Rita, Song of the West,* and of course, *The Desert Song,* which made him one of the most popular stars of early talkie days.

Boles is primarily a singer, and he never loses sight of the fact. His greatest ambition was—and is—to sing in grand opera. He studied for opera in Paris under the famous Jean de Reszke, one of the greatest tenors that ever lived, and always included operatic excerpts on his personal appearance tours. (In *Road to Happiness* he sings the little known but beautiful aria, *Vision Fugitive* from Massenet's *Herodiade.*)

"But," grinned the actor, "the nearest I've gotten to opera so far is singing opposite Geraldine Farrar in a musical comedy. And that was an experience. It was some years after her retirement from the Metropolitan—and someone convinced her that a flyer into musical comedy wouldn't hurt her. I trembled in my boots when I was signed to sing opposite the great Farrar in an operetta called *Romany Love Spell.*

"We rehearsed our heads off—or rather, the company did, with Mme. Farrar watching from the orchestra. Finally we went out of town for our opening. Naturally there was a great deal of interest in her return to the stage, and the house was packed. She was in fine voice, and for a first performance, everything went smoothly. We got through the show, Farrar took her bows, then turned and walked out of the theater and our lives forever! She had just decided that musical comedy was not for her."

Did Mr. Boles approve of such temperament?

Mr. Boles shook his head. "Temperament is only a word for a bad disposition. In Farrar's case, her artistic integrity would not allow her to continue something that was not right for her."

His father, John M. Boles was—still is—Greenfield's leading banker. Young John fell in line with his dad's idea that he become a physician when he was just a youngster—but when he was nine or so, he discovered that he could sing. Used to listen to the negro help who congregated evenings around the veranda of his granddaddy's plantation in Texas.

"I remember most of those spirituals and folk songs," said Boles. "And I'll never forget the first evening I was allowed to lead the singing, doing the solo parts myself!"

Years later John became a high school teacher. No fooling. He had to earn money to pay for his singing lessons with Oscar Seagle, one of the best voice coaches in Manhattan. So for a whole season he taught French at the high school in Glenns Falls, New York, commuting to the big city twice a week for *his* lessons.

He progressed so rapidly that Seagle urged him to beg, borrow or steal the money to go to Paris to study with the great Jean de Reszke, who was accepting a limited number of pupils. John borrowed just enough money to pay for his lessons and keep the wolf away from the door, and sailed for the French capital.

"It was a wonderful experience," Boles will tell you. "De Reszke was a harsh taskmaster, but I learned a great deal from him. He was the greatest male singer at the Metropolitan before the day of Caruso, you know."

Returning to New York with a pocketful of confidence and little else, John made the rounds of the producers' offices. He was offered jobs, yes—but turned them all down. John Love Boles, from Greenfield, Texas, had made up his mind that he would make his Broadway debut in a leading role—or else!

And by golly, he did. Got the lead in a musical comedy called *Little Jessie James*—and both he and the show were overnight sensations. And if Gloria Swanson and the movies hadn't come along, he might be on Broadway yet.

The Boleses (John has been married to the same charming wife for more years than they're going to admit) are not part of the Hollywood scene. They've lived in the same comfortable, but not elaborate, Beverly Hills home ever since they arrived in town. John has his golf for recreation; Mrs. Boles has long been interested in welfare work.

And when he stops off in Greenfield, as he often does, Boles is not the great star—he's just John Love, the banker's boy. ■

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My Army Camp Tour

[*Continued from page 64*]

wind, and that I would see them again on the morrow. And all I could see was that train, waiting for its cargo of youth, courage and determination. ■

The following letter is one of the many cherished reminders of Deanna's tour

Connery Avenue Theater
Camp Edwards, Massachusetts
February 11, 1942

Dear Deanna:

On behalf of the soldiers of Camp Edwards I wish to thank you sincerely for your generosity and kindness. Your songs and friendliness have the entire camp from buck privates to Generals on the ropes—and we love it!

Your visit came at a most propitious time. Yesterday Singapore all but fell and every man in uniform has good reason now to wonder how much longer the war will last and what the future holds. You, more than anyone I can imagine, have convinced the entire camp that America is indeed worth fighting for.

Live forever!

Howard C. Parker
1st Lt. Cavalry
Theater Officer

On her days off, Priscilla Lane likes nothing better than taking over the shopping chores of her household. Pat will be seen next in *Arsenic and Old Lace*, as soon as the play from which the film was adapted completes its Broadway run. At that time we will bring you the hilarious on-the-set account of the picture

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Anita Louise's Liberty Luncheon

Anita Louise's Liberty Luncheon features a savory and nutritious Victory Meat Pie, topped by fluffy, golden biscuits. This economical dish will rate high with the family. Anita is shown in her Volunteer Army Canteen Services uniform

By BETTY CROCKER

Food will win the war, say the strategists in Washington, and to judge by the wholesome and nutritious menus that Hollywood war workers are serving, movieland subscribes thoroughly to that belief.

Anita Louise, for example, is one of the many actresses serving at the scores of Army and Navy canteens at the debarkation points in Southern California, and she tells me that energy building foods are the first consideration.

Anita's blond beauty always seemed so fragile that it is difficult to picture her putting in eight hour shifts in canteen work at her station in the harbor area, but she thrives on the long hours and arduous service. Indeed, most of Hollywood's night clubs have closed for lack of patronage, with the stars now expending their energies on such tasks as Anita's, on personal appearances at various camps, and other strenuous activities on behalf of the war effort.

Anita has been studying nutrition, as well as the required courses in first aid and motor mechanics, so you'll find plenty of vitamin energy in this typical luncheon which she recently served to her coworkers. She served Victory Meat Pie to four of her group and having kitchen-tested her recipe I can assure you it's both economical and tasty. Here is the recipe:

VICTORY MEAT PIE

- 4 medium-sized mild onions (chopped)
- 1 cup diced celery
- 2 cups diced carrots
- 7 tbsp. fat (meat drippings or butter)
- 2 lbs. beef or veal
- 1 tbsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- 1 cup diced potatoes
- 5 tbsp. flour
- 2 cups cooked peas or other vegetable
- Rich Biscuit Dough

Brown a little of the onion, celery and carrots with 2 tbsp. of the fat in a heavy pan. Add the meat and sear well on both sides. Cover with boiling water, add salt and pepper and let simmer until tender. During the last half hour, cook the potatoes and carrots with the meat. Remove meat from liquid and cut into small pieces.

Make a gravy by thickening 4 cups of the meat stock, melt remaining 5 tbsp. of fat and blend in the flour, then gradually add to the stock, stirring until thickened—about 10 minutes.

Place meat and all the vegetables and gravy in a deep baking dish, 10 inches in diameter. Place rich biscuit dough (cut in rounds or rings with doughnut cutter) on top of this hot filling. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven 450°. This recipe makes 10 servings.

Anita uses a quickie-kind of biscuit dough made with a prepared flour. I know that many of you do too. But, as an alternative, I'm going to give you the recipe for Rich Biscuits made with the regular all purpose flour.

RICH BISCUIT DOUGH

- 2 cups sifted all purpose flour
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- ⅓ cup shortening
- ¾ cup milk

Sift flour once before measuring. Then sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Cut in shortening with a pastry blender or 2 knives until finely blended. Add milk and mix gently until smooth. Round up on lightly floured board, roll out and cut with biscuit cutter or doughnut cutter. Place on top of hot filling.

Any deep baking dish will do—but Anita uses an oblong glass oven-dish large enough to hold a dozen biscuits in three rows of four each. They're a culinary triumph as they emerge, brown and fluffy, topping that savory nutritious meat pie. For accompaniment, Anita adds more vitamins—in a crisp romaine salad with plain oil dressing. And she slips the casserole dish into the silver holder that completes the baking set in order that it may be placed on the table for second servings.

Dessert waits until the girls arrive at the canteen and usually consists of coffee and doughnuts or cake. The patriotic workers never fail to contribute a few coins to "the kitty" before helping themselves to the steaming coffee, sugar and cream, and home-baked frosted or cinnamon doughnuts which they tote to the canteen each camp-trip. There's no fee, of course, for the service men—although officers contribute their bit of silver to the fund that's used weekly to buy more canteen supplies for lads to whom cookies, cup-cakes, "sinkers" and a second cup of coffee are really a boon after long hours on duty.

Anita, who is a secretary for the Volunteer Army Canteen Services, is really rated tops by the lads in uniform. She reports for duty in the standard white starched dress, and perky white pinafore with gold insignia of the VACS. Her white starched "tiara," inset with bands of red and blue, has a red chiffon scarf. Even-tempered, happy-hearted, working with a tireless energy that is a charming paradox for her fragile Dresden beauty, the blond star is always fresh, smiling, and spic-and-span all through the afternoon until taps signal the end of another busy war-day.

Among other famed film colonists always on call and ever-active as VACS workers are Claudette Colbert, Carmel Myers, Mary Pickford, Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Billie Burke, and the Mesdames Charles Boyer, Gary Cooper, Louis Mayer, Jack Benny and William Goetz. Margery Cummings, noted jewelry designer for the stars, designed the corps' insignia of the American Eagle with wings spread into a high V and small embroidered ACS inside. ■

BETTY CROCKER
HOLLYWOOD
1501 Broadway, New York City

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Mad Pixie

By Ida Lupino

as told to William French

When one woman talks about another—that's gossip. But when a famous actress sounds off about another famous actress—that's news! We proudly present this exclusive story. Joan's in 20th's *This Above All* as well as Warners' *The Constant Nymph*

I started off not liking Joan Fontaine a bit. I don't know why I disliked her. Perhaps it was because I suspected that her demure manner covered a penetrating directness. It shocks me when I meet somebody as direct as I am.

Or maybe it was because of Louis' habit of coming home and telling me of Joan Fontaine's marvelous control of herself. How, when people said nasty things to her or about her, she would refuse to strike back—and just withdraw into herself.

Husbandly diplomacy I thought—considering I blow up all over the place when anybody steps on *my* toes.

Anyhow, I told my mother I couldn't stand Fontaine. My mother said: "Look out, Ida, whenever you start out disliking somebody you generally end up liking them very much." I said: "Well, I don't know about this one. I can't make her out."

Now that I know she is strictly mad, I like Joan very much. I think Geraldine Fitzgerald is the only woman I ever liked as much. For a while I felt that the directness I discovered in Fontaine was just a pose, and it annoyed me. But I eventually discovered that she is completely sincere. Now I know that she is entirely frank; never soft-soaps you and if she says she likes a thing she really likes it.

She has the amazing quality of being absolutely feminine and yet thinking like a man. She thinks in straight lines, never circumventing, playing politics or beating around the bush.

You only have to walk into Joan's home to know what kind of a person she is. It is simple and in extremely good taste. Completely informal, you know the instant you step in the door that if you want to lie down on the floor on your stomach and sleep that it'll be all right with her.

Once I knew Joan, I had to agree with Louis regarding her ability to take it. I marvelled at how she could assimilate unpleasantness without fighting back or letting it embitter her.

Things were not easy for Joan at first—and she had to struggle very hard. People weren't very kind to her when she started in pictures. They would hurt her, and then, because she drew back within herself, call her snobbish. But when she did attain terrific success she never held anything against anyone. Nor has she ever assumed a holier-than-thou or superior attitude.

She never lets anything go to her head. If she has a problem she is frank about it. She will admit it is bothering her and try to find a solution to it. She is always open to suggestions. She is a young girl with a mature point of view.

She is honest enough to say: "I love being a star—and enjoy the things that go with it." But never for a moment has she let success or glamour destroy her sense of values. She greets each success with her tongue in her cheek and her fingers crossed.

When you know Joan you feel that if she were dropped on a remote island that she would adjust herself and not pine for the things she has had. That's because she has such a wide variety of interests and an insatiable curiosity regarding the commonplace things about her. That curiosity makes almost anything in life her oyster.

She's such a lively little pixie. And yet people who don't know her seem to think Joan Fontaine is a dignified, haughty and very arty person.

How surprised they're going to be when I give them the lowdown on this gal.

While she was making *This Above All* and I was doing *Moontide* at Twentieth Century-Fox we dropped into each other's dressing rooms daily. The last time I was in her dressing room for luncheon we rhumbaed all through the mealtime. My director, Archie Mayo, burst in and yelled: "Listen, you jitterbugs, lie down. Get some rest before I paddle you."

If you could see barrel-shaped Archie waddling along in his white sportshirt you would appreciate that. Imagine him catching Joan, even if he had a lap to spank her on.

Joan keeps everything moving, including her moods.

I popped into her dressing room the other morning. I knew something was bothering her the instant she gave me that repressed "How are you?" greeting. So I went into my dressing room and waited for the next scene.

In a few minutes she came in and got on my lap. She said, "Everything is terrible, Lupy." I said: "I know it, honey—now spill it." Five minutes later she was whisking around, bright and peppy as ever.

But you should really see us together, hunched over one of our bars—waving our arms and talking as fast as we can. We write movies, settle world affairs, marry off our friends and prescribe for each other's ailments right there. We pass pills back and forth and have a great time diagnosing and predicting disaster.

Our husbands stand by, watching us. They used to shake their heads sadly, but they don't any more. They just say to anybody who chances in and gapes at us: "Never mind those two hypochondriacs, they're screwy."

Brian Aherne thinks there's nobody in the world like Joan. He glows with pride as he watches her prance about, bubbling with life. Then he looks at me, grins and says, "Isn't she wonderful?"

Joan says I'm the only woman she will trust with Brian. She says: "You can take it or leave it," indicating I can accept it as a compliment or not, just as I wish. She is the only woman I trust with Louis, and I mean it as a compliment.

Pixie and I like exactly the same things. That goes for clothes as well as everything else. We have a great time modeling her clothes. We go into her closet and try on everything she has. We're exactly the same size and I model for her. We have a terrific time, all by ourselves. You can hear us for blocks.

The screwiest thing of all is how we seem to keep in step in everything. Whatever one of us does, or whatever happens to one, the same thing happens to the other. And do we sympathize with each other! I walked into Joan's dressing room a few days before she finished *This Above All* and asked her how she was.

"Terrible," she wailed. "I don't know how I can go on. I'm killing myself, I'm that exhausted. Here's my problem. When I finish this picture I get only ten days off to take care of all my personal affairs, fix myself up and try to get some rest."

I said: "You're talking for me. I get only ten days off when this is over. After that I go over to Warners for another picture."

"Me, too. *I'm* starting to work there right after this." Maybe we're just intended to haunt each other.

Not that I mind—because I've learned a terrific lesson from Fontaine. I took Louis' advice and watched her.

I discovered that while she's usually hopping around like water on a hot skillet, if anything really bothers her she becomes surprisingly calm and poised.

By studying Joan I discovered that it is not as nerve-racking to be nice when people are nasty as it is to lash back at them. In fact, I learned that it is much less exhausting and nerve shattering. To the degree I've been able to follow Joan's example I have benefited. But my safety valve still pops open if I don't watch myself.

Joan and I want to do a picture together in which we both have good parts. We don't care how we're billed. She says she'll take second billing to me and I say hers is the only woman's name they can put over mine. Our husbands suggest the billing be Ida Fontaine and Joan Lupino, because we're just naturally that mixed up, anyhow. ■

Fresh from her Academy Award triumph, lovely, brilliant Joan Fontaine prepares to gather more laurels for her performance in *The Constant Nymph*. Here she is shown as a girl of 14 with Charles Boyer in a scene from the picture

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This is only one of the many timely and sparkling features in the June issue of SPOT, on sale at your newsstand for only 10 cents.

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By SARA CORPENING

MY FAVORITE BLONDE ★★★½
Paramount

Bob Hope, as a corny vaudevillian on his way to Hollywood where his pet penguin has won a contract, suddenly finds himself with an uninvited travelling companion. She is Madeleine Carroll, who is hiding from pursuing Nazi agents who are seeking a coded message she is carrying concerning bomber planes to England. To throw them off her trail, she in turn pretends to be a cheap vaudevillian, a honeymooning bride, an Irish truck-driver's gum-chewing sweetie, and a lecturing doctor's nurse. The Nazis are not confused, but Hope is—and hilariously so. He can't understand why she is affectionate only when someone comes into sight. Never sure of his companion's sanity—but intrigued by her beauty—his gags follow each other fast and furiously.

It's Hope at his best.

REAP THE WILD WIND ★★★
Paramount

Cecil De Mille has celebrated his 30th anniversary in the motion picture industry by turning out a rousing and striking screen film. He has spared no expense in making *Reap the Wild Wind* a terrific production. With its brilliant Technicolor, its excellent cast and its spell-binding array of action, it is a picture you won't want to miss. The heroine is Paulette Goddard, an untamed daughter of the shoals who falls heir to a salvage ship. She is romantically torn between two rivals, Ray Milland and John Wayne. There are tense scenes of hurricane, shipwreck, a gala ball in Charleston, and an undersea fight with a giant squid.

JUNGLE BOOK ★★★
United Artists

All you who read and remember Rudyard Kipling's fascinating story of little *Mowgli*, the boy who strayed into the jungle as a child and was brought up by animals, will enjoy the film version of the story. Sabu plays the leading role and swings through the trees and darts through the forests with admirable ease. There are some amazing shots of jungle animals, and the color photography is arresting.

The children, especially, will enjoy this.

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI ★★★
Twentieth Century-Fox

This is the latest in the pleasing series of army, navy and air corps films which have come out of the Hollywood mills of late. *To the Shores of Tripoli* is a rousing tribute to the fighting Marines. The characters are the conventional smart aleck recruit, the hard-boiled sergeant, the pretty hospital nurse, and the girl who was left behind. However, the story has enough unusual twists to hold your interest throughout.

The background for the action is the marine training station at San Diego, and the story deals largely with the tradition of the soldiers who go to sea. The title is taken from the stirring Marine song.

John Payne, Maureen O'Hara and Randolph Scott are the stars.

THE TUTTLES OF TAHITI ★★★
R-K-O-Radio

Charles Laughton has the leading role in this pleasing little film of a family which didn't know how to make money, but always managed to have a lot of fun. The background is an idyllic South Sea island where a family of gargantuan proportions, fathered by Laughton, as a Tahitian patriarch, sing and dance and sleep away dull care. Jon Hall is the prodigal son who returns from distant lands to wed pretty Peggy Drake, whom he hasn't seen since childhood. The family invariably run out of gas for their wheezing old jallopy at crucial moments, but always, some kind fate intervenes for them.

Light, amusing escapist fare.

THE GREAT MAN'S LADY ★★★
Paramount

The Great Man's Lady is one of Barbara Stanwyck's best roles to date. As an old lady of almost a hundred years, she tells her story in retrospect. The background swings from Philadelphia in the 1800's to the raw west, covering a span of almost a century. Miss Stanwyck's make-up is remarkable. Brian Donlevy is the important figure in her story (the great man of her life) and he is excellent in the part. K. T. Stevens, who is just beginning her screen career, is a promising newcomer.

RIO RITA ★★★
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Abbott and Costello, those irrepressible funsters, are more hysterically hilarious than ever in *Rio Rita*. They run all over the picture, uncorking new and better gags. In fact, their antics are the brightest feature of the otherwise weak film, with the exception of the lovely singing by Kathryn Grayson in the enchanting "Shadow Song" number.

The film is the adaptation of the popular stage hit of a few years back. The scene is a resort hotel in Texas, and Nazi spies have been substituted for the border bandits of the original story.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (R-K-O) Cast: *Walter Huston, James Craig, Anne Shirley.* Although many liberties have been taken with Stephen Vincent Benet's Faustian fantasy, *The Devil and Daniel Webster* (including a change of title), it emerges as a striking film. Walter Huston is magnificent.

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Walter Pidgeon, Maureen*

[*Continued on page 74*]

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Specially made for blondes. Helps keep light hair from darkening — brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair. To give hair beautiful luster and radiance, top off shampoo with Blondex Golden Rinse. For all shades of blonde hair. Both cost little to use. Get Blondex Shampoo and Golden Rinse at 10c, drug and department stores.

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 73*]

O'Hara, Roddy McDowall. The picturization of the popular book was voted the best film of 1941. See it for the unforgettable performance of young Roddy McDowall.

JOAN OF PARIS (R-K-O) Cast: *Michele Morgan, Paul Henreid, Laird Cregar.* A superb picture, beautifully directed and beautifully enacted. The plot concerns five RAF flyers who crash in occupied France, and their desperate attempts to return to England.

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN (Warners) Cast: *Martha Scott, Fredric March.* A milestone in motion picture history. An absorbing study of the life of a Protestant clergyman.

SUSPICION (R-K-O) Cast: *Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nigel Bruce.* Compelling film in which Hitchcock again proves himself the superb master of direction and production. Miss Fontaine, as the young wife who suspects that her husband plans to murder her, won 1941's *Oscar* as the year's best actress.

TARGET FOR TONIGHT (War Documentary) In a simple, unpretentious little short, the story `the heroic fighters who drop bombs on Germa..y is told in straightforward, engrossing fashion. There are no women or professional actors in the film.

THE GOLD RUSH (United Artists) Charlie Chaplin has reissued his great epic and added narration and musical scoring. Film fare at its best. Take the whole family.

THE LITTLE FOXES (R-K-O) Cast: *Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Richard Carlson.* An even finer film than the magnificent stage play from which it was adapted.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE (United Artists) Cast: *Carole Lombard, Jack Benny.* A subtle satire on the Nazis, which kids them wholeheartedly. Carole's last film is a fitting tribute to her memory.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR (M-G-M) Cast: *Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy.* Loaded with laughter. It's a new twist to the old story of the battle of the sexes, with Hepburn and Tracy giving sparkling performances. Katy's satire of a brilliant woman columnist is brittle and beautiful. Men will love the scene at the ball park where Tracy patiently tries to explain the game to Miss Hepburn.

★★★½

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ. (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Young, Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey.* For the first time in his career, Robert Young has an opportunity to show he is a truly good actor. Adapted from the popular novel by John P. Marquand.

JOE SMITH, AMERICAN (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Young, Marsha Hunt, Darryl Hickman.* Don't miss this exceptionally good film, the simple story of an average American and how he proved he could take it, when the time came.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Zorina, Victor Moore.* Comedy, alluring girls, Irving Berlin tunes, Technicolor, plus Bob Hope's comic antics make this swell entertainment for the whole family.

★★★

BABES ON BROADWAY (M-G-M) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Virginia Weidler.* A big hunk of entertainment is this refreshing musical about a group of talented kids who crash Broadway. Little Virginia Weidler shines.

BALL OF FIRE (R-K-O) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck.* About an unworldly professor (Cooper) who goes out seeking first-hand information on modern slang to include in his encyclopedia. He meets *Sugarpuss O'Shea* (Stanwyck), a nightclub entertainer, who increases not only his vocabulary but his heartbeats.

BEDTIME STORY (Columbia) Cast: *Loretta Young, Fredric March, Robert Benchley.* Dizzy farce with good acting by the principals. Nice for the evening you're in the mood for light entertainment.

BIRTH OF THE BLUES (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, Brian Donlevy, Carolyn Lee.* This is the story of jazz—how it was born and how it grew. Bing Crosby's voice is particularly well suited to the old numbers.

CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS (Warners) Cast: *James Cagney, Brenda Marshall, Reginald Gardiner.* A simple, compelling story of the young pilots of the Canadian Air Force. Cagney is excellent.

CONFIRM OR DENY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Don Ameche, Joan Bennett, Roddy McDowall.* Tense and exciting, with Hitler's projected invasion of England as the basis for the story.

DESIGN FOR SCANDAL (M-G-M) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon, Edward Arnold.* Gay and smart, a bit sophisticated, this is pleasant entertainment for the adult audience.

I WAKE UP SCREAMING (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Carole Landis, Laird Cregar.* A better-than-average "whodunit" because of the capable actors in the leading roles. (Reviewed under the former title, *Hot Spot.*)

JOHNNY EAGER (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Taylor, Lana Turner.* A romantic gangster film with Taylor as a bad boy who reforms when true love comes along in the person of Lana Turner.

KATHLEEN (M-G-M) Cast: *Shirley Temple, Gail Patrick, Herbert Marshall, Laraine Day.* Shirley Temple wins new laurels for herself in her return to the screen after her two years' absence. The story is a striking penetration of a child's mind trying to make a pattern of complicated adult life.

KINGS ROW (Warners) Cast: *Robert Cummings, Betty Field, Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan, Nancy Coleman.* A gloomy adaptation of the popular best-seller. If you like psychiatric studies, you'll enjoy this. Otherwise, you may find it pretty depressing.

MARTIN EDEN (Columbia) Cast: *Glenn Ford, Evelyn Keyes, Stuart Erwin.* This is vigorous adventure taken from the popular novel by Jack London. *Eden* is a sailor who boards a hellship and later attempts to publish his account of the extreme conditions which prevail on it under a brutal captain. Glenn Ford is splendid as the crusading sailor.

MISTER V (British film) This is an English film produced by Leslie Howard. Howard plays the title role, that of a Cambridge professor who takes a group of students on an archeological expedition into pre-war Germany. He cleverly releases some valuable prisoners of the Gestapo, right under the very noses of the Nazis. Suspenseful and dramatic.

RIDE 'EM, COWBOY (Universal) Cast: *Abbott and Costello, Dick Foran, Anne Gwynne.* The robust comedians romp through their delightful antics against a western background, replete with shootin', horses, and Indians.

SHANGHAI GESTURE (United Artists) Cast: *Gene Tierney, Victor Mature, Ona Munson.* The famous stage play suffers in its transposition to the screen. Muddled and confusing, but you'll want to see it because of the splendid cast.

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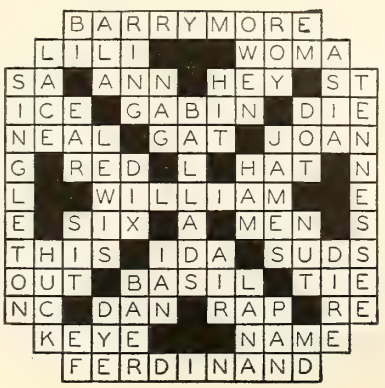


SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (Paramount) Cast: *Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake.* Again Preston Sturges goes against many of the accepted rules to produce an excellent, refreshing picture. Joel McCrea portrays a Hollywood director anxious to produce an epic of hard times, who goes out as a hobo looking for trouble. He finds plenty of it in the person of Veronica Lake.

THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY (M-G-M) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Patricia Dane.* The latest chapter in the *Hardy* saga is the most appealing yet. Throughout there is the endearing warmth of the *Hardy* family and their typical life in a small American town.

THE INVADERS (United Artists) Cast: *Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier, Raymond Massey.* The gripping story of a German U-Boat crew marooned at Hudson Bay and their attempted escape from enemy soil. Filmed in Canada, it is a savage commentary on German ideology.

THE MALE ANIMAL (Warners) Cast: *Henry Fonda, Olivia de Havilland.* Screen adaptation of the stage play. Story of a college professor who risks his job and his wife to make a stand for academic freedom.

THE NEW SPIRIT (Disney-R-K-O-Radio) This is the special *Donald Duck* feature which Disney created at the request of the Treasury Department. After viewing this charming little short, you'll feel happier about your income tax.

★★½

A GENTLEMAN AFTER DARK (United Artists) Cast: *Brian Donlevy, Miriam Hopkins, Preston Foster.* Entertaining melodrama of a gentleman crook who always wore a sprig of heliotrope for luck.

BORN TO SING (M-G-M) Cast: *Virginia Weidler, Ray McDonald.* About a trio of youngsters who save a would-be suicide whose musical comedy score has been stolen. Virginia Weidler, one of Hollywood's most talented youngsters, is swell.

BUTCH MINDS THE BABY (Universal) Cast: *Virginia Bruce, Broderick Crawford, Dick Foran.* Amusing story of a hard-boiled but likable ex-convict whose heart is captured by a sweet and beautiful baby.

MAYOR OF 44th STREET (R-K-O) Cast: *Anne Shirley, George Murphy, William Gargan.* A story of juvenile and adult racketeers is set against an entertaining musical background.

MOKEY (M-G-M) Cast: *Dan Dailey, Jr., Donna Reed, Cordell Hickman.* The story of an incorrigible 8-year-old boy. Quite a tear-jerker, so be prepared.

SLEEPYTIME GAL (Republic) Cast: *Judy Canova, Tom Brown, Billy Gilbert, Ruth Terry.* Judy Canova is *Bessie Cobb* in this one, which gives you a pretty good idea of what to expect. Lots of splendid talent, but the story is weak.

SONG OF THE ISLANDS (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Jack Oakie.* The gorgeous Technicolor—plus the spectacle of Victor Mature in a sweater—are the outstanding features on which to recommend this South Sea Island film.

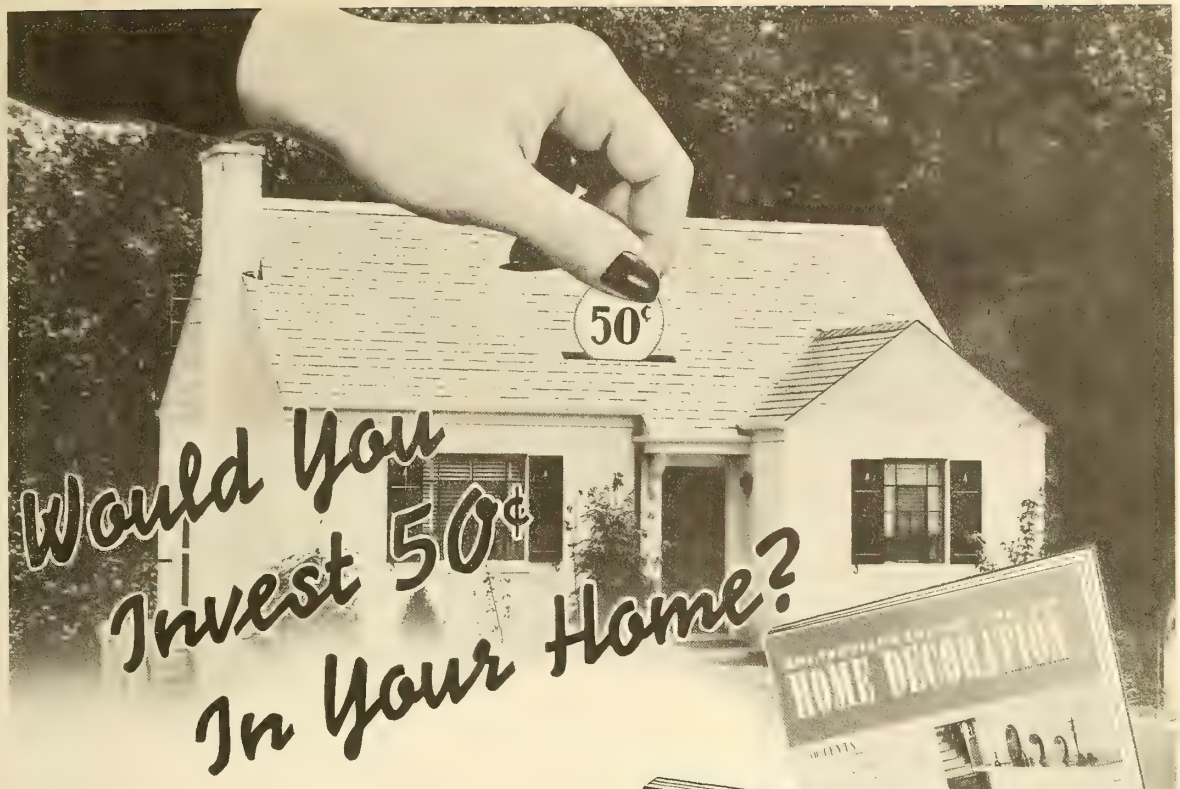
THE FLEET'S IN (Paramount) Cast: *Dorothy Lamour, William Holden, Eddie Bracken.* About a shy sailor who is challenged into wooing *The Countess* (Lamour) and the bewildering escapades in which he gets involved. Amusing hodge-podge.

THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN (Universal) Cast: *Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Ralph Bellamy, Lionel Atwill, Bela Lugosi, Evelyn Ankers.* Never at a loss for a new twist, the latest in the horror series delves into the field of clinical brain surgery. On the morbid side.

THE LADY HAS PLANS (Paramount) Cast: *Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, Margaret Hayes.* Another fifth columnist story, with Paulette stumbling innocently into the clutches of the Gestapo. Exciting in spots.

THE REMARKABLE ANDREW (Paramount) Cast: *William Holden, Brian Donlevy, Ellen Drew.* An allegorical picture, in which Bill Holden is *Remarkable Andrew*, a near-perfect youth whose mode of life has been governed by the famous sayings of Andrew Jackson.

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS (M-G-M) Cast: *Ann Rutherford, Robert Sterling.* The ups and downs of a young married couple form the basis of the plot. The Sterling-Rutherford team is good, but the light story gives them little opportunity to exercise their talents.



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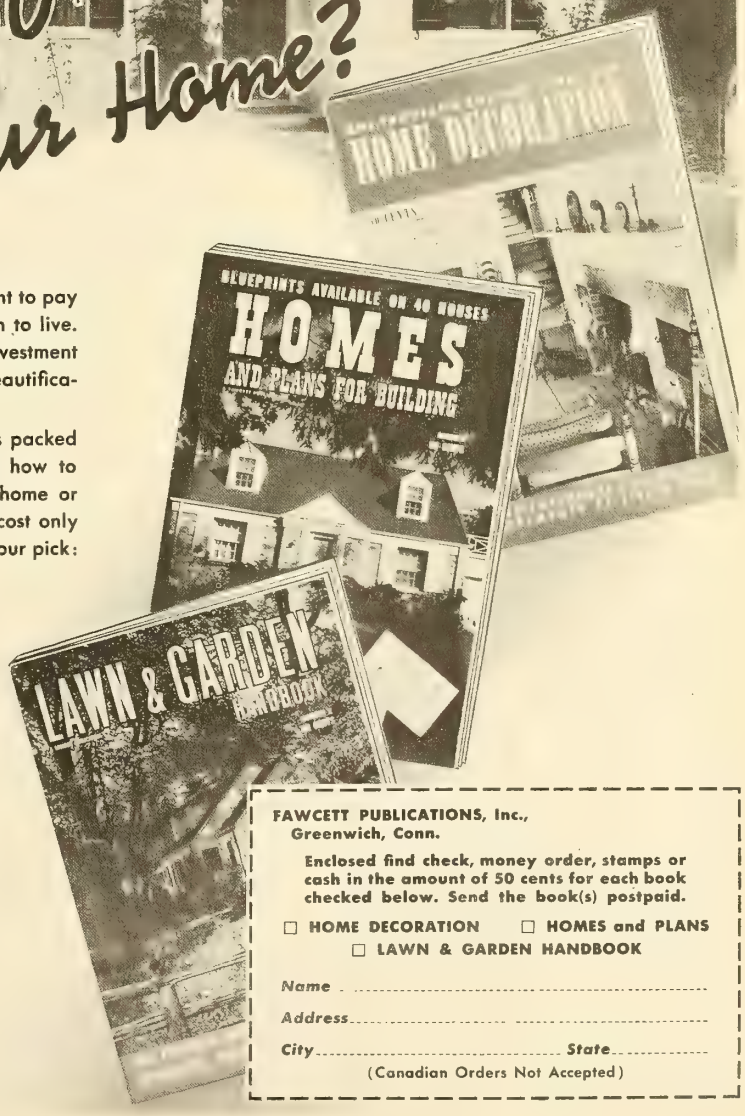

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Norman H. Davis

Chairman, American Red Cross

This page contributed to the American Red Cross by the publishers.

A Hint to the Girl with a Man in her Life!

HE PHONED—"It's a date with bells on, Beautiful!" To set yourself off on the right foot, you freshen up with a shower or bath—you feel gay as confetti—as bubbling as champagne! But don't expect your bath unaided to keep you dainty all evening long. Bathing only removes past perspiration. To prevent risk of future odor, to *stay* popular, thousands of girls rely on Mum.

ALL YOUR PLANS to conquer can be undone by even a tiny trace of underarm odor! Perhaps you've seen unhappy girls neglected after even just a few dances! The gayer your evening is—the more you'll need Mum! It takes only 30 seconds to apply gentle, creamy Mum. Yet, without stopping perspiration, Mum guards your charm for many glittering hours —from the first happy "hello" to the last dreamy waltz.

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MUM SAVES YOUR CLOTHES! It has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fine fabrics. And gentle Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum works, not by stopping perspiration, but by *preventing* odor. Try it—you'll like Mum. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today.

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We are about to prophesy that the Jan Struther novel, "Mrs. Miniver" will be the First Lady of the Screen for '42.

★ ★ ★ ★

We have our paw on the pulse of the public when we make our startling prediction. We saw William Wyler's production of "Mrs. Miniver" in a Hollywood preview.

★ ★ ★ ★

Let us tell you about that preview.

★ ★ ★ ★

Prepared for the screen by producer Sidney Franklin, who had had an editorial hand in "Goodbye Mr. Chips", there was reason to believe that "Mrs. Miniver" was an equally creditable picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

But it was not certain what the public would say.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was evident that William Wyler, one of the really great directors, had done his finest job . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

That Greer Garson as Mrs. Miniver had been perfection itself . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

And that Walter Pidgeon as Clem had been dream-like casting . . .

It was said that no finer supporting cast had ever been assembled than Teresa Wright, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Henry Travers, Richard Ney, Tom Conway, Henry Wilcoxon.

★ ★ ★ ★

Still, there was a lot to be learned from the first public reaction to this most unusual type of film about a peaceful little life caught in the maelstrom of the moment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Imagine the excitement! Only once before—it was the preview of "Big Parade" —had there been such a tremendous public demonstration in favor of a film.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Miniver" had joined the big parade of the screen's noblest.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now it's true we haven't told you about the story. Perhaps we should have done it, because our purpose is to arouse your interest.

★ ★ ★ ★

Sounds selfish, doesn't it?

★ ★ ★ ★

But when you see "Mrs. Miniver" you'll remember whom to thank for the tip—

—Leo

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ There are always things to see and things to hear on Hollywood's movie sets. On stage 12 at Universal, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello were working in *Pardon My Sarong,* a burlesque of all the South Sea Island pictures you've ever seen. There's even a tree swinging routine in which the boys say they'll outswing *Tarzan.* Says Abbott: "We've got a volcano which makes the fire mountain in *Bird of Paradise* a back number. The typhoon scene in *Hurricane* is just a gentle breeze compared to our storm. Why, we even shave with straight razors during the blow."

Says Costello: "Yeah, and wait till you see our haunted temple sequence. So many things happen to me that I've got an extra fright wig just in case."

Says Abbott: "After this picture Dorothy Lamour will hang up her sarong in mothballs."

Says Costello: "After this picture, Abbott and Costello will hang."

■ A story being told on most of the sound stages these days involves an actor who deserted his wife in 1930. Friends reported having seen him in New York, but she had no direct word from him until he stalked into a local bistro a few evenings ago and found her dancing with another man. "I thought so," sneered the prodigal. "Just let me turn my back for 10 or 12 years and look what happens."

■ It may be old but it hasn't been printed. The day Pearl Harbor was bombed, W. C. Fields was occupying Gregory La Cava's beach home during the latter's absence. Fields immediately sent the director a wire reading: "I have just killed your Jap gardener and his three sons. Please try and keep this entrenous."

■ Not in the Script: "My mother was a wonderful woman but she had a mania about cars. I bought her six in as many months. When she had a roadster she wanted a coupe. If she had a coupe she wanted a sedan. One time she was at the Lakeside Country Club in Hollywood and had a flat tire. She telephoned me in New York where I was playing in a show and said, 'Georgie, I need a new car.' I protested that I'd just bought her a brand new one the week before. " 'But,' she said, 'this one's got a flat tire and it just won't run.' " —George Raft.

■ Film censors caught up with a new Hollywood trick this month and immediately turned thumbs down on the

[*Continued on page* 8]

Bob Sterling obliges with a cool drink while Ann Sothern keeps her eyes glued on the boxers at the VACS benefit bouts. Ann is in *Get Rich Quick Maisie*; Bob's in *Red Light*

Glorious News For A Glorious JULY 4th!

THE FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES!

After one whole year of acclaim, beginning with the 4th of July you may now see this greatest of great pictures at your theatre's regular admission prices! See it—*and celebrate!*

GARY COOPER as "Sergeant York"

Exactly as shown at advanced prices

WINNER OF THE ACADEMY AWARD just one of the hundred honors heaped upon it!

Presented with Pride by **WARNER BROS.** . . . with

WALTER BRENNAN · JOAN LESLIE

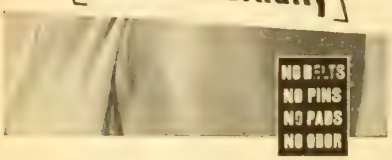
GEORGE TOBIAS · STANLEY RIDGES

A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY and HAL B. WALLIS

Original Screen Play by Abem Finkel & Harry Chandlee and Howard Koch & John Huston · Based Upon the Diary of Sergeant York · Music by Max Steiner

TAMPAX CANNOT CHAFE
[worn internally]



PUT all that monthly-chafing worry out of your mind. Listen to the voice of experience and *use Tampax* for sanitary protection. . . Modern women all around you are discovering this wonderful invention of a doctor who realized what troubles a woman can have in hot, chafing weather—especially housewives and "the girls at the office."

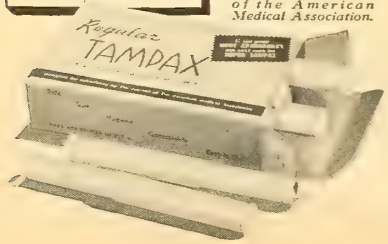
You need no belts, pins or pads. Also you need no sanitary deodorants, as no odor forms with Tampax. This dainty device consists of *pure, surgical cotton* compressed and sealed in one-time-use applicator. It is so perfected that the wearer actually cannot feel the Tampax. She can dance, play games, swim . . . use the shower . . . with amazing freedom. Tampax is so compact that disposal is naturally easy.

Regular, Super, Junior are the three sizes to meet all needs. (The new Super is about 50% more absorbent.) At drug stores, notion counters. Trial box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Don't wait for next month. Start now! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

467,000,000 TAMPAX MADE AND SOLD

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



After a spat which had their friends worried, Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper have made up and everything seems rosy again for Hollywood's cutest teen-age couple. Bunny and Jackie celebrated their reconciliation by going to the ball game. They're co-starring in R-K-O's musical, *Syncopation*

whole thing. Screen glamour girls, the censors rule, must hereafter wear preshrunk clothing before the camera. The story behind the story is a laugh. The censors must approve all of those slinky evening gowns before they're worn on the screen. The studios willingly co-operated —and then took the gowns back to the studio where they were shrunk a size or two smaller. The censors found out about it, went into a huddle and came up with the pre-shrunk ruling.

Pert little Ann Rutherford had to be withdrawn from the cast of *Seven Sisters* when stricken with measles. Now fully recovered, she is shown sunning herself while waiting for a new film assignment

■ Casting of the Month: Keye Luke, the Chinese actor, playing a Jap plotting to bomb Pearl Harbor in a Warner film—and a Chinese Red Cross worker in an M-G-M picture.

■ When Charles Boyer and Rita Hayworth play a movie love scene, the celluloid—and the censors—burn. The Hays office eliminated eight seconds from one of their hottest clinches in *Tales of Manhattan*. When girl meets Boy-er on the screen, the censors meet in conference the next day.

■ A few days ago Lucille Ball visited a group of Uncle Sam's soldiers stationed out in San Fernando Valley. "Hmmmmmm," said one buck private, "if you could only cook."

Replied Lucille, "I'm one glamour girl who can. Wait and see." Next day she returned with an eight-pound cocoanut cake, baked by Lucille Ball.

■ Joan Leslie, Warner starlet, has invented a new cocktail. It's name—Slap-A-Jap. It's ingredients—one jigger of water and one defense stamp.

■ During her tour of army camps, Ann Sheridan telephoned husband George Brent one afternoon and they had a long

[*Continued on page* 10]

A-h-h-h-h!... JEAN GABIN

...More than a glamour-boy! *...More than a muscle-man!* *...More than a cave man!*

AND... he can do more with one glance than most stars can with ten pages of script!

JEAN GABIN

... star of "Grand Illusion" in his first American motion picture... and

IDA LUPINO

in

MOONTIDE

with

THOMAS MITCHELL • CLAUDE RAINS
and **JEROME COWAN • HELENE REYNOLDS**

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO • Produced by MARK HELLINGER • Screen Play by John O'Hara

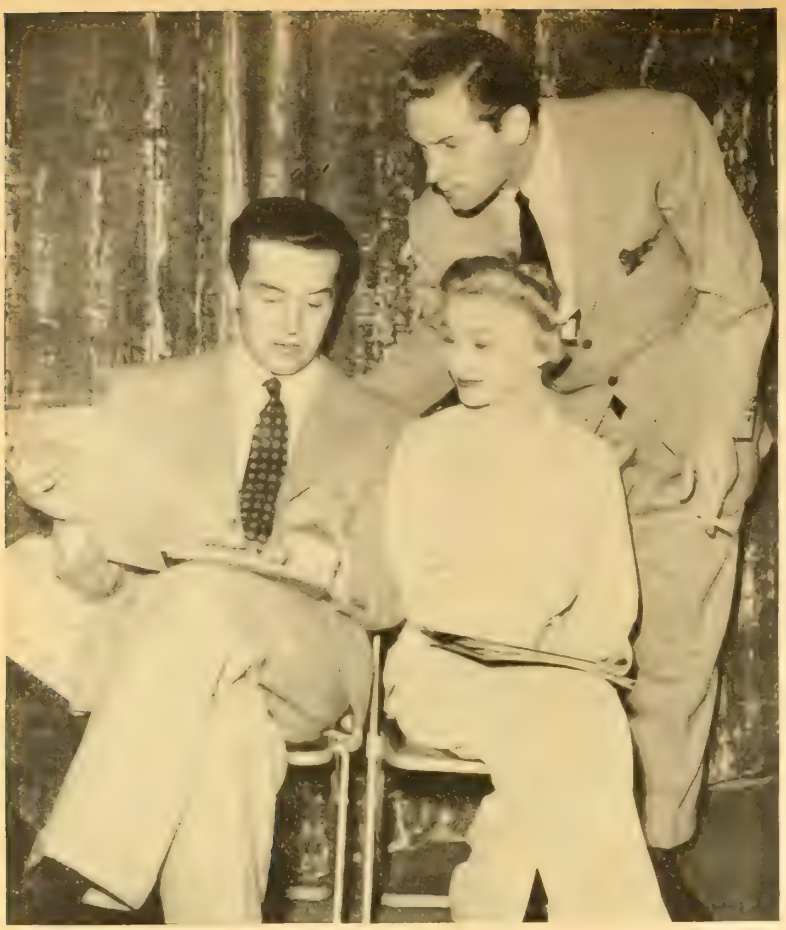
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

COMING!

TYRONE POWER • JOAN FONTAINE *in*

"This Above All"

By ERIC KNIGHT
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK



Ray Milland explains a point to William Holden during a radio theater rehearsal, while Veronica Lake (her famous goldenlocks pinned up) looks on approvingly. Ray is in Paramount's *The Major and the Minor*; Bill's in Columbia's *Meet the Stewarts*; and Veronica's in Paramount's *The Glass Key*

chat. Brent wondered if there was anything he could send her. "Yes," she said. "It's cold up here. I'm freezing to death. If you really want to send me something, please send me some long underwear."

■ Sight of the Month: Ginger Rogers, impersonating a 12-year-old girl for scenes in *The Major and the Minor*, playing a movie love scene with Dickie Moore.

■ Hedy Lamarr's engagement to George Montgomery was a surprise to everyone in Hollywood, including her erstwhile boyfriend, John Howard. Commented Howard: "Now I know how Ralph Bellamy feels when he loses the girl in the last reel of all his pictures."

■ Deanna Durbin picked up this yarn during her army camp tour. At one of the camps she met a fellow entertainer—a vaudeville actor—and asked him how many camps he had visited. "Lady," he said, "I've played so many army camps I'm khaki wacky."

■ Henry Wilcoxon and his wife, Joan Woodbury, who ought to know, are denying reports that they're on the verge of a separation. The rumors started, they said, when Wilcoxon joined the Coast Guard. But they're not true.

■ For a scene in his new Warner picture, *The Hard Way*, Jack Carson plays a death scene. And if you know actors, you know they love death scenes. Carson is no exception. I asked the actor if it was his first death scene in a motion picture. "Well," he said, "it's the first time I've died intentionally in a picture."

■ Mrs. Will Rogers and Warner Brothers have decided to postpone a motion picture based on the famous comedian's life. Reason is that they cannot get Spencer Tracy to portray the cowboy humorist.

■ For his new home, Milton Berle purchased a special bed eight feet long and eight feet wide. On the back there's a radio, bookcase, thermos bottle and a telephone. When the bed was delivered, a friend took one look and said, "You know, Milton, the only thing missing in that bed is a St. Bernard dog to find you when you get lost."

■ If you've seen the motion picture, *How Green Was My Valley*, you'll remember Robert Lowry as the brutal teacher who tortured young Roddy McDowall on his first day at school. Now Lowry is playing an important role in the 20th Century-Fox picture, *The Pied Piper*. The first scene shows him saving the life of Roddy McDowall.

■ Cary Grant may be the next big Hollywood star to trade greasepaint for an army rifle. The lanky star is ready and willing to take up arms if and when Uncle Sam calls—and he expects the call in the near future. The British star explained to me the exact status of his citizenship. Several years ago, he said, he took out his first United States citizenship papers. Then England went to war and because he didn't want to let his homeland down, he did not pick up his final papers. Now, he says, if he's drafted by Uncle Sam he'll immediately become a United States citizen

■ Linda Darnell, the glamour girl and Tyrone Power's favorite leading lady, gifted herself with a huge ring the other day. The reason—a personal reward for not biting her fingernails

■ After seeing *Reap the Wild Wind*, Gracie Allen couldn't help wondering what kind of a rumble-seat companion that giant squid would be.

■ Life for a brand new fiance in Hollywood isn't easy. For several hours George Montgomery watched William Powell make love to Hedy Lamarr for scenes in *'Til We Return*. After it was all over, Montgomery told Director Jack

[*Continued on page* 16]

The gentleman in the zoot suit is George Raft, all rigged up for his role in Universal's *Broadway*. His companion is Iris Adrian. The story of *Broadway* parallels George's own career as a theatrical hoofer

Keep 'em pretty with Dura-Gloss

Its SPECIAL INGREDIENT *Resists Ugly "Fraying" and "Peeling"—Resists Water*

Are your hands flying through many extra duties? Get DURA-GLOSS Nail Polish right away. Protect your fingernails—all ten of 'em. Keep 'em pretty! DURA-GLOSS is unusual because of its swell special ingredient*—*stays on* your nails, *holds* its coat of protection without "fraying" and "peeling." Don't neglect your nails—keep 'em healthy, strong and brightly shining!

** Special ingredient is Chrystallyne, a pure and perfect resinous compound.*

DURA-GLOSS

10c PLUS TAX

3 new colors for summer— Blackberry Wineberry Mulberry

Copyr 1942, Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey—Founded by E. T. Reynolds

Sun Fun

By MARY BAILEY

Lynn Bari, appearing in 20th Century-Fox's *The Magnificent Dope*, likes to take her Vitamin D the easy sunlit way. Lynn believes in sun for beauty as well as health

All Lynn's attention seems to be on the boat race. But her smooth, well-groomed legs will receive plenty of notice as she swings them casually overboard

Lynn shows the sailors how to take to the sea! Her brief swim suit demands a flawless figure. As you can see, Lynn certainly knows how to meet the demand, too!

■ Have your cake and eat it too this summer! Relax in the sun, play on the beach, swim in the surf—have fun while you build a healthier you. With America at war, our orders are to keep fit. But that's a large order when we're all working in our regular jobs and working overtime in volunteer defense for Uncle Sam. Leisure is limited, so every single minute of it should be spent in preparation for our enormous tasks. Exercise and sunshine are the best possible health-builders. While calisthenics may not be fun, sports are. Take advantage of the summer sun—swim, play golf, tennis—whatever you like. Just enjoy yourself. And know that while you play you're storing up precious Vitamin D for the future.

Sunlight is the all-out tonic. But don't take it in large doses. You'll be a sunburned sight instead of a suntanned beauty. With so many fine suntan preparations on the market, you can choose your pet type. There are creams and milky liquids which permit tanning without burning. These are especially good if your skin tends to be dry. They soften while they screen. On the other hand, you may prefer a preparation that disappears instantly. Your choice will be one of the transparent liquids . . . the non-greasy ones.

If you are a serious sunworshipper and spend long hours on the beach, swimming and sunning, you may want an oil. Oils cling to your skin even after a thorough wetting. They give the maximum protection with the minimum effort.

To get your share of sunshine, you'll wear your bathing suit or brief playsuit. But remember, your legs will come in for their share of attention! Remember that sunlight is a spotlight . . . especially on your newly exposed legs. Above all, keep them completely free of fuzz. Unwanted leg hair needn't be a major problem either. Just allow a few minutes each week. There are several simple methods, all quick and easy. It's up to you to find your favorite and to use it regularly.

Now what about lily-limbs on the beach, even the smooth soft ones? They look a little out of place, don't they? So, while you can't leap into a coat of tan, you can wear a simulated one for your first appearances. The new leg cosmetics were designed to help us solve the stocking problem. Like most good ideas, they have a dual purpose. They dress your legs for the street and bronze them for the beach. In applying a leg cosmetic, follow the directions carefully. Blend to avoid streaking and cover completely. If your playsuit ends "here," don't have your color end "there."

An ounce of sunburn prevention is worth several pounds of sunburn cure. So take care of your smooth skin. And have a good time—it's so good for you! ■

WHEN YOU GO A-ROVING

this summer . . . be mindful of exposure to sun and wind—and gazes of onlookers too! Write today for HOLLYWOOD's Beauty Bulletin for July. It contains many helpful hints on outdoor beauty care. Address your letter to Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. And ask about personal beauty problems on hands, hair, skin or figure.

"Paulette Goddard told me personally!"

Paulette Goddard

Star of Paramount's "The Forest Rangers"

YOU KNOW WHAT **SHE** DOES? TAKES A **LUX TOILET SOAP ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL** EVERY DAY— SMOOTHS THE RICH CREAMY LATHER ALL OVER HER FACE...

RINSES IT WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL. HONESTLY, IT'S **WONDERFUL!** TAKES AWAY ALL DUST AND DIRT AND HELPS SKIN STAY NICE AND **SMOOTH!**

PAT DRY— THAT'S THE LAST STEP TO PAULETTE'S **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL.** EASY, ISN'T IT? 9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE **LUX TOILET SOAP** AND SO SHOULD WE!

Let Hollywood's Active-Lather Facials give your skin protection it *needs* for loveliness. You'll agree with famous stars who say Lux Toilet Soap's a *wonderful* beauty aid!

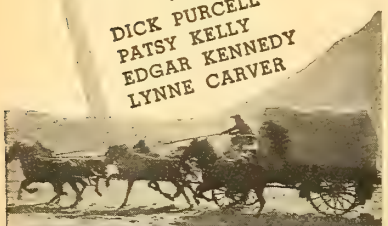
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

It's a
BIG PICTURE

A colorful romantic drama, torn from the pages of America's most reckless era—lavish, exciting, unforgettable!

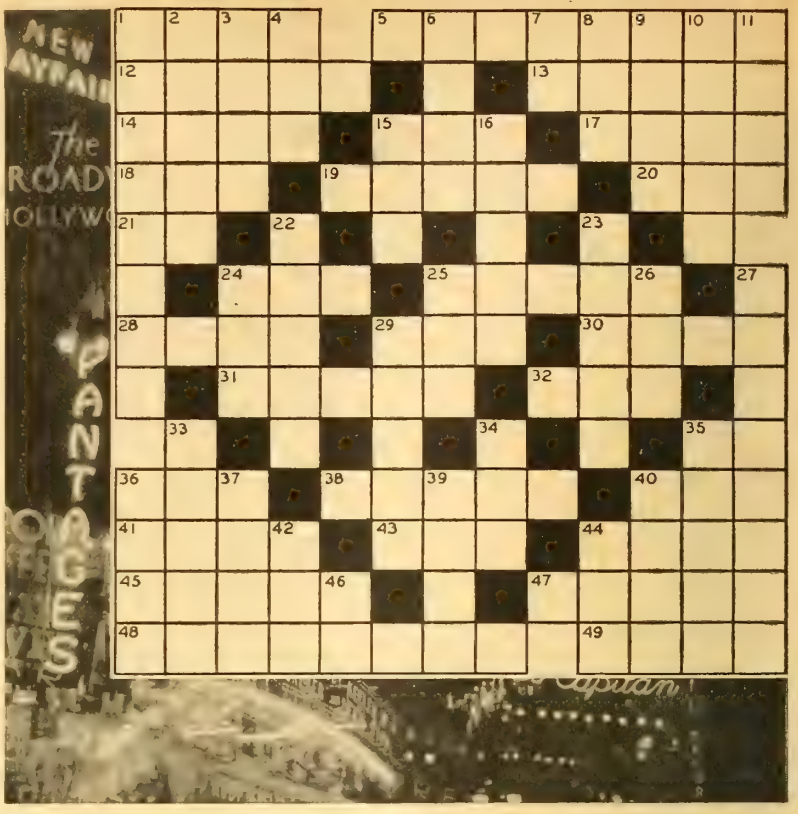
With a great cast, starring JOHN WAYNE, fresh from his triumph in "Reap the Wild Wind," and BINNIE BARNES, winning new honors in the finest role of her career!

JOHN WAYNE
BINNIE BARNES
ALBERT DEKKER
IN OLD CALIFORNIA
with
DICK PURCELL
PATSY KELLY
EDGAR KENNEDY
LYNNE CARVER



It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Disney's reel rodents.
5. *Lady* who was *Willing*.
12. What two plus one equal in romantic sequences.
13. It's due for a paddling in Indian films.
14. Major part of any movie scene.
15. Number of people Columbia put in a taxi. Fare enough!
17. It's a perfect thirty-six.
18. Her real name is Harriet, but she's *Hattie* in *Panama* picture.
19. First name of one of *Three* in Columbia's *Crowd* (poss.).
20. Ilona looked snoopy and snappy for this role in *International Lady*.
21. Director Enright's initials.
24. Any of *Dead Enders*; sometimes the goat.
25. A treat in *Treat 'Em Rough*.
28. *Li'l Abner's* head.
29. What film is stored in, but it doesn't hold still.
30. Place where klieg knights may call marriage a day.
31. A Walker midst fast steppers of *We Were Dancing*.
32. What spinster looked under in *Man Hunt*.
35. Person who brags of busting steers but just throws bull (abbr.).
36. Way Bette, as *Bride*, was destined to arrive.
38. When this comes before noon, it's time for the matinee.
40. Gal who needs no introduction in *Meet the Stewarts*.
41. He roars at M-G-M films even when it's no laughing matter.
43. What *The Gentle People* came out of in Hollywood.
44. Cop in *Bowery Blitzkrieg*.
45. What estranged movie lovers did after they made up.
47. Harpo steps on it and goes to town with his harp.
48. Horse operas in which even grub is apt to be rustled.
49. A buck in Lupe's lingo.

DOWN

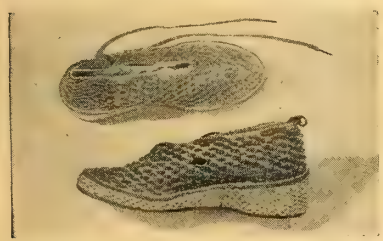
1. He takes the words right out of Bergen's mouth.
2. Accent-uated actress seen in *Louisiana Purchase*.
3. *Pittsburgh Kid* with plenty of smoke.
4. The old crone who was once meek as a lamb.
6. Scene of Conrad Nagel's Keokukian kid days.
7. *Twentieth Century* (abbr.).
8. He brought down the house in *Reap the Wild Wind*.
9. First name of Miss Claire (poss.).
10. Army gave tanks for this in *The Bugle Sounds*.
11. Lamarrvelous creature.
15. Heart of this State has drawn plenty of applause lately (abbr.).
16. Villainous vegetable which has caused movie heroines many tears.
22. Yours may have been split at *Hellzapoppin'*.
23. Dewey in *Sundown*.
24. Kind of folk that Bob Burns likes to talk about.
25. Kid's cry in sound films. Don't let it get your Nanny.
26. Sourpuss Sparks.
27. He's a ba-a-ad boy.
29. First name of laughable linguist famed for his double talk.
33. What Deanna uses to make dough.
34. Nylon needer, but not when one of pair belonging to 5 Across.
35. He was frightfully good as Monster in *Spooks Run Wild* (poss.).
36. It comes up to scratch in feline films.
37. What Veronica Lake puts over her i's.
39. Mr. Bug's destination.
40. Any of certain cinema's *Pretty People*.
42. Kind of profit producer hopes to make.
44. Kind of cats who prefer Artie Shaw.
46. "The" as toughie talks in talkies.

(Solution on Page 41)

Nice Footwork

For feminine, frilly frocks, these kid sandals with platform soles and high heels are a perfect complement. Called Love Knot, they're at Wise Stores, $3.99

Snug fitting oxfords especially designed for active footwork by Dr. Posner. Wonderfully comfortable for all kinds of war work. In blue trimmed with red, $6.00



A peasanty looking sports shoe woven in green and twine color. Rope trimmed platform sole. Ankle laces. Also comes in beige, red. Wise Shoe Stores, $2.99

Rope soled Kedettes for gardening, active sports, sailing or casual wear. Cotton tops are cool, easily cleaned. At leading stores everywhere, $3, in tan or blue

HOW TO
"Make-Up" your hair
to give it new Sparkle and Color

Marvelous new Rinse goes on—and washes off—as easily as your facial make-up! Makes any shade of hair look lovelier... *livelier!*

MAKE-UP for your hair! ... It's the new must-rule of beauty — as essential to good grooming as making up your face. And just as easy, with Marchand's exciting new 3-minute "Make-Up" Hair Rinse!

This delicately tinted rinse does for your hair what powder and lipstick do for your face. It heightens and enlivens its color-tone — bans that "pale" and lifeless look — makes each hair glow with a young, new light!

So simple to use!...So safe!

Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse is *not* a bleach — *not* a permanent dye! Made with Government-approved colors, it's as harmless as lemon or vinegar. And it leaves your hair soft, silky and more manageable.

You don't have to be an "expert" to "make-up" your hair with Marchand's Rinse. You simply dissolve the rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair! Then ... look in your mirror! Your hair is gloriously alive — *color-bright* again!

A tint for every shade of hair!

You'll never know how really beautiful your hair can be, until you make it up with Marchand's Rinse. Whether you're a blonde, brunette, redhead, grayhead or in-between, there's a Marchand's tint to glamorize your own individual hair coloring. Why not try it *today?*

Marchand's
***"Make-Up"* RINSE**

6 RINSES 25¢ • 2 RINSES 10¢
at all drug counters

BLONDES—DON'T LET TIME DARKEN YOUR HAIR!

Blondes who want to brighten and lighten their hair... brunettes who like contrasting highlights... find that Marchand's Golden Hair Wash gives splendid results. Quick and easy to use. At all drug counters.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Copyright, 1942, by Chas. Marchand Co.

Here's how you can help America

—WHEN YOU TRAVEL!

You'll be giving important aid to America's war effort if you plan only necessary travel in these critical times. Cooperation, of the sort suggested below, will also add greatly to the pleasure and convenience of your trips.

- **EASE WEEK-END CONGESTION—TAKE MID-WEEK TRIPS.** Wartime tends to crowd transportation facilities on week-ends, the only time many soldiers, sailors, war workers can travel. Taking trips in early mid-week will relieve congestion—go on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday.
- **SAVE TIME—PRE-ARRANGE YOUR TRIP.** To avoid unnecessary delay and confusion at departure time, get tickets and all trip information well in advance.
- **SAVE MONEY FOR U. S. BONDS.** If the trip isn't necessary, why not skip it, and buy U.S. Bonds or Stamps? And speaking of saving... buses carry each passenger more than twice as far as a car, per pound of rubber, per gallon of fuel!
- **AVOID CROWDS—GO BEFORE MID-SUMMER.** If you're taking a vacation this year, plan to go *before* the mid-summer rush if possible—or wait until fall. Your trip will be smoother—resorts less crowded.

GREYHOUND

For any special trip information, see your Greyhound agent, or write to nearest of these Greyhound Information Offices:

New York City • Cleveland, Ohio • Philadelphia, Pa.
Chicago, Ill. • Fort Worth, Tex. • Minneapolis, Minnesota
San Francisco, Cal. • Boston, Mass. • Washington, D. C.
Detroit, Michigan • St. Louis, Mo. • Lexington, Kentucky
Charleston, West Virginia • Cincinnati, Ohio
Memphis, Tennessee • New Orleans, Louisiana

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page 10*]

Conway: "What you need in this picture is a good villain—and I'm just the fellow who can play it—with feeling."

■ There's good reason why stars are protected by all kinds of insurance and legal barriers. Leon Errol just received a bill from an elderly theater-goer in Colorado Springs for a new pair of spectacles. He claimed the rubber-legged comedian made him laugh so hard in a recent *Mexican Spitfire* picture that his glasses fell off and were broken.

■ Fred Astaire turned down national photo syndicates for a picture of his two-day-old daughter. He said he and Mrs. Astaire didn't want the child's picture published now—or in the near future—for fear of kidnapers. Their son wasn't photographed by the Hollywood bulb snappers until he was five. Incidentally, here's a laugh. In the excitement over the birth of the baby, Astaire forgot to buy the traditional cigars. When someone asked the star for a cigar, he looked blank and said, "Why—I haven't any. You know I don't smoke cigars."

■ Many years ago Director Irving Pichel retired from the stage. The other night he returned for a guest performance in Pasadena. His wife was excited about the event and tried to work up some enthusiasm in their 13-year-old son, Marlow. She asked the boy: "You want to see your father act, don't you?" He grudgingly said yes. So, they went to the play and Pichel came on the stage. Marlow waited respectfully for a couple of minutes, then turned to his mother and said, "Okay, Ma, we've seen Pa. Let's go to a movie now and see the Lone Ranger."

■ Betty Grable and Victor Mature are supposed to be feuding but I'm beginning to think it may be just the other way around. At least Betty and Vic spent five hours together the other afternoon in a dark corner of the Beverly Hills Tropics. They parted so Betty could keep a date with her steady boy friend, George Raft.

■ The old American custom of indicating "Okay" by forming a circle with the thumb and index finger was nixed for a scene in Universal's *Broadway* by the Hays office censors. It means something else in South American.

■ The custard pie throwing comedies were before Lana Turner's time, but she got one right in the lap the other night at a Hollywood bistro where Mike Riley and his wacky musicians toss lemon meringues around as part of their act.

■ Sam Goldwyn is steeling himself for a flood of letters because he has Gary Cooper, as Lou Gehrig, writing with his right hand for a scene in *The Pride of the Yankees*. It's no error, though. Gehrig, the world's most famous left-hander, wrote with his right hand. And, on behalf of authenticity, Goldwyn and Director Sam Wood are going to risk the criticism and howls about another "movie boner."

It's easy to see why Jeanette MacDonald is such a favorite with the armed forces. Here she is shown backstage autographing programs at a recent concert she gave for the boys. Jeanette is currently appearing in M-G-M's *I Married an Angel*

Up in Eleanor's Attic

By MARION COOPER

■ Some people keep a diary, but Eleanor Powell keeps an attic. If she ever wants to write the story of her life, all she'll have to do is sit down and talk about her keepsakes. From her first wardrobe trunk and favorite toys, to the pink satin dress suit she wears in her new film *Ship Ahoy*, every memorable event in her life is represented in her attic.

She's superstitious enough to keep every wardrobe trunk packed and ready to go, on the trouper's theory that otherwise she's sure to be a failure. But she's not superstitious enough to worry about her trunks numbering thirteen. It takes that many to hold the hundreds of pairs of dancing shoes she's collected throughout the years, and the costumes she's saved. There are hula skirts, and top hats and tails and ballet costumes; satins and velvets and tulles; pinks and reds and blues in the collection. And as easy as anything, Eleanor can point to any one of them and tell you when she wore it.

I tried her out on a little orange velvet number which glittered with rhinestones no brighter than her memory. "That," she said, "was my first recital costume. Grandmother made it for me when I was twelve. It came in handy on my first job, too, a few months later.

"Mother and I were vacationing in Atlantic City, and one afternoon I was down on the beach, practicing acrobatic stunts, when Gus Edwards came along. He watched me for awhile and then asked: 'Do you want a job?' 'Sure,' I told him. 'Okay,' he said. 'Be at the Ambassador Grill tonight at six o'clock, and I'll put you on. I'll pay you $7.50.'"

Eleanor ran all the way back to the hotel to spread the joyous tidings to Mother. Mother looked dubious. She didn't go to night clubs herself, but she'd heard plenty about them—not much of it good. She said she thought Eleanor had better skip it. But Eleanor didn't think so. There was Opportunity trying to break down her door, and Mother was building barriers on the inside. Eleanor wept and ranted and wailed, and made such an all-around nuisance of herself that finally Mrs. Powell agreed to go over and take a look at the place. She found that it didn't look so bad after all, so she gave her consent. Happily Eleanor climbed into her aforementioned orange velvet costume and did her acrobatic number, a strictly ad-lib one, since she had no routine.

Not all her keepsakes are costumes, however. There's a big notebook, for example, which she's had for ten years. It's a sort of Memory Book, recording every town she's played in, the name of the theater, the hotel where she stopped, and even whether her room was satisfactory. One entry reads, in reference to a certain theater: "Good floor, but watch out for uneven surface at extreme right."

"You can imagine how helpful it was on return engagements," Eleanor remarked.

"It came in handy for remembering names, too," she confessed "because I kept a complete list of the theater manager's name, the doorman's and the boys' in the orchestra of each theater. I never forget a face, but I've got a blind spot when it comes to remembering names. As a matter of fact," she laughed, "since I kept the book a deep, dark secret, I built up quite a reputation as the girl with the incredible memory. There's a doorman in Baltimore who still thinks so.

"I was playing a return engagement there one time, and the night before we arrived, I sat up in my berth half the night, memorizing the names in my book under 'Baltimore.' The next day I walked up to the doorman at the theater with a big grin. 'Well, hello, Joe,' I said. You should have seen his face! 'Can you imagine that?' he asked my mother. 'Four years the girl hasn't seen me, and she remembers me!' But Mother didn't give me away," Eleanor smiled.

There's a big pink bunny in the attic, too. It stands two feet high and was meant to decorate a store window. No one ever thought it would wind up as a present to seven-year-old Eleanor, least of all the storekeeper, who patiently explained to Mrs. Powell that it wasn't for sale. But he might as well have saved his breath. Eleanor had seen the bunny in the window, and she wanted it. That settled it for Mrs. Powell, and after twenty minutes of arguing that got him nowhere, it settled it for the storekeeper, too.

She's also crazy about music boxes, and they have their place in her attic. One is a miniature baby carriage of wicker and blue satin ribbon, which plays her favorite tune, "Rock-a-bye Baby," and is a receptacle for flowers, besides. Eleanor has kept it ever since her mother gave it to her on her tenth birthday. One week every year, from Christmas to New Year's, it comes out of the attic, to be filled with fresh flowers each day and placed beside Eleanor's breakfast plate. It has become a family tradition that Eleanor shall start each day of Christmas week to the tune of "Rock-a-bye Baby."

There's a treasured letter in the attic, from two little sisters in Springfield, Massachusetts, who once aspired to be dancers. Infantile paralysis made that impossible. When Eleanor learned about it, through a friend, she made them a present of the first pair of dancing shoes she ever gave away. And the letter tells her what they did with the gift. The shoes are used as a centerpiece for the dining room table!

One of the most interesting keepsakes in Eleanor's attic is one-half of a scrapbook. That half has charred yellow pages, because it was nearly destroyed in the fire which consumed the rest of it. It was sent to her by a fan in England, who managed to save only that, when his apartment was bombed recently. His name is Richard Norton, and he was her very first fan.

Eleanor was only fifteen when young Norton, on a visit from England, saw her first Broadway show, *Follow Through*. As he wrote her later, he wanted to go backstage and meet her, but lacked the courage. So he sent a letter, after he was back in England.

[*Continued on page* 55]

Eleanor Powell's attic is filled with keepsakes of her colorful career, and every memento has an exciting story back of it. Eleanor's in M-G-M's *Ship Ahoy*

The novelty buggy shown above plays "Rock-a-bye Baby"

Eleanor is proud of her All-American Girl scrapbook

Director Wyler Cracks the Whip

By KAY PROCTOR

William Wyler is known as the toughest director in Hollywood. Above, he rehearses Greer Garson for M-G-M's *Mrs. Miniver*

■ The trouble was, Napoleon hadn't heard about Willie Wyler and his ways. Napoleon is a cat, fairly bright as cats go, but no master mind. It hadn't occurred to him that working in a picture like *Mrs. Miniver* with a director like William Wyler would mean The Extraordinary would be demanded of him. And so he went waltzing through the scene, casual as you please. That was Napoleon's mistake.

The scene was a simple, homey one where *Horace*, the gentleman friend of the *Minivers'* maid, *Gladys*, goes off to war. He is saying good-by to the family. Suddenly *Toby*, the youngest *Miniver*, demands that *Horace* also include Napoleon in the farewells as befits a family pet. Dutifully Horace says, "Good-by, all. And cat."

Time after time the scene was shot, until the nerves of all the human actors were frazzled. Time after time Napoleon continued to lie quietly in *Toby's* arms. And time after time Wyler said, "Cut! Try it again!"

It turned out Wyler was waiting for the cat to *look up* at the words "And cat!" What's more, he kept shooting the scene until he got it just that way!

Willie Wyler makes some of the best movies to come out of Hollywood, as witness *The Little Foxes, The Letter, Wuthering Heights*, et al. Likewise he is the town's toughest director to work for, as all actors will shout from the housetops. The reason? Wyler is a perfectionist and he will tear at the brains and bodies and spirits of his actors until he gets it. Time, money or suffering mean nothing. It's perfection—or else! The "else" isn't always so pleasant.

"You take an awful beating from Wyler," actors say, "but if you can stand it (as who wouldn't?) it's the short cut to Hollywood success. One picture with Wyler is worth more than three years of struggle."

Currently the actors who are "standing it" are Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Dame May Whitty, Teresa Wright, Henry Wilcoxon, Reginald Owen, Henry Travers, Christopher Severn, and a newcomer, Richard Ney. And cat. They comprise the principal cast of *Mrs. Miniver* which Wyler is directing at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The picture is from Jan Struthers' best-seller but little save the name and the spirit have been kept in the movie version; the actual story of the bravery of the middle-class Englishman under fire is all new. And a corking story it is, full of spectacular action like the rescue at Dunkirk and a bombing raid on a small English town. A touching, poignant story it is, too, with scenes like the one where *Mrs.*

Lovely Greer has the title role in *Mrs. Miniver*, the story of a British family who bravely face war on the home front

Miniver (Greer Garson) captures the German parachutist, feeds him, and turns him over to the authorities.

That scene, incidentally, took ten years off Greer's life. Perfectionist Willie was on the warpath again. He wanted a certain glazed look in Greer's eyes as she questions the wounded but still ruthlessly determined German flier. Overhead, she hears her own flier son signal a safe return and asks the Nazi if he so signals his mother. Contemptuously he denies any such tenderness.

To an uninitiated bystander, the scene appeared perfect, lines, intonations, actions and expressions. Not so, Willie. The eyes weren't right. He shot and shot. He cleared the set of everyone but essential workmen. Finally he stomped off the stage himself in a black rage.

Greer got the glazed look and then some; she was glassy-eyed from sheer exhaustion. But when you see it on the screen, something will happen to your eyes. Tears will cloud them and you'll have an ache in your throat. For that you can thank Wyler.

Richard Ney, too, felt the lash in the garden party scene. He arose from a chair and sat down again for five straight hours before Wyler said okay. The hitch in all that time was some little movement of Ney's hands. The next day Ney felt like he'd been riding a bucking bronco in a Western rodeo, but Willie had his scene.

Ney, as the elder *Miniver* son, is playing his first role before a camera, as is Helmuth Danline, the German parachutist. That, too, is characteristic of Wyler. He isn't afraid to trust big roles, important roles, to untried players. Rarely do they fail to justify his faith in them, even though he demands as much from them as from the veteran players. With equal zeal, he casts his character roles with fine distinction and makes each one a gem. In proof, watch for the work of Henry Wilcoxon as the village vicar (and what a closing scene is his!), Henry Travers as the gentle stationmaster who raises roses, and Reginald Owen as the bumpkin storekeeper who is made an air-raid warden. Each is magnificent.

So far-reaching was the Wyler influence, in fact, his obsession to obtain the *ne plus ultra* from everyone working on the picture, that even the cameraman, Joe Ruttenberg, had worried away eight pounds before *Mrs. Miniver* was half completed! Sympathetic friends took to bringing Joe a malted milk every afternoon to restore him to normal strength, but if it was a hint in Willie's direction, it went unheeded.

There was an exception one morning. An obviously weary and haggard Henry Wilcoxon unexpectedly started fluffing lines. The rest of the cast uncomfortably waited for a thunderbolt of Wyler anger. None came. Patiently and sweetly, Willie led Wilcoxon through the scene until it was right. Though no reference was made to it, he knew the weary actor had been standing guard throughout the cold and rainy night at a near-by harbor in the line of duty as a member of the Coast Guard Auxiliary.

Consciousness of the war was evident everywhere on the set, not because *Mrs. Miniver* is a war story of a kind, but because of the war activities of each individual, and the realization of how private lives will be changed in the next few months. Wyler, for instance, is entering the Signal Corps upon completion of the picture. Ney and the head sound man are bound for the Navy. The second sound man is joining the aerial photography division of the Air Force and the assistant director will join the Ski Corps. Greer Garson, Teresa Wright and Dame May Whitty will continue their war relief work. It cast a somber pall over everything. Not that Wyler's sets aren't always somber. They are, but this time it was intensified.

Even so, there were a few lighter moments since life always provides the necessary comic relief to dark days. There was the morning Greer broke up the company with her story about her colored maid's new fur coat, a Christmas present from her husband. Greer had asked her what kind of fur the coat was.

"Well," said the maid, "it used to be Japanese ferret but now it's Chinese weasel!"

There was the day Greer tried to smoke a cigar. For one of the homey, after-dinner scenes between Greer and handsome Walter Pidgeon (alas, they have stripped him of all his romantic appeal to make him a patriotic but rather dull and stodgy middle-class business man in this one!), Wyler thought it would add a domestic touch to have Greer bite the end of Walter's cigar and light it for him.

Dutifully, Greer tried to comply. For four takes she puffed away, until, pale and dizzy, she had to be taken to her dressing room. Not until then did Wyler learn she never had smoked so much as a denicotinized cigarette in her life!

There was the day Wilcoxon solemnly asked Greer to autograph a picture for a grizzled old fisherman named Hank. On duty with the [*Continued on page* 34]

New to screen audiences is young Christopher Severn, who plays Walter Pidgeon's son in the film

A touching scene in the picture takes place in a blitzed English church

How Hollywood Kills Its Stars

By GENE SCHROTT

■ Here are a couple of new kinds of killings for all you avid crime fans. It's not done with a knife-thrust in an unsuspecting back or by a silenced revolver or any of the other cleverly concocted devices of Ellery Queen. Not a stab in the back or gentle strangulation at the end of a creaking rope. Hollywood has a few little devices of its own.

When Hollywood wants to get rid of a player, it uses its own peculiar process that works like slow poison. Poor stories, typed roles, unsympathetic parts, too much publicity and emphasis on sex appeal. These may sound harmless. But even to players like Gable and Garbo and Rooney and Colbert they're insidious and sinister.

Remember Luise Rainer, the pretty little Viennese actress who copped two successive Academy Awards—one for *The Ziegfeld Girl* and the other for *The Good Earth*? Despite her foreign accent, her naive appearance and her strange manner of acting, the public went wild over her. She almost convinced the sour skeptics that Hollywood occasionally picks a winner. But when everyone was sure she was sitting securely on top, something happened.

Maybe her studio bosses were a little too sure. Maybe they didn't realize that her subsequent stories were pretty rank. Anyway, they put her into some atrocity called *The Toy Wife*. This was followed by *The Great Waltz* and after that came *Dramatic School*. After that, you didn't see Luise any more. Hollywood had killed her with poor stories.

It was easy to get rid of the living corpse. Her poor box-office showing was dangled before her eyes. There was a good case against her. A case that all the other studios took into consideration. All doors were closed to her. And even after an absence of four years when she recently returned for a role in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Luise was unsuccessful in getting a foothold inside Hollywood's closed door.

Today Abbott and Costello are at the top—but the axe is dangling over their helpless heads. They're in M-G-M's *The People's Choice*

John Garfield almost fell a victim to Hollywood's slow poison. Metro's *Tortilla Flat* may decide his fate

A few years ago, Mae West was one of the biggest box-office bets. Heavy emphasis on sex was her downfall

About the time of Luise's departure, Francis Lederer was holding sway in the film colony as the king of charm. Every woman who saw him lost her heart at first glance. He was destined to be the most hectic heart-throbber since Valentino. He revived the legendary matinee idol. What was more, he proved that he was a fine actor, a polished young man and a suave lover on the screen.

But Lederer made a mistake. He objected to stories, too. There were front office disagreements. There were suspensions. And suddenly, without warning, he found himself without a home studio. Very mysteriously, there was no demand for his services. No one wanted to be burdened with a player who was hard to handle—who wanted to read his script before he set foot before the cameras. Without any fuss or fanfare a promising career was nipped in the bud. Hollywood had the last word—even though Lederer was to prove himself still a capable actor some years later when he did a highly commendable job in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*.

A few years ago, Mae West, if you recall, was the hottest thing in Hollywood. Audiences didn't expect to see another Bernhardt when they watched her antics on the screen. All they wanted was to see her strut across the room. It was worth the quarters they plunked down at the box-office. They liked her outlandish gowns, her breathtaking hats and her double-entendre wisecracks.

But Mae had too much sex appeal. A lot of thin-lipped gals raised objections. A lot of flat-chested maidens objected to her sex appeal. "The baser appeal," they called it. They decided it wasn't good for

the kiddies. But the truth was that their husbands were chuckling too heartily at Mae's methods. Letters began pouring into Hollywood. All the guardians of our morals ganged up on her. And despite the fact that she was one of the highest salaried stars, Hollywood was forced to drop her. The studios decided that Mae West was no longer a good risk. However, the buxom actress would not admit defeat. She bided her time. Patiently and wisely she waited almost three years for all the unpleasant publicity to subside.

Feeling the proper moment has arrived, she is now making a serious attempt to put her once-dazzling career back in circulation. Fully realizing that the public has grown weary of the stereotyped hip-swinging character she portrayed, Mae's new role as an international spy (film not yet titled) is guaranteed to send her screen stock soaring once again. Minus the heavy padding so familiar to the West form and clothed in modern dress, the new West personality may figure strongly in regaining the prestige she so sorely needs.

Simone Simon is one gal who can really tell you how brutal Hollywood's method can be. After the incident with the golden keys, which they'd have you believe she was handing out promiscuously on street corners, she was finished. Washed up. No one would even talk to her. She was given the silent treatment. All her former friends ran out on her. Every studio was shut tightly at her approach.

"It was confusing, at first," she sadly related to me. "One day everyone is your friend. The next day, they don't want to know you. You sit on the front steps of the studios asking for a job. But not even the prop boys will say hello to you. And yet, everywhere I went, people asked me when I would make more pictures. They said they wanted to see me again. Could I tell them that exaggerated gossip had killed my career and that there must have been a silent agreement to keep me from the screen. When William Dieterle gave me a part in *All That Money Can Buy*, I thought my career would begin all over again. But things don't work out like that in Hollywood. Hollywood is like an elephant. It never forgets. It loves you one minute and the next it kills you by giving you the cold shoulder."

Two years ago, M-G-M launched a high-powered press campaign to make America conscious of Miliza Korjus, the Austrian singer. Her name and fame were plastered over billboards throughout the country. Her beauty was supposed to be enchanting. And when finally the audiences watched for her appearance in *The Great Waltz*, it was with bated breath. They expected to see some ethereal vision come tripping daintily out. Imagine their feelings when they saw a buxom woman with the dimensions of the typical opera singer whisk airily about a gilded ballroom.

After that single picture, her name wasn't mentioned. She was allowed to join the other ghosts who were triumphantly welcomed to the cinema city and hastened in their leave-taking. Hollywood wouldn't admit it, but it made a mistake in publicizing her. If her singing were so brilliant, it was up to the audiences to discover it. But when they compared her highly-touted beauty with some of the domestic product, audiences were not only disappointed, but resentful at the exaggerated publicity about her.

Not only are foreign players victims of Hollywood's attempt to kill their careers. If Bette Davis, Deanna Durbin and James Cagney hadn't battled their front offices, they too may have been the innocent victims of poor stories. Their careers would have long been terminated. John Garfield tried fighting but only incurred suspension. He's a marked man, though. He came to Hollywood from the New York stage with a chip on his shoulder. The fates started working overtime against him.

When I saw him at M-G-M doing a scene with Hedy Lamarr in *Tortilla Flat*, he was a different Garfield. "This is really something," he said. "A couple more parts like this and I can really feel like an actor again instead of a gangster."

Right now, the most flagrant case of killing players is going on with Abbott and Costello. They're new in Hollywood. They don't know how the subtle, slow killing works. They're being shoved into one picture after another. Their stories, with the single exception of *Hold That Ghost*, aren't even stories. Merely a string of incidents. Every critic in the country is crying out against the treatment they're receiving. But they're a couple of geese who are laying golden eggs—million dollar eggs. Yet, their studio insists upon feeding them material that is better suited for the scrap heap.

"They're giving us five dollar stories," they complain bitterly. "But what can we do about it?" They don't want to battle the front office. They don't want to invoke suspensions. But they don't realize that the axe is dangling dangerously over their heads. That any minute it's apt to come down as it has on the heads of some of their predecessors. They don't know that Hollywood can kill stars in the most unsuspecting manner. That it has killed some mighty fine ones. ■

Miliza Korjus was launched on a terrific wave of publicity. She made only one picture—then vanished

Francis Lederer was hailed as a second Valentino. But before long he, too, got the old one-two treatment

Simone Simon started out big, but today she finds studio gates closed to her. Another Hollywood victim

Luise Rainer was sitting pretty with two *Oscars*, then something happened. Today—a box-office corpse

Beautiful Ugly Duckling

By HENRY REESE

How Joan Bennett blossomed from a drab, self-conscious girl (left) into a poised, successful young woman is one of Hollywood's most inspiring stories. Joan's in Columbia's *The Wife Takes a Flyer*

Joan Bennett, who, in a single breath, has been called the most beautiful blonde and most sensational brunette in Hollywood, started off as a self-styled ugly duckling. The corrosive inferiority complex that went with that characterization stayed with her until very recently and was finally cured by two sets of men—directors and husbands.

It began with a pair of thick-lensed glasses, "bigger than my face," at the age of eight. The goggles, coupled with the problem of living in the shadow of her glamorous older sister, Constance, convinced her she was the forgotten girl. And it was Connie who, to Joan's chagrin, supervised her clothing—taking her along on shopping trips in which she would rig herself in 1924's most startling creations and button Joan into something which made her look even younger than her twelve years. It was a typical big-and-little sister situation, with the big sister lording it from the height of her sophisticated teens. Today, one of Joan's chief concerns is seeing that her younger daughter, Diana, does not suffer the same unhappiness. The treatment is simple. She simply reminds her now and then that she's a beautiful and charming little girl.

The thick glasses were bad enough perched on Joan's little nose; they were worse off it. For she was so fearfully nearsighted that she could not even recognize friends across a table. Waiting for her mother in a doctor's office one day she was aware that a man had come in and was speaking to her.

"Well, well," said he, patting her on the head, "you've certainly grown since the last time I saw you. Next time you'll probably be smoking a big black cigar."

Joan was without her glasses, so she started to mumble some vague nothing in a confused fight for time to figure out who this jolly fellow was, when her mother breezed in and identified him, to Joan's intense embarrassment. Joan had been mumbling dully at John Barrymore.

In Hollywood, in the early thirties, it was the same—and worse. She was on the horns of a dilemma: if she did not wear her glasses she would walk through nonexistent doors and recognize nobody. She tried that and became known as "that snippy Bennett girl" who high-hatted everyone. That hurt. But on the other hand, if, as a movie star, she wore her glasses she would—and did—have the depressing experience of seeing the expectant faces of waiting fans sag into glum disappointment when she appeared.

So she tried going to the Cocoanut Grove armed with a lorgnette. It was a matter of convenience to her, but it was a matter of scornful titters to everyone else. Lorgnettes, it seems, should be confined to comic-strip dowagers. A few tries at this simply increased her reputation as a snooty and artificial little upstart, and the audible reaction so outraged her that she invariably gave up half way through the evening and whipped out her spectacles as a defiant defensive proof that she really needed the lorgnette.

By 1934, when Joan married Gene Markey she had decided to confine her life to her home and a few understanding friends. It was just too much to face a blurred world which was hostile because she couldn't see it.

Markey thought otherwise. The way to lick it was to face it, and an actress can't afford seclusion. He insisted that they go out, be seen, and often. And furthermore, she must leave her glasses at home. But people didn't like her, she protested, so why should she bother them? "Nonsense," said Markey, "It's just the way you say hello—or don't say hello." Well, that was because she never knew who she was talking to—or not talking to. "I'll fix that," said Markey.

He became a sort of Seeing Eye that didn't bark. He mumbled instead, out of the side of his mouth as they approached acquaintances. And as he mumbled he would give Joan's arm a squeeze. The mumble was a name, the strength of the squeeze indicated the familiarity or importance of the name. Thus armed with identification and a bruising clutch, she would stop before a faintly human blur and cry with effusive assurance, "Good evening, Mr. Glop." And Mr. Glop would be pleasantly startled to recognize the girl who had cut him dead a week before.

A normally affable person, she still lacked professional confidence and the superb poise and charm that mark her today. From the beginning—in such pictures as *Bulldog Drummond* (her first) and *Disraeli*, she had exhibited a misty, fragile, and very memorable feminine beauty—and little more. It had been enough. Nobody thought to find out if she could act. She hadn't wanted to in the first place—interior decoration was her aim—and she wasn't sure, herself, that she was an actress. She might never have found out had not three successful directors decided she was and managed to communicate their confidence to her and convince her. They were right. Gregory LaCava, George Cukor and Fritz Lang were the men who gave her professional confidence—in *Private Worlds*, *Little Women* and *Man Hunt*.

But Joan Bennett has not only gained the ability to face a world with or without glasses—her eyesight is getting better, too—she has acquired professional confidence in her acting. As the wife of Academy President Walter Wanger, she is today one of Hollywood's top hostesses. Her secret here is in part that as a mother at seventeen she did all her own work.

And as Mrs. Wanger she has the problem of meeting the mind of one of the best informed men in the industry, whose library on world affairs is little short of terrifying. "Walter is educating me," she laughs.

At this point it would take a national dragnet to find a more alert, charming, poised, well informed—and beautiful—young lady than Joan Bennett, an ugly duckling who gamely licked a desperate inferiority complex. ■

ANN HARE, beautiful young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Spencer Hare of Park Avenue, New York. Her engagement to Walter Wooster Richard of New York and Long Island was announced a few months after her debut. Like Wooster, Ann is Navy-minded, works hard with "Bundles for Bluejackets" and the "Navy Relief Society." One of the season's loveliest debutantes, she made her bow in Philadelphia, where her mother's family has long been socially prominent.

ADORABLY YOUNG AND LOVELY—There's a rare-orchid charm about Ann's blonde young beauty, and her exquisite skin has a luminous satin-smooth look. Of her complexion care Ann says, "I just use Pond's Cold Cream *every* day. Pond's is so light and silky *my skin just loves it* —and it's perfectly grand for cleansing."

(*right*) Ann and Wooster before he was called to active Navy duty.

ANN'S RING is unusually lovely—a large marquise-cut diamond, that reflects light with sparkling radiance. A baguette diamond is set on each side of the brilliant solitaire.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

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Do this yourself—*every* night, for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see why society leaders like Mrs. John Roosevelt. Mrs. Ernest Biddle are so devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. Why more women and girls everywhere use Pond's than any other face cream. Buy a jar *today*—at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical—the lovely *big* jars

Cut For Action

Catherine Roberts
Fashion Editor

Definitely cut for action yet cleverly retaining the smart hang and flare of a regulation skirt. Above you see it with snaps closed to make a skirt

Now, the snaps are reversed and you have a wonderful culotte. Comes in a variety of fabrics: flannel, twill or cottons. Flannel, $5.98, Hartley's, Miami

Transportation problems being what they are, the bicycle is bound to arrive at that point of popularity it enjoyed at the turn of the century. Here are fashions designed especially for a dual purpose; cycling and/or general wear. The culotte skirt was designed by the aviatrix, Mary Sansom, who has many amazing records.

The Blitzie shirt, shown in three versions at left, is the answer not only to maidens' prayers, but to the conservation of fragile underwear. It is unnecessary to wear anything under a Blitzie. The crotch tab removes completely, front is shadowproof. One of these shirts and a pair of slacks or Mary Sansom's Dual-Control culotte and you're completely dressed. Quick, comfortable and very smart.

LEFT: The Blitzies! Shirts that are especially designed for rapid dressing. Stripes, dots or solid colors, they're wonderfully practical. $3.98, Macy's N. Y.

"A whole week's Polish wear— and not a single chip" *Mrs. Stringer*

Vivacious Mrs. Stringer adores keeping house with her own hands in the New York apartment she herself decorated so charmingly. Adores Cutex, too! Says: "Even doing my own dishes three times a day, my Cutex Polish stayed so perfect I finally changed it only because my nails were too long!" Wear Cutex . . . Gingerbread, Sugar Plum, Saddle Brown, Alert or Black Red! See how thrillingly their beauty lasts —and lasts! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in U. S.

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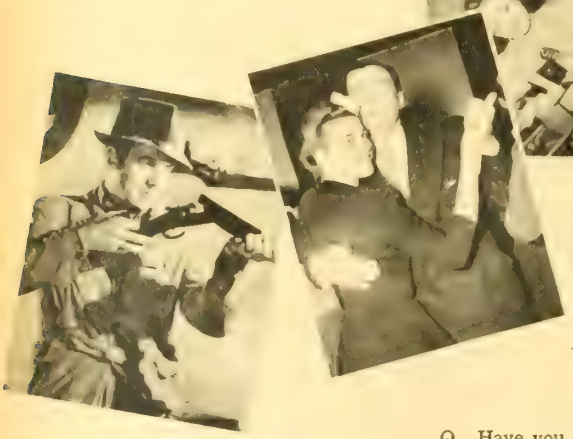
Popping the Question to Walter Pidgeon

Quizzed by HELEN HOVER

First male guest star in our quiz series is popular Walter Pidgeon, currently starring in *Mrs. Miniver*



Photography is one of Walter's enthusiasms—but *not* slacks, even on lovely Mary Astor

Insists he can't dance, but his lovely daughter Edna disagrees

Crazy about hunting—but hates golf

Q. Who is the best actor in Hollywood? Actress?

A. Sorry, I prefer not to commit myself.

Q. What sight would you have liked to have seen?

A. The first airplane flight.

Q. What character have you played on the screen that seemed most like yourself?

A. ————

Q. What is your most common nervous gesture?

A. I scratch my head all the time.

Q. What habit do you like least in women?

A. Their definite ability to make it impossible to do without 'em!

Q. Who is the most beautiful actress in Hollywood?

A. Diplomatic, that's me.

Q. What type of clothes do you like best on a woman?

A. Tweeds in a foggy climate.

Q. What is your pet peeve in women's clothes?

A. Slacks with anything!

Q. What is your favorite food?

A. Oysters. I like them so much that once returning to Hollywood from New York I took a long trip through the South just to load up on Oysters Rockefeller in New Orleans!

Q. Are you punctual?

A. Painfully so.

Q. Have you ever had a nickname?

A. Yes. "Homer"—a takeoff on pigeon. And, of course, there are always people who call me "Pidge" but that isn't as unusual as "Homer."

Q. What is your most high-brow taste?

A. My wife.

Q. And your most low-brow taste?

A. ————

Q. Who is your closest friend?

A. Paul Lukas.

Q. Are you a good dancer?

A. No. Never mastered the art.

Q. What is your greatest minor vice?

A. I smoke too much.

Q. What was one of your most embarrassing moments?

A. The evening I was in a theater lobby with Donald Crisp who offered to introduce me to Wendell Willkie who was also there. "I'd rather meet Mrs. Willkie," I said jokingly. Crisp turned me around and I faced Mrs. Willkie who was directly behind us and had heard me.

Q. What role did you most enjoy playing?

A. The one in *How Green Was My Valley*.

Q. What are your favorite sports?

A. Tennis and hunting.

Q. And the one you least like?

A. I cordially dislike golf.

Q. What slang expression do you use most?

A. "Nuts!"

Q. What was your poorest subject in school?

A. Arithmetic.

Q. What is your favorite book?

A. "The Chevalier de Boufflers."

Q. If you weren't an actor, what would you most like to be?

A. A sea captain.

Q. Are you argumentative?

A. Yes, I argue at the drop of a hat.

Q. What is your greatest idiosyncrasy?

A. ————

Q. Are you "handy around the house?"

A. No. If there were a leak in the water pipe it would break out in a full-

sized flood if I put my hands to it.

Q. What living person do you most admire?

A. General MacArthur, of course.

Q. At what age do you think a woman is most attractive?

A. If she is an attractive woman —any age. However, I do think that a mature woman of charm, dignity and worldliness has a great deal on her side.

Q. What do you think are the most desirable assets in a wife?

A. Tolerance and a fine sense of humor.

Q. Are you fussy about your own clothes?

A. No. I like knockabout tweeds. But I am a nut on hats—I like to have mine specially made.

Q. Do you have any particular health secret?

A. A very simple one. Nine hours sleep and a workout each morning with old-fashioned calisthenics and a rowing machine.

Q. Do you like dogs?

A. I have 14 of 'em. What do you think?

Q. What is your favorite parlor game?

A. Backgammon—and after that, gin rummy.

Q. Are you superstitious?

A. Not at all. I purposely walk under ladders and such.

Q. What reaction do you get when you read about yourself in the papers or magazines?

A. I must admit I kind of like it, even though I'm not very good material for interviewers.

Q. What characteristic about people irks you the most?

A. Ingratitude.

Q. What trait do you value most in a person?

A. Gratitude. To me gratitude covers a lot of other traits—humility, good sportsmanship, fairness and love of your fellow being.

Q. What is your worst fault?

A. Laziness.

Q. Have you ever been a disappointment to your family?

A. Yes, to an aunt who wanted me to be a lawyer.

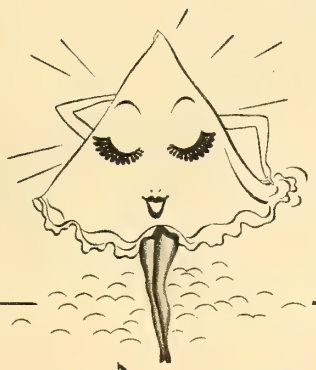
If at first...

If you have a dainty hanky
And it's soiled and stained
and gray—And you
wash your little hanky
in the or-di-nary way...

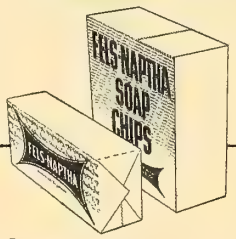
you don't succeed...

If you soak it and you
rinse it, and you give it
quite a rub—Yet that ghostly
shadow tints it when you
lift it from the tub...

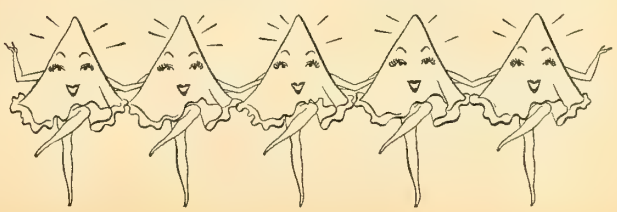
try Fels-Naptha Soap!



Don't be peevish, cross or
cranky—Just remember, *there
is Hope!* For you'll have
a clean white hanky if you
use FELS-NAPTHA SOAP.



GOLDEN BAR OR **GOLDEN** CHIPS—
FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"!



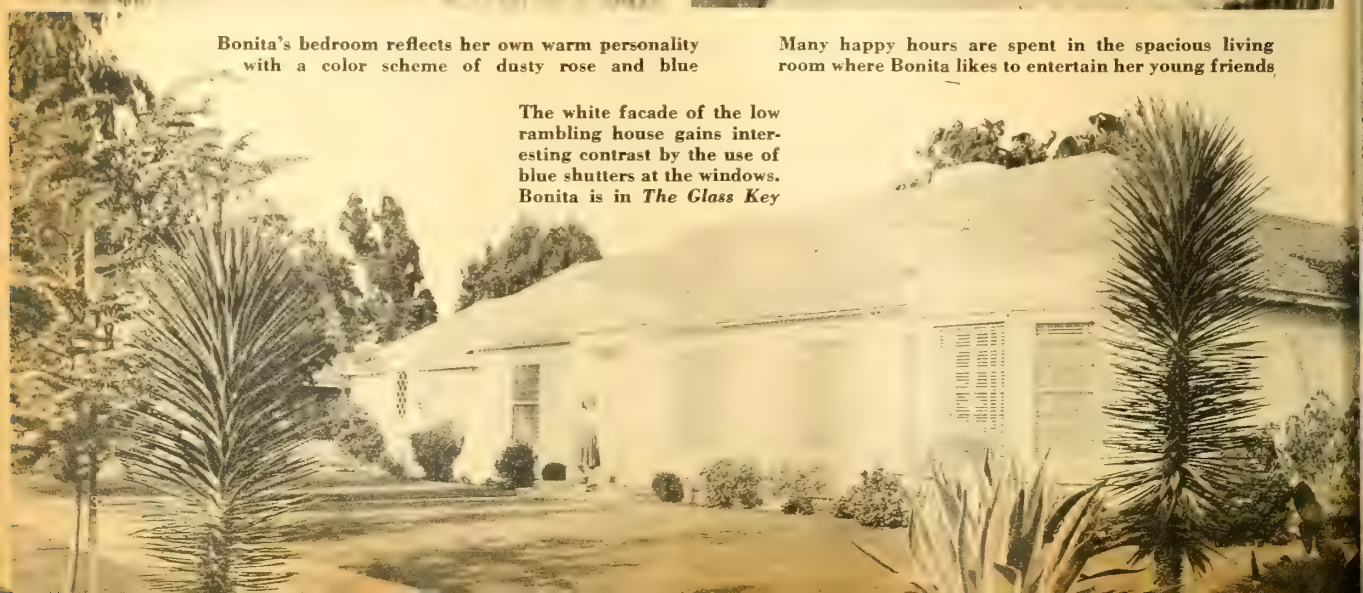
At Home With "Bunny"

Bonita Granville and her pretty mother welcome you to their charming French Colonial home

An important feature of "Bunny's" bedroom is her mirrored dressing-table. Bonita's healthy young coloring needs only lipstick for emphasis

Bonita's bedroom reflects her own warm personality with a color scheme of dusty rose and blue

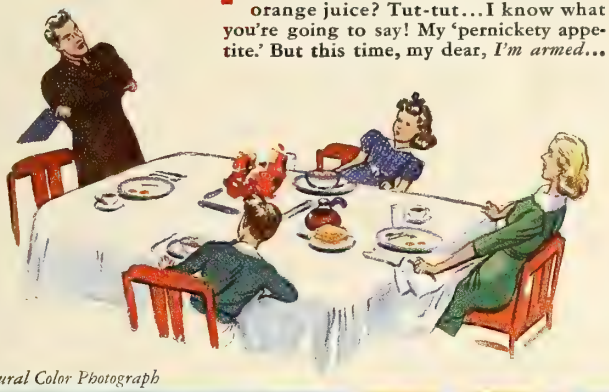
Many happy hours are spent in the spacious living room where Bonita likes to entertain her young friends



The white facade of the low rambling house gains interesting contrast by the use of blue shutters at the windows. Bonita is in *The Glass Key*

CAN HUSBANDS BE RIGHT AFTER ALL ?

1 "Where," explodes Mr. J, "is my morning orange juice? Tut-tut...I know what you're going to say! My 'pernickety appetite.' But this time, my dear, *I'm armed...*



From Natural Color Photograph

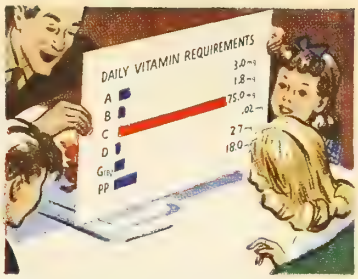
GET YOUR VITAMINS THE NATURAL WAY

Oranges make it the delicious way, too! In these times, the protective foods (fruits, vegetables, dairy products, eggs, meats, certain cereals) are *more important than ever.* Oranges are your best practical source of vitamin C—and also give you valuable amounts of vitamins A, B_1 and G, calcium and other essential minerals.

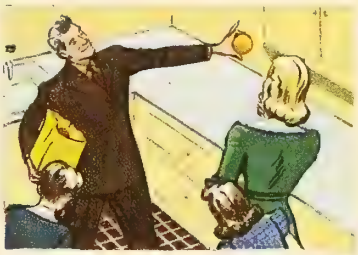
NO SUGAR NEEDED! Oranges in salads, desserts and lunch-boxes satisfy your sweet tooth without the use of sugar. Mail the coupon for the free book of over 100 recipes.

At home or soda fountain, fresh orange juice is delicious and refreshing—a healthful *lift!*

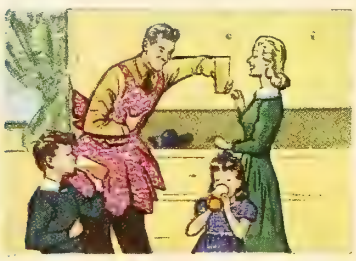
"Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"—Many CBS Stations—6:15 P. M., E. T.—Mon., Wed., Fri.



2 "Look. The U. S. Government says you need vitamin C every day—because you can't store it in your body. For good health, you need at least 75 milligrams of it—that's a lot as vitamins go!



3 "What's more, it's a scarce item—not found in most foods. Open cooking destroys it in a hurry. So chances are pretty slim of getting enough—unless you have plenty of citrus fruits.



4 "An 8-ounce glass of fresh orange juice gives you all you need for the *best* of health. So!—pernickety appetite or not—I want my orange juice! And I want *you* to have it—*and* the youngsters!" (And Mrs. J just smiles, without ever telling Mr. J that orange juice is also a valuable source of vitamins A, B_1 and G, and calcium!)

SHOPPING LESS OFTEN THESE DAYS? Then buy more oranges each time. *They keep!* Those trademarked "Sunkist" are the finest from 14,500 cooperating California growers.

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Best for Juice —*and Every use!*

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Send FREE, "Sunkist Orange Recipes for Year-round Freshness."

*Name*_____

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*City*_____ *State*_____

—Copr., 1942, California Fruit Growers Exchange—

Are they moving in on you—those blemishes you've worked so hard to prevent . . . enlarged pore openings, oily shine, blackheads, or rough scaly dryness?

Thousands of girls and women have found the right answer to their skin problems in two creams which are *different*. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM (FORMERLY TEXTURE CREAM)
Give this remarkable cream a chance to work its benefits *at night*. Here's what it does: It softens and neutralizes accumulations often of an acid nature in the external pore openings. And because it contains cholesterol it holds moisture in the skin and so helps to keep it supple and pliant, and to relieve excessive dryness.

A smooth-holding foundation. Phillips' Skin Cream also seems to have a special ability to take and hold make-up. It prepares the skin by removing excess oiliness and softening roughness and dryness so that powder and rouge go on evenly, and *last*.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM
You'll find this cream cleanses in a *different* way too! It not only loosens and rolls away the surface dirt but penetrates the outer pore openings and cleanses away accumulations which may daily lodge there. Leaves your skin not only clean but softened, smoothed, and refreshed.

Try this different kind of beneficial care which Phillips' Creams give for your skin.

PHILLIPS' *milk of magnesia* CREAMS

Skin Cream 10c, 30c *and* 60c • **Cleansing Cream** 10c, 30c, 60c *and* $1.00

Director Wyler Cracks the Whip

[*Continued from page* 23]

Coast Guard the night before, Wilcoxon had boarded a fishing vessel to check the crew and cargo as per orders. Finding everything in order, he told Captain Hank he had permission to proceed.

"Permission, hell!" snorted Hank. "How's about giving me a picture of Miss Garson. You can get it tomorrow when you go back to play-actin'!"

And there was the day Walter Pidgeon got his come-uppance about the ancient roadster he has been driving for eight years. No amount of argument could persuade him to part with it until he stepped into a new studio-owned machine for a scene. E. J. Mannix, studio executive, happened to be on the set and promptly gave him a sales talk about buying a new car. Walter still demurred, maintaining he could get no trade-in value for the old jaloppy. Mannix countered with an offer to buy the creaky vehicle and a deal was effected. Curious, Walter inquired what possible use Mannix could have for the old car.

"Man!" he answered, "I've just got a bargain. We will use it for our period pictures!"

One mystery anent Wyler-directed pictures—why he seems so inarticulate in discussing scenes with his players, and why long "whispering" conferences are held—finally has been solved. It is Willie's way of probing into the actor's mind, digging a bit here and planting a suggestion there until the actor finally absorbs Willie's ideas so completely as to seem his own. Then, of course, the subsequent response is voluntary, complete—and perfection.

Hard as he is on the nerves, Hollywood could do with more like him. Even his enemies admit it! ■

It's a family affair when Mickey Rooney and the missus join Mickey's dad, Joe Yule, at the Olympic Stadium for the VACS benefit fights. Mickey is appearing in M-G-M's *A Yank at Eton*

Glenn Ford, one of Hollywood's most talented younger actors, will be seen next in Columbia's *He's My Old Man*

Ginger Rogers—Boss Lady

When Ginger Rogers gets time off from her busy movie schedule, she hies herself off to her 1,080 acre ranch in Oregon, where she proceeds to take over as boss of the outfit. Ginger's new picture is Paramount's *The Major and the Minor*, with Ray Milland

By MURIEL REED

An expressman stopped production of a million-dollar Hollywood extravaganza the other day, and didn't get shot for his intrusion.

Wheeling a hand truck onto the sound stage, he announced, "For Miss Ginger Rogers," and carefully deposited a sturdy box.

For a moment Ginger thought it was one of those gags that lie so close to the hearts of studio pranksters, and her temper flared. A joke's a joke, but when one stop production . . .

By that time a "grip" had pinch-barred the crate apart and with a happy expression Ginger began unloading apples, pears, beets, corn, jars of jam and jellies, and, from the carefully packed center of the agrarian cargo, a dozen eggs—brown ones.

It was a gag, after a fashion, but the prankster was Mrs. Lela Rogers, the star's mother, who had sent this shipment of produce from the "Four R" ranch in Southern Oregon to the boss of the outfit. There was something for everyone on the set, but the grips, lamp operators and the camera crew got the best of the bargain. All that remained for Ginger was the eggs, and she would have given these away but they so obviously had been intended for her that no one would take them.

The Oregon ranch is very close to Ginger's heart since it not only is a haven where she finds a back-to-the-earth refuge from the strain of Hollywood, but it is a business venture in which she takes great pride. Her mother, as straw-boss of the outfit, makes her home there the year around. It was Mrs. Lela Rogers who designed the label that goes on the canned fruit and vegetables that are put up for the family's use, and who created the brand 4R for "Rogers' Rogue River Ranch."

The place sits placidly astride the Rogue River about 20 miles East of Medford, Oregon, on the road to Crater Lake. Its thousand-odd acres of meadow and good grass land are stocked with purebreed cattle, and the hills which nose-dive toward the rolling acres are timbered with trees that tower skyward with the sheerness of the Empire State building.

Although the 4R is operated on a strictly business basis and bears the stamp of the star's sturdy personality, it is not an all-work and no-play proposition. The Rogue runs through the ranch and Ginger, who likes nothing better than to pull on a pair of waders, rig up a casting outfit and wet a fly, is getting a great deal of sport from what Zane Grey, author and sportsman, has called the best Steelhead fishing waters in the world.

And fishing is not the only sport available. Birds and rabbits are plentiful and gunning is good at any season. This is right down Ginger's sports alley, too, for she is a good shot. Recently when a magazine wanted a set of pictures of her skeet shooting she broke 24 out of 25 while the cameraman made his pictures. This is good shooting under any circumstances, but with the distractions at hand it was much like sinking a 25-foot putt on a rolling green during an air raid.

On a recent trip to the 4R Ginger was accompanied by Margaret Sullavan, and while Ginger fished, Margaret, armed with a light rifle, hunted rabbits. The rabbits were more fortunate than the fish, but don't blame Miss Sullavan for that since anyone who hunts rabbits with a rifle is not likely to make serious inroads into the rabbit population.

Ginger and her mother decided about two years ago that the time had come to buy the ranch they had wanted for many years, so they began looking for a site in the vicinity of Hollywood. But it was not until a friend suggested they try Southern Oregon that they found the tree-covered mountains, rushing streams and productive valleys that were right from a story book. Here they could make a real home and build up a ranch that would produce a variety of things—a dairy herd, hay, fruit, vegetables, and at the same time provide an abundance of fish, game and restful scenery.

It may be difficult for those who know Ginger Rogers as the star of *Kitty Foyle*, *Roxie Hart* or as the hoofer in a series of pictures with Fred Astaire, to imagine her in the role of a canny ranch boss. But don't be misled by the Ginger you have seen on the screen, for beneath her glamour she is as practical as a War Bond and through her colorful personality runs a streak of common sense as solid as 6 per cent interest compounded semi-annually. When she speaks of Guernsey cows, Plymouth Rock chickens and clover hay you instinctively know better than to start an argument, for it is quite evident she knows her subject. And this is knowl-

edge she has acquired in the past two years, for she never lived on a farm.

While Billy Wilder, who directs Ginger, Ray Milland, et al, in his first assignment with a megaphone, arranged a scene, Ginger had a few things to say of the 4R outfit.

"We now have fourteen Guernsey cows —pure-bred Guernseys," she tells you proudly, "and twenty-two mixed breed. We have sixty chickens, Plymouth Rocks, and 220 acres under cultivation."

The 4R is but partly stocked, and only recently was equipment installed which permits the milk to meet Oregon standards for Grade A. Now that the new barn has been completed and the electric milking machinery is operating, the pure-breed Guernseys are proving their value, and soon the twenty-two mixed breed will be replaced.

"But," cautions Ginger, "this isn't going to be done immediately. Guernsey cows are expensive. They probably will cost $400 each, and possibly more since everything is going up."

The boss of the 4R is especially proud of her chickens. "They lay absolutely enormous brown eggs, extra rich in vitamins. We sell them at two cents a dozen over the market for white ones."

You may be certain that Ginger is watching the income and outgo on the ledger of the 4R, since it is a matter of pride and scruples with her that the ranch shall pay its way. Many motion picture people have bought ranches as playthings, as they would buy a yacht," she explained. "But other people—real farmers and ranchers—have to make their places pay, and it isn't fair to go into their community, compete with them and even take some of their markets with the produce from a ranch that is subsidized by a motion picture salary."

In the spirit of the times, Gary Cooper cooperates with the War Program and takes to the wheel instead of the motor. Here he is shown on the Goldwyn lot where he plays Lou Gehrig in *The Pride of the Yankees*

But even should Ginger fail to make her ranch pay its way, she has a home there that many would consider worth all that it may cost. It is a comfortable sort of place that fits into the scenery and by renovation she has made it as modern as a motion picture script. The original dining room, kitchen and two small bedrooms have been changed but little. She has added a living room and two bedrooms so there now are bedrooms for Mrs. Rogers, Ginger, the maid, and a guest room.

The biggest problem faced by the Boss of the 4R is Hollywood. She has been so busy with pictures she has been able to spend but little time on the ranch these past six months, and prospects for the next six are no better.

Next year may be different. At least Ginger declares she is determined to arrange her picture schedule for 1943 so it will permit her three uninterrupted months bossing the 4R in person. And any time she wishes, she can return to Hollywood in 15 hours by automobile.

And if she is unable to get tires—the rubber situation being what it is—for her car, she rates priority on retreads for her milk truck, and she always can hitch a ride to Medford and catch a train. ■

★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

Detour to Fame

If he hadn't discovered he had a serious vision defect, Patric Knowles might never have become a Hollywood star. Right, a pensive scene from his new Universal film, *Lady in a Jam*, with lovely Irene Dunne

By DUGAL O'LIAM

Patric Knowles is six feet two inches tall, is built like a football end, has an English background, a short nose, a sense of humor, and will tell a ribald story at the drop of an "H."

He admits he's gone Hollywood because he's bought a ranch. It's an extensive hacienda of four broad acres in San Fernando Valley. He is, he says, interested in stock raising.

"I have twenty-three gopher snakes, sixteen hundred and twelve gophers, seven owls, at least four moles, a chicken hawk, inside of which there is, to my knowledge, one chicken, and a dog," he says.

Pat has just finished his first authentic starring role in Hollywood. He plays *Dr. Enright*, a psychiatrist, opposite Irene Dunne in *Lady in a Jam*, and his enthusiasm for Miss Dunne almost gets in one's toupe, it's so earnest. As for his part, he likes that, too.

"Gives me a chance to be natural," he says, simply.

A lot of Hollywood actors think they reached stardom the hard way. Pat knows he did. He arrived via a plane wreck, seventy-two hours of wandering in the frozen Canadian wilds, a brace of frostbitten feet and darned near starving to death before he was rescued, plus the dismaying discovery that he had been teaching Royal Canadian Air Force cadets to fly with a pair of eyes practically useless for any peering more delicate than scanning the San Bernardino mountains.

He quit pictures two years ago to become an RCAF instructor. He'd learned to fly in Ireland under no less an instructor than George Brent. When England entered the war, he was in Hollywood. He went to Canada, intending to enlist in the combatant service, but the fact that he was married and the father of two-year-old Michael Patric Knowles diverted him to an instructor's post.

For more than a year he taught the tricks of air fighting. Returning to Hollywood on a three weeks' leave, he had a chance to do some ferrying and, because he needed the money, prepared to take it. This mailman - on - his - day - off venture flopped when, required by the authorities to take a physical test in spite of his RCAF affiliation, he visited the eye department and learned that he had a serious vision defect.

Back in Canada, he reported what had happened. The RCAF gave him another test, just to be sure, and then told him, soberly, that he could remain as an instructor, but that he would have to sit at a desk with a headset over his ears and give his orders via radio.

Such sedentary work didn't appeal to him and he returned, gloomily, to Hollywood. While he didn't feel his Hollywood career had been a roaring bonfire, he was an actor and he, his wife, Michael Patric, and their Irish Wolfhound, Shielah, had to eat. Particularly Shielah. Almost as tall as Pat himself, she takes the equivalent of half a Shetland pony on toast for luncheon.

Then he got a break. Cast as one of the sons of *Gwillem Morgan* in *How Green Was My Valley*, the public got a look at him in a suitable part, the critics discovered him and the studios pricked up their casting ears. Universal decided that he was needed, but badly. A little riffling among old papers revealed that he was still under contract there and he was immediately tested for the *Lady in a Jam* role and marked down as perfect.

Even before its release, *Lady in a Jam* had been definitely ticketed for big earnings and the West Coast previewers were champing at their adjectives while waiting for a chance to cheer Pat's performance. That's how, today, he happens to be sitting pertly on top of a new career and talking, nonchalantly, about ranches.

How do frost-bitten puppies, plane crashes, hunger in the Canadian wilds and all that fit into this picture? Well, when he came down, abruptly, in the North Woods, with a student, he cracked his nose against the cowl of the plane. A vague sinus condition apparently was so badly aggravated that it affected his vision tremendously without his being aware of it. He went on instructing, developed a series of migranes, was given a three weeks' leave and this led to the discovery of how badly his eyes had been affected. Result, back to Hollywood, *How Green Was My Valley*, and stardom.

"I always do things the hard way," Pat comments, laconically.

He was born in Yorkshire, England, in a community known as Horsfirth. This may sound like a tout with a lisp talking about the fifth at Santa Anita, but it's really a village and its mighty proud of Patric Knowles because he's its first celebrity. He made his arrival there on November 11, 1911 and was christened Reginald Patric Laurence Knowles. When, at the age of fourteen, he became a messenger boy and bit player with the Leicester Civic Theater, he dropped the Reginald and the Laurence.

From Leicester he went to the Croyden Repertory Theater and from there to the Oxford Repertory. At Oxford, he met Enid Percival, a rising young star in the unit. Shy, even for a Yorkshireman, he spent his first several weeks in her presence standing around destroying his hats. Eventually, he boldly asked her about a spot

of tea and from then on his audacity mounted until within the year he was taking her arm when they walked, as brash as a bullfinch.

When he got around to proposing, she told him he ought to see if he couldn't do something about making his mark in the world. His pride bruised, he went off to Dublin to join the Abbey Players. In this group were such great stars as Sara Allgood, John Loder, Barry Fitzgerald, Arthur Sinclair, Una O'Connor and George Brent. They were the particular enthusiasm of the great Sean O'Casey who turned out plays for them on a regular schedule.

"I seemed to fit right in with them," Pat says. "They gave me a job right away, driving a lorry."

Between herding the lorry (truck to you) he did a little plain and fancy acting. Through Brent he also got interested in flying, and Brent taught him all he knew. Now a flyer, a journeyman actor, a competent truck driver and a young man with a purpose, he returned to the Oxford theater and practically demanded that Enid Percival marry him. To his astonishment, delight and confusion, she said she would. They were married and a few months later were on their way to Hollywood.

Three years after arriving in Hollywood, he became homesick. He packed up his family—young Michael was then on hand—and returned to Yorkshire. To his astonishment he didn't like it at all. He wanted to be back among the green hills and the Cecil De Mille bathtubs of Hollywood. So he took the first boat he could get, leaving Enid and Michael Patric to finish their visit.

Half the fun of an Irene Dunne film lies in viewing the stunning costumes the lovely star never fails to wear. In *Lady in a Jam* she wears an unusual blouse with brilliant banana clusters as the decorative motif. With it she combines a black faille skirt

Back in Hollywood, he scraped together his savings and bought the ranch. It's located at Tarzana, next door to Edgar Rice Burroughs and across the street from Broderick Crawford. He built a small ranch house, but when Enid arrived she didn't like it at all.

"Between Burroughs getting in the mood for writing stories about *Tarzan* and Crawford rehearsing for *Frankenstein*, it *was* rather hectic," he admits. "However, she got used to it and everything's fine."

He has little trace left of his English accent, he's conservative in his dress and his selection of friends. He doesn't care for golf, likes to ride and will buy a saddle horse as soon as he can find room among the gophers to pasture it. He swims, but doesn't have a swimming pool, and once won a cup at Lake Arrowhead for his proficiency as a water skier.

He likes steaks and lean chops, is an omelet fan and takes a bottle of beer with his noonday meal, now and then. He smokes little, but one of his prize possessions is a gold cigarette case upon which has been soldered two score or so good luck tokens given him by his students in the RCAF.

His ambition? He likes acting, but wants to be a director and, eventually, to be a serious writer. He already has to his credit a published book, *With the Wandering Players in Ireland.*

Oh, yes. The name of his ranch. It's Knowles' Knolls. Ripping, eh what? ■

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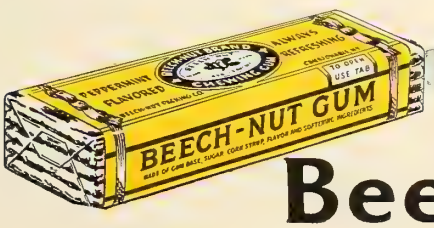

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

The House That Horror Built

Bela Lugosi has been portraying sinister gentlemen on the screen for so long that even his house has absorbed his film personality. Notice the gloomy shadows over the doorway, the leaded windows, the black stork on the housetop. Bela is currently appearing in Monogram's *The Corpse Vanishes*

By HOYT BARNETT

Dracula! That harbinger of horror, that salacious, sadistic high seer of low slaughter . . .

Who is this sleek, slithering merchant of madness in white tie and tails who kills with a kiss?

Bela Lugosi.

And where does he live?

The North Hollywood real estate board gives the same publicity to his address as it does to earthquakes, for if it were generally known where *Dracula* lives the board fears nearby house-holders might flee the neighborhood and a panic ensue.

But even *Dracula* must live somewhere, and the house in which Lugosi lives fits the character he has made famous on stage and screen as a musty attic fits a spook.

A high brick wall runs around the house, and on top of this wall, embedded in cement, is enough broken glass to cut the pants off a veteran cavalryman. A huge car gate in the wall is studded with heavy bolts, and beside the gate is a dark-stained booth so dim inside that even in broad daylight the single filament bulb casts a glow so low that it but dimly outlines the telephone by which visitors make their presence known.

If you are expected, the suave yet icy voice of Lugosi greets you. A buzz only a little less deadly than the whirr of a rattle snake sounds in the region of your kidneys. Your head pivots toward the sound as a spotlight illuminates a doorknob you have not seen before.

Thrusting this small door open cautiously, you stick your head beyond—for it is better to lose a head than an entire body—and peer into a jungle of banana trees. The cement driveway splits inside the car gate to the left. The little door closes behind you with a click as final as the plop of a guillotine.

You step a few paces to the left and peer along this fork of the concrete drive. A building in the distance, a square jail-like thing, is just right for holding prisoners. So you turn to the right and in the distance is a roof-top sticking above the trees.

Another stride or two and you make out the figures of storks upon the roof, huge, spindly-legged creatures, one poised to fly, another near a nest. To the right is a turret. As you walk toward the house it takes on firmer outlines through the trees.

Huge leaded windows, some of the panes of varied color, give the house an ancient air which is made more ancient still by the low-key of the exterior.

Stepping through the heavy doorway to greet you is a man in shirt sleeves, smoking a heavy pipe. He is taller than six feet and retains the grace of movement coming from well-developed muscles. He smiles slowly, and slowly waves a greeting. He is *Dracula*—no, I mean Lugosi. There is none other with such expressive hands, such mobile features.

"You want to see my house?"

"My summer kitchen." Lugosi points with a householder's pride to a barbecue pit beside a low, square building, one side of which is entirely open. "I like it particularly in the Spring."

We step closer to the main entrance of the house. Now we are beyond the jungle rim. The concrete drives come together here and you see that the building which resembles a jail is in reality a garage.

The house is tall, yet seems to twist and turn as you walk along its front. This effect is due to the design of the entrances, the large central window and the numerous smaller ones made of colored bottle bottoms.

At the left is the secondary entrance, but instead of being a normal doorway it is covered by a roof sloping up from near the ground.

The main entrance is to the right and goes into a circular hall, the interior of which carries a winding stairway. This hall opens into the large living room. At the left end of the living room is a huge stone fireplace that might have been lifted from a mountain lodge in the Black Forest.

As the master craftsman of a hundred horror pictures stands beside the fireplace and carefully lights his pipe, your eyes rest on a huge, pillow-piled couch behind him, and you realize it would make a good hiding place for anything, even a body. Then you recall that his latest Monogram picture is *The Corpse Vanishes*, and it seems the air is more chilly than it was.

At the opposite end of the living room is a sprawling piano finished in rough, iron-bound wood harmonizing perfectly with the fireplace. Lugosi touches the keys gracefully, and his large, strong hands seem somehow like those of a surgeon as he plays.

Next to the piano is a huge Dutch door, divided so the top may be opened inde-

pendently. You step from this doorway into a junglecrowded angle where two tawny beasts stalk toward you, their lips curled back from gleaming fangs.

"Don't move," a voice cautions. Then a word is spoken sternly in Hungarian and the two German shepherds speculatively look to their master as though asking, "What shall be our nourishment today?"

Back in the high-ceilinged living room you notice a balcony above the piano. The effect is weird, for a stream of light from the steeple to the right slashes across it at an angle. You look away for an instant. A board creaks above you and the hair on your neck suddenly seems too short. Then a low voice—Lugosi is standing on the balcony explaining that this is the passageway to the bed chambers, which just now seem unworthy of your investigation.

The dining room opens from the living room. You step through a large, arched doorway into the gloom where a hand-hewn table, flanked by heavy, iron-bound chairs, makes you think of a Gargantuan operating table from the Middle Ages. A wall switch clicks and the scene is flooded with a gentle light that wipes out the note of a torture chamber.

A long, low hall leads from the dining room, and opening from it is a bar, complete even to cash register. A lantern, the sort you buy if you live far from electric lines, illuminates this replica of a rustic "dive." The blue steel of a grim gun barrel reflects this light and since the barrel is sleek and graceful it seems also to reflect the ominous tone of genteel horror that is the keynote of *Dracula*.

As you walk about the house you are impressed by the almost eerie stillness of the place. Except for a rare squeak of a board that protests your tread, there is no noise. You find you are beginning to feel serene and you almost like the house that horror built.

Then Lugosi remarks with pride, "I love this house. It fits my personality perfectly."

You shiver a bit as you realize all of *Dracula's* victims fell under his spell before he slaughtered them. ■

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Glide into his Heart

Flower-Fresh the Arthur Murray Way
. . . USE ODORONO CREAM

Jean Bjorn,
Nassau teacher, holds partners entranced by her exquisite daintiness.

• In his arms, gliding to sweet music . . . don't let the magic of the moment escape! Guard your precious appealing freshness the way glamourous Arthur Murray Dancers do—with Odorono Cream! *They* often dance ten miles a day without a moment's fear of disillusioning underarm odor or dampness.

Be glamourous, too! See if gentle Odorono Cream doesn't stop perspiration safely for *you*—up to three whole days at a time! Non-greasy, non-gritty, no waiting to dry. And it will not rot your most fragile frocks. Follow directions. Get a jar—begin today! Generous 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes.

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ODORONO CREAM WILL NOT IRRITATE YOUR SKIN

Bet this'll catch your ear!

YOU MAY BE DEAF to what *we* tell you about softness in sanitary napkins. After all, we make Modess. You may think we're prejudiced. But what 14,000 women say should make you sit up and cock an ear!

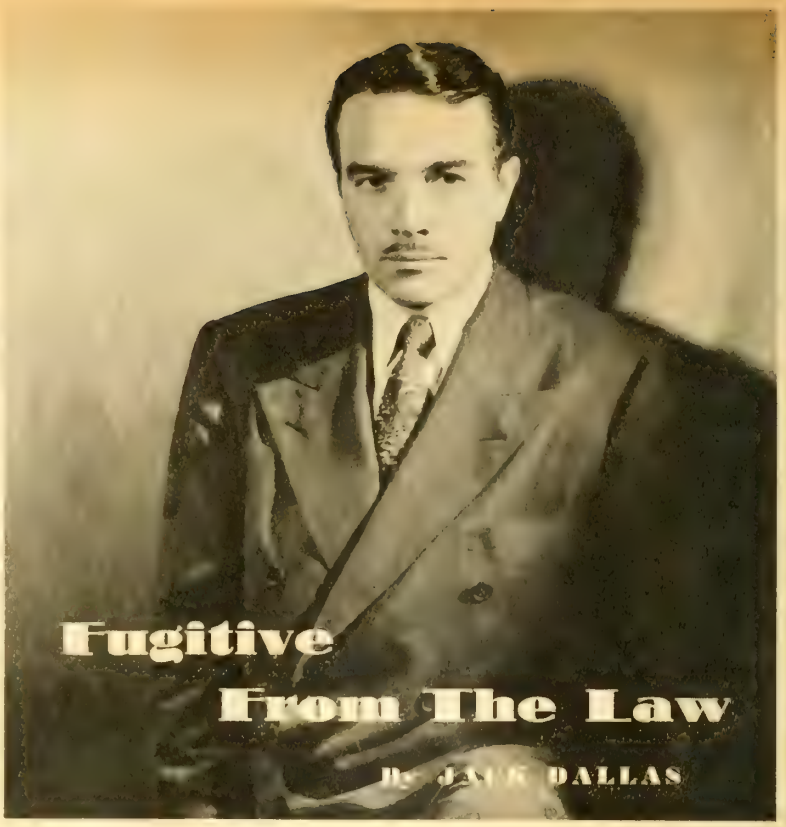
YOU'LL HEAR 14,000 VOICES! They belong to girls like you—who compared their usual napkin with Modess*—in a nation-wide test. And 3 out of every 4 found Modess softer! Listen to that!

ACT QUICK! Do try Modess. If you don't agree with millions that it's the softest, most comfortable napkin you've ever used, mail us the package insert with a note stating your objections. We'll refund your full purchase price.

*Let us send you full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer

The "56" package will cost you much less. It's the thriftiest way you can purchase Modess.



What they tell us about the rewards of righteousness may be all well and good, but Walter Abel wants no more of it. Walter has feature role in *Holiday Inn*

■ Let no one prate to Walter Abel about the majesty of the law and the rewards of righteousness. A veritable tide of pictures in which he played crusading district attorneys, who would send their own brothers to prison if they ever ran afoul of the statutes, came close to ruining his career, breaking up his household, and driving him to drink. He was on the verge of demanding that they make him a criminal when he got his reprieve from virtue, anything to get away from the law.

In the beginning, of course, it wasn't so bad, but toward the end it became unbearable. By the time he was doing his umpteenth district attorney in *Who Killed Aunt Maggie?*, everybody on the lot, including the studio barber, greeted him with such levities as: "Good morning, Mr. Prosecutor" and/or "Nice going, D.A., I sure liked the way you put the screws on the O'Daniel mob in *Isn't Crime Ridiculous?*" And count that week thrown to the lions that some visiting Texas sheriff wouldn't sidle up to Abel as he meandered toward Stage 7 to say, all admiration: "We sure need someone like you back in Goose Creek. We officers catch 'em, but there's nobody to prosecute 'em—not the way you do, Mr. Abel."

On the street it was worse. Walter would be moseying along Vine Street, the famous Abel eyes moving right to left and left to right like beads on a string, and local "characters" would turn white with fright and whip around the next corner on the double. In fact, he had just stepped out of the Hollywood Athletic Club one day—fresh from having lost a thrilling stanza of handball and a bit angry with himself for having muffed the "game" shot—when he walked right into a colored party who "surrendered" to him right there on the sidewalk.

"Some other time," Mr. Abel said as he strode off, leaving Hollywood gendarmes to make the kill.

Mrs. Abel is the star witness concerning the behavior of the perennial district attorney at home. At breakfast when he should have been passing the sugar or saying yes or no to the question, "A little more coffee, Walter?" he would be delivering long speeches to himself, all of them beginning "Gentlemen of the jury." At dinner, he would pop out absent-mindedly that something Mrs. A. had said was "immaterial and irrelevant."

His career was certainly headed for the rocks and Mr. A. for a grade-A strait-jacket when he received, via Paramount messenger, the script for *Arise, My Love* He picked it up a bit grimly, gritted his teeth, and began reading. Fifteen minutes later he let out a whoop that could be heard clear out to Veronica Lake's house. eight blocks south by southwest.

"I've been reprieved. I've been reprieved!" he shouted. "I'm a journalist!"

Arise, My Love was not only a reprieve but an unconditional pardon, to boot. In it Abel played the daffy, dyspeptic news-

paperman who waved his arms and moaned repeatedly, "I'm not happy. I'm not happy," putting into the lines all the concealed Abel frustration, the result of hamming it before countless juries and getting nowhere for the pains. *Arise, My Love* did the trick; it got him a Paramount contract.

The Walter Abel who is currently Paramount's ungetalongwithoutable (his next three pictures are *Beyond the Blue Horizon, Holiday Inn* and *I Married a Witch*) once went for more than a year without a single role. He looks back on his career and blinks. Leisure time is so precious to him now that when Paramount recently told him that he could have that elusive vacation, he was on a plane two hours after holding sarong-clad Dorothy Lamour in his arms.

Ironically enough, able Abel is doing his second stint for his present and very enthusiastic employers, who demand $7,000 a week for his services on a loan-out, in order to discourage borrowers. It was Paramount that first lured him from the stage, hard on the heels of his success in the light comedy, *When Ladies Meet.* Arrived in Hollywood, he was assigned a role in *White Woman,* a melodrama of fierce love and passionate hate. Abel read the script and told Paramount they might do much better by using someone else. Charles Bickford, for instance. The studio took his advice and Bickford was perfect.

Back to Broadway went Abel, where he proceeded to repair the breach in his stage career. He was going great guns when R-K-O discovered him and cocked a gilded finger at him. For quite a long time he hung around the R-K-O lot dressed up to represent General Ulysses Simpson Grant and making tests for a picture involving the general. It seemed a bit silly walking around in that costume for nine weeks, but he said nothing. Finally the studio decided to call the picture off and asked Abel how he'd like to play the role of *D'Artagnan* in *The Three Musketeers.* He said it would be okay.

He was so good as a dashing hero that someone had the bright idea of making him a dashing D.A. in *Portia on Trial.* He was so terrific that someone else had the bright idea of making him a D.A. for life. He had done six D.A.'s, a judge, and a United States marshal when the reprieve came.

"Strangely enough," Abels grins, "my father wanted me to grow up into a Philadelphia lawyer when I was a youth back in St. Paul, Minnesota. But I had other ideas, most of them having to do with going to New York, enrolling at the American Academy of Dramatic Art (where my classmates were William Powell, Warren William, Ian Keith and others) and eventually crashing Broadway (which I did in a hit called *I Married an Actress*). My father saw every one of my D.A. pictures and thought they were wonderful, the only person I have ever encountered, before or since, who had a kind word to say about my legal stratagems."

However, even Abel's pere is very happy over the rosy future which the erstwhile doomed fugitive from the law now faces.■

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ALIX-STYLED POWDER SHADES IDEALIZE YOU

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Your skin looks more flawless. Jergens Face Powder is *velvetized*, so it helps to conceal little skin faults. Clinging! Delicately fragrant! Show how pretty you really are! Change to Jergens Face Powder now!

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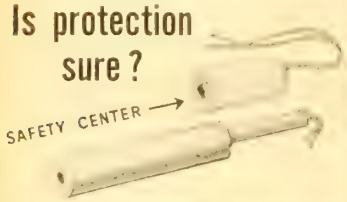


The secret of protection is quick, sure absorption! Meds absorb *faster* because of their exclusive "safety center" feature. Meds—made of finest, pure cotton—hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

What about comfort?

For comfort a tampon must *fit!* Meds were scientifically designed to fit—by a woman's doctor. Meds eliminate bulges—chafing—pins—odor! Each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator . . . so *easy* to use!

And Meds actually cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators . . . no more than leading napkins. Try Meds!

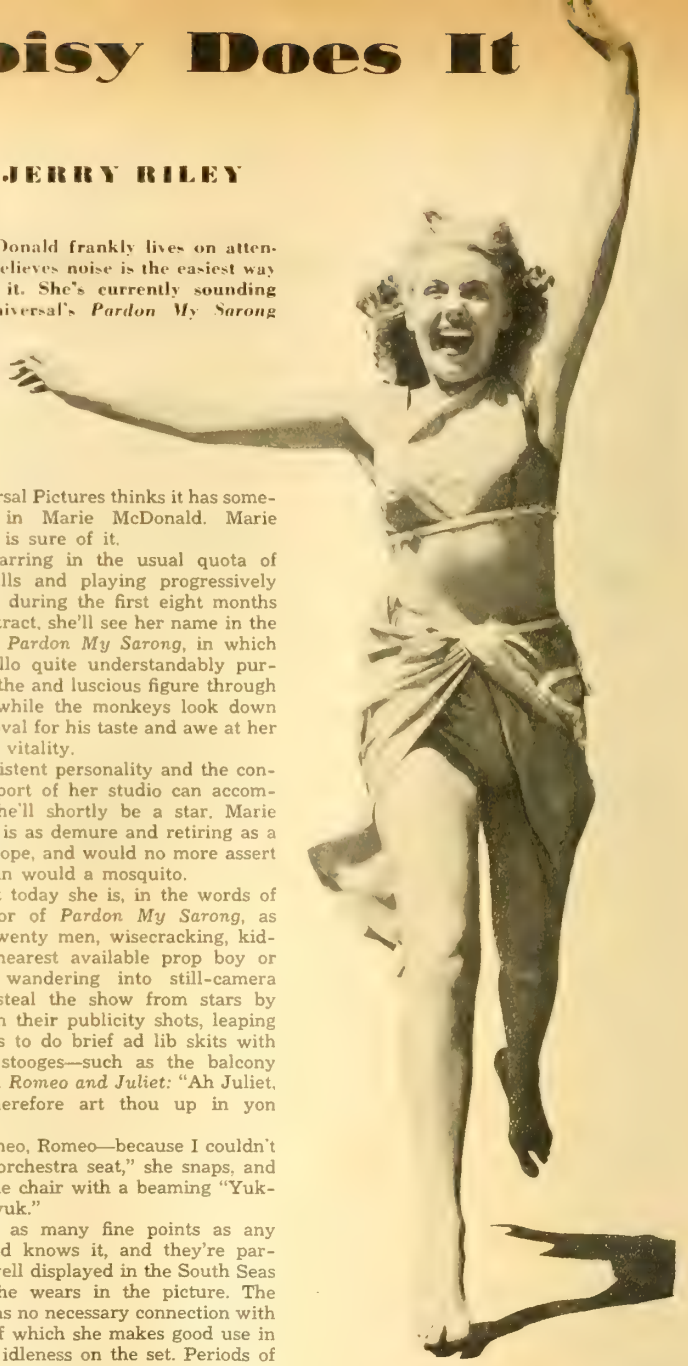
BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

The Modess Tampon

Noisy Does It

By JERRY RILEY

Marie McDonald frankly lives on attention and believes noise is the easiest way to attract it. She's currently sounding off in Universal's *Pardon My Sarong*



■ Universal Pictures thinks it has something in Marie McDonald. Marie McDonald is sure of it.

After starring in the usual quota of leg-art stills and playing progressively larger bits during the first eight months of her contract, she'll see her name in the billing for *Pardon My Sarong*, in which Lou Costello quite understandably pursues her lithe and luscious figure through a jungle, while the monkeys look down with approval for his taste and awe at her stupefying vitality.

If an insistent personality and the confident support of her studio can accomplish it, she'll shortly be a star. Marie McDonald is as demure and retiring as a steam calliope, and would no more assert herself than would a mosquito.

On a set today she is, in the words of the director of *Pardon My Sarong*, as noisy as twenty men, wisecracking, kidding the nearest available prop boy or producer, wandering into still-camera range to steal the show from stars by mugging in their publicity shots, leaping onto chairs to do brief ad lib skits with agreeable stooges—such as the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet:* "Ah Juliet, Juliet, wherefore art thou up in yon balcony?"

"Ah Romeo, Romeo—because I couldn't afford an orchestra seat," she snaps, and hops off the chair with a beaming "Yuk-yuk-yuk-yuk."

She has as many fine points as any woman and knows it, and they're particularly well displayed in the South Seas costume she wears in the picture. The costume has no necessary connection with her legs, of which she makes good use in periods of idleness on the set. Periods of idleness, of course, are no such thing for Marie, who has the playful vitality of a seal just before feeding. Perched atop a stepladder, she extends one shapely gam, fully clothed in tan greasepaint, and induces an anything but protesting male bystander to play quoits with a cap tossed onto her bare foot.

Like Barnum, she doesn't much care whether it's with approval or disapproval, so long as she's noticed. At the age of five, in Kentucky, where she was born Marie Frye in 1923, she was locked in a hotel room by her parents to keep her out of mischief while they stepped out for a few minutes. To dissipate her boredom she set fire to the room. This pleased her until her parents, who saw the blazing curtains in the windows, came dashing back—to find themselves in turn locked out by Marie—who stayed in the room, quaking with guilty terror, until she was smoked out. Her parents discovered what many have learned since—that their daughter is as easy to ignore as a five-alarm fire.

Some years later she was competing for the title of Miss New York. Lost in a lineup of over a hundred girls, she realized that her old standby, simple noise, couldn't win for her. So she gave a false name to the judges, then ducked away from her appointed place in line to the tail end. When the false name was called she

stepped forward, out of place. "You have my name wrong," she reproved them, "It's Marie McDonald"—and she spelled it out carefully before stepping back to the end of the line.

She became Miss New York.

Seeking a job as a Powers model, on a bet, she found herself being ignored by Mr. Powers, who would wander through a roomful of waiting beauties, pensively snapping a thumbnail across his teeth, only to pick some other potential model. Marie decided to take over—so she started telling the other girls stories—with gestures. Some of the illustrative action somehow placed her so that when she somehow tripped she fell against the door into Powers' office. The idea was that the noise would bring him to the door, where he would find this crumpled flower bewildered and bruised. But he didn't even have to get up. The door was not latched and Marie plunged headlong into his office, where she landed in a wild sprawl at his feet. He hired her.

From modeling she moved into the chorus of George White's Scandals of 1939. By dint of noise and impersonations backstage she was shortly understudy to most of the women in the show. She came to Hollywood with the show and stayed to sing and dance at Earl Carroll's. Then one night she was sitting in the Palladium with James Craig and some others when Tommy Dorsey came to the table. She greeted him casually, for she was suddenly caught up by the music. It stirred her to sing, gently at first, then with more and more volume—until Dorsey could surely hear her. He did, liked the sound, said so, and hired her to sing with his band.

The movies, however, ignored her, which is the one typical Hollywood part of her biography. So she went east, sang at Leon and Eddie's in New York and with the orchestras of Johnny Long and Charlie Barnett. Here she was noticed by a Universal executive and given a screen test. Superfluous noise made it a success, she believes. "I ad libbed in the screen test—so they signed me."

The first thing they discovered about her was that she was getting a lot of publicity as "America's typical brunette." Naturally, this meant that she must dye her hair blond. Since then she has gone through eleven different shades of hair.

It is a widely publicized fact that budding starlets live quiet lives, knitting, working in the garden, cooking, going to bed early, getting up early, playing bridge and soaking themselves in classical music and literature. Particularly Shakespeare. They go to night clubs only because urgent writers must have colorful copy—but really, you know, they prefer the genteel atmosphere of a cultured home and the company of a loving, thoroughbred mutt.

Well, Marie does have a dog. As for the rest: "I hate knitting, I hate quiet, diets, cooking, gardens, make-up, and beauty-parlors, though I own one. I refuse to learn to play bridge—or gin rummy. I detest classical music, particularly the 'Moonlight Sonata.' I hate to go to bed and I can't stand getting up. I hate Shakespeare—I have to read him for my diction. And I can't stand penthouses—it takes too long to get downstairs to a nightclub.

"On the other hand, I love spinach." ■

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN

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An Announcement by Constance Luft Huhn

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In bringing you our new SATIN-FINISH we have made, we believe, the most important cosmetic advance of the past 20 years. Here is all you've ever longed for in a lipstick—a combination of Tangee's wonderfully flattering shades, Tangee's soothing and protective pure cream base, and the flawless grooming of Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH.

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TANGEE RED-RED..."Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All!"... harmonizes with all fashion colors.

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TANGEE THEATRICAL RED ..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.

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TANGEE NATURAL...Orange in the stick, changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose on the lips.

TANGEE *Lipsticks*

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LIPSTICK & ROUGE: *CHECK ONE* ☐ *NATURAL* ☐ *THEATRICAL RED* ☐ *RED-RED*
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Hollywood stars can't stop to fix their hair whenever they'd like to. That's why so many of them depend on Grip-Tuth. Grip-Tuth looks like a comb—but isn't. It's a tiny hair-prop that slides into your hair in a jiffy—and stays there until *you* take it out! Try one to hold your wave. Try one to keep your hair high on the sides. Try one to anchor bows or flowers just where you want them! Two on a card (or one extra length) for only 25¢. **NOTE:** if notion counter or beauty shop can't supply you, send 25¢ for card. State hair color.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 56
Nu-Hesite Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense

Our cameraman caught Franchot Tone and wife Jean Wallace looking very happy at opening of a musical revue. Franchot's in Columbia's *The Wife Takes a Flyer*

Sonja Henie, one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic fight fans, seldom misses the Friday night bouts. Since husband Dan Topping is in the East while Sonja completes *Iceland* for 20th Century-Fox, Randolph Scott, a friend of the family, escorted her

Beauty Headliners

Alexis Smith finds the fragrance of Lucien Lelong's new Cream Cologne remains on the skin just like other colognes. The new feature is its emollient base which makes it softening and soothing. In Opening Night, Tailspin or Balalaika

■ Show your true colors with the two new victory shades of Cutex Nail Polish. "Alert" is a clear tone of true-blue red. The other shade, "Saddle Brown," is the answer to demands for a really brown polish.

"Cheeks" match "Lips!" Pond's presents a new dry rouge in delicately muted shades to correspond with their five popular lipstick shades. Finely milled and blended, it assures smooth application and provides a natural all-day glow

Write before August 10th for your copy of HOLLYWOOD Beauty Bulletin for July. It contains many beauty hints and the names of tried and true products. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. And ask her advice on your own beauty problems.

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PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
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3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
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5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

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IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED HEREIN

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Escape Drab Soap-Film with Modern Halo Shampoo!

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Find of '42

By HELEN WELLER

Jennifer Jones inherited her theater sense from her father who directed and starred in a traveling tent show. She amazed all Hollywood by winning the coveted lead in David Selznick's important production, *The Keys of the Kingdom*

■ Her name is Jennifer Jones. Her father, who was a showman in Tulsa, Oklahoma, decided that this Jones would be different. So he tagged her with the name of his pet calf. Now when people meet her they say, "Uh— Jennifer—is that the name? Jennifer Jones? Odd . . ."

But Jennifer Jones' whimsical name will be as well-known as Florida oranges because you will be seeing her as *Nora* in David O. Selznick's production of *The Keys of the Kingdom*, a star-making role if ever one fell to a newcomer.

So meet this Miss Jones.

She has a face something like Maureen O'Sullivan's—you know, starry-eyed, elfin and gentle—and the figure of a long-legged seraph. *The Keys of the Kingdom* is her first picture and she's still so dazed at the way she nabbed a plum role in a plum film that her wide, gray eyes still look bewildered.

Last winter, Jennifer was one of the army of unknown young hopefuls making the rounds of Broadway casting offices. She could have stayed in Tulsa for all the good it was doing her. Shy and inexperienced, an apple-cheeked youngster just out of dramatic school, she wasn't given a tumble. So she sat patiently in the outer office, brought a bag of peanuts for lunch, and kept her ears open. One day, she heard that Selznick was planning to make a movie version of the stage play, *Claudia*. Jennifer gulped, took her courage in her hands and went to the New York Selznick office to try for the role. *Claudia* was a naive little nincompoop, right up her alley, thought our Jen.

She was given a reading and in the middle of it who should walk in but Mr. Selznick himself. At sight of the Great Man, panic and fright seized our shy heroine, her lips began to tremble and she blew up.

"I was through," she describes dramatically. "I just threw down the script, looked at Mr. S. dumbly and knew my goose was cooked. He looked at me sadly and said, 'You know that wasn't very good.' I agreed, then went home and cried myself to sleep.

"The next morning, though, Mr. Selz-

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nick called and said he understood how nervous I had been and would give me another chance. I was to take a test for *Claudia* that afternoon. But I did no better. I stammered and made a mess of it."

Mr. Selznick thought so too when he saw the test. He looked at it gloomily. "She's not *Claudia,*" he muttered. Then, in the unexpected ways of Hollywood producers, he shouted, "But she is *Nora!* Sign her up."

A studio attache phoned the breathless news to Jennifer. "Now I'll tell one," bawled Jennifer, hanging up. It took a personal visit to convince the lady that April Fool's day was two months off.

Up until then, Jennifer's only experience had been in "tent shows." Her father, Phil Jones, was a tent show operator and she'd been acting in them since she was ten. "A tent show is a sort of showboat on land," explains Jennifer vaguely.

Jennifer started performing before parlor audiences when she was six, lisping kiddie poems in deadpan. "You can't," she says, "recite without getting an urge to act, so I started to pester Dad."

Finally he admitted defeat and mumbled okay, okay.

"But," he added quickly, "as long as you want to act, try for pictures, not the stage. There's more money in movies."

"Dad," says Jennifer, "was a very practical man."

After trouping up and down the West in the colorful travelling tent shows, Jennifer's mother, appalled at her daughter's one-sided training, sent her to New York's dignified American Academy of Dramatic Arts, over the protests of Mr. Jones who howled that it was sissy. There, incidentally, Jennifer was a classmate of Diana Barrymore. Agents and managers looked into the sweetly hopeful face of Miss Jennifer Jones and made funny noises in their throats. Discouraged by the lack of enthusiasm, Jenny scrammed West again and joined up with a tent show to keep her hand in the emoting business.

"I played a murderess who goes mad in one thing," she recalls. "I screamed all over the stage and went berserk magnificently. I knew then that I was stuck. That was for me, that acting stuff. That was life. I trailed back to New York again and tried to get on speaking acquaintance with the stage."

She never dented the sensibilities of play producers, and when she was handed a movie contract and the second feminine lead to Ingrid Bergman in *The Keys of the Kingdom,* she hadn't appeared even once in a Broadway show. Which is known as neatly overshooting the mark!

No regulation glamour girl is Jennifer Jones. Her heart belongs to a young radio actor to whom she is happily married. She is, moreover, the proud mother of two adorable young toddlers—the oldest is two.

This knowledge—which hasn't been aired by her press agent as yet—will probably do much to dampen the ardor of young Hollywood swains who have already cast interested eyes in her direction.

But it will take much more than that to dampen the ardor of movie-goers after they catch their first glimpse of Miss Jones in her first film! ■

"Who said domestic bliss?"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME
THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT WRECKS SO
MANY MARRIAGES

1. "Ideally mated," people said . . . I thought so, too. But Jack's ardor gradually changed to . . . well, a stand-offish coolness. It wasn't long before we were heading for a smash-up.

2. One day, I walked home from First Aid class with our teacher, a nurse I barely knew. And —out came the whole thing! (You'll tell a stranger, more than a friend.) "My dear," she consoled, "when romance goes out of marriage, it's often because a woman is careless . . . or doesn't know . . . about feminine hygiene.

3. "It's one neglect," she explained, "most men can't forgive. And there's no excuse for it. Modern women use a safe yet amazingly powerful germicide for feminine hygiene . . . Lysol. Just follow directions—it won't harm tissues, but it cleanses, deodorizes, kills all vaginal germ-life on instant contact. I know what I'm saying."

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Buy-Buy-Blues

By BOB HALL

■ Got anything for sale? Jean Parker will buy it. She buys anything.

On a street corner in Providence, R. I., Jean met a citizen who was trying to sell a good luck charm for thirty-five cents. The citizen was a dirty-faced kid five years old and the charm was a mangy cat, but Jean paused to conclude the deal then and there. Incidentally, she missed the train that was to convey her to a personal appearance in New York. She also missed the personal appearance. But she got the cat, and brother, what a cat!

Without pausing to perplex her pretty head about the why's and wherefore's, she has bought, within recent memory, a hoss ranch, a corral full of hosses (don't look for any of them at the Madison Square Garden horse show; they couldn't get in on a pass), stray dogs that turned out to be prize winners, pedigreed dogs that turned out to be mutts, an airport, a flying school, a transport line, a station wagon full of clothes, and another alley cat for thirty-five cents.

Her passion for purchasing is attributable probably to the fact that in a life as busy as hers, it's simpler to say "Yes" to a salesman than try to chase him away.

La Petite Parker, celebrating her eleventh year in pictures at the age of twenty-six, is the busiest leading lady in town. In one recent week she was playing the top parts in three pictures at three different studios: *Wrecking Crew* opposite Chester Morris at Paramount; *The Girl From Alaska* opposite Ray Middleton at Republic, and *Hello, Annapolis* opposite Tom Brown at Columbia. In spare moments she was designing and supervising the manufacture of her own wardrobe, making personal appearances in nearby theaters, modeling in charity fashion shows, and taking dancing lessons. One night as she returned home from a hard day at the studio, theater, dressmaker's, department store and dancing instructor's, she was considering the words in which to announce her retirement to private life.

Her scenes before the camera that day had called for wrestling, jumping, diving and getting thrown out of a car, after which she had expended 2,500,000 ergs of energy on the dance floor learning a special rhumba with Kermit Miller. Her insteps were throbbing, her arches were broken and she felt, in her own expression, like "a rear view of war-torn Poland."

Awaiting her at home was her helpful bridegroom, Doug Dawson, with the fruit of his own labors. It seems Jean had just invested in a saddle horse, a good-natured old cow pony named Buck. Buck was used to a certain kind of Western saddle. Jean was used to another kind. On this day of all days, Doug had run up with his own hands a saddle that combined the best features of Buck's favorite and Jean's. So, far into the night, Jean modeled the saddle while Doug made adjustments.

It's a nifty partnership between Doug and Jean from all aspects: the adventures one of them can't think up occur automatically to the other. Take, for example, their little flyer in the airplane game.

Doug had been a sea captain and radio producer before marriage. But like everybody else in Los Angeles county he was also an airplane fanatic. What more natural, then, than that he should under-

The picture below is a rare one because for once Jean Parker was salesman instead of purchaser. Desi Arnaz is willing War-Bond buyer. Jean's in Republic's *The Girl From Alaska*

take overnight to become a big shot in aviation, a streamlined version of Donald Douglas or C. R. Smith? And what more natural than that Jean Parker, whose flying experience up to then had been in phony planes in studio process shots, should be his partner?

"Boy, did we go to it!" Jean exclaims with the enthusiasm that underlies everything she embarks upon. "Doug put up the money and I put up the grandiose ideas. Pretty soon we had a plane, not entirely paid for but mighty pretty. Then we bought an airport. By the time we got the second mortgage out of the way we bought more planes.

"Palm Springs has always been one of our pet places, so we put Palm Springs on the aerial map by setting up an airport and scheduling passenger flights from our Hollywood field. We had signs put up in all the hotels in Palm Springs saying, 'Why not stay over tonight and fly back in the morning?' We had a real gold mine in prospect.

"December seventh threatened to slow us down just a little, we thought at first. All commercial flying in the border area except the mail flights of the big lines was cancelled. When the war situation got stabilized a little we telephoned the air corps and the Civil Aeronautics Authority and asked if we could resume flying. They said they didn't see why not, so we took full-page ads in the papers saying we were back on the job.

"We shouldn't have been so flamboyant about it, it seems. The same day we went out of business. The government shut down our business and confiscated eight of our planes. The only thing left is our baby, a second-hand Stinson we went in business with. But, boy, was it fun!"

The airline debacle in no way dimmed Jean's desire for adventure. With Bill Pine and Bill Thomas, the two Paramount producers for whom she makes six pictures a year, she was celebrating the completion of a job in which she had starred opposite Richard Arlen. In a week she was due to start another.

Along toward midnight she announced: "Good night, gents. Have to go home now; flying lesson first thing in the morning."

"Is that on the level?" roared the producers in unison. "We thought it was a publicity gag. We've got money tied up in you, girl."

"Sure, it's on the level," Jean said. "Lots of girls in Hollywood take flying lessons. How about Olivia de Havilland?"

"But that's on paper," they remonstrated. "You're really going up in a real plane!"

So Jean called it off. She does her cross-country traveling now astride old Buck, the cow pony. But not in the specially-tailored saddle designed by her husband. She has further use for her figure, it seems.

The Parker figure has become through the years since *Sequoia*, a Hollywood trademark, like the Gable moustache. To make the most efficient display of it, Producers Pine and Thomas customarily let Jean design and buy her own clothes and keep them after a picture is finished. The bills are split fifty-fifty, with the result that the producers get off cheap and Jean has one of the hugest wardrobes anywhere.

This set-up is likely to lead to droll complications, as it did in the case of *Torpedo Boat*. Frances Farmer was originally set to play the lead. When that plan went haywire four days before the starting date, One Punch Parker was called in (as usual).

The producers tossed her a script and said, "There's eighteen changes of costume. The Hays Office is still in business but the dame has got to look as if she'd lure tired workingmen out for a night's fun. See what you can do."

Jean set out on a shopping tour in her trusty station wagon. By nightfall she had rounded up the materials for the eighteen costumes. This entailed some strictly fabulous expenditures, such as the purchase of forty yards of Boghara jersey. She needed four yards, but it was the dealer's last bolt and Mitch Leisen, a Paramount director, was also dickering for it.

The dealer's selling argument was that Jean would corner the market on this priceless material and become vulgarly rich on the transaction overnight. So far nobody has ridden up in the middle of the night and offered to take the remnants off her hands.

But people do ride up at all hours of the day and night offering to stick her with everything from Hindu prayer rugs to slightly-used refugees, both at a discount.

If you have anything you want to get rid of quick at a good price, drop in at 1720 Riverside Drive and ask for the purchasing agent. ■

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Hazard Hero

By
E. J. SMITHSON

After ten years of comparative ease on the screen, Kane Richmond stepped into the leading role of Republic Pictures' killer-diller serial, *Spy Smasher*, in which he takes a terrific beating

A high dive onto a speeding motor boat was only a small item in the day's acrobatics

Other scenes called for him to fall off a cliff, be submerged and frozen in an ice tub—and generally bruised

■ This is the difference between filming an "A" picture and filming a serial:

If Pluperfect pictures happen to be shooting *Dandies of the Drawing Room*, starring Terence Tivvit, a not-uncommon news flash from the coast is the one about production being halted a week while Terence gets over a severe attack of chilblains. On the other hand, if the vehicle is a serial, there will be no news concerning it, and production will go ahead on schedule, even if the leading man breaks his neck, burns to death, falls off a cliff, or neglects to come to the surface after rescuing his leading lady from a covey of sharks.

If in doubt, consider the case of Kane Richmond: Mr. Richmond has juggled teacups in every variety of drawing room drama, and, to cap it all, has just completed the title role in Republic's new serial, *Spy Smasher*. In the candid and considered opinion of Mr. Richmond, there is no comparison between the two.

In the drawing room things, he never even so much as strained the seams of his dress suit. But, in *Spy Smasher*, Citizen Kane was beaten, burned, bruised, submerged, almost torpedoed, bounced on a pile of bricks, frozen in an ice bath and generally given an expert pushing around.

"But we finished the picture on schedule!" he wryly informed us. One would think, to hear him tell it, that this achievement was akin to getting the message to Garcia.

"As a matter of fact, though," he went on, "when I was first approached by the studio to play the *Spy Smasher* role, I was somewhat reluctant to take it."

Why?

"Well, for some vague reason or other, I thought if I once got myself mixed up in serials, I'd lose my chance to play roles of the type I'd been playing since I came to Hollywood, eight or nine years ago."

The drawing room things?

"That's right. I'd been fortunate enough to play in some pretty good pictures at M-G-M, 20th Century-Fox and Universal, among others, and I heard rumors that, once an actor got himself 'serialized' he was in for the duration. Naturally, I didn't want that to happen to me; you know how it is . . . I have a wife and two young daughters to think about.

"But *Spy Smasher* looked like a mighty interesting and exciting role! Besides, look at some of the stars who've worked in serials at one time or another—Harry Carey, John Wayne, Warren William, John Carroll, Gene Autry, Carole Landis, Franklin Farnum, Jean Rogers! Shucks, if serials could do things for them, why wouldn't a serial be good for me?"

So he took the job?

"That's right—and I learned more about the picture business, more about actual day-to-day film production, during the making of *Spy Smasher* than I've learned in all the years I've been in Hollywood. So far as I'm concerned, serial-making is fun, exciting and educational."

As well as back-breaking!

"Right again! Gosh, I'm still recuperating from some of my bruises. I feel as though I'd been run quickly through a meat grinder."

Richmond, a good-looking, six-foot portion, eased his handsome frame deeper into his chair. There were traces of iodine on his forehead, to give relief to his wounds and to set off his coal-black hair. His 185 pounds of muscle creaked from the anguish of his cinematic torment. And his Irish grin barely was able to triumph over a fleeting grimace of pain, as some hidden ache returned to remind him of his first brush with the cliff-hangers.

But what about this narrow escape from a torpedoing?

"Oh, *that!*" He smiled wryly. "That happened in January. We were shooting some marine sequences two or three miles out from Santa Monica. There was a heavy ground-swell rolling in, and darn near everyone of us was seasick. But we got through our scenes, and just as we were winding up a particularly difficult shot, one of the stunt men piped up and said he'd be willing to bet he'd just seen a periscope less than fifty yards away!

"Well, nobody paid much attention to him—until the next day. Then we read that the Navy had bombed a Jap sub off Redondo Beach not long after we had been shooting in that neighborhood! I couldn't say definitely, naturally, but I'd be willing to bet it was that same U-boat our stunt man had seen."

Stunt man? Then stunt men are still used on serials?

"Oh, sure," Richmond admitted. "Those boys still do all the daredevil stuff on the particularly dangerous longshots. But, on the closeups, it was up to me to risk my neck; that's how I got all these bruises.

"For instance, one shot called for me to fall on a pile of bricks. I suppose I could have just stretched out there and let the cameras catch me after appearing to fall, but, shucks, you don't get any realism that way. So I took the fall—and got a three-inch gash on the back of my noggin for my pains. And I mean *pains!*"

And how about that ice bath?

"Well, it wasn't exactly ice," Kane admitted, "but it felt like it! I reported for work that day at six in the morning, and the first thing they had me do was strip to the waist and hop into a tank of water. They later told me the thermometer read 30 degrees that morning, but it felt like minus 30 degrees in that tank, and it took them all day to shoot the scene! Honestly, I had goose pimples on me for a week after that, and my skin was so blue the next day the director accused me of being made-up for technicolor."

Now, as to those other injuries . . .

"Well, there was that day, for example, when, as *Spy Smasher*, I was supposed to be chasing the villains up a steep ravine. But I slipped into a rut and, before I knew it, was out cold with a badly sprained ankle and a pulled tendon in my leg. They lugged me off immediately for an X-ray, but when they found no bones broken, they just shrugged their shoulders, taped me up from ankle to thigh, and told me to go back to work!

[*Continued on page* 54]

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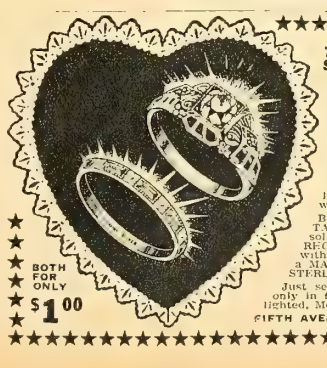
HOLLYWOOD



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The Spy Smasher

[Continued from page 53]

"Why, cripes, in any feature length production I'd have been out for a week with that injury. But not when you're making serials! You have to be a candidate for the undertaker before they'll give you a day off in the chapter plays; they're on too tight a budget and too fine a schedule."

It must be pretty tough trying to look heroic with a sprained ankle.

"Heroic! Nuts!" Kane growled. "The picture was only two days from being finished; I wanted to get the thing in the cans so I could take a real rest. Oh, I'm not going to deny it—the last few falls, swings and jumps in *Spy Smasher* were tough. But the boys in the production crew were pretty pleasant about it; they got me a pair of crutches to hobble around on between scenes, and assured me they'd provide all the arnica, liniment and splints that would be needed."

Nice boys! They probably cured Richmond of making any more serials for a long time to come.

"They did *not!*" he avowed. "As I said before, you really learn the picture business making serials, and, as soon as I can regain the use of a couple of my necessary muscles, I'm going to shop around for another one. I had a lot of fun making *Spy Smasher*, and I'm looking forward to another one like it!"

Which will give you a sketchy idea of the type of character this Richmond really is. He's a Minneapolis boy, having been permitted to make his earthly debut in that city December 23, 1906. He went to the University of Minnesota and St. Thomas College of St. Paul, at which institutions he distinguished himself in football and swimming. He also pulled an oar on the Golden Gophers' crew one season, which may be one explanation for his ability to absorb so much punishment before the *Spy Smasher* cameras.

Actually, Richmond has no excuse whatsoever for having become an actor, since his father, a real estate operator, had the wherewithal to enable his son to break into some profession a shade less generous with hard knocks. But Kane took a job in a Minneapolis motion picture exchange as a booker—and that was that. In no time at all, or a fraction thereof, he was getting himself involved in the Minneapolis Little Theater movement, the local branch of which had been started by an undertaker and a lawyer and, accordingly, given the delightful name of Skull & Crossbones!

And, as inevitable in the lives of citizens whose work gives them any contact with film whatsoever, there came a day when Kane decided he ought to see Hollywood. After all, how could a guy handle the stuff if he didn't know the circumstances under which it was produced? His company agreed. They sent him to Hollywood—but they cautioned him to mind his "P's" and also his "Q's." It was all right to ogle a star, they said, but keep a firm eye on the booking business, too!

Need we go on? Hollywood took one squint at this big handsome slab of male, did a quick double-take, and promptly told him to throw away his business cards and brief-case.

"I scarcely had time to comb the prairie grass out of my hair," he remarked, "before they had me doing shorts. And, much to my amazement and amusement, the darn things clicked. From that I drifted into twelve of the 'Leather Pushers' series, and then into juvenile leads at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Then . . ."

Yes, yes?

"Then I quit," he said.

He *quit!* Can you beat it?

"Yeah, I guess I just got fed-up, or something, for I spent the next two years adventuring and knocking about the world. As a matter of fact, I spent a good part of this period in the Dutch East Indies; that's why I'm particularly concerned with the way the war's been going in the Pacific. I've got a lot of friends down there."

But, of course, there was the inevitable return?

"Oh, sure. I came back finally, signed up with 20th Century-Fox, and did *Tailspin*, with Alice Faye and Connie Bennett, *Winner Take All* and *The Chicken Wagon Family*, among others, and eventually quit again to do some free-lancing."

And, as a free-lance, Richmond has been doing all right, thank you. He's got two studios bidding for his services right now, on a long-term contract basis, but he hates to tie himself down; after all, he might want to go back to the South Pacific.

As for hobbies, they can be described, insofar as Kane Richmond is concerned, in one word: athletics. He shoots a most respectable game of golf, finding that day lost when he isn't in the low 70s; he swims like an electric eel (In 1923, he set a Northwest record in the 100-yard-freestyle and lost, that same year to Johnny "Tarzan" Weissmuller by a hair!), and he can sail a boat like Columbus himself. One of Kane's cousins, incidentally, was the author of the Bowditch navigation laws, whatever they are, and he confessed to the writer that Bowditch was the name he was given the day he was born. Richmond the one he was given the day he was born again—in Hollywood.

He's a nice guy, this Richmond. Don't believe us? Then see *Spy Smasher.* ■

THE JAPS SAY . . .

"One day we shall fight against America."—Baron Giichi Tanaka, former Jap Premier, speaking in 1927!

AMERICANS SAY . . .

. . . by those words, Baron Tanaka admits the Japs were preparing for this fight years ago! Let's show him how useless their preparations were—by buying War Bonds and Stamps *now* and making them wish they'd never heard of America.

Up in Eleanor's Attic

[*Continued from page* 21]

Eleanor was thrilled. She was also curious, and her answering letter said in part: "It's only fair that you send me a snapshot of yourself, so I can see for myself what my first fan looks like." They've been corresponding ever since.

For the first four years, although Norton didn't know it at the time, his letters from Eleanor were written by her mother. Because Eleanor, wanting to make a good impression, told her mother: "You answer the letter, your handwriting is better than mine."

Everytime Eleanor cut a clipping about herself from a magazine, she sent an identical clipping to Norton, so that he had as complete a record of her career as she had. All his clippings went into a scrapbook, and it was the charred remains of it he sent to her recently, with the plea: "I can't get you back again the way I had you, but it will help if you send me a whole lot of old photographs." Eleanor dug around in her attic, and sent him as many as she could find.

While she was working in *Broadway Melody of '36*, Norton met and fell in love with an English girl. He wrote: "Elly, I've met a lovely girl, who is quite like you, with the same smile and mannerisms." When they became engaged, Eleanor sent them a gift. Later, she sent them a wedding present, and also a note to Richard, suggesting that perhaps his wife would prefer they stopped their correspondence. Norton's answer was definite. "My wife loves you, too. Please keep writing."

Now Eleanor is the godmother of their young son.

When she looks around the attic at her souvenirs, those are some of the things that Eleanor Powell remembers. No wonder she doesn't need a diary! ■

Linda Darnell sneaks a peek at her favorite comic book between scenes of her latest picture, Twentieth Century-Fox's *The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe*

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Cracking Down on the Movie Critics

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Who's right?

Is a movie that satisfies 2,000,000 people worth the effort? Or are six guys sitting in a cocktail lounge the ultimate arbiters of the worth and destiny of an enterprise that has employed the brains, skill and ingenuity of 1,000 professionals, who know their trade as well as the doctor who did your tonsillectomy? That's what Hollywood wants to know, and quick.

The function of a movie critic, if you are to credit the West Coast guys whose life and livelihood are dependent on producing entertainment, is to be a guidepost and indicator to the jolly old public as to which theater they should squander their money in. It is an accepted fact that any family with a buck in the larder will spend part of it for movies, the only academic question remaining being, "Which movie?"

The critic's place in this scheme of things, as a matter of cold efficiency, is to stand half-way up the Olympian mountain and say, figuratively, "Catch this one!" or "Miss that one!" His only useful purpose in the movie set-up is to act in the capacity of animated signboard.

Comes now a slightly less than delightful situation in which the critics in the city of New York set themselves up as a queue of voluntary Typhoid Marys warning perfectly solvent and sane citizens away from the very movies they want to see.

Kings Row is the beautiful example. When it opened at the Astor Theater in New York it took an unmerciful pasting from the critics. Judging by the metropolitan reviews, the picture was one of the cruelest ordeals since the Spanish Inquisition.

All the newspapers of the town, through the dexterous typewriters of their movie critics, gave *Kings Row* the hotfoot in forest-fire proportions. The *Hollywood Reporter*, a trade paper in Hollywood which no self-respecting movie employee would miss in the morning any more than he would neglect to put his pants on, summed up the Manhattan reviews this way:

"The cinemassassins bowled over *Kings Row* like a bunch of duckpins. This doesn't necessarily mean anything because *Jekyll and Hyde* and *Shanghai Gesture* got the same slugging from the critics and went on to make box-office history."

The "cinemassassins" of the New York papers had this to say about *Kings Row*:

Bosley Crowther in the New York *Times*: "The disappointing fact is that *Kings Row*, as it turgidly unfolds on the screen, is one of the bulkiest blunders to come out of Hollywood in some time."

Kate Cameron in the *Daily News*: "The story is unfit for the screen and although it has been given the benefit of the best production efforts and has been skillfully directed and acted, there is no excuse for Warners putting this two hour and seven minute pageant of horror on the screen at this time."

Eileen Creelman in the New York *Sun*: "A singularly depressing film. Mr. Cummings plays *Parris* like a high school juvenile."

William Boehnel in the New York *World-Telegram*: "There are enough themes for half a dozen films in *Kings Row* but precious little entertainment unless, of course, you think insanity, cancer, murder, suicide, sadism, psychiatry, seduction and frustration are entertainment. If you do, then see this film and have a field day. If, like me, you don't think so, then shun it, for seldom have I seen so much gloom at one time. Or such widespread gloom."

Archer Winsten in the New York *Post* found the film running "very continuously." The *Daily Mirror's* Lee Mortimer said in a headline, "Full of blood and blunder."

Casey Robinson, probably the highest paid scenario writer in Hollywood, took the brunt of the beating. The consensus was: Casey went to bat and struck out. Ann Sheridan, who has never shoved Eleanora Duse off the boards as an actress, got the best notices.

In this jungle of dissidents, Howard Barnes of the New York *Herald Tribune*, broke out with a slight rave, namely:

"Sam Wood has written his signature large over this production. With its brilliant script and knowing direction it is a picture which no one who cares about motion picture quality can afford to miss."

An oracle named Leo Mishkin, of the New York *Morning Telegraph*, reported to a breathless world:

"If this is what Hollywood means by 'entertainment,' then somebody must have called the wrong number."

Well, without telegraphing the punch, let us give you a slight indication of how well-advised the citizens of New York were on this specific picture and to what extent they paid attention to the critics.

Kings Row, the movie that had its pants panned off by all the well-washed and theoretically literate movie reviewers of the great New York newspapers, merely went out and broke box-office records in that same city of New York, proving that the public is not a dope, regardless of the opinions of the tight little critical circle that meets in the lobby during the climax of the best-intentioned movies ever made and says, "Same old stuff."

These same critical sleepy-time boys are the ones who loused up the public acceptance of a dozen good movies this year. Just as much as the conduct of Joe

Can the highly lauded critics be wrong? They gave *Kings Row* a sensational hotfoot, yet it burned up box-offices all over

***Shanghai Gesture* got a terrific slugging from the critics, yet the film broke box-office records everywhere**

Critics urged movie-goers to stay away from *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, but the public refused to listen

DiMaggio and other New York Yankees influences the batting and throwing style of sandlot ballplayers, the attitude of the New York critics set the pace for the bush-league movie reviewers.

Despite the critical shafts of the provincial reviewers, copied in some cases word-for-word from the New York papers, *Kings Row* did all right for itself because it was a good movie. In Louisville, Kentucky, it did more business and made more money than *The Great Lie* and *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

At the Astor Theater, New York, *Kings Row* set the pace for its national acceptance. This is the theater at which *The Big Parade* made history and at which *Sergeant York* established its fabulous money records.

Kings Row opened its run modestly by running neck-and-neck with *Sergeant York*, which was greeted by the critics as one of the box-office hotcakes of all time and which won an Academy *Oscar* for its leading man. From there on the box-office reports came in like machine-gun fire, justifying Sam Wood, the actors and the producers and making bums out of the New York critics.

Two hundred and fifty-seven daily newspapers, a huge hunk of the total of American gazettes, serialized the story, using as many as nine photographs of the movie cast members in one issue. The Chicago *Tribune*, the second largest paper in the nation, ran the yarn in full-page installments, with the movie actors' pictures. One million, two hundred thousand circulation was the total on this single publicity deal. Even when the national ball had started rolling and it was a generally accepted fact that *Kings Row* was a good picture, the New York critics in their Saturday and Sunday summaries took a belt at it in memoriam, as if to fortify and confirm their earlier bum steers.

Meanwhile the picture, in general release, began to burn up the box-offices in outlying districts. Its second week in Memphis it was 60% over *The Great Lie*, a box-office phenomenon, and on a tryout date in Lawrence, Massachusetts, it was 105% over the same criterion. In Dayton, Ohio, a representative city if ever there was one, since it is only a quick sprint from the mythical "Middletown, U. S. A." of the sociological investigators, *Kings Row* was 40% over *The Man Who Came to Dinner* and 68% over *One Foot in Heaven*, a picture which was designed especially for Dayton, its prototypes and environs.

In rebuttal against the New York critics, who have been sensationally wrong before on such pictures as *North West Mounted Police* and *Virginia*, Sam Wood has nothing to say except the calm reflections of a man who has been justified by his fellow-citizens, the critics notwithstanding.

His view, simply, is this:

"Without seeming to be like a terrier snapping back at people who have snapped at me, I can truthfully say that professional critics, as such, have never entered into the blueprints of any of my pictures.

"A surgeon's workmanship is neither enhanced nor lowered by the circumstance that his efforts are under the scrutiny of a jury composed of people who know something about the technics in which he is working.

"The ultimate jury is beyond the critics. If the opinion of the critics and the people happen to coincide, everybody is gratified. If the director must make a choice between pleasing the critics and justifying his own judgment, the critics get second consideration. Movies are made for the masses. I, for one, can not subscribe to the oft-voiced opinion that 'the public is an ass.'"

And there the matter rests. The New York critics, who have been accused of "swapping votes" in order to electioneer favorable notices for their pet performers, the actors who visit New York four times a year and entertain lavishly at various swank spots, may sulk and frown, stamp their feet and bite their nails in frustration, but the public, which buys the tickets and keeps them alive, is the best judge. And a damned good one. ■

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Carolyn's Note-Book

By GLORIA BRENT

Little Carolyn Lee is quite sure what her favorite flowers are, but the spelling sometimes trips her. That's a page from her note-book at the left. See that funny paper behind the innocent looking primer, below? It didn't take Carolyn long to learn *that* trick. She appears in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* next

■ Today she wants to be a horse trainer. Last week her ambition was to fly planes. And by next week she may be a miniature Florence Nightingale. Who knows? Certainly not Carolyn Lee, for she is too busy being a busy little girl, on the studio set and off, to be satisfied with one career.

And as for interviews—she asks the questions:

"Is it true that race horses are hard to raise? And if I should decide to raise some other kind, what should they be?"

The interviewer suggested hunters as an alternative.

"But they are so big," said the diminutive Paramount contract player who is even smaller than most girls of seven and three-quarter years.

Suddenly Carolyn's attention was diverted from the far-away future to the immediate present. "Would you like to see my note-book?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, indeed," I answered. Whereupon Carolyn snuggled into a friendly spot on my unaccustomed lap, and happily turned the pages of her proud possession.

"Here," she said, "is my spelling lesson. See the star? Miss Smith gave me a hundred." (Rachael Smith is instructor at the studio school which Carolyn attended while working on *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.*)

"A hundred? That's pretty good."

"It's perfect" she contradicted without raising her voice, and turned a page. "But I had trouble spelling these." She pointed to a page where, under the heading, "Things I like to eat," was written:

"Spinich, carots, brokly, candy, terky, egg plant."

The next page listed favorite flowers:

"Zynyu, poonsetu, dasy, patoony, toolop, sun flour and vylet."

"Some of those are pretty hard words," Carolyn justified herself.

Another page revealed a Floridian speech pattern acquired from her mother. The give-away word was "sintenses," perfect phonetic spelling and, Carolyn seemed to think, just as good a way to spell sentences as any other. Other examples were "pihchers," and "jraf,"—not bad for the long-necked animal at that.

The masterpiece of the young star's note-book was from the lesson of the previous day. The assignment was, "Write a business letter." It follows:

Carolyn Lee,
Wakitatina Farm,
Bridgeport, Ohio,
March 12, 1942.

Mr. E. Mathose,
Jackland town,
Kentuky.
Dear sur

My name is Bruce H. Seabright. I way 150 pounds. My hite is 5 feet 4 inches. I am 47 years old. I went to Ohio State to be a horse trainer. I own 30 horses. I am the owner of Wakitatina Farm. I'd like to get a job in your stabil.

Yours truly
Mr. Seabright

Carolyn's father, Warren Copp, is an Ohio State graduate, Wakitatina Farm is his, but Carolyn only wishes they had 30 horses.

Their home is a modest country place across the river from Wheeling, W. Va., where the youngster's father is employed by a steel company as an engineer.

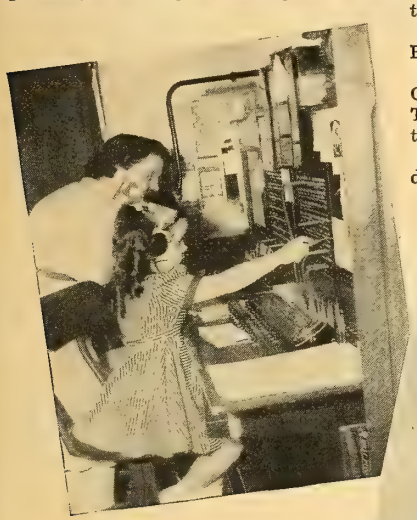
In spite of Carolyn's background—at four she was the youngest person to be

given a term contract by a major studio since the days of Baby LeRoy—she definitely is not precocious. Her association with older persons and her special training in reading, so she might appear with Jack Benny on the air, make her more advanced than most children of eight, perhaps, but in her unsupervised moments she manages to get into the usual sort of mischief that results in a reasonable number of spankings.

Carolyn is different from the popular notion of a child star. Her parents, comfortably fixed financially, made no effort to get her into pictures. A friend, Tracy Barham, now a Salt Lake City motion picture exhibitor, sent Carolyn's "pihcher" to Y. Frank Freeman, vice president of Paramount, and Carolyn was in the movies.

Whenever her career threatens her chances for future happiness, Mrs. Copp is prepared to take her out of pictures.

So far Carolyn has made four motion pictures, is starting her third year in the industry and is working under a contract running to the middle of 1946.



The reward of a good lesson is the chance to operate the switchboard. Right, the end of a busy day is a thorough scrubbing

Her mother has definite ideas on rearing an only child, and some are old fashioned. For example she taught Carolyn, who naturally is left handed, to write and eat with her right hand.

"Didn't hurt her a bit to change over," Mrs. Copp declared triumphantly. "If she is suffering from a neurosis, show it to me."

Mrs. Copp doesn't like to have people flatter Carolyn. "A child isn't brilliant, smart, cute nor infallible merely because she is working in a picture, and people should be more sparing with extravagant praise. I always have tried to tell Carolyn the truth. If I think a scene is bad, I tell her. I wish others would, too."

Although Carolyn does write with her right hand, she draws with her left, and sometimes turns out a drawing that shows an untutored talent.

She is quite a mimic, too, and her sense of humor sometimes is as subtle as it is charming. Recently, after a night made hideous by the neighborhood cats, Carolyn bought her mother a porcelain cat, its back arched, tail extended and mouth open as though screeching an unearthly howl into the night air.

Carolyn should enjoy a number of years in Hollywood before growing out of child parts. Although she nearly is eight, she weighs only 45 pounds, and these are chubby pounds that give her a well-fed, healthy look. Her cheeks are like those of a kewpie doll, and her large, brown eyes are rarely serious.

Occasionally she copies the mannerisms of older players, and sometimes gets spanked for doing it. Her most recent escapade was the refusal to permit her mother on the set. "Betty Brewer's mother doesn't come on the set," she argued.

"But Betty is 15," her mother countered.

"I don't care. I'm just as big as Betty Brewer."

"You only think so, young lady," Mrs. Copp declared in stern parental tones. There was a short but stormy session in the dressing room. And that was that.

As the interview with Carolyn was drawing to an end, with the conversation between the interviewer and Mrs. Copp, Carolyn disappeared for a moment, then returned. She had printed a sign:

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And why not? Who wants to be a horse trainer on a rainy day? ■

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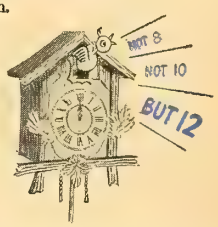

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If you're one of those persons who've always looked upon pipes as something to be left strictly alone, then you've missed a flock of romance, according to Ronald Reagan, shown polishing a rare specimen. He's in Warners' *Desperate Journey*

Pipe Collector

By FREDDA DUDLEY

■ Rudyard Kipling, who was long on the cheroot, once wrote, "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." Hold everything, girls—you won't have to do battle with Mr. Kipling's ghost on this score; every pipe smoker and pipe collector in the land will rise to shout protests for you.

Chief among Hollywood pipe collectors is Ronald Reagan, who was amassing the implements for a hearty smoke screen long before he met Jane Wyman. After they were married and she moved into the Reagan apartment, the little woman continued to encourage Ronnie, and to gloat as happily as he did whenever a particularly exciting specimen was added. She conferred with him upon the exact spot in the Reagan den to be occupied by each new pipe.

This happy state continued until Miss Maureen Elizabeth Reagan came home from the hospital with her mother. The Reagans didn't want to move, but they *had* to have a nursery.

You guessed it: the younger generation took over the den, and Ronnie's pipes got deported to his studio dressing room. He is bearing up under the new arrangement very nicely. "Gives me more time to keep the collection clean, and to study it," he admits with a grin.

If you have been one of those who look upon a pipe as the equivalent of a fried rabbit dinner—something to be left strictly alone—you've missed a flock of romance. Take, for instance, Mr. Reagan's two sets of Indian pipes. One set consists of two pipes of peace—the Plains Indians called them Calumets—and the other set consists of two pipes of war.

The war pipes have long, straight, undecorated stems made of ash wood from which the pith has been removed; the bowls are also an undecorated stony material. The peace pipes are fancy, having bits of feathers tied to the stems at regular intervals; the bowls consist of the terminal node, or bulge where the branch of ash once joined the main tree-trunk, so hollowed out to make room for a scant pinch of tobacco.

"Do you know one of the chief reasons for the Indians smoking?" Ronnie asks. "The Indians thought smoke carried the breath of the smoker, including all his hopes and prayers, upward to the Great Spirit."

Also Indian in origin is a neat number in the collection that is half tomahawk and half pipe. Apparently some ingenious savage decided that he could cut down luggage weight by combining two of his most useful props. However, the notches on the handle of this instrument, experts agree, were placed there to count the owner's birthdays and *not* to keep track of the tomahawk score. A brave had to know when he was eligible for Old Age Pension.

In the illustration above, that tall business beside the mirror—looking like a cross between an old-fashioned oil lamp and a dwarfed totem pole—is a Persian water-cooled job with a flexible stem the length of an extra-charge telephone cord.

Mr. Reagan came into possession of it in a brow-wrinkling way. He happened to be strolling down Vine Street one day and passed a pawn shop. There in the window was this contrivance. Oddly enough, the proprietor couldn't shed any light on how he had come into possession of the pipe. He couldn't remember whether is had been among some odds and ends he bought from a warehouse that was being torn down; still, when he had been in business up in the San Joaquin Valley, an occasional Hindu had been hardpressed enough to part with some priceless possession. . . . Anyway, it's a mystery.

One of the interesting facts about these old Persian heaters is that the water in the lower bulb collects the tobacco oil and juices. Women in the Far East who smoked them were in the habit of saving this witches' brew and giving it to their boy friends, who took an occasional drop as a powerful stimulant.

However, the pipe he *didn't* buy is the one with the hair-raising history. After Ronnie had selected the water-cooler, the merchant—a highly educated and intelligent man—said, "I have something interesting to show you. Perhaps you won't want it, but at least I'm certain you will be curious to see it."

It turned out to be a long, slender pipe as beautifully colored as a rare meerschaum—to indicate its ancient and prolonged usuage. *It had been made from the thigh bone of a human being.*

Like Li'l Abner, Mr. Reagan said, (Gulp) "Ah don't believe I cares fo' thet."

Collecting pipes is like catching the common cold: you never know where you'll pick up the next one. Mr. Reagan was beginning to look around for samples of good clay pipes when his Philippine house boy put in an appearance one morning with a big grin and a small parcel. He explained that he had a gift for El Senor Reagan—something that had come clear across the Pacific before Pearl Harbor.

Upon opening the package, Ronnie found himself the owner of a black clay Igorote pipe, decorated with native fruit and flower carvings. These pipes are made by journeymen pipe-makers who, by working diligently, can turn out only four a day. The pipe-maker remains in one village long enough to satisfy the local pipe demand, then moves on to the next. As these pipes are extremely fragile and break if dropped the distance of a small tobacco leaf, the piper shows up at certain seasons, as regularly as hay fever, to replace broken pipes.

One of the cutest pipes in the Reagan collection is a small English Clay dating from 1680. According to the history of the pipe, it was originally owned by a Quaker lady who believed that smoke had an important fumigatory power against the plague. At least that was her story and she inhaled it.

Other prima donnas of the collection include a magnificent meerschaum (a gift from a fan), and a good old corncob heater with a bowl the length of a Coney Island hot dog.

As for Mr. Reagan's personal habits—well, does a stamp collector use his stamps for postage?

Mr. Reagan selects a cigarette when taken with the urge to smoke. ■

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She Drives 'Em Nuts

Thirty days after being bounced out of Paramount, Margaret Hayes was back there at twice as much money for an important role in *The Glass Key*

By DRAKE HUNT

If and when she makes up her mind what she wants, Margaret Hayes is going to be somebody outstanding around the United States. Right now it's a toss-up whether she's going to be a home-grown Sarah Bernhardt or Twentieth Century-Fox's most resounding flop.

If you have an eye for the prettiest pair of legs that ever shot straight up in the air from the front seat of a transcontinental bus, you saw Margaret in some scenes of *Sullivan's Travels* that Veronica Lake didn't need.

If you have an eye for the prettiest bare back that ever had blueprints of the United States Navy drawn on it, you saw

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Margaret in some scenes of *The Lady Has Plans* that Paulette Goddard didn't need.

At both pictures your seat-neighbors, if they had any sense, whispered tensely to each other, "Who is that gal and why hasn't she more to do?"

That's what people have been whispering about Margaret for years, ever since she was Fleurette Ottenheimer in Baltimore and her father was traveling in the choice theatrical circles of that city.

That's what the New York newspaper wise guys were murmuring around the night spots a couple of seasons ago when they agreed she was the town's best bet for dramatic stardom.

That's what the student body of Yale University was thinking about when it invited her to be its collective sweetheart.

That's what the critics—professional and self-appointed—are wondering in the Brown Derby and the drug stores and drive-ins of Hollywood today.

"I have a wonderful faculty for driving people nuts," Margaret confesses. This is understatement so flagrant as to fit in the classification of downright lying.

Among the people she has driven nuts is Tallulah Bankhead. The scene was Bermuda, whither Margaret had been shipped by two magazines to impersonate a millionaire's bride for illustration purposes. The combined artists and photographers of New York had elected her Model Most Likely to Succeed and she had taken them at their word. In Bermuda she lived like a duchess and had more fun than all the island denizens put together until she met Tallulah.

"You're not a model, you dope," said the great Bankhead. "You're an actress. Stop playing around and get to work. If the producers don't think you have what it takes, tell them to phone me collect."

So Margaret switched from model to actress, which was Switch No. 66 in her short but patchworked career. The slapdash design of her life to date may have been influenced somewhat by that followed by her father, who was a gag man, magician, play doctor and radio executive who wound up selling real estate.

During vacations from Forest Park High School in Baltimore, where she had an I. Q. rating of 140, she split her time between amateur theatricals and being a high-class slavey in a department store. Halfway through school she quit to join the Emerson Cook stock company. One season of this convinced her she needed more education, so she crammed through a summer, caught up with her class and entered Johns Hopkins, one of only sixteen co-eds. She was the first girl to win membership in the college theatrical club, The Barnstormers.

Half-way through college she took another characteristic veer, this time joining a bush league stock company at Deer Lake, which is near Pottsville, Pa. Pottsville, Pa., in turn, is about as near theatrical oblivion as you can get without falling off. The pay was mostly in free tickets for her friends, so Margaret resorted again to being a department store peon.

After months of this split existence and with $50 tucked into the top of her stocking, she set out with a girl friend for a one-day excursion to New York, the object being to see how the rich and famous looked in the flesh. First stop was the Stork Club, where Margaret, instead of being a mousy little spectator, was the most stared-at customer in the joint.

Walter Winchell asked the proprietor, Sherman Billingsley, who the stunning dame was. Billingsley didn't know but found out and arranged an introduction. On her very first night in New York the po' little country girl was Winchell's guest on a tour of the town that included answering police calls in the snoop's siren-equipped automobile.

Within a week Margaret was the pet of the whole clique of columnists and critics, who doted on everything about country cousin Fleurette Ottenheimer except her name. In a council of war a dozen writers and editors, including Winchell, Leonard Lyons, Frank Farrell, Jack Diamond and Frank Young decided their new-found Pennsylvania pippin should henceforth be known as "Dana Dale." Dana Dale she became, and each of her columnist friends devoted yards of space to publicizing her under that name.

David O. Selznick listened attentively to her praises and tested her, along with the rest of the female population of the nation, for the role of *Scarlett O'Hara*. The resulting footage was so good that a contract, not for *Gone With the Wind*, was offered. The newly-christened Dana refused it in favor of a big-time New York stage engagement, which materialized almost at once.

The play didn't last, but Dana's impression on the movie talent scouts did. Five companies tested her. While waiting for the results she joined a show called *The Family*, which collapsed promptly and left her with nothing but a staggering hotel bill. Warner Brothers telephoned her one night to announce she was a movie actress as of the ensuing Monday.

On arrival in Hollywood she drove her New York friends nuts by changing her name to Margaret Hayes, nullifying all their previous efforts in her behalf. The parts she got were infuriatingly small bits in *City for Conquest* and *Tugboat Annie Sails Again*. She drove herself and her directors nuts but won some admirers in the Paramount casting office. When Warners dropped her with a resounding thud she began turning up in cheesy little tidbits at Paramount.

The Theater Guild recalled her to New York to play the second lead in Philip Barry's *Without Love*, starring Katharine Hepburn. The only people Margaret drove nuts in this episode were Philip Barry, the Theater Guild and Katharine Hepburn. When they dropped her they said it was because she bore too close a resemblance to red-headed Kate. This is slander. She is much better-looking and her legs are sensationally superior.

Thirty days after being bounced out of Paramount, Margaret Hayes, just the kind of a girl you can't forget, bounced back there at twice as much money for an important role in *The Glass Key*, with Veronica Lake.

If Veronica doesn't stand eternally between Margaret and the camera, look for those legs. Look for that back. If you're as susceptible as Jeffrey Lynn, Margaret's longtime admirer and long-suffering friend, they'll drive you nuts. ■

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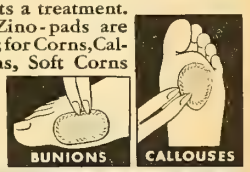

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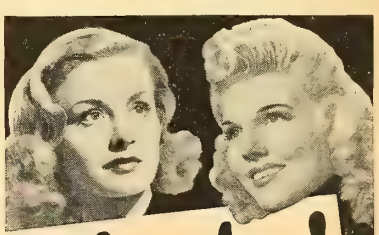

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Acting isn't Hugh Herbert's only talent. He's an expert cook and likes nothing better than to pop into the kitchens of either of his two farmhouses and whip up a meal. In Hollywood he's as famous for his spaghetti as for his screen antics. Currently he's appearing in Paramount's *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*

Hugh Herbert Dishes It Out

By BETTY CROCKER

■ Frills and fancy cookery? Not for Hugh Herbert! He is a plain dirt farmer at heart, even if he is one of the most popular of Hollywood's movie stars, and has been for an enviable number of years.

So, although we all love the unusual and consider it most important to bring variety to the household's menu, we also must have plain dishes that plain men like, and all of that brings us to Mr. Herbert's reputation as a cook.

It's no pose with him. He owns two farms, one in the valley just beyond Hollywood, and one away out in the country where his prize pigs and fine cattle are the apple of his eye. And he'll pop into either one of his kitchens and whip up a mulligan stew or a pot of Spaghetti a la Herbert in a jiffy. He had been a very busy man when we were invited over for a spaghetti dinner. With his wife, Mr. Herbert had toured sixteen Army camps—right on the heels of completing a Paramount picture, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.* But our good-humored star is always ready for an excuse to cook dinner. "Dinner" in this case was one dish—spaghetti, plus some fluffy biscuits—but how delicious! Here is the recipe for something as savory—and simple to prepare despite all the ingredients—as anyone could wish for.

SPAGHETTI A LA HERBERT

½ lb. spaghetti (3 cups uncooked)
½ cup shortening
1 large onion, finely minced
½ cup finely cut green peppers
½ lb. fresh mushrooms or 1 No. 2 can mushrooms
1 lb. top round steak, ground
2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
1 No. 2½ can tomatoes
4 tbsp. grated Parmesan cheese (if desired)
3 slices bacon, broiled

Drop the spaghetti which has been broken into one-inch pieces into 3 quarts of boiling water. Add 1 tbsp. salt. Cook until tender. Drain.

Melt shortening in a large frying pan; add onion and green pepper and cook slowly until the onion is a golden yellow. (If fresh mushrooms are used, add sliced stems at this time.) Add round steak and cook 10 minutes. Then add remainder of salt and sliced mushrooms, cooked spaghetti, sugar and tomatoes. Transfer mixture to a baking dish, sprinkle top with cheese if desired and bake. Just before serving garnish with broiled slices of bacon.

TIME—Bake 20 minutes.

TEMPERATURE—350 degrees F., moderate oven.

AMOUNT—8 generous servings.

CHEESE AND RICE SOUFFLE

3 tbsp. butter
6 tbsp. flour
1½ cups milk
Seasoning
1½ cups cooked rice
1¼ cups sharp American cheese
⅛ tsp. soda
3 eggs

Rice lends body to this souffle and prevents it from falling in if not served as soon as it comes from the oven. There is also plenty of nutriment in this recipe for Cheese and Rice Souffle.

Make a white sauce of the first four ingredients. Add diced cheese. Cook over a low fire, stirring until melted. Stir in rice. Remove from fire. Beat in egg yolks. Add soda, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into an oiled baking dish (2 quarts). Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 40 minutes.

SCRAPPLE

2 lbs. lean boneless pork
3 qts. water
2½ tsp. salt
1¼ cups corn meal (white or yellow)
⅛ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. savory and sage mixed

Cook pork in water with salt for about two hours or until very tender. Then shred the pork in small pieces and add more liquid—enough to make 1½ quarts of meat stock. Return pork to stock and bring slowly to a boil. Add the corn meal very slowly (to prevent lumping) to the boiling liquid and cook 20 minutes, stirring constantly, until it is a stiff mush.

Next, add the pepper and savory mixture, and more salt if desired. Pour into buttered pan and chill. Cut in slices ½ inch thick, roll in corn meal, and fry in butter or bacon drippings until golden brown. Serve hot with butter.

SIZE OF PAN—Two Bread Loaf Pans or 1 large Loaf Pan.

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Two Other Guys

By CONNIE CURTIS

■ A pair of elderly characters were on the theater stage broadcasting. One was tall and stooped, the other was of medium height and stooped. The tall one owned a white handlebar mustache and a high, contentious voice, while the shorter member sported a pair of lower-nose glasses, a growth of chin whiskers, and a super-deep voice. Each wore the rusty vest, creaseless trousers, string tie and antique-collared shirt, proper for a proprietor of the Jot 'Em Down Store in Pine Ridge, Arkansas.

A woman in sixth row center murmured, "I just knew *Lum* and *Abner* would look like that. Aren't they a perfect sample of crossroads bumpkins?"

At this moment the skit ended and *Lum* and *Abner* exited to the accompaniment of vociferous applause. In the wings, thirty seconds worth of metamorphosis took place. The rustic clothes, deceptively one-piece like a coverall, were unsnapped and shed, the white make-up and phony whiskers were removed in large hunks, and two streamlined, dapper young men fully clothed in slacks, shirts, four-in-hands and sports shoes, thrust themselves into sports coats and returned to the stage.

All the people said, "Ah!"

And added, "Why, they're *young!*"

Lum and *Abner* are actually two other guys! Chester Lauck and Norris Goff, better known around NBC and the R-K-O Studios, where they recently finished making a very funny picture titled *The Bashful Bachelor*, as Chet and Tuffy.

Chet is the tall, dark one and has frequently been mistaken for Clark Gable. Tuffy is the medium-sized, brown-haired one with the deep cleft in his chin. Both have blue eyes, small mustaches, and a superlative sense of humor.

This Damon and Pythias pair first joined forces in Mena, Arkansas, in 1912, when they were still members of the cat's-eye agate and mumble-ty-peg set. They were buddies through grade school, high school, and finally entered the University of Arkansas together, where both were initiated by Sigma Chi.

After a year, Chet went

When *Lum* and *Abner*, those two perfect crossroad bumpkins, shed their rural make-up, they emerge as two nice young men named Chester Lauck and Norris Goff who like nothing better than regaling Chester, Jr., and little Gretchen Goff with fancy story telling. They appear in R-K-O's *The Bashful Bachelor*

up to Chicago to study art, and Tuffy moved over to the University of Oklahoma. During a simultaneous vacation spent in Mena, Chet telephoned his pal and suggested that they drive down to Texarkana to a dance. This was a 150-mile trip, so they decided to spend the week-end.

That night, when they unpacked their grips preparatory to dressing for the hop routine, they stared at the bed—where their outfits were laid out—then sat down and howled. Although they had been separated for nearly a year and neither had discussed his clothes with the other, they had brought identical suits from different haberdashers. Not only that, but their shirts were the same style and color, their ties matched exactly, and even their shoes were alike.

To this day they find that—without consulting one another—they are likely to purchase the same general type of clothes. They went out one afternoon, separately, and each happened to see a sport coat in the window that he liked. Both made a spur-of-the-moment purchase and returned to their office with a large cardboard box under one arm. That was funny enough, but when they opened the packages to compare splurges, they found that one coat was a black and white herringbone tweed, and the other was a black and white random tweed.

Let this not give you the impression that *Lum* and *Abner* are identical twins who just happened to have been born into different families. Not at all. Each is a separate and distinct personality, but as a pair they happen to have coinciding tastes to an astonishing degree. Probably they get on so well because they are not carbon copies of one another, but supplemental editions.

They got into this *Lum* and *Abner* routine on a fluke. They were going to do a blackface act for a flood benefit over the Hot Springs station KTHS, but when they arrived, they found the program consisted entirely of blackface comedians, so they hit upon the Ozark personalities at a moment's notice, ad libbed the first show and kept up the ad libbing for months before they tied the eccentric storekeepers down to a script.

To this day, they frequently abandon a script if one of them gets an hilarious notion in the midst of a broadcast. *Lum* and *Abner* are as real to Chet and Tuffy as they are to any radio listener. Tuffy says, "You don't think about yourself *pretending* to be one of the characters, you think of yourself *imitating* something actually done. You never think of yourself as *creating* monkey business; you think about recording a stunt actually pulled in the Jot 'Em Down Store."

To keep their dialogue typical and their accents unimpaired, the boys make frequent trips down to Arkansas. (Incidentally, both of them were made official *Arkansas Travelers* by the Governor on July 15, 1941.) When one of them is gone, the other carries the program. Chet does *Lum, Grandpa Spears,* and *Cedric.* Tuffy does *Abner* and the *Squire.* Naturally, plot incidents have to be planned in advance to make the absence of one of the proprietors of the Jot 'Em Down seem natural.

In addition to absence, head colds are another hazard. Recently, Tuffy came down with sniffles and discovered on the set at R-K-O that his *Abner* voice had vanished.

Shooting had to be held up, but the radio program went on—with *Lum* carrying the burden of the story with his three healthy voices.

Now that the boys are no longer simply voices, but have materialized as bodies on the screen, there are other problems to be noted. For one thing, it requires the make-up department three hours to age the virile partners to the creased aspect of *Lum* and *Abner.*

The facial make-up is one thing, and proper wardrobe is another. But anyone who has seen the spring steel muscles and *qui vive* posture of Chet and Tuffy, is astonished at the sight of their stoop-shouldered, shuffling, pot-tummied cinema images. How do they do it?

Chet says, grinning, "In spite of myself, my shoulders slump and I slide my heels when I speak with *Lum's* voice."

Such metamorphosis is pure artistry and speaks highly of the histrionic abilities of the pair.

Other abilities include expert horsemanship (each owns several horses) and golf scores in the low eighties.

Both live in San Fernando Valley. Both are married. "About the only difference between us," Tuffy says, "is that Chet has two girls and a boy in his family, whereas I have just a girl and a boy. Funny thing, though. Chet's boy looks exactly as my son did at his age."

They agree that it would be nice if their sons would carry on the *Lum* and *Abner* tradition so that in years to come, as now, the lackadaisical Ozarkians would be just two other guys. ■

Rug-cutters Robert Stack and pretty Powers model, Gale Amber, give out in swingtime at the Florentine Gardens and the effect is strictly in the groove. Bob is in Universal's *Eagle Squadron*

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By SARA CORPENING

VICTORY FILMS ★★★★

Released through the War Activities Committee—Motion Picture Industry

■ The motion picture industry is cooperating with government agencies in producing short victory films whose purpose is to enlighten, educate and bolster the morale of the American public. So far 16 of these films have been screened, ranging from 2 to 10 minutes running time, with narration by prominent stars and covering a number of defense subjects. They demonstrate how to fight a fire bomb; they take the audience on a tour of a tank and a bomber factory; they illustrate the importance of safeguarding military information; and cover other timely and significant phases of the war effort, all presented in an entertaining fashion.

These films are playing an important and vital part for National Defense and ultimate victory. Don't miss them when they are shown at your local theater.

SABOTEUR ★★★½

Universal

■ *Saboteur,* like previous Alfred Hitchcock films, will keep you on the edge of your seat. It deftly combines all the nerve-tingling elements for which Hitchcock is famous—melodramatic situations, lurid characters, sly humor, the young couple beset by sinister forces, and a final thrilling chase which has its climax in the Statue of Liberty. Robert Cummings portrays a young worker in a defense plant who is unjustly suspected of setting fire to the plant. To prove his innocence, he travels all the way across the continent, encountering various exciting moments in a deserted ghost town, on a ranch, and in a fashionable Fifth Avenue mansion. Priscilla Lane is the young girl who first suspects him, but finally comes to believe in his innocence and helps him in capturing the real criminal. The supporting cast is excellent, especially young Norman Lloyd, late of the Broadway stage, who has the role of the real saboteur.

IN THIS OUR LIFE ★★★½

Warner Brothers

■ Again Bette Davis stars in an unsympathetic role. She is *Stanley Timberlake,* an unscrupulous girl who lies, cheats and steals in order to gain her ends. The scene is Richmond and the picture is adapted from the popular novel by Ellen Glasgow.

On the eve of her wedding to *Craig* (George Brent) she elopes with *Peter* (Dennis Morgan), the husband of her sister *Roy* (Olivia de Havilland). When *Peter* later kills himself in remorse over his wrecked life, *Stanley* returns to Richmond and manages to reinstate herself in her family circle. Later she kills a child in a wild automobile ride and accuses young *Parry,* a negro boy. Only *Roy's* faith in the colored boy saves him and brings order into the chaos which her sister has wrought.

Miss de Havilland, as the sister, gives an eloquent, restrained performance, and Charles Coburn and Frank Craven are excellent in their roles. Watch for the brief scene in which Walter Huston appears as a barkeep as a good luck token for his son, director John Huston.

TORTILLA FLAT ★★★½

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ John Steinbeck's stories of the indolent, irresponsible *paisanos* of northern California have been woven into a tender, sincere film. The *paisanos,* descendants of early Spanish settlers, have a horror for work or order of any kind. While they have wine and song they are happy. When *Danny* (John Garfield) becomes a man of property by inheriting two houses and a gold watch, complications begin. His friends impose on his generosity by pawning his watch for wine, and in the following celebration one of his houses burns. The friends unconcernedly move into the other. The appearance of a beautiful Portuguese girl (Hedy Lamarr) on the scene almost wrecks the complacent lives of the friends for *Danny* falls in love and contemplates a job and marriage. The friends, led by scheming Spencer Tracy, try to break up the romance, but a gentle religious zealot helps bring happiness to all.

Tracy manages to make even the scheming friend lovable, while Frank Morgan very nearly walks away with the picture.

MOONTIDE ★★★

Twentieth Century-Fox

■ This is the film which introduces the French actor, Jean Gabin, to American audiences. His is an earthy, vigorous charm which movie-goers will like. Gabin has been called "the Spencer Tracy of France." The story is adopted from Willard Robertson's best-selling novel, and Gabin portrays a dock worker whose chief interest in life is getting drunk. He rescues a hash-house waitress (Ida Lupino) from attempted suicide and from that moment on he mends his ways. Thomas Mitchell, as a scheming blackmailer, almost destroys the ensuing romance before he is killed. Both Miss Lupino and Mr. Mitchell are excellent.

SHIP AHOY ★★½

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ *Ship Ahoy* is loaded with star names who give clever performances, but the story is hopelessly weak. Red Skelton strains painfully in his role as both comic and romantic lead—too big an order for even his versatile talents. Eleanor Powell's dancing numbers are a bright light, and Tommy Dorsey's orchestra furnishes some swell musical numbers. The story is a spy yarn which moves slowly.

Bert Lahr's antics are perhaps the best feature of the film.

[*Continued on page* 70]

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MY GAL SAL ★★½

Twentieth Century-Fox

Most commendable feature of *My Gal Sal* is the fact that it offers Rita Hayworth in technicolor. The story is based on the life of Paul Dresser, the song writer. Victor Mature has the role of the talented young composer who runs away from home to pursue a musical career rather than study for the ministry. Carole Landis appears briefly as a medicine show entertainer.

Miss Hayworth sings and dances effectively, and old-timers will enjoy the rendition of the old favorites, "My Gal Sal" and "On the Banks of the Wabash," two of Dresser's best loved tunes.

THE WIFE TAKES A FLYER ★★½

Columbia

This is another in the series of recent comedies which spoof the Nazis. The foreword blandly states: "Any resemblance to any Nazi character is intentional and not coincidental." Franchot Tone plays a downed pilot in Holland who hides in a Dutch household. To Nazi officer Allyn Joslyn, Joan Bennett passes him off as her mentally unbalanced husband. Many hilarious episodes result. Joslyn walks away with the acting honors.

THE SPOILERS ★★½

Universal

The Spoilers offers you a fight to end all fights. John Wayne and Randolph Scott trade punches for over a reel, in which they demolish a saloon, innumerable chairs and tables, and reduce each other to pulp. The fight is brought on over the claim-jumping of Scott, who tries to walk away with Wayne's gold mine and gal (Marlene Dietrich). Miss Dietrich was never lovelier than she is as *Cherry Malotte*, barroom queen. Harry Carey plays Wayne's partner.

JUKE GIRL ★★½

Warner Brothers

The Florida tomato country is the background of *Juke Girl*. Ronald Reagan and Richard Whorf are a couple of down and out hitch-hikers who wander into it and get themselves mixed up in the battle that is raging between the farmers and packers over wages. They encounter Ann Sheridan, who is a hostess in a juke joint—a cheap saloon in which music is furnished by a coin dropped into a machine. She falls for Reagan and in so doing gets herself fired from her job. Reagan, who has taken sides with the farmers, almost gets himself lynched before justice triumphs. Ann Sheridan acquits herself well in her role, as does Reagan. George Tobias, as a Greek farmer, gives his usual excellent performance.

THIS GUN FOR HIRE ★★½

Paramount

Alan Ladd scores heavily in his second important picture. As a hardened gangster who comes to see the error of his ways, he is convincing and sincere. The excellent cast throughout keeps *This Gun for Hire* from falling into the usual run of gangster films. Among the players are Laird Cregar, Veronica Lake and Robert Preston.

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 69*]

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (R-K-O) Cast: *Walter Huston, James Craig, Anne Shirley.* Although many liberties have been taken with Stephen Vincent Benet's Faustian fantasy, *The Devil and Daniel Webster* (including a change of title), it emerges as a striking film. Walter Huston is magnificent.

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall.* The picturization of the popular book was voted the best film of 1941. See it for the unforgettable performance of young Roddy McDowall.

SUSPICION (R-K-O) Cast: *Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nigel Bruce.* Compelling film in which Hitchcock again proves himself the superb master of direction and production. Miss Fontaine, as the young wife who suspects that her husband plans to murder her, won 1941's *Oscar* as the year's best actress.

TARGET FOR TONIGHT (War Documentary) In a simple, unpretentious little short, the story of the heroic fighters who drop bombs on Germany is told in straightforward, engrossing fashion. There are no women or professional actors in the film.

THE GOLD RUSH (United Artists) Charlie Chaplin has reissued his great epic and added narration and musical scoring. Film fare at its best. Take the whole family.

THE LITTLE FOXES (R-K-O) Cast: *Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Richard Carlson.* An even finer film than the magnificent stage play from which it was adapted.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE (United Artists) Cast: *Carole Lombard, Jack Benny.* A subtle satire on the Nazis, which kids them wholeheartedly. Carole's last film is a fitting tribute to her memory.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR (M-G-M) Cast: *Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy.* Loaded with laughter. It's a new twist to the old story of the battle of the sexes, with Hepburn and Tracy giving sparkling performances. Katy's satire of a brilliant woman columnist is brittle and beautiful. Men will love the scene at the ball park where Tracy patiently tries to explain the game to Miss Hepburn.

★★★½

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ. (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Young, Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey.* For the first time in his career, Robert Young has an opportunity to show he is a truly good actor. Adapted from the popular novel by John P. Marquand.

JOE SMITH, AMERICAN (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Young, Marsha Hunt, Darryl Hickman.* Don't miss this exceptionally good film, the simple story of an average American and how he proved he could take it, when the time came.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Zorina, Victor Moore.* Comedy, alluring girls, Irving Berlin tunes, Technicolor, plus Bob Hope's comic antics make this swell entertainment for the whole family.

MY FAVORITE BLONDE (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Madeleine Carroll.* This is an hilarious tale of a second-rate vaudevillian en route to Hollywood who gets involved with a beautiful blonde eluding the clutches of Nazi agents. Hope at his best.

★★★

BALL OF FIRE (R-K-O) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck.* About an unworldly professor (Cooper) who goes out seeking first-hand information on modern slang to include in his encyclopedia. He meets *Sugarpuss O'Shea* (Stanwyck), a nightclub entertainer, who increases not only his vocabulary but his heartbeats.

BEDTIME STORY (Columbia) Cast: *Loretta Young, Fredric March, Robert Benchley.* Dizzy farce with good acting by the principals. Nice for the evening you're in the mood for light entertainment.

I WAKE UP SCREAMING (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Carole Landis, Laird Cregar.* A better-than-average "whodunit" because of the capable actors in the leading roles. (Reviewed under the former title, *Hot Spot.*)

JOHNNY EAGER (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Taylor, Lana Turner.* A romantic gangster film with Taylor as a bad boy who reforms when true love comes along in the person of Lana Turner.

JUNGLE BOOK (United Artists) Cast: *Sabu, Rosemary de Camp.* From Kipling's story of the boy who strayed into the jungle and was brought up by animals. Beautiful technical jungle shots. Children will love it.

KINGS ROW (Warners) Cast: *Robert Cummings, Betty Field, Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan, Nancy Coleman.* A gloomy adaptation of the popular best-seller. If you like psychiatric studies, you'll enjoy this. Otherwise, you may find it pretty depressing.

REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Cast: *Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard, John Wayne.* With its excellent cast, brilliant technicolor and fast-moving story, you won't want to miss De Mille's latest production. Complete with hurricane, shipwreck, an underseas fight and a gala ball.

RIO RITA (M-G-M) Cast: *Abbott and Costello, Kathryn Grayson, John Carroll.* Those funnymen are loose again and run riot through a rather weak story, uncorking new and better gags. Very entertaining.

SHANGHAI GESTURE (United Artists) Cast: *Gene Tierney, Victor Mature, Ona Munson.* The famous stage play suffers in its transposition to the screen. Muddled and confusing, but you'll want to see it because of the splendid cast.

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (Paramount) Cast: *Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake.* Again Preston Sturges goes against many of the accepted rules to produce an excellent, refreshing picture. Joel McCrea portrays a Hollywood director anxious to produce an epic of hard times, who goes out as a hobo looking for trouble. He finds plenty of it in the person of Veronica

SUNDAY PUNCH (M-G-M) Cast: *Dan Dailey, Jr., William Lundigan, Jean Rogers, Guy Kibbee.* Run-of-the-mill prize fighter film. Dan Dailey, Jr., is effective as a dumb Swede who turns fighter to win the girl he loves.

SYNCOPATION (R-K-O-Radio) Cast: *Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville.* Good entertainment for those who like lots of music with their films.

THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY (M-G-M) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Donna Reed.* The latest chapter in the *Hardy* saga is the most appealing yet. Throughout there is the endearing warmth of the *Hardy* family and their typical life in a small American town.

THE GREAT MAN'S LADY (Paramount) Cast: *Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Brian Donlevy.* A century of American progress is portrayed through the life of a woman who helped to make it great. The background swings from Philadelphia in the 1800's to the raw West. A moving performance by Barbara Stanwyck.

THE INVADERS (United Artists) Cast: *Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier, Raymond Massey.* The gripping story of a German U-Boat crew marooned at Hudson Bay and their attempted escape from enemy soil. Filmed in Canada, it is a savage commentary on German ideology.

THE MALE ANIMAL (Warners) Cast: *Henry Fonda, Olivia de Havilland.* Screen adaptation of the stage play. Story of a college professor who risks his job and his wife to make a stand for academic freedom.

THE TUTTLES OF TAHITI (R-K-O) Cast: *Charles Laughton, Jon Hall, Peggy Drake.* Against a lush South Sea Island background is told the tale of a Tahitian family fathered by Laughton, who didn't know how to make money but always managed to have fun. Light, amusing escapist fare.

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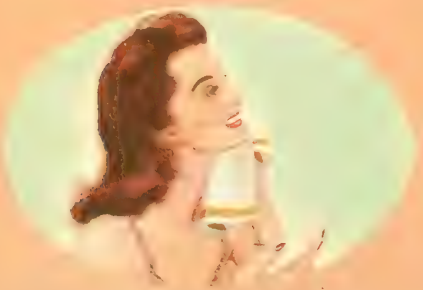

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By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for $18.75. It is worth $25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare $18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

★ *Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!*

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort towards helping win the War.

Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

a radiant smile turns heads, wins hearts!

Let your smile open doors to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

HEADS UP, plain girl, and smile! Beauty isn't the only talisman to success. You can take the spotlight—you can win phone calls and dates—romance can be yours if *your smile is right!*

So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Not a timid smile, self-conscious and shy—but a big heart-warming smile that brightens your face like sunshine.

If you want a winning smile like that —sparkling teeth you're proud to show—remember this important fact: *your gums should retain their healthy firmness.*

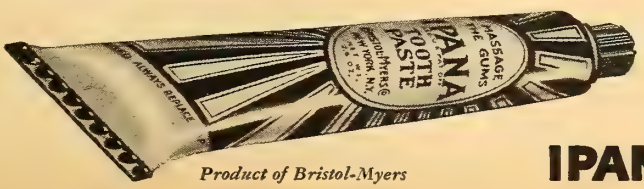
"Pink Tooth Brush"— a Warning Signal

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist right away!*

He may simply tell you that your gums have become tender and spongy, robbed of natural exercise, by our modern, creamy foods. And if, like thousands of other modern dentists, he suggests the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—be guided by his advice!

For Ipana not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, is designed to help the health of your gums. Just massage a little Ipana on your gums each time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue, helping your gums to new firmness.

Start today the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage. With Ipana Tooth Paste and massage, help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, *your smile more sparkling.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The theatre is now the junction of the Crossroads to Pleasure and Duty.

★ ★ ★ ★

For, with bonds and stamps on sale in all lobbies, you can buy your two tickets—one to Joy, one to Victory.

★ ★ ★ ★

The word "crossroads" throws us into a paragraph or two about Jack Conway. "Crossroads" is this sure-fire director's latest film.

It stars WILLIAM POWELL

and HEDY LAMARR no less.

But more about them anon.

Meanwhile back to JACK CONWAY

Possessing the charm of a music-box and the gallantry of a Walter Raleigh, our hero Conway has worked side by side with this leonine columnist for many years.

★ ★ ★ ★

He has been an M-G-M standby, having directed "Honky Tonk", "Boom Town", "A Yank at Oxford", "Viva Villa" and a whole card-index of hits.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Crossroads" is his latest. And his most different. But it is the same in one sense. It is a hit. ★ ★ ★ ★

William Powell gives a dramatic performance that provides a complete change of pace from his equally brilliant comedy-ness. It is something to see.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Hedy Lamarr is something to see, too. We don't know about you, but Hedy gets *us*. And if she doesn't get you, there are a lot more like us than like you. ★ ★ ★ ★

"Crossroads" is ably abetted by Claire Trevor, Basil Rathbone and Margaret Wycherly. John Kafka and Howard Emmett Rogers wrote the original story; Guy Trosper, the screen play. Edwin Knopf produced.

★ ★ ★ ★

An incident to the drama is a song by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, entitled "Til You Return". It's hum but not drum.

—*Leo*

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

DOES THIS MAN BEAR THE MARK OF MURDER?

WHY IS HE KNOWN AS "THE MAN WHO LIVED TWICE?"

WILLIAM

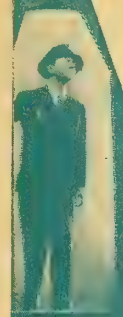
POWELL

in his first dramatic role in years

HEDY

LAMARR

fascinating beauty who fights the shadows that haunt their love!



CROSSROADS

"where women wait to seal your fate"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with

CLAIRE TREVOR • BASIL RATHBONE • MARGARET WYCHERLY

Original Story by John Katka and Howard Emmett Rogers
Screen Play by Guy Trosper
Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by EDWIN KNOPF
Featuring the new Dietz-Schwartz song hit: "Til You Return"

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ They were shooting a tricky scene for *I Married a Witch* over at Paramount. Fredric March and Susan Hayward were about to be joined in holy matrimony. A stringed orchestra in the background strikes up. Veronica Lake suddenly appears in the doorway at the opposite end of the wedding chapel. She's the witch who has come to interrupt the proceedings. With her entrance, they turn on half a dozen big wind machines. Women shriek. Hats and flowers hurtle through the air. The wind gets stronger. Susan faints, sinks to the floor, her veil swirling about her. But something happens which definitely was not planned. Susan's skirt blows right up over her head. "Stop the camera. And *don't* print that one," was the order.

■ There's a ceiling on a lot of things these days but there's no ceiling on Japs in Hollywood. For years the Hays office censors have fought to minimize killing on the screen, limiting scenarists to no more than five deaths per picture. But since Pearl Harbor, the censors have been letting the film studios get away with murder—in wholesale lots. Humphrey Bogart alone wipes out 122 Japs in one of many pictures based on the war.

■ After wrestling with six-foot-four Gary Cooper for a sequence in *Pride of the Yankees*, five-foot-one Teresa Wright said: "Next time, if it's all right with Sam Goldwyn, I'd prefer to wrestle a tiger. What was just a gentle pat to him gave me black and blue marks."

Arleen Whelan, one of the Victory Caravan beauties, was snapped in her dressing room as she prepared for a performance. Arleen was one of the many Hollywood personlities who toured 8,000 miles to raise funds for Army-Navy relief in the biggest show ever assembled

■ Rosalind Russell has more of a personal stake in the war than anyone else in Hollywood. Her brother, George, is an army private. Another brother, Frank, has been in the Army for a year and a half. Another brother, Charles, is expected to join the Navy any day. And husband Freddie Brisson leaves Hollywood to join the air force soon.

■ Max Reinhardt, Jr., and pint-sized Carl Laemmle, Jr., both in the Army, were asked to volunteer for a parachute squadron. Reinhardt volunteered, but Laemmle hesitated. "What's the matter?" said Reinhardt. "I'm too light," moaned Laemmle. "I'd jump out of a plane, open my parachute and never come down."

■ Sidney Miller, who is particularly well known for his imitation of George Jessel, was sitting in a secluded corner of the Mocambo the other night with a very young but beautiful girl. Mickey Rooney walked into the cafe, saw his pal and the youthful date and cracked, "Get a load of Miller—still imitating Jessel."

■ Guy Kibbee, just back from a fishing trip, is telling this one on himself. Seems he caught the limit of bass and beamed as a youngster asked permission to take a photograph. Kibbee stepped up with his catch and a big grin. "Don't need you, mister," said the kid, "just arrange 'em there on that rock and stand out o camera range."

■ At a party the other night the conversation drifted around to Charles Boyer's unsuccessful attempt to crash movietown ten years ago. Someone said it must have been because he'd just come over from France and spoke very little English. Edmund Goulding, the director, disagreed. He said: "A kiss has no accent. When an actor can make love like Charles Boyer, he doesn't have to talk. It helps—but it isn't necessary."

■ John Boles' daughter is not going to follow in the theatrical footsteps of her famous father. At least not if John has anything to do with it. Universal studio offered 14-year-old Janet Boles a role in *Love and Kisses—Caroline*. But John said, "One actor in the family is enough."

■ During her first visit to China, Anna May Wong was a guest one day of a great Chinese artist famous for his collection of Chinese art treasures. After Miss Wong and the other guests admired the collection, he took them to another room to see what Anna thought was the treasure of all treasures—a vase of pigeon blood porcelain. The guests all admired the vase. But it seems that wasn't what the artist took them into the room to see. His real treasure was a piece of linoleum he had received from the United States!

■ The audience howled for apparently no reason at all during the opening scenes of a second feature on a double bill

[*Continued on page* 8]

Alan Ladd let the cat out of the bag when he announced that he and Sue Carol, former screen star, were wed. Alan and Sue, now his agent, had eloped to Calexico last March. Alan will be seen next in Paramount's *The Glass Key*

Strictly in the corn was Jane Withers' barndance-hayride party celebrating her 16th birthday. Here's Joe Brown and charming partner as he wound up his prize-winning turkey trot. Joe's in 20th's *Ten Gentlemen From West Point*

A MITCHELL LEISEN PRODUCTION

CECIL KELLAWAY • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN • Screen Play by Claude Binyon

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

A couple of 'gators on the loose are Virginia Weidler and Larry Nunn, shown knocking themselves out in the jitterbug contest at Jane Withers' barndance party. P. S.—they won. Virginia's appearing in M-G-M's *Once Upon a Thursday*

in a Los Angeles theater. The theater manager finally figured it out. In the first picture character actor Halliwell Hobbs was shown as master of a palatial home. In the second picture, Hobbs appeared as a butler in the very same mansion. It's one argument for keeping an actor typed.

■ Joan Davis' story of how she once was billed in vaudeville as "Josephine Davis-Midget" when she was seven, in an attempt to escape the New York child labor law is a classic. "My mother," she says, "bought me a pair of spike heeled shoes and made me all up with paint and powder. Then she rehearsed me to talk in a deep midget voice way down in my boots. Everything went all right until we got out of a taxi in front of the theater. As we walked in the high heels kept turning over on me and I kept falling down. Ma and Pa just stood there and howled. They thought it was so funny. But the manager of the theater, who stood watching us, didn't think it was so funny. He booted all of us out. He knew I was no midget when he saw my Munsing underwear."

■ Airplanes thundering over Hollywood have spoiled the sound recording of many outdoor motion picture scenes. But the quick-thinking comedian, Lou Costello, ad libbed them into a scene for *Pardon My Sarong*. As the planes roared over the set, Costello looked up, turned to Bud Abbott and said, "I'll bet those babies are headed for Tokio." The line remained in the picture.

■ The old gag about the guy who puts holes in Swiss cheese came true in Hollywood the other day. For a scene in Sonja Henie's *Iceland*, a barroom set required several dozen Swiss cheeses. Instead of buying expensive Swiss cheese, the studio purchased the cheapest American brand they could find—and had the prop man put some holes in it.

■ Talking about the novel effects she's getting in refurnishing her apartment, Lynn Bari said: "Half of the apartment is early American and the other half Late Bari."

■ A theater owner was complaining to Jerome Cowan about the number of mice in his theater. "Take that popcorn machine out of the lobby," Cowan suggested, "it attracts them."

"Don't be silly," said the theater manager, "last month I made $75 on my pictures and $125 on my popcorn."

■ Ever since M-G-M announced a screen version of the sultry play, *White Cargo*, I've been wondering how the script ever passed the Hays office censors. Today I learned the reason. Although she will have the character name of *Tondeleyo*, Hedy Lamarr will not be a native girl. To get the script past the censors, the studio was forced to cast her as a white woman who poses as a native girl, but who reveals her identity in the final reel.

[*Continued on page* 10]

Janie's a grown-up girl now. Young Miss Withers has turned out to be a regular glamour dish complete with orchids, earrings and pompadour. Here she is shown on her first unchaperoned date at a nightclub with boyfriend, A. C. Lyles, Jr. Appropriately enough, Jane's in 20th Century-Fox's new film, *Not for Children*

GARY COOPER AS "SERGEANT YORK"

WARNER BROS.' SUPREME SUCCESS

with WALTER BRENNAN

JOAN LESLIE

A HOWARD HAWKS PROD'N

GEORGE TOBIAS • STANLEY RIDGES

Original Screen Play by Abem Finkel & Harry Chandlee and Howard Koch & John Huston • Music by Max Steiner

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY and HAL B. WALLIS

BUY BONDS! ☆ BUY STAMPS! ☆ AT YOUR THEATRE!

You can't afford to miss it... you *can* afford to see it now!

FOR THE FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES

Returned by Demand after One Whole Year of Acclaim!

■ There's always something new in Hollywood and this month it was Andy Devine—dancer. Yep, the big burly comedian is taking tap dancing lessons for a role in a new film. "I hope," says Andy, "they don't mistake my scenes for the dance of the elephant in *Fantasia*."

■ Sonja Henie's studio bosses have vetoed the star's plan to hire a phonetics teacher. They're afraid she might lose what little accent she has left. They say her accent is part of her charm on the screen.

■ Otto Kruger says that there was more truth than error in the typographical error in an Eastern society column which had him "residing" instead of "presiding" at a banquet table. There were 15 after-dinner speakers.

■ Here's a story Jack Benny is telling on himself. The other night he was listening to Fred Allen's program while driving along in his automobile. Suddenly a motorcycle officer ordered him to the curb and started to write out a speeding ticket. But when the cop recognized Benny, and saw that Benny was listening to Fred Allen, the cop put back his book and took his foot off the running board. "Brother," said the cop, glancing toward the car radio, "you've got trouble enough."

Mickey Rooney keeps 'em buying. A complete sell-out is the record for his day at the Los Angeles Victory House. Mickey autographed war stamp albums until he had writer's cramp. He's now appearing in M-G-M's *A Yank at Eton*

■ Victor McLaglen still receives great stacks of fan mail from exfighters who want to know how they can re-condition for the ring. Vic calls 'em his "Letters From The Glove-Lorn."

■ It always happens in Hollywood. All that Cesar Romero knows about a piano is that it has keys. But now, for the third time, he's playing a famous pianist on the screen. At the moment he's the maestro of the ivories in Glenn Miller's band in *Orchestra Wife*. In *Happy Landing*, he banged the keys to Ethel Merman's singing, and in *Wife, Husband and Friend* he played a concert pianist. "If I'm not careful," says Romero, "I'll wind up playing the title role in the life of Paderewski."

■ Unfilmed drama: Jane Withers washing empty coffee jugs every Saturday as part of her share in war work at AWVS headquarters in Hollywood.

■ A friend told Lloyd Nolan about it in a letter from Rio. Movie theaters there are completely darkened during the showing of pictures. And they ring a bell one minute before the picture ends to warn romantic couples that the lights are about to be turned on.

■ Censors are about to crack down again on drinking in motion pictures. A survey shows that out of 114 current films, there are 250 drinking scenes. Everytime a scenarist can't figure out something for his characters to say, it seems, he has them reaching for a drink.

■ One of the biggest laughs at Stan Laurel's rambling ranchero in the San Fernando valley is a near life-size statue of the comedian in knight's armor blowing a horn. The horn is actually a radio loud speaker which can be heard for blocks around.

■ It's a "new" Max Baer at work in Hollywood again as an actor. All traces of the undependable, hard-to-handle champ who worked at M-G-M nine years ago are gone. Max says he's in earnest about a film career this time and swears that his reformation is on the level. Max doesn't even play the role of a fighter in his first picture. He's cast as a comedian.

■ You've all heard the currently popular song, "It's a K. O. for Tokio." But here's something you haven't heard.

[*Continued on page* 12]

It's love in Norma Shearer's eyes when handsome skiing instructor, Martin Arrouge, is about. It's rumored that they will wed soon. Here they are shown nightspotting with Mrs. Charles Feldman. Norma is appearing in M-G-M's *Her Cardboard Lover*

Strike up the band!
Swing into line!
ROMANCE IS
ON THE MARCH!

Rousing successor to "TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI!" Action! Thrills! With a climax that will make you stand up and cheer!

GEORGE MONTGOMERY · MAUREEN O'HARA · JOHN SUTTON

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT

with

LAIRD CREGAR • John Shepperd • Victor Francen

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

A 20TH CENTURY-FOX TRIUMPH

ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN THIS STIRRING PICTURE IS COMING!

SLACKS at the war plant, slacks at home, slacks indoors and out. A streamlined age calls for streamlined costumes—and a logical part of this streamlining is *Tampax*, sanitary protection worn internally. Being worn in this way, it cannot cause any bulk or bulge whatever. It simply *cannot!* Furthermore, you can wear Tampax undetected under a modern swim suit—on the beach, under a shower or while actually swimming.

Tampax is quick, dainty and modern. Perfected by a doctor. Worn by many nurses. Requires no belts, pins or sanitary deodorant. Causes no chafing, no odor. Easy disposal. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, and it comes to you in neat applicators, so that your hands need never touch the Tampax!

Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. (Super gives about 50% additional absorbency.) At drug stores or notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Bargain Economy Package lasts 4 months average. Don't wait. Buy Tampax now! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Mary Brian is back in Hollywood. The lovely actress left the screen for the stage, but has now returned to appear in Hal Roach's *Calaboose*. Here she is shown making merry with Evelyn Ankers, Dick Simmons and Jimmie Busch. Evelyn is currently appearing in Universal's *Sherlock Holmes Saves London*

Laraine Day looks radiant after the wedding ceremony in which she became wife to beaming Ray Hendricks, civilian flight instructor of Phoenix, Arizona

The words to the song were written by Barbara Stanwyck's chauffeur, LeRoy Redman. And Redman is donating all his royalties to the U.S.O.

■ For a scene in a new movie, a film company needed ten dozen Japanese Army helmets. A prop man was sent to the prop department to get the helmets. But there were none on the shelves. The prop man returned to the set and explained to the director that the Japanese Army helmets had been loaned to the studio's air raid wardens.

■ Jimmy Rogers, young son of the famous Will, is working as an actor in Hollywood these days but he isn't too certain about following a film career. Someone asked him if he planned to sell his Northern California ranch now that he's turned to greasepaint. "No, sir," he drawled, "I figure cows aren't as fickle as movie fans."

■ Jack Benny refused top billing for his latest picture, *George Washington Slept Here*. He explained: "If the billing came out 'George Washington Slept Here

THE NAZIS SAY . . .

"The United States will fall into our laps like a ripe apple!"—Joseph Goebbels, Nazi Propaganda Minister.

AMERICANS SAY . . .

. . . Buy War Bonds and Stamps and make the Axis eat its words!

with Jack Benny,' Fred Allen will say, 'I always knew he and Washington were about the same age.' "

■ Judy Canova is the winner in Hollywood's fountain of youth derby. As you know, Ginger Rogers plays a 13-year-old in *The Major and the Minor*—Joan Fontaine a 14-year-old in *The Constant Nymph* and Diana Barrymore a 12-year-old in *Love and Kisses—Caroline.* But Judy tops them all. For a scene in *Lazybones* the comedienne, with the aid of trick photography, will play TEN-YEAR-OLD-TRIPLETS.

■ At the Mocambo the other night, Director Norman McLeod spotted a couple of army privates sitting at a nearby table and decided to buy them a drink. He told a waiter to take their order and to give him the check. A few minutes later the waiter returned to McLeod's table and said, "Sorry, sir, but the soldiers asked me to buy *you* a drink." Then the waiter showed McLeod a $50 tip he'd just received from one of the soldiers. The soldier was T. Suffern Taylor, a New York millionaire.

■ Asked whom he considered the most glamorous girl in Hollywood, Robert Stack refused to put his neck out by naming only one. "I'd say Lana Turner, Vivien Leigh and Margaret Sullavan."

[*Continued on page* 14]

Looking happy and very much in love, Franchot Tone and his lovely blonde wife, Jean Wallace, are shown dancing at a nightclub opening. Franchot's in Columbia's *The Wife Takes a Flyer*

Picture of a Wallflower in the Making!

Men seldom dance twice with the girl who forgets that Mum guards charm!

LOVELY Amy and dashing Bob dance charmingly together. But when this waltz is over, who will blame him if he doesn't ask for an encore?

Prettiness and grace, a sparkling personality, *help* to make a girl popular. But they can't hold a man when underarms need Mum.

Amy would be horrified if you told her her fault. Didn't she bathe just this evening? But that refreshing bath only took away *past* perspiration . . . it can't prevent risk of future underarm odor. The more fun, the more exciting an evening is . . . the more a girl needs Mum.

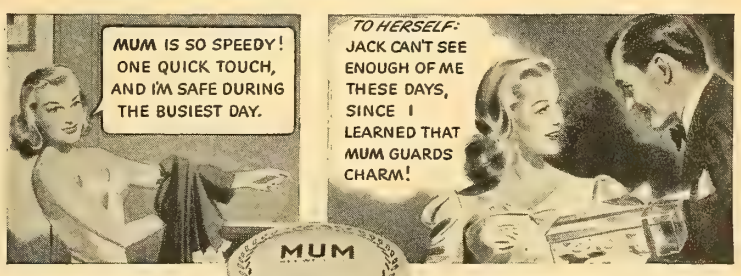
Mum safeguards your charm—keeps previous daintiness from fading. Mum prevents underarm odor for a whole day or evening! Make Mum a *daily* habit.

FOR INSTANT SPEED—Only thirty seconds to smooth on creamy, fragrant Mum.

FOR PEACE OF MIND—Mum won't hurt fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Mum won't irritate sensitive skin.

FOR LASTING CHARM—Mum keeps you safe from underarm odor, keeps you bath-sweet—helps you stay popular!

SAFEGUARD YOUR CHARM. MAKE MUM A DAILY RULE!



For Sanitary Napkins
Gentle, safe Mum is first choice with thousands of women for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too!

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Keep Faith with Them

Join the work of the Navy Relief Society and BACK UP THE NAVY'S FIGHTING MEN!

TO HELP THE NAVY MAN and his dependents, his widow, his orphaned child, his mother and other dependent members of his family, is the purpose of the Navy Relief Society. Now, with the risks of war, and a greatly expanded Navy, with a larger Marine Corps and the inclusion of the Coast Guard Welfare, the Society needs *your* help.

No amount is too small. None too large. Every contribution will help to free from worry more than 500,000 men in our Navy, Marine and Coast Guard* Services.

through Coast Guard Welfare

President Roosevelt says . . .

"There is nothing finer than to build up this fund for the Navy Relief Society. I urge you to do your utmost, and do it now!"

CLIP ENROLLMENT COUPON, below, and send it to the Navy Relief Society. Give all you can—and give today!

Checks should be made payable to Navy Relief Society and sent to National Citizens' Committee, 730 Fifth Ave., New York City.

I want to help the Navy men and their families. Enclosed please find my contribution of $____.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

■ Joan Crawford's pet story about herself is the time she hastily scrawled her name on an autograph book proffered by a girl outside a movie theater. The girl looked at the autograph, displayed disappointment and remarked, "Oh, I thought you were Joan Crawford."

■ Neatest trick of the month: Jerry Colonna playing a trombone and smoking a cigarette simultaneously for a scene in *Priorities of 1942*.

■ Willie is back in Jean Parker's life. Up until two years ago, Jean received a letter every week from a fan in Miami, Florida. The letters were just signed "Willie." Other day the actress received another letter from Willie. "Sorry I've neglected writing you for the last two years," the letter read, "but I've been in jail."

■ Jack Benny is going to don a white wig again but it isn't for another female impersonation. For a scene in his new picture, *George Washington Slept Here*, Benny will have a dream in which he sees himself as our first president.

■ Oddity of the month: For several years a stage actress named Helga Moray has been wanting to get into the movies but her husband, director Tay Garnett, always talked her out of a screen career. Several weeks ago the couple separated. Once again Miss Moray decided she'd take a try at the movies. This time she was successful. She'll have an important role in a forthcoming picture titled, *Three Sheets to the Wind*. And here's the topper: The man who gave her the job is Tay Garnett, her estranged husband.

■ Fashion tip: When Barbara Stanwyck likes a sport coat, she copies it as many as six times in different colors and fabrics.

■ How a movie glamour girl helped the FBI obtain a photograph of a high ranking Japanese army official is one of the best stories I've ever heard. It happened several years ago but this is the first time I've been permitted to tell the story. Four years ago the Jap army official visited Hollywood and made a tour of the studios. Before he arrived, the FBI went to one of the studios and said they'd like to have a good photograph of the Jap without arousing his suspicions. A studio press agent was assigned the job of escorting the Jap around the lot—and getting the photograph.

At first the Jap refused to pose for any pictures. Then the press agent decided to flatter him by saying the studio's No. 1 glamour girl desired a photograph with him. The Jap couldn't resist. He posed with the glamour girl, and the shutters clicked. One print of the picture went to the Jap—and another went to the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

[*Continued on page* 17]

Allan Jones grins triumphantly at his pretty wife, Irene Hervey, after a hot and heavy tennis match. Allan's current film is Paramount's *True to the Army*

The Feminine Touch

Joan Fontaine looks cool in a floral print of green and yellow with the new draped front. She's in Warners' *The Constant Nymph.* Center: Frances Gifford's tricky hat and bag set is of mustard felt trimmed with wooden beads. She's in Paramount's *American Empire.* Bottom: Arline Judge looks romantic in a black crepe dinner dress with lace bodice

Don't just Dream of Loveliness— go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

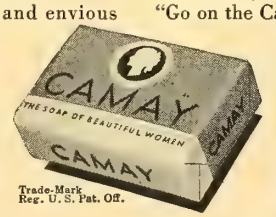
This lovely bride *is Mrs. James H. McClure, of Chicago, Ill., who says: "I'm really grateful for the way the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped my skin look so lovely!"*

Try this exciting beauty treatment—it's based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

DON'T waste time idly envying the woman whose skin is lovely! With a little time—and the right care—you too, can garner compliments and envious glances! Now—tonight—put your complexion on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

This exciting idea in beauty care can arouse the sleeping beauty in your skin. For, like so many women, you may be blissfully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

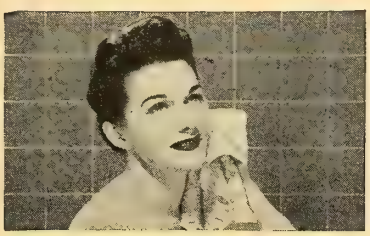
Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is actually *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"



Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Set aside 30 days in which to give it a fair test. The very first treatment will leave your skin feeling fresh and glowing. In the days to come, your mirror may reveal an enchanting, exciting new loveliness.

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up.

"A Canary's song picks you up with a thrill!"

DOLORES DEL RIO starring in the Mercury-RKO Production "JOURNEY INTO FEAR"

A Canary's joyous song is a tonic that picks you up with a thrill. Cares and worries seem to vanish as you hear his golden voice and watch his merry antics.

Remember, a Canary is the *only pet that sings*... and his cost to keep will not even dent your budget. "Adopt" a Canary...the favorite pet of Hollywood stars!

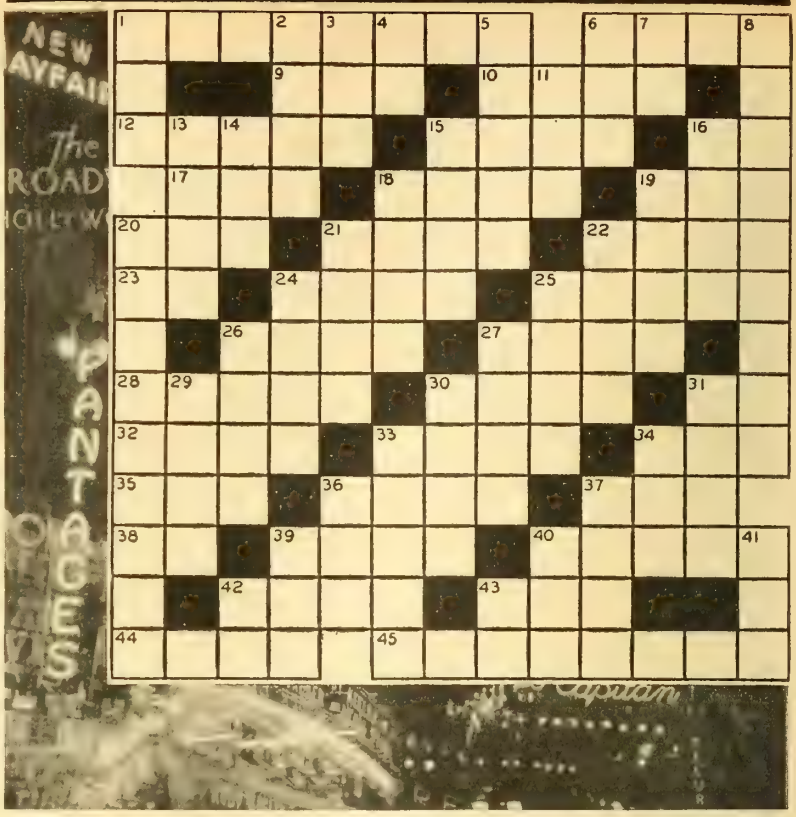
Send for FREE 76-page illustrated book on Canaries. Just mail your name and address, on a penny post card, to The R. T. French Company, 2497 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

FRENCH'S BIRD SEED
is another Hollywood Favorite . . . by 4 to 1

Keep your Canary happy, healthy and singing! FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Feed *your* Canary FRENCH'S—today and *every* day!

LARGEST-SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Those were moving scenes in this *Flat* recently.
6. Kind of man sought in sheep-counting sequences.
9. Last thing temperamental star puts on before going home.
10. It's down at the heel in horse operas.
12. She was Ben Bolt's "sweet" heart.
15. Where Laraine might go for a Day's visit at home town.
16. Miss Trevor's initials.
17. Bob Burns' debut here was a howling success (abbr.).
18. Can you tie this one?
19. What is being shown in milady's footwear?
20. According to Monogram, there's one *in the Army.*
21. Hero assures heroine there's nothing to this.
22. Mr. Murray, the comedian, added his name to this but it laid an egg.
23. Mr. Rawlinson's initials.
24. They may sound common but you'll find safety in numbers.
25. Something that ran out of brush, later saddled by singing cowboy.
26. It was bitten by redskins in wild westerns.
27. When comedian plants stooge, this is apt to come up.
28. Kind of idea you get from reading synopsis.
30. Some years ago a musical comedy was left to her.
31. Letters for Lupe.
32. Places where "they also serve who only stand and wait" (on tables).
33. Top sarge who became Yankee captain for general public.
34. Even Stepin Fetchit hurries at sound of this buzzer.
35. If lion is bearded here, that would certainly be the cat's whiskers.
36. Fresh!
37. What jitterbug expects to find in cutting room.
38. Initials of movie's Maisie.
39. You saw this in *Sequoia,* now Asta enables you to hear it.
40. What a "swing" band means to western bad man.
42. Kind of actor not given a speaking role.
43. Overhead item.
44. Runner requires double for this.
45. Light and airy thing that prima donna often appears in.

DOWN

1. Something for two at four.
2. What mischievous moppet plants in chair to get rise out of somebody.
3. If this is cracked, someone probably sat out "Skater's Waltz."
4. Mr. Talbot's initials.
5. *Brigid* (sounds like she had a code in her head) in *The Maltese Falcon.*
6. Title of respect in Southern cinemas.
7. Miss Rutherford's initials.
8. Hero of a whodunit.
11. What ham hopes to get on back by putting up a front.
13. Songwriter in *Sing Your Worries Away,* always a-musing.
14. Where O'Men (O'Brien, O'Shea, etc.) outnumber G Men (abbr.).
15. Misses Merkel and O'Connor.
16. Sometimes it's all on edge and you can't get head or tail of it.
18. Reporter in *Mississippi Gambler,* who proved latter was the story teller.
19. Kind of excuse the little woman sees through easily.
20. Screen's super siren (poss.).
21. It gets along swimmingly with *Tarzan.*
22. What you tell friend to take, yet hope he really doesn't have one.
24. They crown each other in fight for crown (slang).
25. It took original *Yankee Doodle Dandy* for a ride.
26. Last name used by one of James boys.
27. His name was above *Suspicion* (he had star billing).
29. Possessive little number.
30. What Jackie Searle became.
31. Bolger's are said to be of rubber but that doesn't make him tired.
33. M-G-Minent star.
34. Driver may get ticket when he parks this.
36. He is often black sheep of family.
37. What noose man carries but often doesn't give a hang.
39. One in the bloom of youth.
40. Studio where Bing Crosby can be made to hold his horses (abbr.).
41. Gabor gal.
42. Olivia ——— Havilland.
43. Cliff's initials.

(Solution on Page 70)

■ Ann Sheridan and George Brent visited her valley ranch for the first time since their marriage. As they entered the house, Ann said, "Haven't you forgotten something?" Then she grabbed Brent and carried *him* over the threshold.

■ Willie Best, the Negro comic, has one of the funniest slang jargons in the picture business. Explaining to Milton Berle why he dashed off the set right after the last scene the other day, Best said: "Ah had to skid home, re-rag, zoot out to mah chick's house and pick her up for rug-cuttin' at a jive-hive."

■ Sign in a Hollywood beanery: "Please Use Less Sugar. Stir Like Hell. We Like the Noise."

■ After writing a take-off on *Your Income Tax,* Groucho Marx was asked by the publishers for an autographed picture. "To Simon and Schuster," he wrote, "whom I will probably end by suing."

■ Orson Welles' description of an actor, name deleted by censor: "He's a Tenth Columnist. He's not only boring from within, he is also boring from without."

■ A scene for *Tortilla Flat* required five dogs to jump on Frank Morgan simultaneously while he was sitting in church. For a time it seemed like an impossibility until Director Victor Fleming started hiding things in the beard Morgan wears for the role. Bits of meat, a rubber mouse, fish and bacon were tried. The meat did the trick. "How do you feel?" Fleming asked Morgan when a good "take" was finally made. "With five dogs getting a lunch out of my beard," said Morgan, "I feel like an automat."

The bicycle has come into its own again as demonstrated by Joan Bennett and her young daughter, Melinda Markey. Like most of Hollywood they're pedaling for victory. Joan is currently appearing in Columbia's *The Wife Takes a Flyer*

■ When Warner Brothers' gifted Humphrey Bogart with a brand new seven-year contract, Jack Warner told him: "I wouldn't sign such a long-term contract with anybody except a guy with a puss like yours. Seven years won't hurt that face."

■ Hollywood plays some mighty strange pranks on its citizens. Several months ago Mary Scott was making a meager living as the flower girl at a Hollywood night club. Among her customers was Gene Tierney, who took an interest in the girl. Then Mary got a break, a movie contract; and the other day I watched her slap her benefactress, Miss Tierney, for a scene in a movie. Reminds me of something Lionel Barrymore once told me about Hollywood. "Never talk back to an office boy," he said, "because he may be your boss tomorrow."

■ Harold Lloyd is considering a revival of *Safety Last,* one of the greatest thrill comedies ever filmed. It's Lloyd's plan to modernize the picture with sound as Charlie Chaplin did recently with his old favorite, *The Gold Rush.*

★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

Is it her good looks or her story about apple blossoms that intrigues the boys? Probably both. At any rate, all eyes are on lovely Irene Manning, who sings like a lark in Warner Brothers' *Yankee Doodle Dandy*

Uniform Taste

By MARY BAILEY
Beauty Editor

■ Some like them tall, some like them short. Blonde vs. brunette—it's a matter of personal preference.

But many things about the way girls look find universal agreement among men —at least among soldiers and sailors I have talked with. And most of the points are in the form of "don't's."

When Irene Manning was in New York recently, she made quite a hit with the boys. One fine spring morning, Irene took them walking in Central Park—and let your beauty editor tag along.

It was a wonderful opportunity to get first-hand the pet peeves of these boys about the appearance of all girls.

"Please, Miss Bailey," they chorused, "won't you ask the girls not to wear slacks?"

Pursuing the subject a little further, we discovered that what they really object to is a girl in slacks on city streets. "Oh, they're all right at the beach or in the country, but we don't understand why a girl would wear them anywhere else—and we think they look terrible." There it is, girls—right out of the mouths of the boys you're trying to please!

They like make-up—in fact, they would be horrified at the idea of a country full of un-made-up women. But they like it expertly applied. "Why do some girls' faces look unconnected and messy?'

(Might be because the lipstick, rouge and face powder don't harmonize and so are not *naturally right*. Why not choose yours by your key color, based on hair, skin and eyes? Incidentally, it's said that for four out of every five, the key color is the color of the eyes.)

Other emphatic comments were forthcoming on lips, hands and hair. How they hate rims of red left on cups, glasses and cigarettes! (You can avoid this if you'll let your lipstick set a few minutes after applying it. Then fold a tissue lengthwise about four times and press it against the lips. The excess comes off on the tissue instead of the dishes.)

I've always known that clean, neat hair was pretty important in a man's eyes, and I've stressed it in my articles. But even I was a little surprised at the complete disgust shown over stringy, untidy hair. There's not much excuse for it, either, for frequent shampooing and brushing will keep any girl's hair clean. And a rinse used after your shampoo will bring out the warmth of color in your hair, keep it from looking lifeless.

Chipped nail polish came in for its share of condemning, and it's perfectly justified. Don't you yourself hate it? I find it very simple to make manicures last and prevent chipping by using a coat of sealer over the polish every single day.

"Why is it some girls have such smooth white hands, yet so many have hands that are rough and red—they look awful and feel even worse," was something else the boys wanted to know. Well, girls, I'll bet my bottom dollar that those who get compliments are the ones who use lotion *every single time their hands are in water.*

These, then, are the points where the boys in uniform have uniform taste! Take stock, all of you, and don't let neglect hamper your popularity!

LOOK PRETTY PLEASE . . .

for the boys on leave. Use grooming and make-up hints contained in HOLLYWOOD's Beauty Bulletin for August. Write for your copy today. Address your letter to Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. And consult her on any personal beauty problems on hair, skin, hands or figure that you feel are handicapping you.

Now - Such a thrilling difference in your hair

SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Cool as a Cucumber . . . *and the "last word" in smart summer hair-dos! Your beauty salon will know how to do it! Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene.*

Amazing results due to hair conditioner now in wonderful, new improved Special Drene Shampoo! Leaves hair lovelier, far easier to arrange!

The minute you look in your mirror you'll see the difference . . . after your first shampoo with new, improved Special Drene! You'll be amazed at how much silkier and smoother your hair looks and feels . . . because of that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene. And you'll be delighted, too, when you discover how much better your hair behaves, right after shampooing!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers." *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN — REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY

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Procter & Gamble

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother right after shampooing!

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

Beauty Headliners

By MARY BAILEY

The short, feathery cut is catching on! Dorothy Lovett of R-K-O's *Powder Town* wears hers with baby-soft curls framing her lovely face. It's cool, comfortable and practical, yet feminine

■ There'll be no more metal lipstick cases when present supplies are gone! Those you find in the stores are meant to be there—they were made before Uncle Sam needed the metal. So when you next buy one, cherish the case. And to be sure your lips will still be red, Primrose House is offering a handy refill for fifty cents. Remove what's left of the old, refill the case and lipstick is good as new.

The fragrance of Wrisley's new bath series, Old Fashioned Bouquet, is like an American country garden. The boxes are quaintly striped in blue and white, with pink decor. A dollar each

Write before September 10th for your copy of HOLLYWOOD's Beauty Bulletin for August. It contains lots of helpful information and gives the names of products to use. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mary Bailey, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Radio Graduate

By SONIA LEE

William Lundigan broke into the acting game via radio. Right: Unlike many Hollywood stars, the mike holds no terrors for him. Broadcasting is second nature. Bill's currently appearing in M-G-M's *Apache Trail*

■ In the old days, aspiring Duses and John Drews beat a path to the door of the innumerable stock companies then scattered throughout the country!

Today, since so many of them have folded their tents, radio has become the proving ground for latent talent!

It's a tough school in which to learn, but it does a thorough job! It has famous alumni in Hollywood—Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Ronald Reagan.

One of the most recent candidates for this famous roster is William Lundigan, who sharpened his artistic teeth while doing a variety of chores for Station WFLB, located at Syracuse, New York.

His radio training is now beginning to pay off important dividends in the shape of leading roles at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with top-billing just around the corner.

"Radio is swell training," Bill says today, "for anyone who has acting ambitions. Talkies and the depression took all the starch out of the pocketbooks of the men who backed stock companies. The 'Little Theater' movement was not widespread enough, nor stable enough to substitute the training facilities of stock companies. But radio could do it!

"A 'mike,' given a chance, will take the 'ham' out of any kid trying to act. First of all, you have to master completely an actor's most important tool—the voice. You are given words to speak—with your voice as the only medium, you must make a story come alive. You must make it so effective that listeners will supply with their imagination, the appearance and the behaviour of the actor. On the stage you have the help of facial expression and bodily movement to supplement your voice and to cover up its deficiencies.

"You learn emotional integrity on the radio. You have to believe what you're doing and what you're saying. Otherwise, your voice gives you away. A radio actor who isn't honest with his voice gets tuned out.

"On the air you must have a persuasive voice. You can't shout and you can't mumble. You can't use volume for emphasis—you must use quality. Your voice must not only sell merchandise for a sponsor, but it must sell a character, a background, a situation and a personality. So you learn to be emphatic without being noisy. You have to make the minutes count, so you learn to speak distinctly, no matter how fast you have to talk."

Without exception, the top-notchers on stage and screen possess voices which are magnetic and compelling—voices which reach the emotions. Frequently, this has been the source of their fame.

But radio training does more, according to Bill.

"If you do a variety of things on the radio, you develop self-confidence. Time and again I had to broadcast spot news at State Fairs and automobile races. On such occasions you have to think on your feet; you have to fill in a lot of time between events. You have to improvise with imagination. That's when you learn to concentrate intensely on whatever you're doing.

"Since I've been in pictures, I have found this developed faculty of concentration an immeasurable help. If I have a scene to do, I can go ahead and do my work without blowing my lines or letting my attention wander—no matter what's going on around me."

The value of the old stock company lay in the fact that it gave youngsters a variety of experience. Memories were trained, the technique of acting learned. Any singular talent was quickly disclosed and catalogued because of the variety of roles members of the company had to interpret from week to week.

Bill's career in radio began when he was fourteen—long before the adolescent crack filtered from his voice. Other boys played hooky to go fishing or swimming. Bill hung around the radio station. Occasionally, he was given a line to speak. He absorbed the panorama of radio through his pores.

He was an exceptional student in school. At fifteen he entered Syracuse University. His career was pretty well mapped. He was to be a legal light, with his performances limited to a law court.

But that well-known depression continued into the thirties. The Lundigan fortunes, which were more than healthy until then, wavered and melted away with thousands of others. Bill felt that a job, and not a protracted law course, was indicated. He closed his law-books without regret. As far as excitement and adventure went, radio had it all over law as a career. That door of opportunity was open to him.

He had had the advantages of an extremely literate father and mother. All his life he had sat by listening to adult discussions of politics, social changes and world problems. His mother was active in club work. In his father's store important men held many a midnight-to-morning session on state and city politics. Young Bill sat in a corner, listening and making mental notes.

The bit of radio experience he had while going to school was a good foundation and a beginning. By 1932, when he landed on the steady payroll, his voice had settled down. He discovered in himself a natural facility for turning a quick phrase. And he was lightning at learning.

There wasn't much around a radio station that Bill didn't do. He was news and special events announcer. He was the pinch-hitter when some character failed to show up for a program at the last minute. He was cast in the station-produced dramas. In turn, he was the butler and the leading man. His roles ranged from a two-line part to that of the principal character. Long before he was twenty, he was playing mature men, for his voice had [*Continued on page* 39]

6 REASONS

WHY EVERY READER OF HOLLYWOOD WILL WANT TO SEE

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

- ✓ IT'S FROM AMERICA'S FAMOUS STAGE HIT!
- ✓ IT'S BRIMMING WITH UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER!
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WATCH FOR AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT THIS PICTURE FROM A LEADING THEATRE IN YOUR CITY!

Joan Crawford

turns to comedy in Columbia's *They All Kissed the Bride*. The production story on this hilarious film will be found on the following pages

Crawford Cuts a Rug

By

CHARLOTTE KAYE

Joan Crawford does a hilarious jitterbug routine with Allen Jenkins in her new picture, *They All Kissed the Bride*

Joan took jive lessons from Dewain Truitt, Seaman First Class, well-known jitterbug champ of the Pacific Fleet

Top left: Joan cuts birthday cake presented to her by cast and crew. Helen Parrish helps with proceedings, while Mel Douglas stands by. Right: An informal moment between scenes—Joan plays hair dresser to Roland Young. Left: Joan and Mel Douglas, in one of 78 love scenes!

■ "The public wants light laughter and hot romance, and, believe me, we are giving it to them in this picture! With the war uppermost in everyone's mind, I think the movie-going public is begging for escape from reality when it goes to the theater these days. There are no less than 78 love scenes, and they are the kind which created the Great Lovers in the old days. Nor are my kisses any sisterly pecks or gentle lip-brushings. When I kiss the various men, I mean business," said Joan Crawford enthusiastically.

My money says the loyal Crawford fans will be doing nip-ups of joy when they see *They All Kissed the Bride,* for it marks Joan's return to frolicsome comedy with plenty of torrid love scenes which originally skyrocketed her to stardom. If they have been unhappy with her recent ventures such as *When Ladies Meet,* they have had nothing on Joan. She has shied away from such stories for a long time but always found herself stymied when she tried to effect a change. Movie stars have bosses, too, and the boss' word is law.

Offhand, Joan's boast would indicate the censors were in for a busy time, but Director Alexander Hall believes he has that little problem all solved. Rather than see his favorite necking scenes land on the cutting room floor, Hall invited the censors to watch all doubtful scenes being filmed and got thumbs up or thumbs down on the spot! A smart gent, that one, as well as a past master at sophisticated comedy.

All hellzapoppin' as the story of *They All Kissed the Bride* opens. Joan as *Margaret Drew,* the tyrannical head of a vast trucking business which she inherited from her piratical millionaire father, is giving her board of directors merry what-

Joan is snooty boss of a truck company, Allen an employee. Together they get in the groove and win a silver cup

Unexpected climax to the jitterbug sequence comes when Allen swings his partner right to the floor. This role was intended for the late Carole Lombard, and in tribute to her memory, Joan donated her salary of $125,000 to charity

for. A writer, *Michael Holmes* (Melvyn Douglas), is preparing an uncomplimentary biography of her dead father and an expose of her own dictatorial management of the business. She demands *Holmes* be found so she can deal with him in person. All in all, it is a stormy session and keyed to a fast tempo.

As Director Hall prepared to shoot this opening sequence, a certain tension and nervousness was evident on the set. Joan was a visiting star of the first magnitude, working for the first time on the Columbia lot under Hall's direction. She was a stranger to most of the crew and the actors, hence everyone was slightly on edge. In addition to all this, Joan was stepping into the role that was originally intended for the late Carole Lombard, whom everyone loved, and whose grim and untimely death everyone still mourned. Too, it was the scene which would set the pace for the entire picture and doubly important from that standpoint.

Finally the cameras started to turn. As the action demanded, Joan raged up and down the office, wheeling her big desk chair in a series of shoves and turns. The close of the scene called for her to thump herself down heavily in the chair.

Joan sat—clear to the floor! In her enthusiasm she had shoved the chair entirely out of range. The ensuing roar of laughter, led by Joan herself, broke the last remnant of tension. From then on, cast, crew and Crawford were buddies!

The story, of course, develops into a nonsensical dogfight between Joan and Douglas with all manner of complications, including the tearful wedding of the younger *Drew* daughter (Helen Parrish), the fluttering of *Mrs. Drew* (Billie Burke), a suit for false arrest, two farcical bedroom scenes, a jitterbug dance contest which Joan wins with a truckdriver partner (Allen Jenkins), a mad scene in a subway and a madder one in a taxi, and eventually, the happy ending. It doesn't make much sense but it's grand fun and a laugh a minute. Plus those 78 kisses, extra warm.

For a brief time one day it appeared one of Joan's burning ambitions—to get her pet dachshund, Pupschen, into a movie —would be realized. For 5 years Joan vainly has been trying to persuade directors to give Pupschen a chance to enter the lists against Asta, Daisy and other celebrated cinema canines. Always the answer was a polite "No" until Hall, in a generous mood, said "Okay."

Came the big day. Pupschen was supposed to run across the room and jump into Joan's lap as he does in real life a dozen times an hour. All went well in rehearsals and finally the cameras started to turn. Proudly Joan waited for Pupschen to shine.

Alas for ambition! The pup merely sat on his hind legs and continued to howl until his humbled mistress carried him to the dressing room in disgrace! But at least it won Pupschen one distinction—the shortest screen career on record. Or so Joan consoled herself.

Comparable to the tales of Pupschen's prowess were the enthusiastic reports Helen Parrish made each day anent the vegetable garden in her back yard. Inch by inch came the reports of the green beans' growth, the fine quality of the squash, and the ripening color of the tomatoes. Willy nilly, the cast had to listen to the details. Then suddenly Helen grew silent on the subject. After three days the suspense was too much for Hall.

"Tell me, pretty maiden, how does your garden grow?" he asked Helen.

"Oh, it's wonderful!" Helen replied. "We had it for dinner three nights ago!"

Highlighting all Crawford pictures invariably are the fashions, for Joan admittedly has a flair for wearing clothes, and more than any other Hollywood star sets styles and trends. *They All Kissed the Bride* should prove no exception to the rule, for Joan has 21 changes, all designed by Irene, ranging from business suits to formal evening gowns with a super jitterbug dance frock for good measure.

The strongest style influence undoubtedly will be set by the three suits which Joan wears in the sequences showing her as a business woman. Heretofore the Crawford suits have emphasized severe tailoring, particularly in lapels and neck and shoulder lines. In wartime, however, both Irene and Joan agree women's clothes should be more feminine than ever, hence the new suits are softened in line and cut, and feminized with soft necklines and trims of bows and ties. Typical is one of navy blue wool with a slightly flared skirt which is trimmed with tiny flared tucks spreading down from the waistline. The jacket has a cut-away vest effect, fits snugly at the waist, with only a short flare below the waistline. With it she wears a crepe blouse in a soft shade of dusty pink and two frilly carnations, made of the blouse material, are tucked at the neckline. The hat for the outfit is a navy blue pillbox with a cluster of pink crepe carnations and a touch of navy blue veiling beneath the chin.

They All Kissed the Bride will reveal another fashion touch which is apt to send husbands and brothers on the trail of padlocks for their bureau drawers.

With all her suits, Joan wears suspenders! ■

When John Wayne wants a date with his wife, he writes her a formal invitation. She always telegraphs her answer. Probably Hollywood's proudest parents, they have four adorable youngsters: Michael, 6; Toni, 5 (left); Patrick, 2, and Melinda, 1 (right). John's in Republic's *Flying Tigers*

Life With Father

By JOHN FRANCHEY

■ Hollywood papas, except for character actors, fall into three categories, at least from a writer's viewpoint: those who forbid any mention of offspring (on the grounds that such mention tends to disillusion their feminine fans), those who'd prefer to have the subject soft-peddled, and those who shrug resignedly and say: "Well, anything for the press."

Not John Wayne. You will be dispatching a piece of lemon meringue pie with him, and pumping him on how it happened that a studio prop boy turned $100,000-per-annum actor, Marlene Dietrich's favorite leading man, all-American heart-throb, etc., when he'll whip out his wallet, grin proudly, hand you a photograph, and inquire: "Aren't these something?"

"Something" is right.

What Republic's rugged Romeo has handed you is a family portrait showing him flanked by the beautiful Mrs. Wayne and surrounded by four little images, all of them agleam with that unmistakable Wayne look. You're still gazing, all agog, at the wonderful Waynes when he sheepishly retrieves the tintype—before you lose it or eat it up, maybe.

"The movies are all right," he begins, covering up his embarrassment, "but for my money this glamour stuff stinks, if by glamour you mean this business of putting your wife and kids in the background in order to perpetrate the fiction that you're booty for such lovely maidens as are kind enough to give you a second thought. I had much too hard a time winning my bride to let her take a back seat for the sake of what I shall call my career."

It was a case of love at first sight. "Honest John" Wayne took one look at Josephine Saenz some nine years ago and said, aloud: "That's for me—for keeps." He didn't even know her name, but that didn't stop him any more than did the forward wall of an opposing football team when he did or died, a few years back, for the University of Southern California. He discovered who she was, wangled an introduction, and made no particular impression on her, which last convinced him he was on the right track, although it was, of course, a little disconcerting.

You hear tell in Hollywood how "Honest John" used to stand in front of the lady's house for hours, waiting for her to come out, just so he could feast his eyes on her. What complicated matters a bit was that Miss Saenz was high society, while at this particular moment in his career the Wayne stock was selling around town for Indian nuts. In time, out of desperation probably, the lady said John could call on her. After that, John Wayne was on the telephone so much that none of his rivals could get through a call imploring Miss Saenz for a date. And so they were married—in Loretta Young's garden, no less

"Now about my kids," John cuts loose, pushing aside the thin hull of what was once a cut of lemon meringue pie. "The wee Waynes are out of Disney. There's two of each—Michael, 6; Toni, 5; Patrick, 2; and Melinda, 1. Michael's the quiet one. Toni's the roughneck, Patrick's wild, and Melinda—well I guess you'd call her unsettled."

Up until recently his first-born had him worried. Big John Wayne, reputed to have once felled a steer with a right to the filet mignon, was sure that Mike, who never said much around the house and kept his nose behind big books, had all the earmarks of an embryo sissy.

John forgot his concern the other day when he noticed his scion trying to hide a pair of bruised knuckles.

"What happened, son?" he inquired.

"Nothing much," Mike said nonchalantly. "Some big fellow popped me in the jaw the other day over at school."

"What did he do when he got up?"

"He cried like a baby," quoth young Wayne, ambling off to where he had left his current book.

John Wayne is grateful no end for the thousands of fan letters that pour into the studio mailing room, but nothing gives him more pleasure than being the idol of the kids on the block.

Drafted into [*Continued on page* 55]

"My Five Year Plan Worked"– Lynn Bari

By DOROTHY HAAS

■ Back in 1937 a very pretty brown-haired, hazel-eyed girl sat down before her mirror, looked herself straight in the eye and delivered an edict.

"All right, Lynn. So you want to be an actress. So do hundreds of other girls here in Hollywood. What you need, my friend, is a plan. A good one! First, learn to act; learn slowly and well. Second, do what the studio wants you to—whatever the part. Third, give yourself time. Say, five years. That's it. A Five Year Plan for Stardom!"

The girl was Lynn Bari, her plan was sound and we are happy to report that it worked. But it wasn't easy!

Before that day of decision back in 1937, Lynn had been a dancer in movie chorus lines and a show girl—one of those ornamental beauties who don't say a word. That had been going on for two years, but she knew she could act, if given the chance.

So, for half a decade, Lynn Bari studied and took any part Twentieth Century-Fox gave her. She played bits in unimportant pictures, then bits in A-pictures, then leads in unimportant B-pictures—until this season. It was the end of the time she had given herself. Was her plan going to work?

Henry Fonda and Don Ameche were cast for *The Magnificent Dope*, but the girl lead had not been selected. There was a made-to-order part for Lynn—a smart young secretary who knows the score but isn't a wise-cracker. She knew she could play it, but did anyone else? Nothing to do but ask for it!

Walter Lang was the director, and strangely enough he had also directed the very first picture in which she had spoken a line. She found him on the set one day.

"Look, Mr. Lang. Five years ago I worked in a picture for you, a thing called *The Baroness and the Butler*. Well, I've learned a lot about acting since then. I want the lead in *Magnificent Dope!*"

Lang was amused. Lynn was tested. Then she waited, endless nerve-wracking days. She got the part! What's more, she was so good that as soon as it was finished she was rushed into the lead in *Orchestra Wife* with George Montgomery and Glenn Miller.

So now Lynn is set. Her plan has worked. No more bits, no more leads in B's to which no one pays attention. She is a star in big productions.

But what about her plan. Wasn't she ever discouraged?

"Five years isn't a long time to spend learning to act," Lynn says reflectively. "Think of the actors who come from the stage; they usually spend more time than that in stock or bit parts. I had had no stage experience, so I decided to learn in pictures.

"Think of the girls—it's usually the girls—who are skyrocketed to stardom before they really know enough about acting to warrant being starred. Most of them plummet down just as fast as they go up. I decided it was much better to take my time going up—and then stay there.

"I was ready to quit dozens of times," admits Lynn with the honesty which is a large part of her charm. "The most difficult part of my plan was not the hard work. It was the people who kept saying, 'Poor Lynn, she'll never get anywhere with that crazy plan of hers. She'll always play bits.' But I just kept on plugging along in low gear.

"I always wanted to act, from earliest childhood. I began to study dramatics at school, but got into pictures by answering an ad for tall chorus girls for a Joan Crawford picture. I didn't know anything about dancing—or acting, either. So I started studying. I was serious about acting and I treated it as a business. I went to school right here on the lot, after Twentieth Century-Fox signed me.

"If I have any real philosophy, it's that you can't rush things. Take whatever presents itself, and then work hard on it."

Except for her work, Lynn is not the scholarly type. She is gay, friendly, eager, chatty. Everyone on the lot likes her, and is happy for her big break. Success hasn't changed her a bit. She lives unpretentiously in Beverly Hills with her agent-husband, Walter Kane.

Lynn, born Marjorie Fisher in Roanoke, Virginia, has no trace of a Southern accent, perhaps because she went to private schools in New England before going to California with her mother and stepfather who was a minister. Her mother encouraged her early dramatic training believing it would give young Marjorie—inclined to be a tomboy—more poise.

When Lynn applied for her first job, she thought her own name too ordinary; she needed another fast, and adapted "Lynn" from Fontanne, her favorite actress, and the "Bari" is a spelling revision of Sir James M. Barrie, whose plays she liked. She is 5′ 6″ tall, weighs a neat 122 and has one of the best figures in Hollywood, called "million dollar" by the fashion experts.

And what of the future, now that her plan has worked?

"I'm starting another Five Year Plan," says Lynn seriously. "I'm continuing to study acting. I've started studying singing—to improve my speaking voice, not to sing. I'm going to learn more so that I'll be a real actress, not just an ingenue."

We have a very sure feeling that Lynn Bari's second Five Year Plan will also be a success! ■

Lynn Bari is a girl with her own formula for success. In five years she has moved up from the chorus line to star's billing. She's currently in Twentieth Century-Fox's *Orchestra Wife*

Man Shortage Forces Stars

"What good are beautiful clothes, palatial homes or expensive cars," one of Hollywood's foremost glamour girls wailed. "What's the use of charm, personality or beauty when there aren't any men around to appreciate it. We didn't mind having our tires taken away, our new cars frozen or the rationing of sugar and gas. But when you have to have a priority for a man, then we know the war is actually hitting us here at home!

"Would you believe it," she said, lowering her voice to a whisper and glancing over her shoulder to see that no one was listening, "last year, I would get an average of twenty phone calls in a single day from men who wanted dates. And now —now, when I have to go to any public function, I have to hire an escort!"

Coming from an actress who holds down one of the top spots in pictures, this was an almost unbelievable confession. If I hadn't heard it from her own lips, I would never believe it. Yet, the situation isn't as fantastic as it may sound.

Ever since that fateful day in December when the halcyon Hawaiian skies suddenly regurgitated a swarm of yellow vermin, Hollywood immediately girded its loins for action. Without fuss or fanfare, top-notch actors, directors and producers quietly and quickly joined the ranks of the American defenders. For the time being, greasepaint, megaphones and scripts were laid aside. The one great epic engaging everyone's attention is the defense of democracy.

Jimmy Stewart, Jackie Coogan and Wayne Morris were already in the ranks. Bob Montgomery took up his post in the Navy. Soon Tony Martin, Jeffrey Lynn, William Holden, Burgess Meredith and Ronald Reagan left their chores before the cameras for a grimmer duty. Tyrone Power is an ensign in the Naval Reserve. Bob Cummings is hurriedly piling up the necessary flying hours to become a qualified instructor. Tim Holt leaves his saddle and a memorable performance in *The Magnificent Ambersons* to join the flying cadets.

With the gradual exodus of most of its handsome young heart-throbbers, the Hollywood glamour girls find a sad and perplexing problem on their hands. There never were too many men in the film colony at any time. And for the past year the shortage of leading men has been more acute than ever.

Hollywood is seriously concerned as to what might happen in the next few months. Will films become predominantly more feminine? Will elaborate musicals stage a hurried comeback? Will the stages again be filled with daringly gowned and strikingly alluring choruses—with perhaps a single male member to indicate that the male isn't completely extinct? Will future pictures be strongly angled on the problems of women alone?

M-G-M has already sensed this possibility. It has dished up the popular Mary Roberts Rinehart story, *Tish*, and cast Marjorie Main, ZaSu Pitts and Aline MacMahon in the leading roles. "If this proves popular," one of the spokesmen stated, "we'll make the entire *Tish* series."

A lot of actors who have been temporarily thrust into the discard because their temples were streaked with gray are hurriedly being mustered back into acting ranks. The new type of leading man will be older than the current crop of youngsters. He will be more mature, more dignified, but with enough appeal to fill the romantic needs of critical audiences. This may be all right for screen romances but what about the dire necessity for off-screen romeos?

No actress is glamorous unless she has several handsome men dancing constant attendance on her. When Miss Darling walks into Ciro's, she must have a frame of manpower to set her off to advantage. If she can't have an entourage, she might just as well stay at home. So if Miss Darling, along with a couple of dozen of Hollywood's prize lovelies, aren't seen around the hot spots often for the duration, you'll know it's simply because they can't get a man to take them out.

At one of the swank previews a few weeks ago, an entirely new set of men were seen accompanying some of the famous feminine stars. Everyone immediately started wondering if this signified a wholesale trend toward new romances. But one of the women present spotted the escorts. "They're paid escorts!" she whispered, loudly enough for everyone gathered in the lobby to hear. This woman knew. She had hired the same escorts when she herself found the problem of finding a man almost impossible.

This dearth of eligible men is bringing forth favors to a lot of the boys who never dreamed they'd ever be able to get a date with a big name actress. The lads who couldn't afford to take a starlet to a drive-in are suddenly finding themselves attending swank openings, dashing around to cocktail parties and previews with some of Hollywood's highest paid personalities. And they discover that any eligible male can ask for the moon and practically get it. These long-forgotten males are taking every advantage and it won't be the least bit surprising, if in a weak moment, one of the glamour goddesses elopes with a man she's met only a few nights before.

It's not merely romance that prompts the glamour girls to want to be seen in the company of men. It's far more. It's an actual "must" along with their clothes and cars. Appearance is important in their work. And to appear at the right places in the company of attractive male escorts is really part of their jobs.

The Friday night fights at the Hollywood American Legion are still the town's consistent highlight. Every actress who can possibly stir up a date makes it her business to be seen there. Several weeks ago, one of the loveliest blond players in town almost caused a commotion by walking in with three new men in tow. All were young and Apollo-like giants.

No one knew they were working in one of the nearby airplane factories and that their expenses for the evening were all paid by the star.

Audiences, hereafter, will have to expect less romance in their films. Life has become too serious today. And ever since December last, the finished pictures are bearing out this fact. Love and romance are definitely relegated to second place

Second Lieutenant James Stewart was first glamour boy to be called to duty. One of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, Jimmy is shown with Ginger Rogers at the recent Academy Award banquet. Unlike other movie queens, Ginger has always shunned night clubs in favor of good music, literature and sketching

to Hire Escorts!

By CRAIG WHITE

Greg Bautzer, Hollywood attorney and popular man-about-town, shown with Carole Landis at a preview, is no longer a glamour boy, but a lieutenant in the Navy

Bachelors Jeffrey Lynn and Burgess Meredith, recent draftees who are in training at Ft. Monmouth, N. J., are two of movieland's most sorely missed escorts

On leave for a few hours, Chief Petty Officer Henry Wilcoxon, visits his wife, Joan Woodbury, on the set of Columbia's *Sweetheart of the Fleet*

until we win the war. The boy-meets-girl problem is not going to appear too logical on the screen today. It brings with it the sad reality that girls just don't meet boys these days.

When such pictures as *The Invaders, Captains of the Clouds* and *Pied Piper* soft-pedal romance for more serious problems, you may rest assured it's a definite reflection of what is actually happening not only in the film colony, but in every town in the country. Two of these pictures completely ignore the romantic angle in favor of weightier problems. We'll simply have to acclimate ourselves to having our screen romance rationed . . . along with everything else.

M-G-M has mustered handsome Philip Dorn into the romantic ranks. Realizing he has too long been Hollywood's neglected oomph man and because he was turned down for active service, it will be his duty to help out by keeping love alive on the home front. Dorn, himself, has long professed that he doesn't want to be a glamour guy. But now with his new assignment forced upon him, his long latent possibilities as a torrid lover are bound to be unearthed.

With the marked absence of men, Hollywood night life has suffered a staggering blow. No longer is Ciro's, the Mocambo or the Brown Derby thronged with carefree revelers. Even the wolves who added so much color with their gay escapades are conspicuously absent and the actresses who shunned them a few months ago would welcome them back with open arms. Anything—anything would be better than having to actually pay a man for his company. But everyone is aware that war has come to Hollywood and *c'est la guerre!* ■

Before Tony Martin enlisted in the Navy, he and Carole Landis became a steady twosome. Now Carole devotes all her spare time to defense work. Hollywood wives feel the absence of their men more acutely than single women, for public appearances with other men would create gossip. Left: Pert Jane Wyman gazes proudly at husband Ronald Reagan, who is a lieutenant in the Cavalry

Popping Questions at Ruth Hussey

Quizzed by HELEN HOVER

Ruth Hussey, one of Hollywood's loveliest stars, gives you the lowdown on her personal life. She's in M-G-M's *Pierre of the Plains*

Ruth is a Hollywood phenomenon, for she personally answers all fan mail

Q. Have you ever written a fan letter?

A. Yes. To Spencer Tracy to compliment him for his work in *Captains Courageous*.

Q. What actress have you been told you resemble?

A. Practically all of them, but mostly Myrna Loy.

Q. What interests you most about your work?

A. The work before the camera because it is active and productive.

Q. Have you ever been a wallflower?

A. Yes. In high school.

Q. When you are discussing some topic with a man, would you play dumb on the theory that men do not like to be shown up by a woman?

A. It would depend entirely upon the man —and the situation. I have played dumb once in a while, when I thought the man had a petty ego which might be ruffled; but ordinarily I am myself and say what I think.

Q. Are you inclined to be critical of others?

A. No. Tolerance is one of my long suits.

Q. What is your pet diet secret?

A. I have none.

Q. Do you lend things readily?

A. Yes.

Her charming face bears strong resemblance to Myrna Loy's

She'd like to act opposite Herbert Marshall

Q. Of what personal accomplishment are you most proud?

A. A hat I made.

Q. What bores you most about your work?

A. To have my hair and make-up done every day.

Q. What mischievous prank of your childhood do you recall most vividly?

A. I was playing detective and crawled up a ladder to inspect the neighbors' living room. Just then the man of the house came out and in my hurry and embarrassment I fell and crashed through the glass in his greenhouse.

Q. Do you think Hollywood men are spoiled?

A. Not any more than other men.

Q. With what male star, with whom you have not worked, would you most like to work?

A. Herbert Marshall.

Q. About what are you most sensitive?

A. Being called aloof when I have tried to be friendly.

Q. What trait is most important to you in a man?

A. Understanding.

Q. What subject as a topic of conversation interests you the most?

A. World affairs.

Q. What is your reaction when you are romantically linked in print with a man whom you hardly know?

A. Amusement. It doesn't bother me at all.

Q. Would you like to get married and have children?

A. Of course I would.

Q. What common trait is there about your sex which you least like?

A. Their gossiping.

Q. And what about your sex do you like most?

A. I like them for their dependability in a crisis.

Q. What common trait is there about the male sex which you least like?

A. Their vanity.

Q. And what do you most like about men?

A. Gallantry.

Q. What trait about people irks you the most?

A. Inquisitiveness.

Q. Are most of your friends actors and actresses like yourself?

A. No. They're mostly non-professional.

Q. What is your disposition when you get up in the morning?

A. About the same as it is any other time.

Q. How did you react to yourself when you first saw yourself on the screen?

A. I didn't recognize my facial expressions as mine at all. And most particularly I didn't like my mouth!

Q. Next to acting, have you any other talent?

A. I used to write, draw and play the piano.

Q. What is your favorite picture?

A. *The Informer.*

Q. What do you think is the best way to get into pictures?

A. Via the theater—definitely.

Q. What character would you most like to play?

A. *Kathy* in *Wuthering Heights.*

Q. Are you a good dancer?

A. No complaints.

Q. How does your family feel about your being a well-known Hollywood actress?

A. They are interested in my work but it hasn't affected them to any noticeable extent.

Q. Have you ever wanted to change your name?

A. No. Contrary to belief, my last name has never been embarrassing to me.

Q. What is your most un-Hollywood trait?

A. I am not temperamental or flighty, and I don't have a swimming pool.

Q. Are you orderly?

A. Extremely so. I plan things in advance and I even do my Christmas shopping months in advance!

Q. What type of clothes do you like best on yourself?

A. Long, glamorous evening gowns.

Q. When were you most lonesome?

A. I believe when I first came to Hollywood. I was here by myself and knew no one; I once sat at home for three weeks without so much as a single telephone call.

Q. Do you answer your own fan mail?

A. Oh yes. If I fall behind when I'm working I catch up on my mail during my vacation, Last summer I took care of 700 letters during my vacation.

Man of Many Talents

By FREDDA DUDLEY

Not content with being a top-ranking singing star, Nelson Eddy has extended his talents to include art. He paints, sketches, carves, sculptures and models in clay. He drives his friends crazy by caricaturing them. M-G-M's *Lucky Number* with Kathryn Grayson is his next film

■ Mr. Nelson Eddy, the well-known songster, is a chap lavishly gifted by nature. Yet Mr. Eddy is not one to relax in the arms of fate. He has ambition. He is determined to win medals and influence art critics.

Take, for instance, that little incident on the M-G-M set of *I Married an Angel.* Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, as stars of the piece, were running over a number of scenes in rehearsal. Jeanette wasn't having the easiest time in the world because every few moments she became conscious of Mr. Eddy's concentrated ogling of her face.

Finally, Jeanette sneaked off to glance at herself in her dressing room mirror and found nothing wrong. Still, he continued to stare at her fixedly and often. "Would you mind telling me," she begged, "what's wrong with my face. Why the scrutiny?"

"Noses," explained Nelson, "are a sculptor's most serious problem. As often as I've worked with you, I still have trouble remembering the exact contours of your nose."

Explanation: Eddy, expert worker in clay, was modeling a head of the beauteous Jeanette.

This all started away back in 1937, when Nelson Eddy decided that now was the time for him to obey that impulse and do something about the artistic stirrings he had felt when, as a voice student in Europe, he had wandered through museums and haunted the Louvre. Since then, he had become rather a competent critic, and like many art appreciators, he yearned to become an art creator.

He went down to his favorite bookshop and bought almost every available manual on anatomy as it pertained to sculpture, painting and carving. He equipped himself with reams of paper and dozens of pencils and set to work. Friends say that he still has between *eight and ten thousand* of these early pencil sketches.

Not all of them were routine anatomical sketches. Sometimes Mr. Eddy appropriated the style of Adrian, then M-G-M's top designer. Adrian's clothes sketches look like elongated goddesses about to die of anemia in the most magnificent of clothes. Sometimes Nelson, the nimble-witted, caricatured the body beautiful with results that kept the movie sets chuckling for days.

Having perfected his pencil technique, Nelson invested in a set of wood-carving tools and some blocks of lumber and made splinters fly.

Perhaps this is the proper point at which to blast a peculiar rumor: there are still those who have an odd idea that Nelson Eddy is a bit on the stuffy side. Actually, he has a marvelous sense of humor and his wit isn't confined to mere words. His essential merri- [*Continued on page* 35]

The Dress Suit All Hollywood Wanted To Wear

By KAY PROCTOR

■ Frankly, Hollywood said, the guys were crazy.

Sure, it was a good idea. Maybe, even, it was a terrific idea. But anytime two guys who were rank outsiders, without a name, without a studio, and without a dime in the world, thought they could get Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Rita Hayworth, Henry Fonda, Charles Laughton, Edward G. Robinson, Thomas Mitchell, W. C. Fields, Paul Robeson, Ethel Waters and heavens knows who else all in *one* picture, they were just plain crazy.

The guys were Boris Morros and S. P. Eagle, and amazingly enough, they "dood" it! The picture is *Tales of Manhattan* and it bids fair to knock movie-goers for ten rows of loops!

For once the superlative "greatest" is justified, for no other word encompasses the magnitude of the picture. Not one but *nine* stars and twenty-eight supporting players—many of them stars in their own right in lesser pictures—make up the cast. Not one but *ten* of the screen's leading playwrights contributed their talents to the writing. Not one but a total of *one hundred and fifty* valuable stories were bought for plot material. Only in the direction department did things approximate normal; Jules Duvivier of Continental fame was the sole directorial boss of the whole shebang.

"What the hell!" said Hollywood. "We've been had!"

And how, brothers! And how!

Tales of Manhattan is a story of a suit and the men who wore it. You see vignettes of many lives as it travels down the social ladder. A matinee idol, seducing another man's wife. A boogie-woogie hack, becoming a great conductor. A Bowery bum, finding regeneration. An international gambler, finding death. A sharecropper, gaining release from poverty. And an iconoclast, paid in kind. Yet it is more than a series of episodes, for one theme flows through the story, knitting it into a compact tale of fortune. It is the theme of luck and hope.

The germ of *Tales of Manhattan* was born two years ago when Eagle, in dinner-table conversation with several writers, presented his idea for the production. Several times he had approached producers, but in each case he had received a flat turndown. Fortunately, the writers had more imagination than the producers, and enthusiastically endorsed the possibilities Eagle presented. Each, in turn, contributed a skeletal part of the story. Several well-known players, too, had signified their willingness to gamble on the venture when Eagle approached Morros. Morros said "Yes" in double jig time, and the two went to work with a vengeance. Soon they had eight major stars signed for roles and a long list of supporting players. The actors had signed on their own, knowing agents would frown upon such a scatterbrain deal.

Henry Fonda, for one, asked outright for a part.

"Did you tell your agent?" Morros asked.

"No," Fonda said, "but can I have a part?"

"But what will your agent say?" Morros persisted.

"Listen," Fonda replied. "I'll let you in on a secret. My agent works for me, I don't work for him!"

By the time the cameras were ready to roll, scores of top-flight stars, who contemptuously had spurned requests for their services when first contacted, were begging to be declared in. Constantly Morros' phone rang with plea after plea. One day his secretary answered and informed him it was the Santa Fe Railroad on the wire.

"By gad!" Morros chuckled. "I suppose they want the Super Chief in the picture, too. Sorry, but the cast is complete."

Ironically, the daring producers had everything—a great story, a breathtaking cast, and a famous director—but no money. Not a dime between them. But by now the Hollywood grapevine had spread the glad

Hollywood's most unusual movie plot centers around the history of a dress suit as it travels down the social ladder. Practically every actor in Hollywood begged for the chance to play even a bit part in 20th Century-Fox's *Tales of Manhattan*, whose star-studded cast boasts nine stars and 28 well-known supporting players. Small photos include nine of the supporting players: Top: Cesar Romero. 2nd row across: Thomas Mitchell, Edward G. Robinson, George Sanders and Charles Laughton. Bottom row: Jimmy Gleason, Eugene Pallette, Roland Young and Victor Francen

Gail Patrick as *Ellen* and Ginger Rogers as *Diane*, figure impressively, if briefly, in this odd film of a jinxed dress suit

***Diane* flees to the arms of *George* (Henry Fonda) when she discovers her fiance (Cesar Romero) has been unfaithful**

The jinxed suit finally brings happiness to *Esther* (Ethel Waters), *Lazarus* (Eddie Anderson) and *Luke* (Paul Robeson)

tidings and film companies which had cold-shouldered Morros and Eagle now tried to clamber on the bandwagon. They offered fabulous money for the chance.

Morros and Eagle had other ideas. Darryl Zanuck was offered the deal for 20th Century-Fox. He took it, pronto.

Tales of Manhattan was 64 days in production. A total of 83 sets, some lavish, some simple, were used. It was a terrific grind, complicated by Director Duvivier's limited knowledge of English and the touchy situations which were bound to arise with so many "big name" stars involved. Yet somehow a spirit of good humor and fun dominated the production from beginning to end, perhaps because each, individually, felt a personal stake in the outcome. Perhaps, too, it was because the whole thing was so unorthodox, and the challenge appealed.

There was a grand laugh, for instance, the day Charles Boyer and Rita Hayworth were doing an impassioned seduction scene. The set was a trophy room, adorned with hundreds of deer skulls and antlers. Tenderly Boyer took Rita in his arms and murmuring naughty somethings, backed her into a corner. Suddenly Rita let out a blood-curdling scream and jumped as if shot. The ardent Boyer had backed her neatly upon one of the protruding antlers!

There was fun, too, the day Ginger Rogers was supposed to take a bubble bath. All went well until Ginger, clad in the briefest of white bathing suits, stepped into the marble tub and the make-up girl heaped the glistening foam around her.

"Kerchoo!" sneezed Ginger. "Kerchoo, kerchoo!"

Unable to stop the sneezing fit, Ginger retired temporarily to her dressing room. When all was under control, the bubbles had vanished and a new brew had to be whipped up. Again she stepped into the tub, and again the sneezing started. After the third try, it was concluded Ginger was allergic to soap suds and a compromise was effected. She is shown draped in a towel with the tub of suds in the background.

"And me a soap salesman!" Eddie Robinson mourned. "What will my bosses think!"

Eddie, incidentally, had a field day when the class reunion scene was shot. The action called for considerable cigar smoking, and much to his amazement, he found he was being handed $1.00 cigars for each new shot.

"How can you afford to supply this brand to all these people?" Eddie asked the prop man, "Count" d'Esco. With a big wink d'Esco led him to the prop truck. There, neatly laid out in rows, were dozens of cigars. Each row was labeled: Star—$1.00; Featured Player—$.50; Bit Player—$.25; Extras—$.05.

"Don't tell 'em," d'Esco said. "They don't know the difference!"

It was with some trepidation that Thomas Mitchell was assigned Shirley Temple's old trailer for his dressing room. The walls still are decorated with a variety of animals.

"Pooh pooh!" said Mitchell. "I find pink elephants right cosy."

Even the reserved and decorous Charles Laughton thawed under the spell of *Tales of Manhattan*. One scene called for him to sprint down a 30-yard corridor, and by the time several "takes" had been made, the portly Laughton was thoroughly winded and dripping wet. "Once more, please," Duvivier called. Laughton raced down the corridor and then collapsed, huffing and puffing, in a chair. "How was that?" he asked.

"Fine!" Duvivier answered. "You made it in five seconds flat."

A Laughton eyebrow went up. "Yes?" he said politely. "And what's the record on this track?"

Only gloomy day was the one when Eddie "Rochester" Anderson was working with Cordell Hickman, the little colored boy who scored so heavily in the dog picture, *Biscuit Eater*. Rochester was plain discouraged.

"Mr. Duvivier," he said plaintively, "I can steal scenes from Mister Benny. I can steal scenes from any man in Hollywood. But I can't steal scenes from a kid who can steal scenes from a dog!"

Who said that the little fellow with a good idea didn't have a chance against the big "trust" of the Hollywood majors?

Boris Morros, S. P. Eagle and *Tales of Manhattan* answer that one! ■

Charles Boyer as *Paul Othman*, adored matinee idol, and Rita Hayworth as *Ethel Hulleway*, in an impassioned seduction scene

Inventive Venus

Hedy Lamarr, No. 1 glamour queen, considers herself a tomboy because she likes to build, invent and tinker with mechanics. Left: Hedy hammers away on her chicken coop in the backyard. She is currently in M-G-M's *Crossroads*, with Bill Powell

By MURIEL REED

■ The day the newspapers broke the story of Hedy Lamarr's invention for the War Department the blase movie set was really buzzing.

Hedy, the glamorous one, an inventor? Impossible, they cried in unison.

It does seem incredible that anyone as beautiful and as fragile-looking as the luscious Hedy could be mechanically minded.

But the invention was genuine enough and today it is well known that the girl who broke light globes at the age of four so she could see how they were made, created such a valuable idea for a remote-control device to guide airplanes in battle, that the War Department considers it strictly "hush-hush."

Although the glamorous Hedy knows very little about the actual mechanics of an airplane, she drew her own plans, patented the device and turned it over to the National Inventors Council in Washington.

Hedy's interest in gadgets really started at the age of five when she took an old-fashioned music box apart and actually succeeded in putting it together again. At the age of seven, she hit upon her first creative idea, that of cutting out stencil initials for women's accessories. Although it was the invention that really got people thinking of Hedy as a remarkable person, it was not the end. It since has developed she can sing, has a flare for designing and interior decorating, plays the piano, writes verse and composes music.

Perhaps Hedy should be flattered by the discovery of her many talents and pleased when people say, "My, how you've changed." But she isn't.

"I have not changed." Her tone and gesture are emphatic. "I've always been as I am today. If I am a 'new Hedy' as some say, it is because they are seeing me as I really am, not looking at the outside of me."

As Hollywood at first underestimated all of Hedy's qualities except her beauty, there is a tendency now to exaggerate her mechanical genius. She refers to herself as a "tomboy" and it is true that she has a tomboy's interest in gadgets, buzzers and bells, and that sometimes at the studio she fusses around with such machinery as lathes and drills when the camera does not demand her attention. But her invention was a flash of inspiration for national defense.

"The idea just came to me," she explains. "I never thought of such a thing before and probably never shall again."

She claims no credit because her mind was the type that recognized the value of her inspiration, and she cannot understand why anyone should think that it was out of character for her.

But regardless of what she thinks, Hollywood was disturbed and most of the hardened habitues of that hamlet had to remove Hedy from a carefully labeled pigeon hole and evaluate her again.

And the new evaluation revealed more about the remarkable Lamarr than an inventive mind. She has been an accomplished pianist for years, people discovered, and an unusual one, since no matter how hard she studied she was unable to master the art of reading music fluently.

This handicap was conquered by her amazing memory and did not interfere with her ability to compose. She has created many musical sketches for her own amusement, but recently she made a serious effort that resulted in "Believe In Me," a popular-type song to be published shortly. Although Hedy composed the words and music, Red Ruthven of the M-G-M staff assisted her, since she is unable to write music and needed someone to put her composition on paper.

The actress writes verse, too, although this is one talent hidden from the public by her modesty. "Some day," she said, hopefully, "perhaps soon, I shall have written something good enough to publish. But not yet."

The music in her nature is not limited to piano and poetry. Her voice is good and in a recent picture she sang "Three O'Clock in the Morning." Her effort, while not marking her as a successor to Rise Stevens, was distinctly pleasing.

Hedy's life is different, too, from what people seem to expect. Without fanfare she made a home for her adopted son, Jamesie, designed much of the furniture, supervised the operation of the house, planned the menus and frequently entertained friends in the evening by teaching them to do needlepoint while they taught her to knit.

Although her various accomplishments are so definite and cover such a wide field that she seems far different from most women, she is quite typical of her sex when it comes to changing her mind. A few months ago Hedy startled everyone in Hollywood by announcing her engagement to George Montgomery, after assuring her friends that she would never marry an actor. Then just as Hollywood became reconciled to the unusual combination, Hedy mysteriously called the whole thing off.

Hedy is an American girl, at heart, who patronizes drive-ins, uses slang and likes to go to prize fights and ball games.

But her discovery of drive-ins is not the only discovering that is going on. Hedy's friends are discovering her as a remarkable woman and the public is discovering her as a versatile actress. ■

Man of Many Talents

[*Continued from page* 31]

ment began to crop out in his wood-carvings. They turned out to be caricatures; he did one of his wife that she has never seen. Ann Eddy has a round face and small features. So Nelson, for fun, did a superb wood-carving of her quaint, smiling face —and kept it secret from "the Little Woman."

He turned out a pair of torsos—to be used as book-ends—that are the envy of half the homes in Hollywood. The carvings are female figures; one is very ample above the equator, and the other is just as expansive below the equator.

Having conquered the art of wood-carving to the point where he no longer cut off the nose just as he finished a statuette, he moved on to clay modeling.

He proved to be exceptional in this department. His hands are deft, his eyes uncanny. He made a small bust of Director Woody Van Dyke that was so good that several persons asked him for bronze reproductions (before metal priorities), so Nelson—open-handed as usual—had fifty casts made and gave one to each person who had worked on that particular picture.

He keeps clay and modeling instruments in his dressing room all the time and spends every available moment modeling likenesses. When he adds three or four more numbers to his collection, he plans to exhibit the Eddy brand of sculpture—under an assumed name—at some gallery.

Like all art creators, he has a collector's streak. Nelson Eddy dotes on sculptured horses, preferably Chinese items from the T'ang dynasty.

Being an ex-newspaperman, Nelson was first fascinated by the story behind these small, sculptured horses. Previous to the rule of the T'ang dynasty, a wealthy Chinese was buried with all his horses—destroyed for the occasion—and his concubines, ditto. However, during the T'ang regime, a wise ruler decided that statues of horses, placed in a tomb, would carry the deceased across the Great Desert quite as well as the actual carcasses, so he had small replicas of porcelain made. These bits of exquisite artistry are collector's items, and very rare, of course.

During a concert tour, Nelson arrived in San Francisco and contrived to spend a few hours in a very fine Chinese shop. The proprietor showed him a horse which was extremely old, but not of T'ang antiquity. "There are some art dealers who would represent this as T'ang and charge you a fancy price," the cultured merchant said, "but I don't deal that way. However, if you buy this, you should know that its mate is for sale in a shop in Los Angeles." Mr. Eddy bought the horse and took it home . . . where he found, to his astonishment, the mate to his San Francisco horse. Only, art expert that he had prided himself on being, he had bought the first horse as genuine T'ang and had paid a fabulous price for it.

He thinks it's a pretty good joke. He just hopes that, in the dim future, some competent critic buys a good Nelson Eddy bit of sculpture under the impression that he's getting a marvelously preserved Rodin. ■

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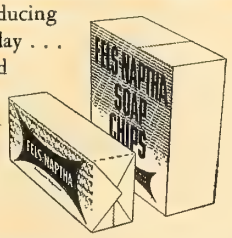

Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Tuneful Eyeful

By GLORIA BRENT

■ Irene Manning is a remarkable young woman.

She can cry buckets of tears without benefit of onions, glycerine, pinching or sad stories. She expands two inches at the diaphragm every time she takes a deep breath, thus popping the best efforts of the wardrobe department to keep her stitched into her clothes. She has had five names, including her married one. Unlike the Hollywood tradition of being "discovered" at a soda fountain or behind a manicure table, she was determined to become an actress before she could spell the word Ambition. And, wonders of wonders, she is one singer whom Hollywood is going to let sing on the screen!

At first, it began to look like the same old story. Irene Manning, the girl with a musical background, was assigned to play Humphrey Bogart's gangster moll for her first Warner Brothers picture, *The Big Shot*. Oddly enough, she did right well by it, too. But then the production brains got smart and cast her as the famous 1890 songbird (but without the equally famous tights), Fay Templeton in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. She did even better by that. She was, in fact, a standout. And so, finally, they gave her the coveted role in *The Desert Song*, for which a score of singers including herself, were tested at regular intervals for the past six years.

Maybe there is some logic in Hollywood after all!

Irene is tall, slim, blond and blue-eyed and looks like Binnie Barnes' kid sister, though, of course, there isn't that much difference in their ages. In Cincinnati, Ohio, she was born Inez Harvout, which was the first of her five names. Most of her girlhood was spent in Los Angeles, where her father is still active in the real estate business. After graduating from the Eastman School of Music and wangling a part in the New York production of *The Great Waltz* when she was 17, she changed her name to Inez Harvot.

In 1937 ambitious Republic Studios and ambitious Inez Harvot got together on a contract and she made three pictures for them, including a small singing role with a little known chap called Gene Autry. Here she received the third of her names, Hope Manning. She dreamed that one up herself when the studio expressed qualms about possible mistakes in the spelling of Harvot. Here, too, she almost wrecked what later was to become the Autry legend about no kisses. Gene planted a good smacker on her lovely lips for one scene, but the studio decided it was too hot to handle and cut the whole sequence.

During this interim, Irene also chose another name for herself—Mrs. Het Manheim. Het was working in the story department of the studio and the courtship was carried on via many cozy interoffice communications labeled "H. M. to H. M." Currently he is a buck private in Uncle Sam's Army, and Irene spends her time trying to dope out ways and means to visit him. Recently they celebrated their fifth anniversary and Private Manheim squandered a month's salary on the dozen gardenias

Irene Manning trained for music, came to Hollywood and was promptly cast as a gangster's moll. But she gets a chance to use her lovely voice in Warner Brothers' *Yankee Doodle Dandy*

which arrived to mark the great day.

Still labeled Hope Manning, Irene went to M-G-M from Republic. There she sat for six months, doing exactly nothing except draw a salary check. That has its advantages, without doubt, but it is no way to advance a screen career. Ambitious Irene realized this at last and betook herself back to her first love, music. She sang three seasons with the St. Louis Municipal Opera and was featured with John Charles Thomas in his productions of the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera Association's *The Chocolate Soldier* and *The Gypsy Baron*. She sang *Naughty Marietta* in Vancouver, B. C.; she sang with Mario Chamlee and Paul Althouse of the Metropolitan Opera company. She sang over the radio, as a church soloist, in the Persian Room of the Plaza in New York, and in a night club.

"Experience," she explained, "and good."

Her present (and final, she hopes) name was bestowed on her by Warners when they put her under contract last year. Somebody thought the Hope smacked of "faith, hope, and charity," and so the studio came up with the tag of Irene which, it was said, had a certain dignity. Irene was satisfied; as she said, it might have been Susie or Cuddles.

From early girlhood Irene has been a go-getter who wasn't afraid of hard work. She entered the Eastman School of Music on a scholarship and earned her way by clerking in a department store on Saturdays, waiting on table at the dormitory, serving as chaperone for the girls in the dormitory, and running a switchboard for 25 cents an hour. She discovered after a year at the latter job that she had been plugging the lines all wrong, but no one ever complained. With all those extra duties she missed election to the scholarship fraternity, Phi Beta Kappa, by a fraction of a point. Now, at Warners, she is showing the same kind of drive and it augurs well for her chances at another coveted honor—an Academy Oscar.

Traditionally, the work of a singer is supposed to be the most arduous and rigorous life in the theater. It means singing under all conditions, sick or well. It means no smoking, drinking, or late hours. It means terrific physical strain. And yet Irene finds movie work more exhausting.

"It's the waiting around on sets between shots," she said. "Unless you condition your mind to it, it can wear you out faster than actual physical labor. What's more, when I needed quick energy for a concert or light opera appearance, I could get it from a big, thick steak. In the movies I have to watch my calories—and I love to eat!"

Irene lives in a studio apartment in the valley with a woman-by-the-day to help with the housekeeping. She has one pet economy of which Leon Henderson would approve, i. e., to own no more than three pairs of good stockings at one time. To balance it she has one extravagance of which he would not approve, to wit, hats. The bigger the better.

"If the OPA says no tires, it's okay," Irene said. "If it says no gas, no hose, no girdles and no sugar, I won't kick. But if it starts rationing big hats, I begin to fight!"

Well, she added, at least for one. ■

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Introducing ... Teresa Wright

By ELEANOR HARRIS

WRIGHT, TERESA—Owns the magic formula for a great career: beauty plus talent. Although she's only been in three pictures so far, Hollywood has already marked her for a star. Those pictures were *The Little Foxes*, in which she played Bette Davis' daughter; *Mrs. Miniver*, and *The Pride of the Yankees*, with Teresa playing Mrs. Lou Gehrig.

BORN: In New York City 23 years ago—although she looks a scant sixteen. Maplewood, New Jersey, watched her grow up. A year ago she came to Hollywood with a Goldwyn contract in her purse.

FAMILY: Her father is her family. He's in the insurance business in Maplewood.

MARRIED: Just recently to Niven Busch, Hollywood scenario writer—who's a far cry from the usual rumpled writer. He's jaunty, well-tailored, handsome and young. They met during her first week in Hollywood, at the Goldwyn Studio. Niven spent the next three weeks bombarding her for dates, and she replied by snubbing him in favor of an early dinner and bed. She finally weakened for one dinner—and decided by the salad course that he was the Man of Her Life. They live on his ranch outside of Hollywood, surrounded by horses, chickens and dogs.

EDUCATED: At Columbia High School in Maplewood, New Jersey. She spent two summer vacations at the Wharf Theater in Cape Cod—and then stepped from her high school graduation platform onto a Broadway stage.

APPEARANCE: She's five feet two inches, 110 pounds, lovely, and she has green-blue eyes and curling brown hair. Her closet is full of simple dresses in pastel colors—nothing too stiff, nothing too fancy. Perhaps her astonishing air of freshness is due to her hours—she's up with the milkman at quarter of five, and back under the counterpane at ten o'clock each night.

HISTORIC LANDMARKS: There were no hitches in her short and speedy flight to success. She walked from high school into the understudy to the lead in Broadway's *Our Town*. She whiled away the next summer in summer stock—and then seized the ingenue lead in the smash-hit *Life With Father*. Then Goldwyn seized her for the screen version of *The Little Foxes*. Things came that easily to Teresa—whose fairy godmothers endowed her with luck as well as talent and looks.

SOCIAL LIFE: Circumspect. A few close friends, a fireplace, and a buffet supper is Teresa's recipe for a happy social life. In New York her friends are theatrical, and in Hollywood her friends are Niven's.

HOME LIFE: No matter where she goes, she takes a home with her—in suitcases and crates. Her pictures, lamps, books, and a few pieces of furniture spell "home" to Teresa, and where she goes, they go too.

ATTITUDE ON LIFE: Completely normal. She wants children. She also wants to keep up her career. She must also want an early death—judging by the way she works. In New York it was singing and dancing lessons, every minute she was off the stage. In California, it's skiing, riding, and swimming lessons—with Niven as teacher. Because fragile little Teresa is *always* working—even when she's hard at play.

Teresa Wright took a short-cut to stardom. One year in films saw her in top roles. Left: She is a recent bride of Niven Busch, screen writer. Center: In Samuel Goldwyn's *The Pride of the Yankees* she plays Mrs. Lou Gehrig. Here she's shown in a scene entertaining the great infielder with imitations

Radio Graduate

[*Continued from page 21*]

depth and resonance and natural authority.

As he went along, he disclosed a talent for production. Eventually, he wrote and produced three kid shows a week.

It never occurred to Bill, in the years he was going great guns in radio, that someday he would land in Hollywood.

"That Hollywood chance," he explains today, "was a lucky bolt from the blue."

A movie scout for R-K-O heard him on the air, invited him to make a test. He filed the offer in the back of his mind for a day when he would have a breathing space in his activities and could run down to New York to make it.

In March, 1937, he reported to Hollywood!

He was with Universal for two and one-half years. Later, he moved to Warners' for another two years. He played in *Dodge City, The Fighting 69th, The Sea Hawk* and in *Flight Patrol.* Audiences began asking about him. Fan mail began to come in.

Now he is with M-G-M. You will soon see him in *Apache Trail.* Executives look smug when they talk about future plans for him. There is something about Bill Lundigan—a shy, yet forthright quality—which women like.

And that spells money at any box-office! ■

Dorothy Lamour's wardrobe in Paramount's *The Road to Morocco* is inspired by the Orient. Here she is shown in a chiffon negligee embroidered in silver

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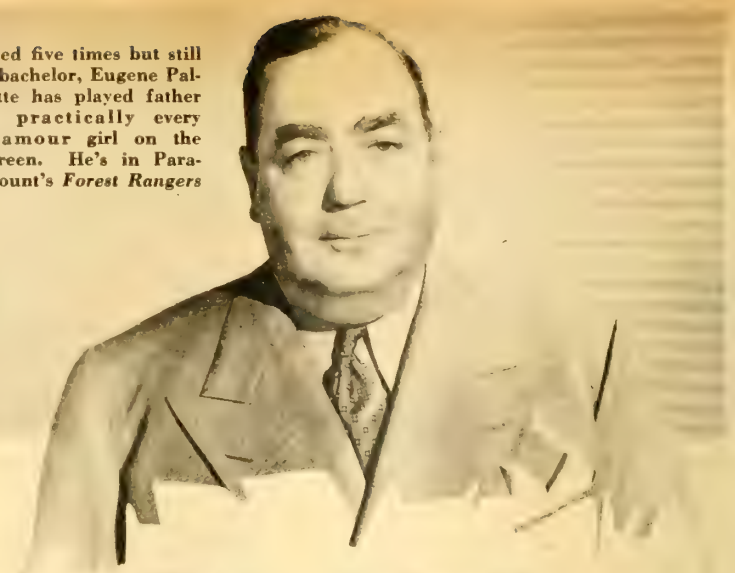

Wed five times but still a bachelor, Eugene Pallette has played father to practically every glamour girl on the screen. He's in Paramount's *Forest Rangers*

Big Stuff

By JOHN FULLER

Lady Luck could do her worst and not get a rise out of Eugene Pallette. In fact, he would probably laugh in the old hussy's face and advise her to quit trying. Of one thing is Citizen Pallette firmly convinced: catastrophe is actually a blessing in disguise.

If it weren't for a minor catastrophe, it's a cinch that Eugene Pallette would not be knocking down—this year of grace 1942—something like $125,000 per annum, working when he pleases, scrutinizing his parts, and snooting the B-pictures as if they were contaminated.

The minor catastrophe, to get down to cases, happened when the company manager of the small stock company with which he was touring ran off with all of Pallette's savings, money he had meant to use for an invasion of Broadway. The 19-year-old ex-jockey, acrobat and tumbler took it hard. For two years he had toiled in the small time as a stock juvenile, depositing half his salary with the company manager and dreaming, day and night, of his conquest of Broadway and New York, scheduled for the following month. And here was his bright dream squashed at one fell swoop. And here was Pallette stranded in Portland, Oregon, without a dime.

He spent a day brooding about his misfortune. He might have made it a week, except for the sudden discovery that his habit of eating three times a day hadn't disappeared simultaneously with his life's savings. He tossed his woe over his left shoulder, got a stay of execution from the hotel manager, scouted around for work, and came up with a job as streetcar conductor. He launched his Deliver-Pallette-from-Portland (nothing personal, citizens of Portland) program by passing a buck from his first pay envelope through the window of a local bank after establishing that it had on deposit something like $450,000,000. He had put in six months collecting fares when he happened to pick up a copy of *Variety*, abandoned by one of his passengers and conveniently folded to a page devoted to theatrical happenings on the West Coast, Los Angeles in particular. What attracted his attention was a paragraph to the effect that the great William Faversham was recruiting a couple of actors for a pair of plays which he was taking on the road.

He hopped off the trolley, hustled over to the bank, demanded his $55, and caught the next train for Los Angeles.

The great Faversham gave Pallette an audience, but no job. High and dry once more, he called on the personnel manager of the Los Angeles Street Railway Company to see if he could use a first-class conductor.

The personnel manager was very sorry. He didn't have an opening at the moment. But if the first-class conductor didn't mind the suggestion—and wasn't too particular about temporary employment—there was an outfit around the corner that was hiring extras to work in the jumping pictures. And at $2.50 a day.

An hour later Pallette was an extra. A week later, having smartened up to the fact that riders get double pay, he was a stuntman on horseback. A month later he was playing juvenile leads at the unheard of salary of $45 a week.

From then on the rise of Eugene Pallette was as meteoric as it was breathtaking.

In three years he was one of Hollywood's top leading men, outranking his room-mate, a man named Wallace Reid. He played the lead—opposite Dorothy Gish—in the first three-reeler ever made, a gem called *How Hazel Got Even*. He co-starred in Lord-knows-how-many pictures with Norma Talmadge. He was going like a four-alarm fire when war broke out. He volunteered, joined the air corps,

spent two years training, and got as far as Chicago when the Armistice was declared.

He returned to Hollywood and found that things had changed a bit—for the worse. A winsome blonde had appeared on the scene and had introduced the vile vogue of tall leading men in order to make herself look smaller. The vogue was vile because Pallette was on the short side himself, which proved pretty sad: it ruined him as a leading man.

Chagrined but undaunted, Pallette decided to change his type. He turned light comedian, talked Metro into producing the first full-length movie farce, and snagged the lead for himself. Once more he zoomed to the top.

He was doing wonderfully when the panic of 1921 hit the movie companies. In the general retrenchment he was cashiered, retired to his father's farm to meditate on the uncertainties of life. He was hardly settled when he received a telegram from Douglas Fairbanks, imploring him to hurry back to Hollywood and play the portly *Porthos* in *The Three Musketeers.*

With the arrival of the talkies he decided to make one final change. He decided to play Eugene Pallette straight—genial, globular, gruff and gravel-textured as to voice. He has been playing Eugene Pallette straight ever since.

The Pallette whom you will be seeing shortly in *Forest Rangers* and in *Silver Queen* is a jovial item who looks you in the eye when you first meet, pumps your hand, and comes right down to cases. He'll talk about his 31 years in pictures, the 1103 pictures he's made, and his ups and downs as an actor. About Pallette the man he is incredibly noncommittal. He regards his private life as nobody's business but his own.

Married five times, he is currently a bachelor, lives at Hollywood's Roosevelt Hotel when he's in town, eschews Hollywood society, and never makes the rounds of the elegant boites.

For the past twenty-five years, he has lived by astrology on which subject he is something of a scholar. One of his major diversions is horses, on which he has been known to lay a wager every now and then, encouraging them down the stretch with that basso profundo of his.

He has played cinema father to almost everybody on the screen (Davis, Dunne, Durbin, Fonda, Fontaine, Foran, Gillis, Gwynne, Goddard, etc., etc.) but has never been a parent in real life. If he had his life to live over again, he never would have quit Culver Military Academy to join the circus, but would have gone on to college, emerged a criminal lawyer or a detective and settled down in Winfield, Kansas, where he was born.

How come this Lady Luck character could do her worst and not get a rise out of Pallette is as follows: if the bottom ever fell out of the market for the Pallette pictures, he could retire—heaven forbid!—to his private Shangri-La, a huge cattle ranch which is not only self-sustaining but bombproof, there to spend the rest of his days in serene solvency.

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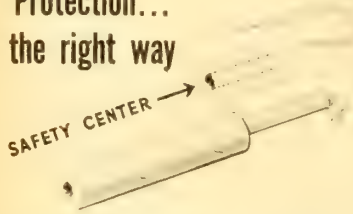

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Kid Sister

By HELEN WELLER

Jeanne Cagney is any fellow's idea of a swell kid sister—especially brother Jimmy's. Jeanne proves she has plenty on her own hook in her new role in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*

There is a scene in *Yankee Doodle Dandy* where George M. Cohan has just been told by his sister, Josie, that she is going to be married. According to the script, he was then supposed to give Sis a long, big brother talk, full of advice and warning.

"Oh, no," interrupted the young actress who was playing Josie. "That wouldn't be right. I'm sure George M. Cohan didn't do that. You see, Jim and I are the same type of brother and sister that George M. and Josie were, and Jim isn't a giver-out of advice."

And that's why, in its present form, you'll see Cohan greet his sister's announcement with a wisecrack instead of a lecture.

Jeanne Cagney is a typical kid sister. She's Jimmy's, you know. And in *Yankee Doodle Dandy* she was so right as his screen sister, Josie Cohan, that she was pressed into service as technical adviser on the family scenes!

Jeanne had been praying for the part of Jimmy's screen sister ever since she learned that Warner Brothers were planning this cavalcade of Cohan's life. For months she had been secretly studying ballet, tap and singing, even digging into old theatrical books and periodicals to give her a good background of Cohan's times.

Then one afternoon as she was visiting Jimmy on the set of *Captains of the Clouds*, Mike Curtiz, who was assigned to direct *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, stepped up to her and said, "I haf wonderful idea. You play Josie."

"Me?" gasped Jeanne incredulously, as though it were the last thing on earth she wanted to do. But her heart was pounding.

"No one else," said Curtiz. He was right. One test of Jeanne, and no one else was ever considered for the part. It isn't only because of the great family resemblance between Jimmy and Jean, but, the studio explains, they fit so well together. There is a family warmth and love between them that is evident without getting syrupy.

Hollywood has just become acquainted with Jimmy's kid sister, but they are still rather nonplussed by her gentle demeanor. Who ever suspected that Jimmy Cagney, who shoved grapefruits in ladies' faces and intimidated gangsters, harbored a kid sister who was a Phi Beta Kappa and a

lady? She had been visiting Hollywood, on and off, for the past ten summers with Mom Cagney, but it wasn't until she graduated from Hunter College four years ago that she came to Hollywood to stay. Here was a wholesome, healthy Irish girl with a complexion of her own, a cultured voice like velvet and a trunkful of science books, which she reads with the relish that most of us read best sellers. About movie work she was so-so. Strangely, being Jimmy Cagney's sister had not infected her with the acting bug; she had miraculously avoided any tendency toward being screen-struck and her life, so far, had been thoroughly prosaic.

"The family places a very high price on scholarship," she explains. "I like to study and I was encouraged to do so by Mom and Jim. At an age when most girls are beginning to think of beaux, I had time for little else but study. I was at school almost all day and I'd go to bed early. Then I'd get up at two in the morning and study until eight, when it was time for me to be off to college again. And I loved it," she adds, grinning.

There is a simplicity about Jeanne, as there is about all the Cagneys, that neither great wealth nor movie fame can destroy. She could have had whatever she wanted, no matter what the cost, because Jim has always been very generous with his mother and sister. Although she could have gone to the most exclusive schools, she chose instead to go to Hunter, New York's free city college for girls, because of its high scholastic rating.

Serious and thoughtful, she had no boy friends and had never gone dancing when she came to Hollywood to stay. It was Victor Jory who made her movie-minded. He met her at Jimmy's house one day and told her she looked like Jane Byran. "Why don't you try out at the Pasadena Playhouse for her part in *Brother Rat*? They're doing that play now."

Jeanne did, got the role and lapped up theater work with such fervor that she knew that from this time on Jimmy wasn't going to be the only Cagney who acted. This eventually led to a contract with Paramount, where she tripped through some of their minor productions. When her contract was up, she went on the road for more experience, at Jimmy's advice.

By this time she was beginning to blossom. She took dancing lessons and responded to it with such enthusiasm that she now wears out her boy friends on the dance floor. She is an energetic, hard-working girl who gets what she wants by thoroughness and application. Her scholastic mind has made her logical and persevering. When you see her dance so expertly in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, doing high kicks and taps, it will be hard to believe that up until six months ago she had never danced in her life!

About Jim she could talk for hours. "The best brother a girl could have," she says warmly. Then she tells about the time she did *Ceiling Zero* on the air with him and she had to say, "I hate you," to him.

"I looked up at Jimmy—and the words wouldn't come out. He's so wonderful and I adore him so much I just couldn't say, 'I hate you' with any finality at all. I finally did, though. Which proves," she laughed, "that I'm an actress, after all." ■

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Joe E. Brown's Fight For Life

By E. J. SMITHSON

■ Your correspondent has just shaken hands with a corpse! A live corpse at that!

To be explicit, we've just shaken hands with Joe E. Brown, the big grin and laugh man, who in December, 1939, was actually deader than the news in yesterday's paper for a period of forty seconds.

Pal Joe E. took that long count of forty seconds, and then came stumbling and struggling back from his rendezvous with death to stage one of the greatest fights for life that could ever be dug out of a medical journal. If you have never been able to associate those up-and-at-'em virtues of grit, determination, willpower and raw courage with a funnyman of the screen, lend an ear to this tale and change your opinion hurriedly.

Going back to that day in December, 1939, when Joe came near passing into the shadowy beyond, he was more than somewhat in a hurry that afternoon and as he jogged along Sunset Boulevard in his station wagon, he was going at a moderate clip. A careful driver, Joe braked the car as he reached the crest of a sharp incline. "But," says Joe, "there weren't any brakes! My right foot went clear to the floor boards and the car, gathering momentum quickly, shot forward. Before I got halfway down the hill, I must have been doing better than fifty. To give me a bigger margin to negotiate the curve, I began edging toward the white line in the center of the road. And then it happened! A car coming up the hill bumped my rear fender and before I could shout "gangway!" I was hurtling down a 35-foot embankment. According to one startled observer, there was a good eight feet of daylight under my car as I bounced over.

"When I came to, I was still in the driver's seat at the bottom of the embankment. After a tremendous effort, I managed to get the door open and then fell out in a dead faint."

When Joe regained consciousness in the hospital, the doctor was bending over him. He had listed to his credit one broken back, one dislocated shoulder, one collapsed lung, one nose torn loose from his face, one severed tongue, a couple of fractures, a swollen head and a score or so bruises and bumps. In other words, he was completely done in.

"The nurse," Joe says, "picked up my wrist, felt it and muttered, 'No pulse.' At which, my wife, who was waiting at the door, began to faint. The doctor went over to help her, thinking I was beyond medical skill. It was then the nurse called for oxygen, and along with that and a shot or two of adrenalin, I was back in the land of the living. Not very far back, but enough to give me a toe-hold on the will-to-live.

Joe E. Brown is the kind of a guy you can knock down but never out. Twice bad luck has laid him flat on his back but he's always come up for more. Above: A delegation of the boys cheer him up after his accident. Right: A scene from Republic's *Lazybones* with Judy Canova

I'd been dead for forty seconds and somehow I didn't like the experience. I was going to get well, come heck and high water. And I did!"

But there's more to the story than that. The man who had made millions laugh simply wouldn't give up. He says that when he lay at the foot of that embankment, he kept repeating that he would not die—but live. This idea never left him during those long eight months of pain when he lay rigid in a cast that held him immovable on his bed. And it was this very will-to-live that affected a cure.

Also helping immeasurably in his recovery were the hundreds of telegrams, letters and gifts he received from the men and women all over the country who had once laughed at him on the screen, and who were praying for him now. "They're priceless," Joe E. says.

His own personal philosophy came to his rescue too. "I started in the show business," Joe relates, "as a circus acrobat at the age of nine, and I had my share of sprained tendons, broken bones and so on as a result of falls. Each one as it came along would send me into fits of depression. I would generally bemoan my lot and decide to give up show business. But when something really serious, like my accident, happened to me, I'd invariably take it in my stride. It was the minor bumps that upset me, not the major ones. I'd never begin to face trouble honestly until I was seriously hurt. It's a rather strange way of accepting adversity, but I've found it pays big dividends."

It was while he was in vaudeville that Joe broke his back and never knew it until twelve years later. He had been suffering for some time with what he thought was lumbago and finally had his spine x-rayed. The doctors haven't yet figured out how he executed an acrobatic act all those years with a broken back. In his more recent accident, Joe broke it again in almost the same spot.

Ohio was his birthplace, but at the tender age of nine Joe was traveling with a circus. Then he tried his hand at vaudeville in an acrobatic act.

This led to burlesque, where he eventually landed a job as comedian. Then he was spotted for a comedy lead in a Broadway show, which due to a strike never opened.

It was about this time that Joe went West with his wife for the sake of her health. He crashed the movies and his first film turned out to be a hit.

In fact, he's been a Number One funnyman on the screen ever since, with one laugh riot following the next.

Joe's hobby is sports. He's a rabid fan and the trophy room of his home contains one of the largest and most varied collections in the country. His interests and activities include baseball, football, racing, cycling and track. Two years ago he was voted the Number One sports fan in the country.

Today Joe is very much alive, even after two back-breaking episodes that would kill most men. He says he feels younger and better than ever. Certainly he's the friskiest, liveliest, forty-second corpse you ever laid an eye upon.

And the funniest! ■

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John Emery is unique among actors. Call him a ham and he loves it. He's found it profitable, fascinating and admits it takes a good actor to carry through. He's in Warners' *George Washington Slept Here*

Incurable Ham

By CONNIE CURTIS

■ Don't bother to duck when you call John Emery a ham—the most opprobrious epithet in an actor's dictionary. John doesn't mind in the least because for the nonce it happens to be true; he just has finished playing the roles of two ham actors—as hammy as they come—in *George Washington Slept Here* and Metro's new murder mystery, *Eyes in the Night.*

As result he has chalked up two more smash performances for his record and banked a very tidy sum of money indeed. That's a bit of Shangri-La for any actor.

Offhand, it seems a paradox to distort Emery's natural talent by casting him as a punk third-rater. Although a comparative newcomer to Hollywood, he long has been considered one of Broadway's better actors and has co-starred with many of the great names of the theater. Too, he holds a unique position in the show world; he represents the ninth generation of Emerys who have been distinguished stage stars since 1740. That's quite a spell of time.

Admittedly, however, it requires a fine actor to play a ham actor convincingly. The late John Barrymore was a perfect example. Barrymore was acknowledged to be one of the greatest figures of the American stage and screen, yet no one could top him when it came to slicing off a dish of ham. It's a matter of perfect timing and judgment in overplaying a scene.

"Besides," Emery said, "ham is fun!"

There was his famous train ride to Detroit, for instance. Emery had been appearing in a Russian play with Eva LeGallienne, which called for him to swagger about in a colorful Russian blouse, monocle, and closely cropped hair. Suddenly he was called to Detroit on business and barely was able to make the train after the evening performance by going direct from the theater in costume and make-up.

Early the next morning he surveyed his traveling companions and found the prospect deadly—stodgy business men engrossed in sales charts, harassed women attending to whimpering babies, and sourpussed old maids barricaded behind Good Books. Depressed in spirit, he started for the washroom for his morning ablutions. Half way down the aisle the great idea was born; singlehanded he would jolt the good folk from preoccupation with their dull affairs. No telling what might happen then.

When he emerged from the washroom (leaving behind him a group of thoroughly startled gentlemen) he was clad in the bright blue satin blouse and tight fitting trousers from the play. The monocle was adjusted in one eye and his face screwed up in a supercilious sneer! All day long he continued the masquerade, strutting importantly up and down the train. He spoke to no one, and after one burst of gibberish which was supposed to sound Russian in response to a question put to him, no one spoke to him. Goggle-eyed, the other passengers watched him in fascination, whispering among themselves and speculating wildly about "the mystery man." Then as the

train drew into the station, Emery clicked his heels, bowed low to the bewildered ladies and gentlemen, and in pure American accent said: *"So long, chums!"*

"Sure it was a corny performance," John laughed, "but that proves my point. I had fun and the passengers had fun. It brought a little color and excitement into their lives and transformed an otherwise boring journey into an intriguing adventure!"

Actually, he reminded, all of us have more than a dash of ham in our make-up. How else to account for the way a grim banker will get all dolled up as Little Boy Blue for a costume party and love it? Why do women wear screwy hats which will attract attention and comment? Why do otherwise conservative business men cavort around in plumed hats, scarlet sashes and gold epaulettes on lodge night?

"In a sense the kid who joins the aviation corps unconsciously is motivated by ham," John said. "It is more dramatic. He is the star performer in action, spotlighted as he fights alone, rather than manning a trench with 50,000 other infantrymen who look just like him. The trial lawyer frequently indulges in ham when making his plea to the jury. And what is hammier than the new father as he grandiosely passes cigars at the birth of his son, taking credit for the whole works?"

What's the harm? None. Then what's the good? Plenty, Emery maintained.

"Hamming is a tonic, a shot in the arm for thousands," he said. "It releases inhibitions and repressions within us which need releasing if we are to keep emotionally fit. It builds up self-esteem and oftimes is the impetus which drives us to the higher goals we are capable of reaching. Sometimes it spells salvation for the introvert. There was a time, for instance, when I was too shy to ask a drugstore clerk to change a dime without buying a package of gum, and many a job I lost because my knees would start to shake and I'd turn tail and run from the very producer I had gone to see about a part."

Once in a while a little judicious hamming can snatch victory from defeat, John averred. Take the time he was playing *Heathcliffe* in *Wuthering Heights* on the New York stage. The critics lambasted the show right and left in their reviews after opening night. Woolcott Gibbs, for one, leveled on John with these words:

"John Emery played *Heathcliffe* in an evasive and self-effacing manner, as if he was afraid Tallulah would find out what he was up to."

At the time, Emery was married to the tempestuous Tallulah Bankhead. At the time, too, the Critics Circle was voting its annual award for the best performance. Far from being enraged at the critical insult, John and Tallulah started a tour of the swank and crowded night clubs the next evening. With infinite care he had applied black eye make-up to his right orb, and as he had foreseen, critic after critic rushed to greet him. Hungry for gossip of the battle which had engendered the terrific shiner, each in turn demanded, "Who hit you? Where did you get that black eye?" Whereupon John would throw open his coat with a grand flourish, and the amazed onlookers would see a shirt cardboard inserted over his dress shirt. On it was printed in crude letters: *What the Critics Circle Gave Me.*

No wonder Mrs. John Garfield looks pleased. The man of the family has been winning praise for his splendid performance in M-G-M's *Tortilla Flat*

Every paper the next day carried stories of his good sportsmanship and the stunt. Likewise it was the last bad notice the critics gave him.

There was one bit of hamming, however, which Emery never has forgotten. It happened when he was a young sprout of 16 and wholly enamored of the theater, much to his father's distress, since he had decided young John should be a soldier, not an actor. Nonetheless John would sneak away from home in time for the daily parade of actors down Broadway, done up in his own conception of a successful star. On his head was a pearl gray homburg which he wore with striped trousers, a cutaway coat and spats. For the crowning touch of thespian glory, he jauntily swung a silverheaded walking stick which he had filched from his father's supply.

One day he chanced to meet the late William Faversham, then a reigning star of Broadway. They stopped and chatted, with John airily talking about mythical offers he had received. Suddenly he leaned his weight on the walking stick, as he had seen other men-of-the-world do, entirely unaware he was standing on an iron grating in the sidewalk. Crash! the stick went through the grating and John fell full length, flat on his face!

Faversham grinned. "That, laddie," he said, "is no way for an actor to take a bow!" ■

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This delectable bundle named Britton once aspired to higher education in a big way. Now she's improving her mind on the Paramount lot, currently appearing in *Wake Island*. Barbara spends her free moments baking cupcakes for the boys with Uncle Sam

No More Cheesecake

By JACK DALLAS

■ Paramount's Barbara Britton is quite a card, and no two ways about it.

Back in the not-so-dim days when she was a freshman at Long Beach (California) High and piloted her colossal curves hither and yon (when she wasn't in class or doing her homework), lovers of the good, the true, and the beautiful would always sidle up to ask her what she intended to become when she got to be a big girl.

"Me?" Barbara would say, giving the Britton topography a bit of a bounce the meanwhile. "Oh, I guess I'll go on to college—that is, if I'm not discovered."

Discovered indeed!

Belle Britton hadn't even the vaguest notion of being discovered. For that matter, she didn't even give a darn. What Barbara had in mind, colossal curves or no colossal curves, was to finish high school, traipse off to college, find her a man resembling Errol Flynn, get married, and raise a family of six.

Naturally, a party like Barbara would be quite flabbergasted—and was—to come home one afternoon, find a message in her grandmother's familiar handwriting, saying. "Please call Roy Chapin." She followed through and discovered that Mr. C. wanted her to parade her curves before a committee of civic-minded Long Beachers about to pick a queen to represent the community in the Tournament of Roses parade.

Barbara thought it was funny no end, so funny that she told her grandmother, who is quite a girl, all about it.

"Of course, you're going to enter. . . ."

"Why, Granny!"

The very next day she passed in front of a committee of twenty civic-minded Long Beachers, bedecked in a royal blue lastex bathing suit—"real snug." When she got home she found another message, again in her grandmother's handwriting, saying "Mr. Chapin called" and a P.S. reading: "Hope you're not allergic to parades, you minx."

There was nothing to do but climb on that float and start representing good old Long Beach. And Barbara, the card, did it. She really decked herself out for the parade.

All that Barbara got out of the thing was the free ride and a picture in the paper (sandwiched between two other

cuties) above which photograph was the caption FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

"One of us three was chosen Queen of the Tournament of Roses," Barbara says whimsically, "but it wasn't me."

That picture in the paper had an interesting repercussion—two repercussions, to be exact, both of them known in the trade as actor's agents. They wrote in to tell Barbara that judging from the picture in the paper she looked like pretty hot screen material, and would she drop by to talk it over. Barbara didn't write. She telegraphed—as follows:

"Thank you very much for noticing me. I don't think I want to go into pictures as cheesecake."

That would hold those snippy agents for a while!

Confidentially, they were two of the most important agents in Hollywood. And, confidentially, they were intrigued no end. They set spies on her trail, watched her every move, and were tickled pink to discover that as soon as she had switched over to Long Beach Junior College at mid-term, what did she do but break out into a rash of dramatics. They let her do the first role (a bright little bit in *Ladies of the Jury*) without molesting her. But when she hit the deck in *Pride and Prejudice* (as the gentle *Jane* who is taken ill) they swooped down on her. A persistent party by the name of Sam Arnow got to her first, begged her not to throw herself away on education or marriage, and got her to sign you know where. And Barbara was in pictures—more or less.

Mr. Arnow did have to sell her to somebody, of course. But that was no trick at all. He took her by the hand one day, called around at Paramount, launched a little spiel concerning the Britton talents, and was interrupted half-way through his inventory by the word "Sold!"

Mostly Paramount likes to let its cupcakes loiter around the lot getting the hang of things before putting them to work. But Barbara was sent to the salt mines without so much as a warm-up. Her first contribution to cinema art was in *Secrets of the Wasteland*, a chore that she found "incredibly amusing." She was the bespectacled daughter of an archaeologist whom the hero can't see (not with her wearing cheaters) for sour apples. When she takes 'em off (the glasses) and stands so the dopey hero can't miss the Britton topography, he perks up interest. And does Barbara mow him down just before finis with the words:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Nelson, but my work comes first!"

After that, Barbara proceeded to wow Paramount Pictures, from Cecil B. DeMille down to the lowliest messenger. C. B. got so steamed up over Barbara that he decided to award her the role of *Drusilla* in *Reap the Wild Wind*. Just before shooting began, he changed his mind, handed the part to Susan Hayward, and put Barbara, very briefly, in the dance sequence. Did Barbara object? Or protest? Certainly not! She was actually grateful to C. B., the Indian giver!

"My dancing improved 100 percent, thanks to Mr. DeMille," she says proudly. "We must have done that waltz sequence a million times."

Barbara behaved so well about it that the boys in the front office gave her a break and put her in *Young and Willing*. She did fine. They retaliated by clapping her into *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. She did even better. And just you wait until she gets her second wind.

Growing up to be one of Paramount's big actresses is Barbara's main ambition but it certainly isn't Barbara's obsession. "Theoretically," says Barbara, "I don't go out when I'm working." In practice, however, she goes out twice a week with a Princeton man who works at Lockheed Aircraft, Inc., and is "ripe for the draft." On Wednesday nights she goes out with a professor who, according to the latest reports, is likewise "ripe for the draft." Her free evenings Barbara spends over a hot stove, all in the interests of Uncle Sam.

You see, what Barbara is even better at than acting (at which she is no slouch) is making gingerbread cupcakes. She wraps them in bright packages and sends them to boys in the forces, with a card that reads: "Bundles from Britton." Up until recently she used to stamp the package with the legend: "Approved by Crude Housekeeping" but she quit that. Nowadays she stamps on the packages the greeting "Tums Up!" When she tires of that gag, she'll think of another one.

Just leave it to Barbara! ■

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Awakened at Thirty

A 25-cent ticket to a motion picture theater cured Van Heflin of a long sustained "mad" at Hollywood and rewarded film-goers with a pleasing and personable leading man. He's in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Seven Sisters*

By JERRY RILEY

■ Van Heflin is a very personable young man who, except for a 25-cent ticket to a motion picture theater, might not be working in Hollywood today.

You could go much farther back in his career and say that if he hadn't jumped ship in New York in 1928 he might be skipper of an ocean liner. But there were so many "if's" between jumping ship and his last jump to Hollywood, we might as well concentrate for a moment on the last one.

Van Heflin, a rangy, easy-going youngster, had a good dose of Hollywood about five years ago. And he didn't like it. Hollywood wasn't any too well pleased with him, either.

He returned to Broadway and after several shows was cast in *Philadelphia Story* as the reporter—a part played on the screen by Jimmy Stewart.

Van avoided seeing the picture until after he had finished the two-year and 20-week run of the play because he did not want Stewart's interpretation to influence his portrayal of the role he had created. Then with the long run ended, he slipped into a second-rate theater and caught the picture.

"What I saw really awakened me," he declared. "Not only did the motion picture treatment of the play tell the story better in every way than we had been able to on the stage, but the film version reached a greater audience in a single week than we had in the entire run in New York and on the road."

That's why Van returned to Hollywood a year ago for an indefinite stay in the town he had sworn to shun forever. In fact, his antipathy for the film capital had been so strong that for a number of years his stage contracts specified he would play the run of the show in New York and on the road *except in Los Angeles and Hollywood.*

He kept his "mad" on faithfully until he saw *Philadelphia Story* and then he got over it.

"Hollywood has changed a lot," he observed, then admitted, "perhaps Van Heflin has changed some, too."

And he did have some justification for feeling piqued at Talkie-Town, as any one will agree who saw his early pictures and some of the inane parts he was called upon to play.

But all that is past, and in the year he has been in pictures he has been in six productions; and others are lined up for

him as soon as he finishes *Seven Sisters*.

Van is half "Okie" and half Californian. He and his mother came to Long Beach from Walters, Oklahoma, when he was a child. While attending Long Beach high school he spent his vacations aboard ships. Then he attended University of Oklahoma for two years without seeing blue water.

In the summer between his sophomore and junior years he returned to California and shipped aboard a freighter for New York where he jumped ship. Carrying a duffel bag over his shoulder, he dropped into a cousin's apartment, right in the middle of a cocktail party.

When Van arrived, a certain young Broadway actor was recounting how he had just quit a Broadway show.

Innocent Van asked, "What sort of a part was it?"

The actor looked Van over very carefully before he replied, "Very minor, playing the part of a young squirt—about like you."

Everyone was amused and as a gag it was suggested Van try to get the job. He knew he was being ribbed, but he was so angry he decided to carry it through. The next morning, about 7:30, which is still the middle of the night in show business, Van was waiting at the office of Channing Pollock, writer and essayist, who was producing.

When Pollock came in, shortly before noon, he realized that Van had been sent to see him as a gag. But he liked the youngster's looks and decided to do a bit of gagging himself, so he gave a note to Van addressed to Richard Boleslavski, who was directing *Mr. Moneypenny*. He was hired on the spot.

The play ran only 11 weeks, but in that time the theater bug bit Van, and hard. He was too smart to try it cold again. Theatrical lightning couldn't strike him twice, he knew. So he finished school at Oklahoma and then took a year in the Yale drama school. An engagement in stock at Denver was followed by *Sailor Beware* on Broadway.

He came to Hollywood in 1936 and played in what he believed were the worst pictures ever foisted upon the public.

"I left Hollywood flat," he recalls with a grin, "more or less expecting the Zanucks and DeMilles of the industry to grab me by the coat tails. I wonder now if they ever knew I had been here."

The whole-hearted spirit of co-operation with which Van has re-entered pictures has made him extremely popular with the brains department of the studio as well as with fellow workers before the camera. Perhaps that is why there is an actual clamor for his services by the producers on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

Van's plans are as definite as anyone's can be in time of war, and they call for him to remain in Hollywood.

He explains his decision in terms a business man can understand.

"I learned," he said, "from Katharine Hepburn that it is easier to get to the top as an actor if at least a part of your work is in Hollywood."

Van's biggest Broadway success was as a newspaper man in *Philadelphia Story* and he believes reporters and actors are kindred spirits. "They must observe life so they can portray it, each in his own medium," he explains.

He never lost his love for the sea and still retains his third mate ticket, a position he qualified for but never filled. His highest active rank aboard ship was Able Bodied Seaman, and you must know your way around to get that rating.

But the sea, almost as definitely as the stage, is behind him. From here on out Van is sticking with the flickers, and he is even more pleased than the boss of M-G-M that he spent a quarter to see Jimmy Stewart portray the role he had created on the stage. ■

Less than a week after her divorce from Arthur Hornblow, Myrna Loy had the knot retied, this time with John D. Hertz, Jr., New York advertising executive. Myrna is appearing in M-G-M's *The Thin Man's Rival* with Bill Powell

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MIDSUMMER MAGIC

By CATHERINE ROBERTS

FASHION EDITOR

■ "It's not the heat. It's the humidity" is one of those bromides that unfortunately is too true. Especially if your summer role must be played in town. How to beat the heat when on the job is not too easy but it can be done. It requires a campaign of good planning, persistent effort and, above all, the right frame of mind. "You're as cool as you look" is another cliche that is based upon absolutely sound psychology. Here's how you do it.

If you work in town the coolest possible colors to wear, to look and be cool in, are dark ones! Yes, I mean dark; black, navy or very dark green. You know, those colors make most girls look paler than they are, and the less flushed you look in the summer the cooler you'll be. Then, too, all dark colors seem to show up wrinkles and mussing in a far less degree than do light tones. This helps you maintain that out-of-the-band-box look all day long. Use fresh sparkling white notes with your dark dresses. A frosty dickie, as illustrated, or gleaming, cool looking pearls, earrings and bracelets. To further enhance the effect of perfect grooming, wear gloves when you're on the street. They're a grand finishing touch, like the icing on a cake.

The dress shown is by Sacson and may be bought in leading shops all over the country at about $8. ■

LEFT: A perfect black sheer dress for town wear. Two red tassels trim breast pocket. Frosty white dickie is detachable. By Sacson. $7.95 at Gimbel's, New York

The cool touch of Marvella's Chiffon pearls adds immeasurably to the chic of dark town clothes. Featherweight and unbreakable. Necklace, $3. Earbobs, $1

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Ready For Romance

By HOYT BARNETT

Cecilia Parker once aspired to opera but her first screen job landed her on a horse in a fast-riding Western. She earned her acting spurs in serials and thrillers and more recently as sister to the perennial *Andy Hardy*. Now she's ready for romantic leads. Cecilia is currently appearing in M-G-M's new film *Seven Sisters*

If Hollywood's school of hard knocks prepares an actress for her heart's desire, Cecilia Parker should rate romantic roles for the rest of her life.

This piquant blonde has been pawed by gorillas, bounced by plunging horses, tumbled from cliffs and caught amid flaming wreckage a sufficient number of times to give her a cinematic diploma summa cum laude.

But this 117 pounds of well-put-together actress has been more than a punching bag in action thrillers. She has tossed her blond curls through ten of the apparently unending *Hardy* series as the sister of the irrepressible *Andy*. These smoothly constructed pictures have done much to advance her career, for behind what appears to be a haphazard development of her role, there is a definite plan to build her into the romantic actress she wants and deserves to be.

Those who saw the latest *Hardy* film will realize how far this plan has progressed, for in this picture the public suddenly learns that *Andy's* sister *Marian* has curves and stuff.

The reaction to this revelation caused Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to put a stick in the punch, so to speak, by casting Cecilia in *Seven Sisters* where she was given additional opportunity to show that when it comes to oomph, nature did *not* deal her a bust hand.

As far as looks are concerned, Cecilia has the requisites for romantic leads. Her weight is distributed over five feet, three and one-half inches of body in such a way that you don't think of her as a sister, and her hair, blond and golden to the ends, complements dark hazel eyes the way hair should.

But despite her looks, it was not her destiny to have success come knocking at her door. She is a throw-back to the ancient history of Hollywood, inasmuch as she had to work up from the extra ranks in a foot-by-foot fight to overtake the more fortunate actresses who boomed in from Broadway or summer stock to tailor-made niches in films.

One reason for the toughness of the row she had to hoe is that she practically is a native of Hollywood despite her birth in Canada. Her father, Thomas Parker, took the family to England so the Parkers could be near him while he fought in France during World War I, and Cecilia vaguely can remember the boom of bombs dropped from Zeppelins in the first horror raids in history.

Cecilia was 9 when they returned to North America and settled in Hollywood. By the time she was graduated from Hollywood high school she was determined to become an opera singer, but such an ambition requires more money than the family could supply.

She decided to earn her own by working as an extra, but in her first picture fate smacked her with a fast one-two to the chin. The first punch barred her from the lot as an extra because she was a minor, but the second knocked her into a screen test and a role opposite George O'Brien in a fast-shootin' Western. The fact that she could not ride was one she concealed until the company arrived on location in the Grand Canyon region of Arizona.

Cecilia's career might have ended before it began except for the fact that the director thought he could teach her to ride quicker than he could get a substitute from Hollywood.

Learning to ride in three days might be impossible under ordinary circumstances, but when a neophite equestrienne must either keep her seat or fall into the Grand Canyon she learns fast.

For the next two years Cecilia was a top hand in the giddy-up industry, riding through prairie fires, over cliffs and dodging stampeding cattle for such cowboy aristocrats as Buck Jones, Ken Maynard, Rex Bell and O'Brien.

And then came an even more hectic phase in the career of this girl who wanted to play nice, quiet romantic leads. Universal studio saw her and decided she was the type to be frightened by gorillas, snapped at by crocodiles, lunged at by leopards, hissed at by snakes and leered at by villains. Thus she was crowned Queen of the Serials and her assignments took her from major lots to poverty row and back again.

These experiences, while being rough on the exterior of the pretty youngster, smoothed many of the kinks from her professional inaptitude, and when Metro offered her the role as the young sister of Greta Garbo in *The Painted Veil*, Cecilia was ready for the break.

And now that the thrillers and Westerns are behind her, Cecilia can afford to be magnanimous in retrospect. "Some day," she said dreamily, "I'd like to play in another Western, even in a serial." As she spoke the last words, a note of doubt came into her voice, and she added, "If they wouldn't cast me opposite a gorilla."

It is unlikely that she will have an opportunity to make either Westerns or thrillers for some years as her studio is only waiting for her to finish *Seven Sisters* before plunging into the 13th of the *Hardy* series.

While Cecilia found romance slow in coming to her professionally, there was no lag in romance in her private life. Four years ago she met Dick Baldwin, a young actor, and they were married within a few months. Now she and Dick are the parents of two-year-old Cecilia Ann.

They are a romantic couple, she and Dick; but since Cecilia has received her diploma from Hollywood's school of hard knocks it seems likely that the romance in her private life will have to hustle if it keeps pace with her romancing on the screen. ■

Life With Father

[*Continued from page 26*]

the Los Angeles Social Register following his marriage, he leaves society to its own devices, mostly. Every week or so, he sends a letter to his wife asking her if he might have the pleasure of her company for such-and-such an affair come Saturday night. The postscript always reads: "Don't write—telegraph." She does—and accepts. Saturday night comes and the Waynes step out. He buys her an orchid, takes her dancing, tells her how beautifully she dances, and vows, with every other breath, that she's the most wonderful wife in Hollywood.

He means it. And she deserves it. The marriage prospers because Josephine Wayne is one of those rare wives who realizes that a man is nothing more than a boy grown up. Consequently, when John's cronies call up and say "How's about a poker game over at the club?" and John, very wistfully, relays the invitation, she never fails to say: "Fine. Only why not invite them over here?"

John loses no time. In less than an hour, a half dozen cronies dating back to his days as a footballer for Southern California, have taken over the house, Mrs. Wayne having retired to her room after seeing that the ice-box has been packed with beer, cold chicken, and sundry tidbits from the delicatessen.

Ever so often—especially when he's between pictures—he gets to champing at the bit, feeling a mite coltish.

"What you need," Mrs. Wayne will say, "is a trip to the woods."

John needs no second invitation. Then and there he gets on the telephone, calls up his fellow big-game hunters such as John Ford and Ward Bond, and shoves off early the next morning. The last thing he does is to take a lingering look at his brood, sleeping in the nursery.

"How long do you think it will be before Mike and Toni can come along?" he inquires of Mrs. W.

Mrs. W. doesn't say anything. She just stands shaking her head and feeling very happy. ■

THE NAZIS SAY . . .

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Photographer—Ray Jones

Deanna Durbin interrupted her arduous Army camp tour to start work on Universal's *Forever Yours*. Immediately after her studio commitment is fulfilled, she will resume her wonderful work of entertaining the service men. This charming natural color portrait of Deanna won first prize in the keen competition of Hollywood's annual photographers' contest

Hollywood Newsreel

■ The back of Ann Sothern's lap, you may remember, was the first thing you saw in the last *Maisie* picture. And now it's being featured again in the first scene of the latest in the series. The opening shot shows Ann caught in a revolving door—and the back of her lap taking the punishment.

■ The real war got mixed up with a movie war this month—and the celluloid version suffered a casualty. For several days a group of Hollywood extras were playing American soldiers for 1917 scenes in Edward Small's *Friendly Enemies*. In the front rank was a stalwart young extra named Jim Cane. His face was important to the picture because he had a close-up with Nancy Kelly. Then he failed to report for work but he sent a telegram to Director Allan Dwan. "I'm sorry," he said, "but my draft board just cast me as a real soldier."

■ Jack Benny told me the other day how his daughter, Joan, says her prayers. At the conclusion, she says, "So long, I'll be back on the air again tomorrow night."

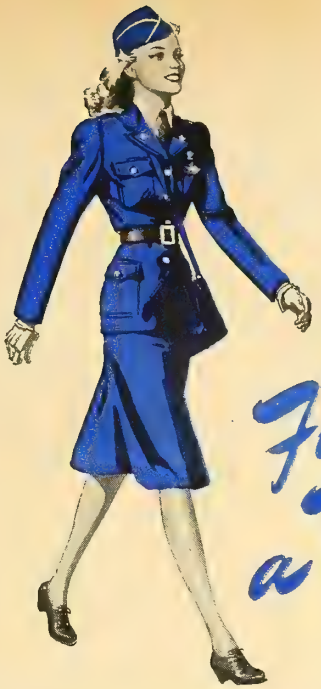
■ Bob Hope's definition of an army jeep —a malted milk machine that got drafted.

■ Eddie Bracken, returning to Hollywood from a vacation trip to the east, traveled from New York to Chicago on the same train with John Payne, Betty Grable and Bonita Granville. In Chicago, when the quartet was changing trains, flocks of autograph hunters clustered around. Bracken overheard two conductors discussing him. "I recognized John Payne, Miss Grable and Bonita Granville," whispered one, "but who's that other guy?" "I'm not sure," whispered the other, "but I think he's one of the Quiz Kids."

■ Frances Dee donned make-up for the first time in a year when she went to work as Bill Holden's wife in *Meet the Stewarts* at the Columbia studios. Not that Hollywood has been ignoring her, but because she's been ignoring Hollywood. She says she turned down eight roles during the last year because the studios insisted on typing her as a sweet little ingenue. And she's fed up with that sort of thing. *Meet the Stewarts* gave her a chance to get off the beam and she leaped at the opportunity.

■ At a party the other night a movie queen was telling a producer about a swank reception she once attended in New York. "I was dressed up," she said, "like one of Solomon's wives." Turning to his wife, the producer said, "Mama, do we know the Solomons?"

■ There's less talk and more action in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* than any film script we've read in months. The script goes 25 pages in one spot without a single word of dialogue.



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Flopping To Fame

By TOM DEVANE

It took 36 spectacular Broadway flops to land Allyn Joslyn where he wants to be—in the movies in California. He's currently appearing in Columbia's *The Wife Takes a Flyer*

■ Funny business. There was a guy with a choice role in one of the most sensational comedy plays ever to hit Broadway. He was getting rave notices and a ripe salary check each week. In short, he was going great guns.

So what does he do? After 250 star performances in *Arsenic and Old Lace,* he bows out of the biggest triumph of his career and hops the next train to Hollywood.

Why, for heaven's sake?

"I'm crazy about California and the movies," is Allyn Joslyn's simple explanation. "If I don't see Broadway again for a long time, that's all right with me. Whenever I hear these movie actors—and there are a lot of them—moaning about how they yearn for the calm, well-balanced life led by the average New York theater actor, I just laugh up my sleeve. *Hollywood's* the place for an actor!"

Joslyn admits that perhaps he should be happy at the very idea of appearing in a successful Broadway show. "After all," he said, "I'm the actor who has the record of appearing in 36 flop plays before finally managing to get into a hit. That was *Boy Meets Girl,* which George Abbott produced several years ago—and it made up for all the flops. I played it 580 performances.

"Some of my plays were what they call artistic successes," he continued. "Three were with the Theater Guild with such fine people as Alfred Lunt, Eva Le Gallienne and Richard Bennett. But I could never land in a hit. One memorable season found me going from one flop show to another until I had played in five failures in a row! The most successful of this group of plays ran a little over two weeks."

Mr. Joslyn is currently appearing around and about in the Columbia melodrama, *The Wife Takes a Flyer,* with Joan Bennett and Franchot Tone. And you'll see him soon in another comedy role in the new movie Bing Crosby is making for Universal.

He has been in the movies pretty constantly since *Boy Meets Girl,* which established him as a virtuoso comedian, closed its run. Mervyn Le Roy tapped him to brighten up an excellent but gloomy movie called *They Won't Forget.* The title proved a good omen. They—meaning the casting directors—liked his performance of a sardonic newspaperman, and Allyn played reporters from then on. "Once in a while I was a press agent, just for a change," he reminisces.

"I was playing a press agent in a movie

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called *Cafe Society,* with Madeleine Carroll, when I got a handsome offer to return to New York to do a play. It looked like a surefire hit, so I accepted. And after my long run in *Boy Meets Girl,* it was like old times to find myself back in a turkey. This one was really a smelleroo—it lasted four performances."

Joslyn recalls with some mirth one incident that occurred during rehearsals of the "turkey." The author of the play, who was constantly present to see that his brain child got proper treatment, had written in several characters that didn't ring true to Allyn, and he said so. One was the part he played, which had the character constantly producing trick gadgets and so-called "fun makers" from his pockets.

"I told the author," says Joslyn, "that it was the silliest part I ever played—that no full-grown man in his right mind would stoop to such juvenile behavior. Whoever heard of a man in his right mind playing with *toys?* The author looked at me very peculiarly for a moment or two, then in an unmistakable tone of voice retorted 'I do.'"

Playing in flop shows wasn't as serious as it might have been, because for several years Allyn was one of the busiest radio performers in Manhattan. By actual count he appeared in over 3,500 programs, ranging from "soap operas" to big dramatic shows.

One week, he was in 32 different radio programs, at the same time acting a difficult role in a stage play. And there was the hectic day when the radio people had to hire an ambulance to get him from one station to another. "Wildest ride I ever had," he grins. "I really stopped traffic on Broadway—and no fooling."

Another trip to Hollywood followed; he played in *Only Angels Have Wings* and several other important pictures. Then he was offered a humdinger of a part back on Broadway. Several people read the manuscript and advised him against it. But Joslyn shrugged his shoulders philosophically.

So what if it was a flop? The doubtful play of course, was the highly successful *Arsenic and Old Lace,* which is now well into its second year. Mr. Joslyn, much to his astonishment, had stumbled into another hit. The Warner Brothers grabbed it for a movie, with the eminent Frank Capra directing, and Cary Grant playing Joslyn's original part.

Allyn was educated in New York City, although born in Milford, Pike County, Pa., some 37 years ago. After attending Public Schools 32 and 186 in Manhattan, he was shipped off to the Chestnut Hill Academy near Philadelphia. His father, Orlando West Joslyn, was in the brokerage business on Wall Street.

A school appearance as *Oberon* in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* set young Allyn thinking about becoming an actor. Although his parents wanted him to go to college, they were finally convinced that their son and higher education would be better apart. His mother even helped him get his first job with a stock company at the age of 16.

"True to tradition, I played character parts—mostly old men with beards—for

[*Continued on page* 60]

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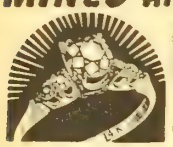

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Flopping to Fame

[*Continued from page 59*]

the first few years," confessed Joslyn. "But the beards finally depressed me, and I decided to go on to higher things. I was in a musical comedy chorus for a while, and I carried a spear in a spectacular big flop. Then I had quite a career in vaudeville, before ending up at Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Playhouse, outside Philadelphia."

Deeter and his Playhouse were—and are—one of the country's most famous influences on the American stage. Many of the greatest stage and screen stars got their first big breaks at the Hedgerow. Joslyn became a fixture there, and appeared in over 50 plays, in roles of varying importance—even a few big leads. Besides learning how to act, he also met the lovely girl who was to become his wife. She still is—and very happily so.

Joslyn confesses to few great ambitions, although like many actors, he would like to save enough money to produce and direct his own plays. He thinks he would be a good director. But, says Mr. J., no matter how much he makes, he is generally broke—and he's been that way ever since he collected his first salary check.

Joslyn's a big chap, a sandy blond standing an inch over six feet and weighing 165 pounds.

He's probably the only green-eyed actor in Hollywood.

And it's not from envy. ■

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By Catherine Roberts

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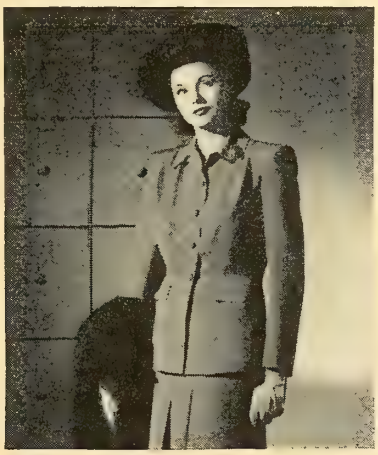
Old style wherein excessive use of fabric is both wasteful and not as smart. It takes almost 1½ yards more of fabric

New gabardine suit. Slash pockets more slenderizing. Gored skirt more practical. Shorter jacket, flattering, younger



Details of this suit require considerably more material for pleats, pockets. Photos courtesy, O. E. M., Wash., D. C.

■ Washington has spoken! Fashions for the duration will follow well defined lines and restrictions. As you can see by the photographs above, the new government restrictions on clothes are very mild. We'll be having even smarter designs than formerly, yet the savings of a few inches here or a half a yard or so there will amount to a very substantial saving. After all is said and done, the basis for these new designs is to save yardage. When you think of the millions of garments manufactured in this country you'll see how it adds up. Therefore, these restrictions make great sense for all of us.

Does all this mean that we're going to be faced with fabric shortages for the future? That there will not be enough material to make clothes for civilian use? What it does mean is this: mills that formerly did nothing but manufacture fabrics for our dresses and suits and coats are now weaving fabrics for army use. Consequently, fabrics for civilian use must be stretched to fill the needs of everyone. To do this, unnecessary fullness and trimmings are no longer allowed. Yet, the results are as smart and wearable as ever. They're tops. So, the low down on high fashion for the duration is: be smart, be simple. ■

ANNE JEFFREYS appearing in Republic's "Lazy Bones"

Hair-touseling doesn't bother lovely Anne Jeffreys for she knows how to avoid snarls. Does your hair tangle and snag the comb if mussed? Use Golden Glint Shampoo and have hair that doesn't fight your comb—shining, silky hair that falls into place and stays in place, saving hours of tiresome brushing. It's the PURE RADIEN in Golden Glint that makes the hair so soft and lustrous.

Still better, Golden Glint Shampoo comes in 12 different shade selections. The one for your hair will add an alluring "tiny tint"—not much—just a little but, oh! what a difference it does make! 25c and 10c at drug and variety stores or send for free sample. (25c size packed since March 15 contains free War Stamp Certificates.)

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Please send free sample for shade marked "X."

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2. Dark Copper	☐	8. Golden Blonde	☐
3. Sable Brown	☐	9. Topaz Blonde	☐
4. Golden Brown	☐	10. Dark Auburn	☐
5. Nut Brown	☐	11. Light Auburn	☐
6. Silver	☐	12. Lustre Glint	☐

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DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums
Buy it from your druggist today

Every other week lovely Jeanette MacDonald plays hostess to a group of soldiers, sailors and marines who are on leave in Hollywood. Jeanette provides games, wholesome food, soft drinks (only) and female companionship obtained from a nearby college or reputable women's organization. The star's new film is *Cairo*

Jeanette MacDonald's Service Parties

By BETTY CROCKER

■ For almost a year now, Jeanette MacDonald has been giving a semi-monthly party for the Army, Navy and Marine service men at her Bel Air home. The parties are called "Date-Leaves" and this is how they are planned.

Jeanette tells us the guest list is drawn up every two weeks by the United Service Organization, from among the uniformed young men who are on leave and desire a date.

Then Jeanette receives a list of girls from the Dean of Women at one of the colleges. Both groups are picked up by the Raymond station wagon and arrive before lunch, to be greeted by Jeanette. There are games to play—tennis, ping-pong, or a swim in the pool. After the informal lunch the couples usually dance, or have a song fest, whatever the guests wish. Quite often a jitterbug contest pops up, and Jeanette swings it with the best of them. Finally, well fed and happy, the group is returned.

If you're in a position to help the USO by entertaining a few of our fine young lads in uniform, then you'll want some of Jeanette MacDonald's suggestions.

"I hope lots of people will have 'Date-Leave' parties," Jeanette said, "and give our boys wholesome home food and entertainment.

"My mother has given many such parties, inviting two boys and two girls for an afternoon of badminton or hilarious games of croquet, and a good family dinner. It means so much to the boys so far from home."

Here is a typical "Date-Leaves" menu:

Grilled ground sirloin with special sauce or
Barbecued ham or
Barbecued chicken
Potato salad
Baked beans a la MacRaymond
Hot biscuits—sweet cinnamon rolls

All green combination salad with diced cheese, tomatoes and clear French dressing

Home-made ice cream and chocolate cake

Sirloin is ground with dicings of onion. Add salt and pepper to taste. Special sauce as follows:

One part roquefort cheese, two teaspoons Lee and Perrins sauce, adding enough cream to rub cheese into creamy consistency. Brush paste lightly over each side of steak patty and grill to preferred "doneness."

CHEESE BISCUITS

Add ½ cup grated yellow cheese to 2 cups of prepared biscuit mix. Then add liquid as directed on the package.

CHEESE BISCUIT SANDWICH

Roll out dough for biscuits thinner than usual. Sprinkle grated cheese over half the dough, fold the other half over to cover the cheese and cut out the biscuits. The result will be little biscuit sandwiches with cheese between—almost like toasted cheese sandwiches.

ALL GREEN SALAD

Lettuce, tomatoes, green pepper, celery, green onions, radishes, cucumber, cabbage and ground parsley. Cut into small pieces. Use vinegar and oil dressing.

HOW TO ARRANGE "DATE-LEAVES"

As originated by Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond

Call your local USO headquarters. Tell them how many boys you want to entertain on "Date-Leaves," what day, what time you will call for them and what time you will return them to USO headquarters.

Call the Dean of Women of your local college, or the head of any reputable organization of young women and tell her how many girls you wish to invite. Tell her who you are, what day you are giving a "Date-Leaves."

If your "Date-Leaves" starts just before noon and lasts all day, have sandwiches, cookies, plenty of milk (how they drink that!) on a table where everyone can serve themselves. Mid-afternoon dinner at 3:30. Good-byes are said at 6:00 P.M. The boys are returned to USO headquarters by 6:30. The girls usually provide their own transportation.

The USO approves the fact that only soft drinks are served on "Date-Leaves."

For Recipes and Menus, just address a letter or postcard to Betty Crocker, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York, and mention "Date-Leaves."

BAKED BEANS A LA MacRAYMOND

Pour layer of freshly cooked beans in a deep old-fashioned bean crock. Over layer of beans place sliced tomatoes or chili sauce. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle brown sugar over the top. Over this, place sliced bacon or pork chops. Cover casserole and bake in moderately heated oven one and one-half hours—then remove cover and bake fifteen or twenty minutes, allowing chops or bacon to brown.

SAUCY SUSANS

Use tomato juice for liquid in biscuit recipe. Roll dough thin. Cut, and place a round of yellow cheese between each 2 biscuits. Bake close together. These pretty pink biscuits with cheese in them make delicious and unusual salad accompaniments.

HONEY-DATE BISCUITS

Combine 2 cups of prepared biscuit mix with ¾ cup milk as directed on the package and roll out as for biscuit dough. Cream together ¼ cup honey and ¼ cup softened butter. Combine with ¼ cup cut-up dates and ¼ cup pecans, lightly toasted and chopped. Spread this mixture over the biscuit dough. Roll up as for a jelly roll and cut into ¾-inch slices. Place cut side down on a well-greased pan and bake 25 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 400°. This makes 24 small biscuits.

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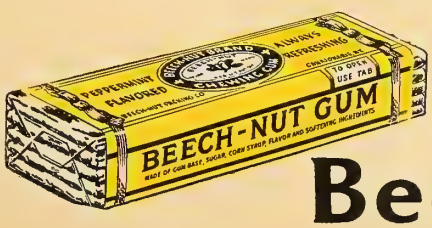

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

"Marriage Must Wait" -Jackie Cooper

By BOB HALL

■ "Shall we marry now?"

Throughout the length and breadth of the land, thousands of young men who are off to war and the girls they will leave behind are asking that question.

In Hollywood, a strapping, wavy-haired young man and a blond slip of a girl sat down one evening and gravely talked it over. The boy was Jackie Cooper, the girl was Bonita Granville. "Jackie and Bun," the most publicized of Hollywood's younger romancers. Of all the love affairs blooming in cinema town, the wholesome, unspectacular courtship of Jackie and Bonita is the one more representative of the rest of America than it is of Hollywood. Here, then, is how this American couple are approaching the problem facing so many other young men and women today.

"We decided," said Jackie simply, "that marriage must wait."

Jackie was doing the talking for the two, slightly red-faced and uncomfortable, feeling that this was Bonita's province. Nevertheless, he spoke frankly, revealing a hard-headed masculine viewpoint.

"Bonita and I," he said, "had planned to be married next year, when I would be 21. We have known for some time that we were in love and wanted to marry, but in spite of the proddings of the gossip columnists we weren't hurrying it because we were both too young. We always said we wouldn't marry until I was 21, because it would be rather silly for me to try to be the man of the house when I wasn't even considered a man in the eyes of the law. However, we used to talk about it now and then, even agreeing on the kind of wedding it would be—a church ceremony—and the sort of ranch home we'd live in and arguing about whose dogs we'd keep. That's how it stood.

"But now there is the war, and that changes everything. In a few months—September, to be exact—I will be 20 years old, an age that makes me eligible for active service. I'm in good health and have no dependents. I expect to be called and to go. Like so many other fellows, I don't know where I'll be sent and when I'll come back. Let me say here that if, when I'm 21, conditions are normal and I'm still around, and if Bonita and I feel the same about each other, we will get married.

"But if I am sent away, then our marriage will be postponed for the duration. Bonita and I have talked it over, and there are many reasons for our decision.

"Neither Bonita nor I think it's feasible to start out in marriage with an absentee husband. Now I know that this theory doesn't hold water with a lot of people, but those are our views. It's trying enough for a girl who has been married a few years to say goodbye to her husband, but at least those two have had some time together. But if we were to get married on the eve of my going into Uncle Sam's service, we would be courting trouble.

"I don't think it would be fair to Bonita. She would be stuck in Hollywood with no one but her mother as a companion, for Bonita has very few girl friends. Hollywood, being the town that it is, would clack its tongue if she went somewhere escorted by another man. In other cities, girls may be squired by an absentee husband's friend with no reputations ruined, but try it in Hollywood and inferences are drawn! Why, just look at this," said Jackie, fumbling in his pockets and producing a frayed two-line news item, which said that some other boy had replaced Jackie in little Miss Granville's affection.

"You see," he laughed, "I was away on a personal appearance tour and Bonita had dinner with a mutual friend—and, I might add, at my suggestion. Immediately, the trouble-makers started m o o c h i n g in. Bonita and I shrugged it off, but it wouldn't be so easy if I were in the service and such rumors were to start, for a wife faces greater criticism.

"I wouldn't want Bonita trapped like that. If I have to go away, I would like her to be able to have a little fun. That doesn't sound as though I'm very jealous, does it?" he grinned. "I am, however. If I thought another fellow was crowding me

Hollywood's most devoted young couple, Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper, have postponed their wedding plans "for the duration." Top: Bicycling in days before the war threatened their happiness. Center: A bit of horseplay. Below: Jackie and Bonita share a secret. Jackie's in R-K-O's *The Navy Comes Through*

out, I'd burn. But when you've been going with a girl as long as I have been with Bonita, and if you know that she's fine and true, you're not going to worry about her chasing around with other boys the minute the old back is turned.

"I don't mean to be smug. Anything can happen, and there's always the possibility of another fellow appearing on the horizon and winning out over me. But if such a thing should come about, it would be better for all concerned that there be no ties to break. Then no one gets hurt. Bonita and I have never seriously gone with anyone else, and some people have told us that we should go with others to prove our own feelings. We don't need such a test, and we're not anxious to have one. I have had only too many occasions to know what a wonderful girl Bun is. But if a 'war separation' is forced upon us, then when we get together again and find that our feelings are the same, marriage will be all the more right for us.

"Besides," said Jackie thoughtfully, "there's this danger: war changes a fellow. The experiences he undergoes, the emotional and physical upheaval that takes place in his system when he is transplanted from a peace-time community into actual warfare, does drastic things to him. I see friends of mine today who have been in the service for a year and their entire philosophy is changed. They're more restless, their ambitions have been reversed. I hear that in the last war when the soldiers came home they couldn't stand to live at home any more and had little in common with their old friends and interests. That might happen to me, too. Right now I feel that I want to stick to pictures the rest of my life, doing character roles on the Spencer Tracy type as I grow older.

Hollywood mourns the passing of one of the great figures of the American stage and screen and one of the fabulous characters of his age—John Barrymore. He is shown with his daughter, Diana, a week before his death. Diana is making her film debut in Universal's *Eagle Squadron*

Bonita agrees with me. But suppose the war knocks those ideas out of me and changes my whole personality? And suppose Bonita doesn't see eye-to-eye with the changed person I have become? We think it would be unrealistic thinking to get married when such an emotional transition faces us.

"Bonita and I have thought it over and we've made our own decision. Maybe some people will think we're overcautious. Judging by the great number of war weddings, there are a vast number who disagree with us. On the other hand, Mrs. Roosevelt, who has a deep understanding of the problems of young people, warns against hasty war marriages. It doesn't matter to us which view is the more popular, we think we're doing what is the right thing *for us*. We would be presumptuous to try to recommend our way of thinking to others.

"Now that we've arrived at our decision, we don't talk about it any more. There's no sense messing up a nice evening by glooming about the day when we'll be separated. We want to enjoy every moment of the time we have together now. At the moment, we're both busy in war work. We're doing all we can for War Bond sales and Army shows. But I can't wait for the day to come when I am asked to do more—when I can do a man's job for my country in bringing this war to a victorious finish.

"Then when it's over, I hope Bonita and I can pick up where we left off. But," he said slowly, "not until then." ■

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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By SARA CORPENING

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY ★★★★
Warner Brothers

Yankee Doodle Dandy is a rousing, stirring tribute to the American theater—and especially to the grand old man whose life it depicts, George M. Cohan. James Cagney as Cohan excels everything he has ever done on the screen and his hoofing is out of this world. The life and songs of the colorful Cohan are presented in a revolutionary fashion. Cohan, while appearing on Broadway in *I'd Rather Be Right,* is summoned to the White House where he is presented a Congressional Medal of Honor for his famous war songs, "Over There," "Yankee Doodle Dandy," and "It's a Grand Old Flag." The story of Cohan's turbulent life is shown in flashbacks as he tells his story to the President, a characterization expertly done by Captain Jack Young. The excellent supporting cast consists of Joan Leslie, Walter Huston, Jeanne Cagney, Irene Manning, Richard Whorf and Rosemary DeCamp. Miss Manning, as Fay Templeton, reveals a lovely voice and a charming personality. the famous Cohan acknowledgment to enthusiastic audiences, "My mother thanks you, my father thanks you, my sister thanks you, and I thank you, too," appears throughout the film as a touching tribute to the love and felicity that existed among the famous Four Cohans.

MRS. MINIVER ★★★★
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Mrs. Miniver is a quiet, warm film which, in an unpretentious way, brings the war right into your own family. Jan Struthers' novel has been adapted into a fine movie which is one of the best—perhaps the best—war film to date. It is poignant and haunting. Greer Garson, as *Mrs. Miniver,* gives a performance which places her in the top ranks of this year's Academy Award contenders. The entire cast, however, is excellent—Walter Pidgeon as *Mr. Miniver,* Teresa Wright as the young girl who married *Mrs. Miniver's* son, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, and a newcomer named Richard Ney who delivers an excellent job as the son.

The film has its moments of spectacular action—such as the bombing of an English village and the evacuation of Dunkirk. But the moments which will haunt you are the quieter ones, such as the scene in which *Mrs. Miniver* captures the escaped German parachutist and as she feeds him, hears her own flier son signal a safe return overhead.

THIS ABOVE ALL ★★★½
Twentieth Century-Fox

Eric Knight's best-selling novel, *This Above All,* has been made into an absorbing movie. As all who read the book know, it is the story of the romance between a beautiful daughter of the English aristocracy and a lowly born soldier who has deserted after fighting bravely through the ordeal of Dunkirk. Joan Fontaine portrays the beautiful girl in a tender, beguiling fashion. Tyrone Power is good as the young soldier, but his role would have been more effective if the circumstances leading up to his disillusionment were made clear, as they were in the book. Thomas Mitchell, Henry Stephenson, Nigel Bruce, Gladys Cooper, Philip Merivale and Sara Allgood comprise the highly competent cast.

I MARRIED AN ANGEL ★★★
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The gay, sophisticated musical which delighted Broadway audiences a few seasons ago suffers in its transposition to the screen. Except for the superb singing of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, the picture has little to commend it. However, Miss MacDonald, in particular, delivers several delightful moments, especially the one in which she cuts loose with a few jive steps.

The story takes place in a dream sequence. Nelson Eddy, a playboy in old Vienna, is constantly heckled by his uncle to get married. To his lavish birthday party comes one of the employees of his bank (Miss MacDonald) at the malicious invitation of a scheming woman who expects to make a fool of her. Eddy slips away, falls asleep, and has a dream in which the little clerk is revealed as the woman he really wants to marry.

TAKE A LETTER, DARLING ★★★
Paramount

What would have been a very run-of-the-mill comedy emerges as slick satire due to the expert acting of Rosalind Russell. *Take a Letter, Darling* has the familiar old plot of the successful woman executive who hires a male secretary as protection against the advances of over-enthusiastic clients. Fred MacMurray portrays the rather bewildered young man who accepts the job only to earn enough money to enable him to go to Mexico and paint. Needless to say, the two fall in love. MacDonald Carey, late of the Broadway stage, makes a noteworthy film debut as the much-married scion of a tobacco magnate. Constance Moore's luscious beauty is not given ample opportunity to shine as it justly deserves.

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT ★★½
Twentieth Century-Fox

Ten Gentlemen From West Point goes back to the post-revolutionary war period of the United States and attempts to show the establishment of the military academy. Many incidents in the film are based on actual historical facts, but much of it is obviously fictional. For the most part, the going is heavy throughout, but you'll enjoy its lively action.

[*Continued on page* 70]

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 69*]

MISS ANNIE ROONEY ★★½
United Artists

Unfortunately, *Miss Annie Rooney* does not give talented Shirley Temple ample opportunity to make the real comeback she deserves. The weak plot concerns the puppy love of poor little *Miss Rooney* and rich boy Dickie Moore. *Annie's* father, in an attempt to sell an idea for synthetic rubber to Dickie's father, makes a fool of himself and his daughter at Dickie's birthday party. There's a lot of jive talk and adolescent jitterbugging, which youngsters will like.

BROADWAY ★★½
Universal

The battle between the law and the lawless of the old prohibition vice era is the theme of *Broadway*. An unusual twist is given to the story by having George Raft appear as himself. As a successful actor, he returns to New York and wanders into an old haunt where he presumably got his start in show business. There are absorbing moments with jealousy, bootlegging and death running rampant. Janet Blair proves herself a really outstanding newcomer, one who has not only looks, but talent as well.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall.* The picturization of the popular book was voted the best film of 1941. See it for the unforgettable performance of young Roddy McDowall.

SUSPICION (R-K-O) Cast: *Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nigel Bruce.* Compelling film in which Hitchcock again proves himself the superb master of direction and production. Miss Fontaine, as the young wife who suspects that her husband plans to murder her, won 1941's *Oscar* as the year's best actress.

TARGET FOR TONIGHT (War Documentary) In a simple, unpretentious little short, the story of the heroic fighters who drop bombs on Germany is told in straightforward, engrossing fashion. There are no women or professional actors in the film.

THE GOLD RUSH (United Artists) Charlie Chaplin has reissued his great epic and added narration and musical scoring. Film fare at its best. Take the whole family.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE (United Artists) Cast: *Carole Lombard, Jack Benny.* A subtle satire on the Nazis, which kids them wholeheartedly. Carole's last film is a fitting tribute to her memory.

VICTORY FILMS (Released through War Activities Committee-Motion Picture Industry) The movie industry is producing these shorts in cooperation with the Government to educate the American public in the facts of war. They represent Hollywood's contribution to the war effort.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR (M-G-M) Cast: *Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy.* Loaded with laughter. It's a new twist to the old story of the battle of the sexes, with Hepburn and Tracy giving sparkling performances. Katy's satire of a brilliant woman columnist is brittle and beautiful. Men will love the scene at the ball park where Tracy patiently tries to explain the game to Miss Hepburn.

★★★½

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ. (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Young, Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey.* For the first time in his career, Robert Young has an opportunity to show he is a truly good actor. Adapted from the popular novel by John P. Marquand.

IN THIS OUR LIFE (Warners) Cast: *Bette Davis, George Brent, Olivia de Havilland, Dennis Morgan.* The gripping story of an unscrupulous girl who stops at nothing, including happiness of her own family, to gain her ends.

JOE SMITH, AMERICAN (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Young, Marsha Hunt, Darryl Hickman.* Don't miss this exceptionally good film, the simple story of an average American and how he proved he could take it, when the time came.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Zorina, Victor Moore.* Comedy, alluring girls, Irving Berlin tunes, Technicolor, plus Bob Hope's comic antics make this swell entertainment for the whole family.

MY FAVORITE BLONDE (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Madeleine Carroll.* This is an hilarious tale of a second-rate vaudevillian en route to Hollywood who gets involved with a beautiful blonde, eluding the clutches of Nazi agents. Hope at his best.

SABOTEUR (Universal) Cast: *Robert Cummings, Priscilla Lane.* Thrilling story of a defense worker unjustly suspected of sabotage and how he tracks down the real saboteur. Will keep you on the edge of your seat.

TORTILLA FLAT (M-G-M) Cast: *Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr, John Garfield.* Adapted from John Steinbeck's stories of the picturesque *paisanos* of northern California, it tells the story of the romance of Hedy and John Garfield, which Spencer Tracy tries to break up. Very colorful.

★★★

BALL OF FIRE (R-K-O) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck.* About an unworldly professor (Cooper) who goes out seeking first-hand information on modern slang to include in his encyclopedia. He meets *Sugarpuss O'Shea* (Stanwyck), a nightclub entertainer, who increases not only his vocabulary but his heartbeats.

JOHNNY EAGER (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Taylor, Lana Turner.* A romantic gangster film with Taylor as a bad boy who reforms when true love comes along in the person of Lana Turner.

JUNGLE BOOK (United Artists) Cast: *Sabu, Rosemary de Camp.* From Kipling's story of the boy who strayed into the jungle and was brought up by animals. Beautiful technical jungle shots. Children will love it.

KINGS ROW (Warners) Cast: *Robert Cummings, Betty Field, Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan, Nancy Coleman.* A gloomy adaptation of the popular best-seller. If you like psychiatric studies, you'll enjoy this. Otherwise, you may find it pretty depressing.

MOONTIDE (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Ida Lupino, Jean Gabin, Thomas Mitchell.* Jean Gabin, the French sensation, makes his debut in this charming film of life along the California waterfront. He rescues a homeless waif (Ida Lupino) from suicide, but their touching romance is almost wrecked by a scheming blackmailer (Thomas Mitchell).

REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Cast: *Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard, John Wayne.* With its excellent cast, brilliant technicolor and fast-moving story, you won't want to miss De Mille's latest production. Complete with hurricane, shipwreck, an underseas fight and a gala ball.

RIO RITA (M-G-M) Cast: *Abbott and Costello, Kathryn Grayson, John Carroll.* Those funnymen are loose again and run riot through a rather weak story, uncorking new and better gags. Very entertaining.

SUNDAY PUNCH (M-G-M) Cast: *Dan Dailey, Jr., William Lundigan, Jean Rogers, Guy Kibbee.* Run-of-the-mill prize fighter film. Dan Dailey, Jr., is effective as a dumb Swede who turns fighter to win the girl he loves.

SYNCOPATION (R-K-O-Radio) Cast: *Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville.* Good entertainment for those who like lots of music with their films.

THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY (M-G-M) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Donna Reed.* The latest chapter in the *Hardy* saga is the most appealing yet. Throughout there is the endearing warmth of the *Hardy* family and their typical life in a small American town.

THE INVADERS (United Artists) Cast: *Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier, Raymond Massey.* The gripping story of a German U-Boat crew marooned at Hudson Bay and their attempted escape from enemy soil. Filmed in Canada, it is a savage commentary on German ideology.

★★½

JUKE GIRL (Warners) Cast: *Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan, Richard Whorf.* The tale of two hitch-hikers who wander into the Florida tomato country and get mixed up with a juke girl (Sheridan) and a battle raging between farmers and packers.

MAISIE GETS HER MAN (M-G-M) Cast: *Ann Sothern, Red Skelton.* The *Maisie* followers will like this. In addition to Ann Sothern's amusing escapades, it has Red Skelton.

MY FAVORITE SPY (R-K-O) Cast: *Kay Kyser, Ellen Drew, Jane Wyman.* A rather vacuous story is enlivened by the antics of Kay Kyser and his band. The plot concerns Kyser's misfortunes when he is mistakenly inducted into the intelligence department to assist in tracking down a spy ring. He runs into the usual quota of complications.

MY GAL SAL (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Rita Hayworth, Victor Mature, Carole Landis.* Rita Hayworth is shown off effectively in Technicolor in this story of the life of Paul Dresser, song writer. Colorful musical background of the old tunes.

POWDER TOWN (R-K-O) Cast: *Victor McLaglen, Edmund O'Brien, June Havoc.* Story of foreign agents who seek to obtain the formula of a new explosive. Edmund O'Brien does well in a weak role.

SHIP AHOY (M-G-M) Cast: *Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Tommy Dorsey.* A light, bright musical comedy. Dancing by Powell, comedy by Skelton and music by Dorsey.

THE GREAT MAN'S LADY (Paramount) Cast: *Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Brian Donlevy.* A century of American progress is portrayed through the life of a woman who helped to make it great. The background swings from Philadelphia in the 1800's to the raw West. A moving performance by Barbara Stanwyck.

THE SPOILERS (Universal) Cast: *Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne, Randolph Scott.* New version of the old classic showing Dietrich off to good advantage as a barroom queen and featuring an epic-making battle between Wayne and Scott. Plenty of action.

THE WIFE TAKES A FLYER (Columbia) Cast: *Joan Bennett, Franchot Tone, Allyn Joslyn.* Another in the series of recent comedies which spoof the Nazis. Story of a downed pilot in Holland who hides in a Dutch household. Acting honors go to Joslyn, as Nazi officer.

THIS GUN FOR HIRE (Paramount) Cast: *Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Laird Cregar.* Alan Ladd scores heavily in this story of a hardened gangster who comes to see the error of his ways. Better than average crime picture.

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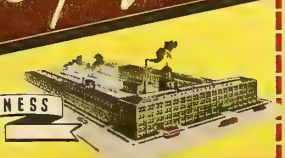

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The nationally-known PENMAN recently introduced a brand new fountain pen. It's the popular-shaped model, backed by a guarantee of life service and has most of the features formerly found only on high-priced pens. Because of the national emergency, the supply of rubber and steel for essential parts of this wonderful pen is limited and the stock of pens on hand must be closed out. So, through special arrangements, this nationally-advertised fountain pen is priced amazingly low to our readers for quick clearance. Regulation size, it is a real beauty. It has 14K. gold-plate military clip that meets army and navy regulations . . . visible ink supply gauge . . . 14K. gold-plate velvet smooth pen point that writes bold or fine, as you prefer. To fill this amazing fountain pen, just use the famous push-button filler. Instantly your pen holds enough ink to write thousands of words. The barrel is in the new, everlasting simulated pearl, beautiful and strong. You have your choice of a variety of popular colors. For a wonderful guaranteed fountain pen like this you might expect to pay $2 . . . $3 . . . $4! At even $5, a year or so ago, this amazing fountain pen would have been a real bargain.

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Yes, the coupon below entitles you to one or two of these nationally-advertised Push-Button Fountain Pens for only 69c (two for $1.25) . . . and for prompt action your full name will be imprinted on your pens without charge! This is the one advertising bargain you can't pass up! If you don't have a fountain pen now, this is your chance to get a life service pen for only 69c and get your full name in gold letters imprinted on it FREE. But you must act promptly. The supply, due to the national emergency, is definitely limited. Don't wait—clip the coupon and mail it today sure.

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SEND NO MONEY ...JUST MAIL THE COUPON TODAY...

PAY POSTMAN ON GUARANTEE OF 100% SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Accept this friendly challenge! Send for this amazing value fountain pen on 10-days' trial. Be convinced that a guaranteed-for-life fountain pen need not be expensive. Clip the coupon and mail it today. Send No Money! When your fountain pen arrives, deposit 69c for each pen you order (2 for $1.25), plus postage charges. Inspect your pen carefully. See how more easily it fills, how wonderfully neat it writes. Read the guarantee of life service. See your name imprinted in gold on your pen or pens. If you don't agree you've made a fountain pen discovery that may save you a great many dollars, if you aren't so proud of your pen you want to show it to everyone, if you aren't 100% satisfied in every way, simply return the pen within ten days and get Your Money Back for the asking! Remember, this is an advertising offer only. Don't expect to get this amazing pen value with your name imprinted free, for long. You must act right away. Clip the coupon . . . send for your beautiful, guaranteed-for-life, push-button fountain pen right now. The price is only 69c each, (2 for $1.25). C.O.D.

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GENE TIERNEY

IS HEDY LAMARR JINXED BY LOVE?

9 simple hints on how to KEEP FIT AND FEEL BETTER during "those certain days"

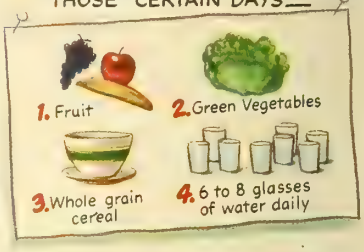
1. DON'T THINK YOU HAVE TO SHUN WATER!

DO KEEP EXTRA CLEAN. TAKE A LUKEWARM SHOWER, TUB OR SPONGE BATH EVERY DAY.

2. DON'T GET OVERTIRED OR LOSE SLEEP!

DO GET EIGHT HOURS' SLEEP EVERY NIGHT!

3. IF YOU'RE CONSTIPATED ON THOSE "CERTAIN DAYS"—



DO EAT PLENTY OF ROUGHAGE FOODS, DRINK PLENTY OF WATER!

4. IF YOU'RE ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY—DO THIS WHEN YOU GET HOME.

LIE ON YOUR BACK AND PRETEND TO PEDAL A BICYCLE FOR 5 MINUTES.*

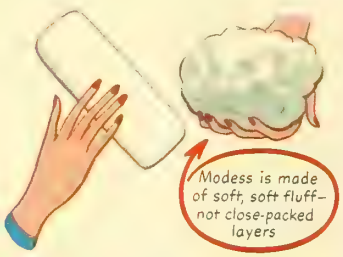
5. IF YOU SIT ALL DAY AT WORK—DO THIS WHEN YOU GET HOME.

WALK ON HANDS AND FEET FOR A FEW MINUTES.*

6. DON'T CUT OUT GOOD TIMES AND MOPE AT HOME!

DO ENJOY PARTIES WITHOUT "JITTERBUGGING" OR GETTING OVERTIRED.

7. DON'T USE NAPKINS THAT CHAFE!

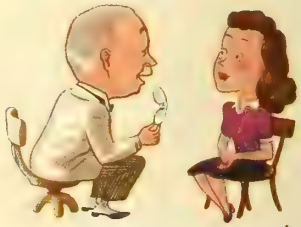


DO BE SURE YOUR SANITARY NAPKIN IS AS SOFT AS POSSIBLE!

8. DON'T WEAR NAPKINS TOO LONG!

DO CHANGE NAPKINS OFTEN TO BE SURE OF COMFORT!

9. IF YOU STILL HAVE SEVERE PAIN EVEN AFTER FOLLOWING THESE HINTS—



DO SEE YOUR DOCTOR!

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***FREE booklet: YOU AND "THOSE CERTAIN DAYS"**
Write Educational Dept., The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

THIS PAGE WAS PREPARED IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL HEALTH—
BECAUSE EVERY WOMAN-HOUR IS NEEDED TO HELP WIN THE WAR.

Modess —the fluff-type napkin that 3 out of every 4 women found— **Softer**

Even though the Night is Magic
it takes <u>two</u> to make Romance

Romance fades when a girl is careless—Guard charm every day with Mum!

ROMANCE seems in the very air tonight! There's a moon to inspire unforgettable words, a lovely girl ready to listen. But there's no man to whisper them to Jane!

Too bad someone can't tell her that a girl must be more than pretty—more than smartly dressed to attract a man. Unless she *stays* nice to be near, how can she win his heart—how can a man stay in love?

The shocking thought that she's careless has never entered Jane's pretty head. She bathes each day, of course, before dates, too—shouldn't that be enough? She forgets that a bath's job is to remove *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* odor, so many popular girls rely on *dependable* Mum.

With Mum your bath-freshness lasts for long hours. Mum keeps you a charming companion, helps your chances for romance! You will like Mum for its:

SPEED—30 seconds to use Mum! Even when you're late for business or a date, you still have time for Mum!

CERTAINTY—No guesswork about Mum—because without stopping perspiration it *prevents* odor all day or all evening.

SAFETY—You can use Mum even after underarm shaving, even after you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin. Mum won't harm fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Guard your charm with Mum!

QUICK, CONVENIENT MUM KEEPS YOU BATH-FRESH FOR HOURS

• • •

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for sanitary napkins. That's why thousands of women prefer dependable Mum this way, too.

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The minutes of the last meeting, read and approved, placed "Mrs. Miniver" right up there on all ten-best film lists of all-time. Now we can get on to present and future business.

Clark Gable (Honky) and Lana Turner (Tonk) ignite again in "Somewhere I'll Find You".

"Tish", based on the popular stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart, dusts off the mantle of Marie Dressler and tenders it to Marjorie Main, who plays the title role.

The inimitable Mickey Rooney becomes "A Yank at Eton" and the role becomes Mickey Rooney.

Judy Garland's out-and-out starring vehicle is one of the out-and-outstanding entertainments on the horizon. "For Me and My Gal".

"Red" Skelton and Ann Sothern are in "Panama Hattie". You'll see Red—and Ann.

"Random Harvest", the James Hilton best-seller, is in the able hands of Director LeRoy and stars Ronald Colman and Mrs. Miniver Garson.

"Seven Sweethearts" brings prominently to the fore those up and coming artists, Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

This completes the agenda for pictures current and in the immediate making at M-G-M, whose promise of great motion picture entertainment has always been fulfilled.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your Miniver Man—

—Leo

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An M-G-M Picture

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(*from a letter by* G. L. K., Phoenix, Ariz.)

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(*from a letter by* C. C. J., Longview, Texas)

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Hanks for Yanks!

DURING "COLDS" I USE SOFT, ABSORBENT *KLEENEX*. IT HELPS PREVENT GERMS FROM SPREADING. SAVES MY BACK ON WASHDAY! (*from a letter by* Pvt. H. F. W., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.)

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ Twenty-five years ago Chester Conklin was the screen's No. 1 comedian. A million movie fans knew him as the funniest of the Keystone Cops. He was one of the richest men in Hollywood. But movietown changed. New faces took the place of old ones, and Chester Conklin was left with only memories. He didn't complain, though. He continued to work in pictures, but the roles were small and sometimes far between. Then came what Chester Conklin thought was the big break—a role in Columbia's film version of *My Sister Eileen*, with a run of the picture contract. He'd be in almost every scene. It was his biggest role in years. Once again the name and face of Chester Conklin would be seen.

But Chester Conklin became the most disappointed man in Hollywood. Yes, he received that role in *My Sister Eileen*, with the run of the picture contract. But Conklin's face will not be seen in the picture. He plays the role of a tramp who walks up and down on the sidewalk outside the basement room of Rosalind Russell and Janet Blair. Only his legs will be seen in the picture.

■ Not In The Script: "Discard and forget all you've ever read or heard on how to make love to your favorite girl. Just be yourself, act natural and kiss her soundly when the opportunity offers"—John Payne.

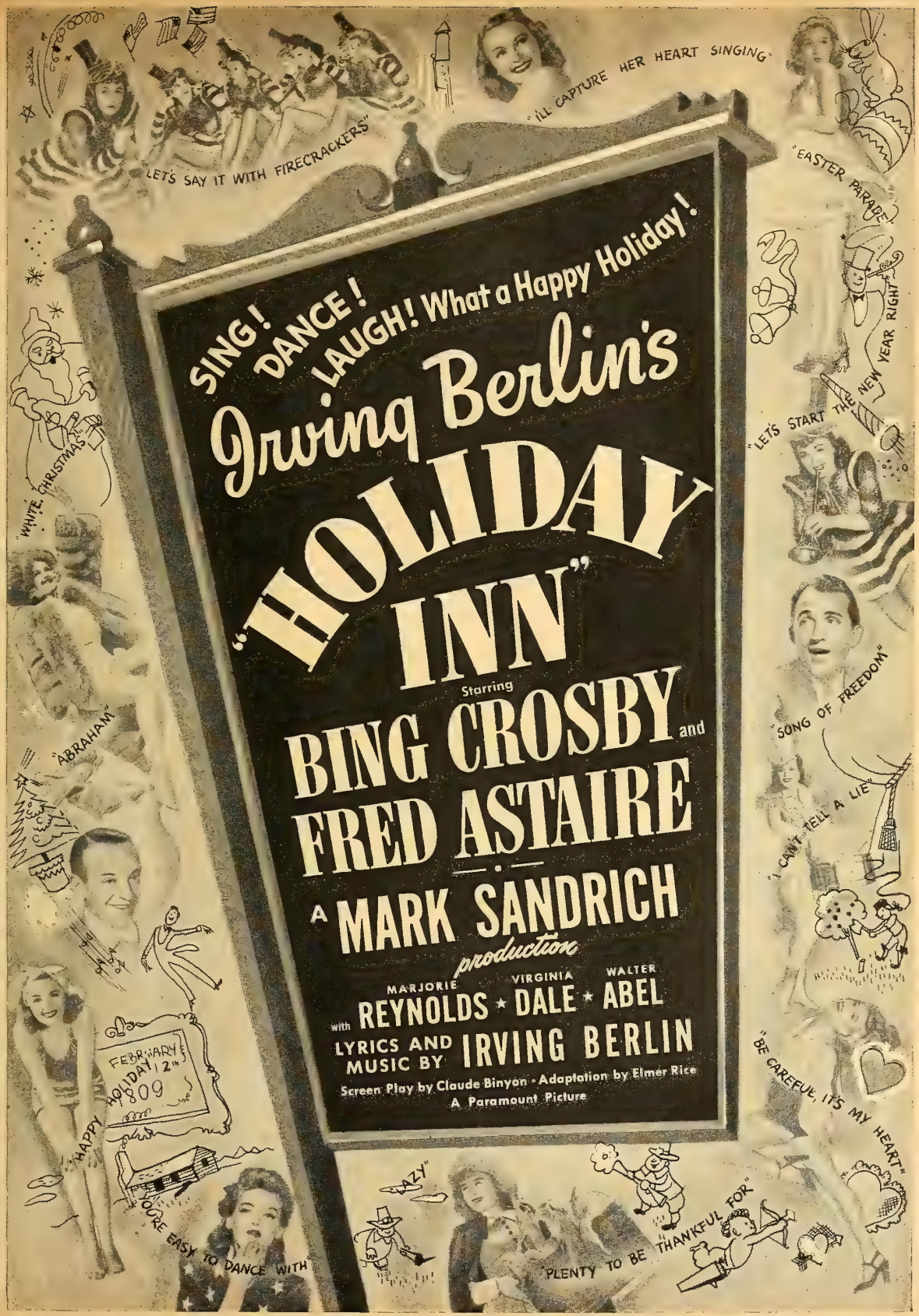
■ Short, short story: Five years ago Edward Arnold purchased a seeing eye dog for a blind man named Earl Hauch. The other day Hauch and the dog were employed by the M-G-M studio—to teach Edward Arnold how to play a blind man in a new movie, *Eyes in the Night*.

■ George Montgomery's explanation for his broken engagement to glamour girl Hedy Lamarr: "Too many of our friends tried to run the romance."

■ Max Baer, who once crashed Hollywood as an erstwhile matinee idol, turned down a movie love scene the other day because he was afraid people wouldn't take him seriously. The ex-champ, making a screen comeback as a tough sailor in R-K-O's *The Navy Comes Through*, vetoed a romantic clinch with Sally Wadsworth for a scene in the film. "I've always been known as a pugugly," he said, "and I'm afraid people wouldn't take me seriously."

[*Continued on page* 10]

Mad about rhumbas are Rosalind Russell and Xavier Cugat. This South American jam session took place when the maestro dropped over between scenes of *The Gay Senorita* to see what's cookin' on the set of Columbia's *My Sister Eileen*



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

IT'S a new and happy experience when you begin using Tampax for monthly sanitary protection . . . The whole process becomes simple, because Tampax is *worn internally* and calls for no complicated harness of belts, pins and pads. The insertion is simple. Disposal is simple. And so is the act of changing. Tampax is so compact that a month's supply will slide easily into your purse.

Wear slacks or swim suits or snug evening gowns; Tampax will not and *cannot* show a line or bulge. And *you* cannot even feel it while wearing it! As no odor can form, a sanitary deodorant is not required. Tampax was perfected by a doctor and comes in dainty one-time-use applicator—modern, scientific and *simple*.

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, very absorbent. *Three sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. (The new *Super* Tampax is about 50% *extra* absorbent!) Ask drug stores, notion counters: Introductory box, 20¢. Economy Package gives real bargain of average 4 months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

In order that the service men may have more good times on their leaves, those two Zanies, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, engaged a dance instructor and a squad of lovelies to teach the boys dancing. They are watching instructor Johnny Martin give a few pointers to Corporal Harry Steever and his lovely partner, Peggy Edwards. The comedians are currently appearing in Universal's *Who Done It?*

Victor Mature doesn't seem to mind his best girl, Rita Hayworth, linking arms with Commander Bergen at a recent Navy Relief dinner. Rita and Victor are sharing one of the hottest romances in town. Rita's appearing in Columbia's *The Gay Senorita* with Fred Astaire, while Vic's current film is R-K-O's *Sweet or Hot*

OUT OF THE BOOK . . .
ON TO THE SCREEN!
Flaming into your hearts with all its dramatic fervor—
The emotional thrills, the action-jammed dynamite make a great book into an even greater picture!
Tyrone POWER • Joan FONTAINE
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production
THIS ABOVE ALL
by ERIC KNIGHT
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK
with
Thomas Mitchell
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Sara Allgood
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Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff
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It's a
BIG PICTURE

Zooming

across the Jap-infested Burma skies, and carrying the fight to the enemy wherever he may be, the Flying Tigers live on danger and take their love where they can find it!

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PAUL KELLY
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GORDON JONES
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•

The Flying Tigers daily risk their lives for you —keep 'em flying with War Bonds and Stamps

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

First Blackout Production

The lights may go out over Hollywood these nights, but movies are still being made. To avoid interruption from blackouts, Columbia built special indoor sets for its biggest production of the year, *The Talk of the Town,* starring Ronald Colman, Jean Arthur and Cary Grant. Above: Most of the action takes place at a New England farmhouse, so from a miniature model, Director George Stevens had a huge set constructed all under one roof, consisting of a furnished house, trees, stream and barn. The backing of the tremendous stage was painted to represent the countryside. Center: One of Jean Arthur's more appealing costumes is a pair of men's pajamas, several sizes to the good. Right: The plot concerns a fugitive from justice (Cary Grant) who breaks into Jean's house. Jean is seen defending her property with a baseball bat

"Girls with sweet fragrant skin win out"

RITA HAYWORTH

"Here's an easy way to make SURE"

"I always use my complexion soap—gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap, for my daily beauty bath, too," says this charming star. "A delightful way to protect daintiness!" You will find Lux Toilet Soap's creamy ACTIVE lather gently carries away every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin really fresh. You'll love the way it caresses your skin, leaves it fragrant with a delicate perfume that *clings*.

STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES' "DANCING ON AIR"

It's the soap that leaves skin **SWEET—**

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Dolores Del Rio and Joseph Cotten are pictured in a tensely dramatic moment from Orson Welles' latest Mercury production, *Journey Into Fear* for R-K-O

romance. In fact, the first scene in the film shows Flynn and Alexis Smith in a 45 second clinch—and not in the ring.

■ Glamour girl Hedy Lamarr turned out to be a sweet little hedy-ache for the Hays office censors this month. As you know, she's wearing a sarong for her role as *Tondeleyo* in the film version of the sultry old play, *White Cargo*. The censors took a peek at Hedy in the sarong the first day on the set and decided they could see too much of Hedy. There was a huddle in the M-G-M wardrobe department to add more sarong to the right places.

■ Sight of the month: Sgt. Shirley Temple drilling a company of girls at the Westlake School For Girls in Los Angeles.

■ Dick Powell was lunching with Joan Blondell in a drive-in and frowned when the radio in their car suddenly started playing a phonograph record of Dick Powell singing. "It's bad enough seeing myself on the screen," said Powell, turning off the radio, "without listening to myself while I eat."

■ Victor Mature, they say, has two kinds of autographed pictures which he sends to fans. For the men, the autograph says, "Sincerely." But to the ladies, Vic writes: "Love and kisses."

■ It's difficult to imagine Charles Boyer as an efficient air raid warden. I wonder if the women in his district leave their lights on just for the pleasure of having him come and tell them to turn 'em off.

■ Anna Lee, the blond British actress, was explaining to daughter Venetia that she had applied for American citizenship, and that Venetia too would become an American. "But I don't want to be an American," wailed the four-year-old. "Why not?" asked the surprised mother. Venetia, who dotes on Western pictures and cowboy radio programs, replied, "I want to be a Texan."

■ Ye Monthly Legal News: John Garfield legally adopted his screen name. The actor was born Jules Garfinkel. Mrs. Garfinkel and the two little Garfinkels also asked for the court's permission to use the name which papa made famous on the screen.

■ Rudy Vallee, veteran cafe society battler who has lost many one punch decisions to heckling customers, lost another fight in front of a movie camera the other day. Vallee hit the sound stage floor when Dick Powell forgot to pull a

THE NAZIS SAY . . .

"Mental confusion, contradiction of feeling, indecisiveness, panic: these are our weapons!"—Adolf Hitler.

AMERICANS SAY . . .

War Bonds and War Stamps, guns and planes: these are *our* weapons!

GOING GREAT ON BROADWAY!

LOU HOLTZ, WILLIE HOWARD and PHIL BAKER —stars of Clifford C. Fisher's "Priorities of 1942".

This gang knows a hit when it has one. That's why Pepsi-Cola's getting the big rush. It tastes better . . . lasts longer . . . gives 'em more for their nickel. That's what you want. That's what Pepsi-Cola gives you.

★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

punch for a fight scene in Paramount's *Happy Go Lucky*. But they picked up both Vallee and his option so the crooner doesn't mind.

■ Lana Turner has come up with a new talent—painting. The star's first picture—a landscape—is being displayed in a Hollywood art gallery.

■ Here's the topper to Hollywood's epidemic of female impersonators. Latest to don feminine attire is none other than Charlie McCarthy. Charlie will impersonate an Indian girl for a scene in the new R-K-O picture, *Here We Go Again*.

■ Promised and hoped for: Jeanette MacDonald taking a bubble bath for a scene in her new picture, *Cairo*.

■ In the home pictorial layouts of the Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz menage, she's invariably photographed knitting a sweater for Desi. It's been going on for a year and a half and proves Lucille a very, very slow knitter. It's the same sweater.

■ Unfilmed drama: A recording stage at the Samuel Goldwyn studio is almost in complete darkness and there isn't a sound to be heard except for the muffled

[*Continued on page* 16]

Those long, shapely gams and the trim torso belong to blond Marjorie Woodworth, starring in Hal Roach films. Her next picture is *Prairie Chicken*

Screen comedy so gay...drama so thrilling...love so exciting...it will be the talk of YOUR town!

CARY GRANT * JEAN ARTHUR

AND

RONALD COLMAN

ARE

The Talk of the Town

A GEORGE STEVENS

PRODUCTION

(he gave you "Woman of the Year" and "Penny Serenade")

with EDGAR BUCHANAN · GLENDA FARRELL · TOM TYLER

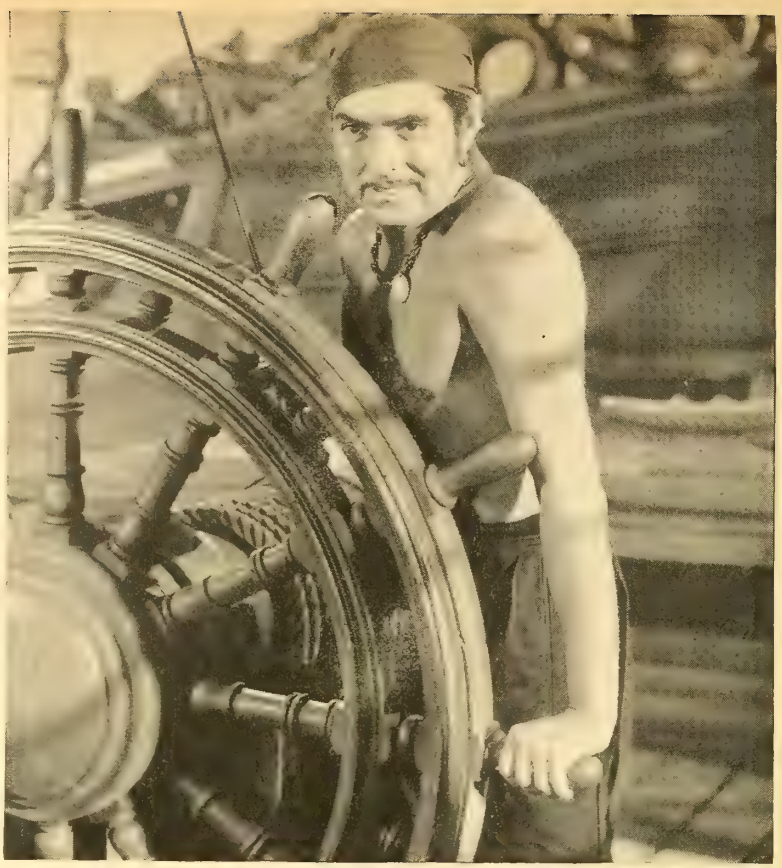
Screen play by IRWIN SHAW and SIDNEY BUCHMAN

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

voices of technicians. Gary Cooper, as baseball hero Lou Gehrig in *The Pride of the Yankees,* stands before a microphone to record the memorable Lou Gehrig Appreciation Day speech. The director calls for action. Between sobs, Cooper's voice is heard in the now historic lines—"Most people think I've had a tough break, but today I feel that I'm the luckiest man on the face of the earth."

In the darkened corner of the sound stage, another sob is heard as the director calls "cut." A woman is sitting unobserved in a corner of the stage, wiping her eyes with a handkerkerchief. The director asks Gary Cooper to try the scene again—but this time Mrs. Lou Gehrig slips quietly off the set.

■ Still cameraman Milt Gold tells an interesting story about Ingrid Bergman's first Hollywood publicity photographs. Her boss, David O. Selznick, said he wanted something different—not the usual movie glamour shots, and assigned Gold to the job. Gold talked it over with Miss Bergman and they decided to let her pose the way she wanted. Then Gold readjusted the lights, and shot the pictures. It was a trick Loretta Young first taught Gold—and a system Miss Bergman has been using ever since.



As a swashbuckling, blood-and-thunder sea dog in 20th Century-Fox's film, *The Black Swan,* Tyrone Power gets in form for his real life role in Uncle Sam's Naval Reserve. This is Ty's last picture before donning his ensign's uniform

■ Lina Basquette, the actress Cecil B. DeMille once starred in *The Godless Girl,* is back in Hollywood after a six months' theatrical tour of Africa, Java and South America during which she was picked up and questioned by the German Gestapo. She was released almost immediately and her story of the episode is one of the year's funniest yarns. Taken to Gestapo headquarters, Miss Basquette was ushered into the office of the local Nazi chief. He was a fierce looking fellow who glared at her from behind a massive desk. She was seated in front of him and for a moment neither spoke a word. Then Miss Basquette broke the deadly silence. "You can't frighten me," she said, "I once worked for Cecil B. DeMille." The interview wound up with the Nazi telling the

■ A writer who had been ill, met a friend on the boulevard and the friend said, "Gee, you look 100 per cent better." "Sh-h-h," said the writer, "if my agent hears this he'll want 10 per cent."

■ George Sanders won a decision from his studio bosses in Hollywood's latest battle over his role with Tyrone Power in *The Black Swan.* Sanders plays a pirate and the studio wanted him to wear a grotesque make-up almost as frightening as the one Charles Laughton wore in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame.* Sanders refused, finally won the argument, and his make-up will be only a beard and a small scar on his face. During the argument, the actor tossed off a classic remark. He said: "I don't need any make-up. I've got the natural look of a pirate."

Successor to the previous Disney masterpieces is R-K-O's *Bambi,* starring the beloved fawn and his friend, *Thumper*

Blond, gray-eyed and breathtaking is Ariel Heath, who hails from Kentucky and is soon to appear in R-K-O pictures

actress he was a great admirer of DeMille and that his pictures were very popular in pre-war Germany.

■ Someone asked 21-year-old Diana Barrymore, daughter of John, if she was nervous when she first stepped in front of a Hollywood movie camera. "Nervous? I should say not," she said. "We Barrymores haven't any nerves."

■ The Cedars of Lebanon hospital doesn't have a press agent, but the maternity ward nurses are wise to Hollywood showmanship. The daughters of Herbert Marshall and Alice Faye get top billing in the hospital preview room—a choice spot closest to the glass window.

■ At a meeting of prominent Hollywoodites the other night, the conversation drifted to the part movietown is playing in the war; and of the many, many donations stars, directors and producers have been making. A certain actor said he was fed up with giving away so much money. Veteran Director Eddie Cline immediately put the guy in his place. "Well," said Cline, "it's much better than a steady diet of Sukiyaki."

■ An aging ex-star and his agent were discussing Hollywood's acute shortage of young leading men because of the war. The agent told the actor: "It won't be long before you'll be playing romantic heroes again." "Yes," agreed the actor, "and for the first time in history Hollywood's feminine stars will have leading men somewhere near their own ages."

She dances. She sings. She's charming, talented and youthful. She's Marjorie Reynolds, currently creating a sensation in her first important picture, Paramount's *Holiday Inn*

■ Betty Field, who played the role of the insane girl in *Kings Row*, received a fan letter after the picture's release from an unidentified admirer. The letter read: "I just saw *Kings Row*. You're nuts. But don't worry. I am, too. But they haven't caught me, yet."

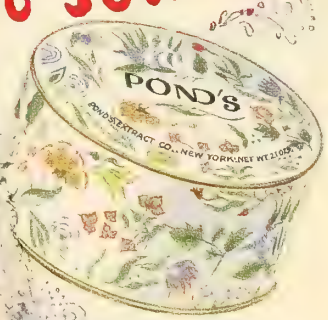
■ Don't believe those reports that Dolores del Rio and her ex-husband, Cedric Gibbons, are planning matrimony again now that she's broken her engagement to Orson Welles. Miss del Rio has a new love interest—and it isn't her ex-husband.

■ James Fitzpatrick, who produces those travel shorts for M-G-M, was asked the other day by his secretary to suggest a nice place to spend a honeymoon. "Well," proposed Fitzpatrick, "the war has limited travel, but how about Lake Louise, or Florida, or maybe one of the National Parks?" The secretary wasn't impressed and said, "Where did you spend your honeymoon, Mr. Fitzpatrick?" The travel expert blushed and then said, sheepishly, "Niagara Falls!"

■ Bob Hope and Bing Crosby have worked out a deal with Paramount whereby they'll receive equal film footage in all their pictures in the future. Scene stealing, however, is left entirely to their own discretion.

If you like Rachel, you'll LOVE this New Rachel!

Pond's New Dreamflower Powder



Fragile and Creamy as exquisite bridal lace . . . Pond's new Dreamflower "Rachel" powder is deftly keyed to your most exotic skin tones—the rich, luscious *ivory* tones. As you smooth it on, you'll see Dreamflower "Rachel" lend your skin a look of mysterious new beauty—delicate . . . creamy-clear . . . tender . . .

New Dreamflower Smoothness gives your face a dreamy "misty-soft" appeal—

"Pond's Dreamflower Rachel is the loveliest, creamiest rachel I've ever tried! It makes my skin look *different*, somehow—richer in tone, more dramatic—even *softer!*"
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III

Enchanting New Dreamflower Box —big dressing table size—only 49¢! Two smaller sizes, also. 6 shades—each *lovely!*

New "know-how" lipstick
Pond's "LIPS"—*stays on longer!*

5 gorgeous Stagline Shades. Wear Pond's "Lips" with new matching Pond's "Cheeks" (compact rouge).

FREE! All 6 New Dreamflower Powder Shades

POND'S, Dept. 6-PJ, Clinton, Conn.
I'd like to try all of Pond's glamorous new Dreamflower Powder shades including "Rachel." Will you please send me FREE SAMPLES of all 6 Dreamflower Shades right away?

My name _____

My address _____

(This offer good in U.S. only)

The Short Cut

By MARY BAILEY

Whether hair is long or short, it needs a good brushing every single night to remove dust and stimulate the scalp. Ann Ayars, featured in M-G-M's *Apache Trail*, gives her short locks ten minutes' workout with a stiff and immaculately clean brush before she sets her curls

A feather cut should look fluffy and this means open curls. Ann wraps each strand of hair around her finger, slides it off, and secures the ends with a bob pin

Ann says extra attention must be given the hair at the neckline, as there it has a tendency to become straggly. Each little wisp is pinned close to the head in a flat curl

■ There's much more to this business of a feather cut than "just running a comb through your hair." Actually, short hair requires a good deal of attention if it's to look well-groomed.

Look around the next time you are in a large gathering. How many of the feather cuts really look feathery? And how many are just mops of untidy, straggling ends—frizzed in the front, forlorn in the back?

All of this does not mean that *your* short cut hairdo can not be a fluffy cap of casual curls. Daily care will see to that. So why not consider this new three-inch length? Not for a long time has there been a hairstyle so universally becoming—or best of all, so appropriate to the times.

There's nothing glamorous about crisp, short hair. But we're all agreed that the glamour girl is a thing of the past. Taking her place, we find an alive, vital young woman, who looks able, as well as willing, to be useful. In the broadest sense, she is completely feminine. But she manages her beauty with more ease and less frippery.

Doesn't Ann Ayars, with her pretty three-inch bob, personify this new American beauty? And Ann loves her hairdo. She says it's so cool and comfortable. But she warns that more than a lick and a promise are needed to keep it in order.

The pictures on this page will show you just what she means. Three or four times a week, at bedtime, Ann "retouches" each curl. The setting takes only five or ten minutes because there is no studied line or wave to follow. She swirls small sections of hair around her finger and pins them flat. When you do this, be particularly careful to catch the little ends at the back of your neck. A few days neglect takes the lift out of any coiffure—and your feather cut is part of your new picture of all-over, brisk grooming.

Those of you who have baby fine hair will want to twist up your curls every night. If this sounds discouraging, remember that when they are combed out each morning, they will be more fragile and halo-like than those of your coarser-haired sisters.

As for combing—well, Ann says she brushes, brushes and brushes. Her comb flicks a ringlet or two in place, but her hairbrush really does the work. She finds that long, strong bristles release the curls and coax them into the natural-looking, springy crop she likes.

Hair, to be beautiful, must be clean. And frequent shampoos are even more important with a casual coiffure. For the moment hair becomes oily or dirt-laden, it loses the fluffy charm of the feather cut.

Whether or not you decide to have your curls shorn this Fall, you will probably want a new hairdo to face the changing season. If you would like a coiffure chart to help you, just let me know. But before you begin styling, get off to a really good start with shining, luxuriant hair. My new leaflet describes in detail how to keep your hair looking its best and how to combat the problems which may be robbing it of life and sparkle. When you write for the leaflet, be sure to tell me whether your hair is dry or oily. And be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Send your requests to Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. ■

Now you can have more alluring hair
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Dramatic simplicity *characterizes smart hair-dos, as well as clothes, this Fall. Before styling, hair was shampooed with new, improved Special Drene. See how silky and smooth it looks!*

Wonderful improved Special Drene Shampoo, with hair conditioner in it, now leaves hair far easier to arrange . . . neater, better groomed!

There's a new beauty thrill in store for you if you haven't tried Drene Shampoo lately! Because the new, improved Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it to leave hair far silkier, smoother and easier to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo equals this new Special Drene! No other shampoo leaves hair so lovely and lustrous and at the same time so manageable!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers." *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Procter & Gamble

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage—right after shampooing!

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

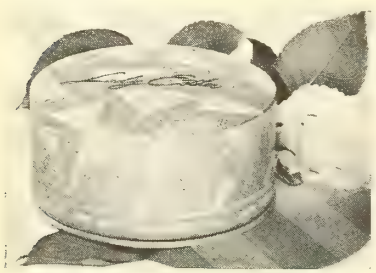
Now Guess Her Age!

New-Texture Face Powder Makes Her Skin Look Years Younger!

By *Lady Esther*

ONCE THIS lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age.

For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* face powder! It was a cruel powder, both in texture and in shade—showing up every tiny line in her face—accenting every little blemish and skin-fault—yes, and even making the pores seem somewhat bigger, coarser!



Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 21—30—35?

She has changed to Lady Esther Face Powder—the powder with a new and different texture. Lady Esther Powder is deliberately planned to flatter the skin, to make it look smoother, fresher, *younger!*

Lady Esther Face Powder is not mixed or blended in the usual way. It's *blown* by ***TWIN HURRICANES*** until it's much smoother, finer, than ordinary powder.

But it's not the texture alone that's so different! The ***TWIN-HURRICANE*** method makes the *shades* different, too! Just imagine—hurricanes *blow the color* into this amazing powder! That's why the shades are so rich and glamorous. That's why Lady Esther Powder makes your skin look so much fresher, younger.

Try this hurricane-blended face powder! See how it helps hide little lines and blemishes, helps hide big pores and even tiny freckles! See how it gives instant new life and freshness to your skin—how it makes your skin look *years younger.*

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below and you will receive all 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all! When you come to the one that is most flattering to your skin you'll know that is your *lucky shade!*

LADY ESTHER, (79)
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

In Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario

Introducing... Donna Reed

By ELEANOR HARRIS

REED, DONNA—The glowing young farm girl Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is training for stardom. You've seen her in *The Get-Away, Shadow of the Thin Man, The Bugle Sounds, Courtship of Andy Hardy* and *Apache Trail.*

BORN—On a farm in Iowa. Three years ago she came to Los Angeles—and one year ago Hollywood found her behind a college desk and dragged her in front of a camera.

FAMILY—She's the eldest of four children and her real name is Mullenger. Mr. and Mrs. Mullenger and the three youngest stayed on the farm. After reading about the Japanese gardener shortage in California, they sent Donna a crate of frozen vegetables. But that's the most they've bothered about Hollywood!

MARRIED—No, no, *no!* She has a platoon of beaux marching through her life—but she's never yet asked one of them to step out of formation.

EDUCATED—At Denison High School in Denison, Iowa . . . and for two years at Los Angeles City College, learning typing. She also acted in two student plays, and was elected campus queen of both schools.

APPEARANCE—Picture a brown-eyed girl with golden-brown hair, a winning smile and such an air of bouncing health and happiness that it's catching—and you've pictured Donna Reed. Her clothes suit her personality—they're strictly from college. Her heels are flat, her coats camels hair, her hair blowing in the wind, and her closet packed with sweaters and skirts.

HISTORIC LANDMARKS—This is one farmer's daughter who was her own traveling salesman! Among her father's cows and chickens she had dreamed of a secretarial job in some bustling city office. So, after high school graduation, she bought a second-hand '32 sedan and drove a thousand miles to Los Angeles City College—where she studied stenography and earned her way besides. When she was elected campus queen, the studios saw her newspaper pictures and pounced . . . and Donna, her head spinning, was torn from her typewriter and presented with a movie contract.

SOCIAL LIFE—Young, noisy and normal. She's a fiend for jitterbug music, bicycling, bowling alleys, drive-ins and laughs. Her friends are legion and they're all nonprofessionals—from City College and the Studio Club where she lives. She doesn't smoke and she's never tasted coffee in her life. But she does bet—which explains why she was riding Bill Lundigan around the set in a wheelbarrow recently. She'd bet that a certain studio horse would eat sugar—only to find that this one had been raised with a sour tooth!

HOME LIFE—She lives with three hundred other girls at the Hollywood Studio Club, where life is dizzy and Donna loves it. She drives a small Chevrolet, saves her money, and her wildest extravagances are a telephone and swing music records. Some day she wants to own a farm like her family's. Right now she wants to live in one small room at the Studio Club and report at the studio every morning for work.

ATTITUDE ON LIFE—She's the darling of the M-G-M lot because she's as unspoiled as a puppy. Success left her just as excited about life as she was before. She's impulsive, gay and warm and she wants a long life on the screen and a full life off it! ■

Donna Reed is the bright-eyed miss whose beauty and talent add extra interest to so many flickers this season. She's new and very promising. Right: A scene with Philip Dorn in *Calling Dr. Gillespie*

Is Hedy Lamarr Jinxed By

By
ARTHUR MacKENZIE

If there's a tragic gleam in Hedy Lamarr's eyes these days and unhappiness is written unmistakably across her beautiful face, the reason is obvious. Hedy is a woman scorned by love and done wrong by that fickle little guy with the dangerous arrows, Mr. Dan Cupid.

Though she is one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood—maybe in the world—when it comes to love, Hedy is definitely jinxed. Every time she falls in love, she ends up behind the eight ball. Her two attempts at matrimony ended in the divorce courts. Her three romances fizzled out at the very sight of the altar. And now, all Hollywood is beginning to wonder just what's wrong with its leading glamour girl—is she a total washout where romance is concerned?

Hedy herself is not to blame. Like every other woman in the world, she wants love—real and enduring. She has everything else any woman could hope for—fame, fortune and a superabundance of beauty. But when she was born there must have been an evil spirit present that promised her all a person could want, but one thing. And without romance, what good are beauty and fame and riches?

Long before Hedy even came to this country, the black spell had been at work. At the age of seventeen, she already knew heartbreak and disappointment. In Vienna, her almost incredible beauty attracted the attention of every man who gazed upon her. But there was one man in particular who succumbed more than the rest. He was a dashing Austrian officer—a nobleman. Franz Ritter von Hochestetten completely lost his heart to Hedy. But it so happened that Hedy had just met Max Reinhardt, the producer, and felt that the opportunity had at last presented itself for her to start her theatrical career.

But, Franz von Hochestetten wanted Hedy to marry him and to abandon all thought of a career. It was not at all proper for a young lady of good background and breeding to seek a career on the stage, he said. But Hedy was too enthusiastic about her budding career and saw nothing wrong in being an actress. After arguing about it one evening, Franz went home and put a bullet through his head!

To forget this tragedy, Hedy found work in films. She threw herself into it with all her youthful zest and enthusiasm. She made *Ecstasy*, the picture that was later to spread her name throughout the entire world. But soon after it was completed, she met the wealthy European munitions millionaire, Fritz Mandl. He fell deeply in love with Hedy and induced her to become his wife. But as mistress of one of the most magnificent mansions in Europe where she played hostess to the great and near great of the world, Hedy was far from being happy. She still yearned for the realization of her childhood ambition—to be an actress.

And then the bombshell fell! *Ecstasy* was released. Her husband was shocked. He didn't think the rest of the world should share the sight of his beautiful wife and spent a fortune hurriedly buying up prints of the picture. But the more prints he bought up, the more were made. It's rumored he even solicited the aid of Mussolini and Hitler to ban the distribution of the picture in their countries. But nothing helped. And soon the marriage itself crashed. Hedy and Mandl were divorced. Her first attempt at matrimony was a failure.

After that Hedy came to America. In Europe, the blitz of Hitler washed away most of Mandl's huge fortune and eventually forced him to flee to the New World in search of something that all of his money couldn't buy for him—security.

Hedy, meanwhile, was startling all America with her breathtaking beauty. When *Algiers* appeared, her name was on the lips of every person in the country. Her name became a synonym for glamour. And then the gossips started whispering about the many men in love with her. They were wrong. Every man in the country was in love with Hedy. But of all the suitors who wooed her, Gene Markey, ex-husband of Joan Bennett, succeeded in winning her.

For the second time in her life, Hedy took the trip to the altar. She was happy and gay, thinking that at last she had found the most coveted thing in life—love. She settled down to a peaceful domestic existence. She even adopted a baby. But then a sudden storm broke. The world awoke one morning to learn that Hedy and Gene were splitting up. It was one of those mutual things. By common consent, they were divorced. All the fond dreams of Hedy vanished in the courtroom. Back she went to the life of a lonely, lovely lady. The jinx was still dogging her footsteps. She was still unlucky in love.

In an effort to forget her unhappiness, Hedy joined the circle of Hollywood's night life. She was seen around town frequently. By this time, she and John Howard had discovered each other. And

Though considered one of the most beautiful women in the world, Hedy Lamarr has yet to find true happiness. Why?

Hedy's marriage to producer Gene Markey, her second husband, was very brief

Handsome John Howard won Hedy's heart —but not for long

Her engagement to George Montgomery amazed Hollywood. then was mysteriously called off

Love?

with trepidation in her heart, Hedy let romance take its course. Soon the handholding stage developed into love. Everyone was expecting Hedy to marry again. And this time, it looked like the real thing. John Howard was a handsome and likable young man and Hedy was a heart-broken young lady who deserved better treatment from Mr. Cupid. But once more love took an unexpected detour. The nuptials never came off. And Hedy's much broken heart was again left to mend itself.

For a few months, Hedy went through a period of romantic convalescence. She was hardly ever seen in public. As far as love was concerned, she was "at liberty." But then again, as beautiful a woman as Hedy can't help attracting men to her. The dashing, young heart-throb, George Montgomery, whose name was romantically linked with that of Ginger Rogers, suddenly switched his attention to her. Ardently and persistently, he gave Hedy the rush act. He completely swept her off her feet. Every indication clearly pointed to an early marriage. And when Hedy was seen sporting a brand new solitaire, along with that beaming, happy look, everyone was convinced that she was going to be luckier in her third attempt at matrimony. Hedy made plans to be married in Las Vegas. Even the press was notified and invited to attend. But, as usual, there were a couple of cynics around who doubted the wedding would come off. And, strangely enough, these pessimists were right. At the last moment, the wedding plans fell through. At first, the nuptials were merely postponed. Then there was talk of a split-up. Finally, an announcement was made saying that the engagement had definitely been broken.

Once again, Hedy remains in romantic solitude. But by this time she is getting accustomed to her plight. She is sure that she has been jinxed—that romance is almost out of the question for her.

There's a lot of sympathy for Hedy around Hollywood. Everyone knows the stress and strain on her nerves—the wear and tear on her emotions. They know she is unhappy. And they can not understand why the most beautiful woman in films has been cursed in her love life. Five times love beckoned to Hedy. And five times it turned out to be a wrong number. Now people are beginning to wonder just what it is that's wrong. Is it Hedy? Is it the men she selected? Is it that she's simply too beautiful? Or is there really a jinx hovering over her? ■

Gig Young starved and went sleepless just for a chance to act. In his very first role a sensational thing happened. The preview audience rated his performance above the leads. Skyrocketed to stardom overnight, he's in Warners' *Air Force*

He Bowled 'Em Over

By MURIEL REED

■ It was April Fool's Day in 1937. An obliging motorist dropped the tall, curly-haired, handsome young hitch-hiker in Culver City. He wandered around, saw the outside of three movie studios and assumed the town was Hollywood.

This engaging young man, who calls himself lazy, worked so hard and did with so little sleep and food that he actually collapsed from malnutrition. For five years Gig Young, born Byron Barr and later called Bryant Flemming, worked to make the "Hollywood grade," and now he's made it—but not in Hollywood. He worked in Washington, D. C., Culver City, Beverly Hills, Pasadena and Burbank, but never in Hollywood!

When you see him in a featured role in *The Gay Sisters*, you will know why Warner Brothers are very Gig Young-conscious these days. He'll be starred in his next picture and the public can be thanked for that fact and for his strange—but catchy—name.

In *The Gay Sisters*, Gig Young plays *Gig Young*, and that's not double talk. With the studio-picked name of Bryant Flemming he got his first big part in that film. But when the picture was "sneak" previewed, 90 per cent of the comment cards said nothing about George Brent, Barbara Stanwyck, Geraldine Fitzgerald or Nancy Coleman; instead the hard-boiled customers went into verbal tailspins about "the chap who plays *Gig Young*."

It was the biggest avalanche of comment cards on a screen newcomer the Warner studio ever had. The Public spoke and the Public must be heeded, so Byron Barr-Bryant Flemming became Gig Young, the first time a player has ever been given the name of a screen role *after* playing the part. (Anne Shirley got hers *before* she started *Anne of Green Gables*.)

It's okay with Gig. Any name—or role—is fine that can get him out of the rut he was in!

The only difficulty is that while he was working on the picture, our hero bought a dog and named the Schnauzer pup "Gig" in honor of his first good part. Now when Mrs. Barr-Fleming-Young calls "Dinner's ready, Gig," man and beast come running!

Yes, Gig runs for food, is happiest when he eats thick steaks, baked potatoes with gobs of butter and *two* desserts. But he never gains an ounce—perhaps that is because he was on such lean rations for five years!

When Gig [*Continued on page* 59

Hollywood's War Against

Julie Bishop makes her way around the Warner lot these days via bike. Like many other glamour girls in Hollywood she's saving gasoline and auto tires

Even the stars wear hand-me-downs! On the set of Warners' *Casablanca*, Humphrey Bogart admires Madeleine LeBeau's dress, made from discarded gowns

Gowns of such yardage as Lucille Ball's in *The Big Street* are now taboo. R-K-O obtained permission from the WPB to feature this tulle creation

■ From the raw film itself to the leading lady's false eyelashes—today practically everything used in making motion pictures is either on a priority list, as vital to war production, or can no longer be imported from abroad.

This is Hollywood's priority problem and it has been the means of reawakening the dormant Hollywood ingenuity. Not since "talkies" caught the old silent films with their shoes unbuttoned have the Hollywood Wonder Boys been called upon to perform such miracles in such a short time.

The important point is that they *are* meeting the challenge, and the general public will never know the difference. Good pictures will continue, with no loss of quality, and perhaps even a few improvements.

At this writing, no actual limitation has been placed on film, but the government says "Conserve," because the basic materials for film also make explosives. Every studio in town is now really saving footage in making pictures, and the directors who used to shoot scenes twenty times now establish their "moods" in three or four takes.

The War Production Board has informed the studios that they are not to spend more than $5,000 for new materials for any one set where they often spent ten or twenty times that amount. So what will happen?

The audience will notice little difference. Every major studio has outdoor streets of buildings representing spots all over the world. These have been used repeatedly, with a little face lifting, and will continue to be used. There will be fewer lavish ballroom and night club scenes, but once built, they can be altered slightly and re-used.

R-K-O built a large night club set—just before the $5,000 ceiling was imposed—for Damon Runyon's *The Big Street*, and it will be left standing for the duration. They might even rent it to other companies who failed to get in under the wire.

Interior sets, instead of being ripped down and pulled apart, will in many cases be saved and the materials used again and again. Parts of them will be changed; a door, fireplace, window or staircase moved, new wallpaper or paint used, different furniture and props moved in, and you'll never recognize it!

The important aspect on this matter of sets is that the government has imposed no regulations on how much may be spent for labor—it's just new material that must be conserved—so that all the needed time and effort may be expended to make sets attractive, interesting and correct.

Amusing to note is that once-ordinary nails are now precious things and are gathered off the floor with magnets and used again. Also, the Army has asked for all burlap and canvas, so Hollywood is substituting "Victory Sacking," a paper cloth, to represent it. Aluminum castings are forbidden, even though the metal is on hand; every ounce of any metal in every studio stockroom has been catalogued, and special permission from the priorities board must be given to cast it. Casein

Waste

By DOROTHY HAAS

laces, sequins, metal beads and some slipper satins are impossible to buy now —a sad loss to Hollywood—for most of them came from France. Domestic metal cloths, to date, have not draped well because they are stiff, but experiments continue and they are improving. Meantime, the studios have a fair supply and they will be used repeatedly. Old costumes will be remade, some materials can be reversed. Simple, classic, material-saving gowns will be the style.

"It's a matter of conserving what we have," says Kelly. "If we are careful and ingenious, we'll have no trouble."

The other day the script of *Casablanca* called for Madeleine Le Beau, playing an Algerian girl, to wear a beaded bare-midriff gown. There was no new material available, but Kelly found two dresses in wardrobe that would do; the skirt of one dress was previously worn by Ann Sheridan, the top of the other was once worn by Bette Davis. Kelly cut them apart, used the two parts that fit and Mademoiselle Le Beau had a perfect costume!

There are two exceptions when studio designers may break the retail clothes regulations: when the picture calls for authentic historical costumes or if a particular dress is a "story point." For example, in *The Big Street* Lucille Ball dreams of someday owning a white tulle evening gown with an enormous skirt dotted with brilliants. It's a motivating point of the story, and when eventually she gets it, it must meet her description, so a few extra yards of tulle were permitted for the skirt.

Make-up departments face some of the most serious problems. Hairpins are almost worth their weight in platinum, for only from two to five pounds, depending on the size of the studio, are allowed each one a month. Pins which fall on the floor are collected with a magnet, sterilized and used again.

Human hair nets are becoming scarce, as are wigs, beards, toupees and other hair pieces, which must all be made to last because of the limited supply of hair formerly imported from Asia and Europe.

After present supplies are used, there may be drastic changes in the color of hair of Hollywood gals (in England there are far fewer blondes now!), for the basic chemicals from which peroxide, dyes and bleaches are made are on the priority lists. However, the chemists are at work, so don't worry. Analine dyes, now used only for highlighting because they rub off, may be perfected, and already a dye for jet black hair has been made from black walnut shells.

So, Hollywood is learning to economize and use its ingenuity. Chemists and technicians are finding new materials and ways to re-use old ones. Furthermore, these substitute materials are not inferior; in many cases they are superior. Out of such experiments in times of emergency always come important discoveries.

Hollywood is one of the most patriotic towns in these United States and everyone in the picture business is eager to aid the war effort. They are conserving on everything and are one hundred percent united in this war on waste. ■

water paints, formerly used to spray whole sets, are getting scarce, but the bright boys have found that synthetic resin dissolved in water makes a usable substitute. Yes, Hollywood Miracle Men are at work again.

The wardrobe departments really have problems, but the screen lovelies will be no less beautifully gowned. For example, the studios must follow the retail regulations on women's clothes: no patch pockets or tunics, skirts of specified length and width, narrow belts. But you won't be aware of it. As Orry-Kelly at Warners and Renie at R-K-O explained, with just the right tuck here and the right pleat there, they create false pockets, tunics and drapes —with no extra material.

Metal cloths, lames, fine Lyons velvets,

Because no more nails can be bought by the studios, all old nails are swept up and collected by magnets. Ann Summers and Sally Wadsworth lend a helping hand with the job on the R-K-O lot

Conserving war materials becomes fun when the Save It Club, organized by the stars, gets together. Bonita Granville, Ruth Warrick and Ginny Simms are reclaiming tinfoil from cigarette packs

PRACTICALLY PERFECT

By CATHERINE ROBERTS
FASHION EDITOR

[See "Clues on Clothes"—page 51]

. . . and perfectly practical, these sweaters for first fall days. Grand for wear with slacks, suits or over dresses, sweaters such as these are easy to knit, easy to care for and easy on the eye. And, what's more, with the proposed rationing of fuel, our homes will be held to lower heating temperatures this winter and a couple of sweaters like these will be worth their weight in gold.

The V-necked slip-on and the classic cardigan are handknit of Chadwick's Shetland yarn. If your favorite yarn shop is running low on supplies or can not get you this yarn, rip some of your old sweaters and start over again. To make used yarn work up like new yarn do this; while ripping, do not wind yarn into ball. Wind it into 18-inch skeins (around a shirt cardboard, the long way) and tie it at two points. Dissolve a pure mild soap in lukewarm water and dip the skeins up and down for several minutes. Then squeeze gently, and rinse in clear water. Rinse a second time in water in which just a hint of soap has been thoroughly dissolved. Squeeze out water and hang skeins to dry in a shaded place. When perfectly dry, wind into balls and start to knit. It's as simple as that.

Free instructions for these two sweaters are available for the asking. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Catherine Roberts, Fashion Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Above: The classic cardigan handknit of Chadwick's Shetland yarn. Practically perfect for any type figure, any age and many places. Quite easy to make. For free knitting instructions see text

Left: A V-necked handknit slip-on worn over a pique dickie by "Dorothy Howard"; $1 at McCreery's, N. Y. To protect bicycling hands, Wear-Right's Shadowplex Suede washable gloves

Gentleman At Work

BY DUGAL O'LIAM

Once a gentleman of leisure, Brian Aherne worked only when he wanted to. Now that wife Joan has won an Oscar, he got himself a steady job. He's in Columbia's *My Sister Eileen.* Right: Brian and Joan having fun during rehearsals for a radio show

■ Hollywood's gentleman actor has gone to work. His bride won an Oscar, and Brian Aherne, to avoid the dubious distinction of being Mr. Joan Fontaine, hauled off and took a steady job.

For years Brian Aherne was regarded as one of the lucky denizens of this screwy planet. Handsome, affable, cultured, as popular with men as with women, he lived a carefree though decorous existence.

Then he got married . . . to one of the beautiful De Havilland sisters, Joan Fontaine. Prior to his marriage, he'd never signed a contract with a studio. Even after he had made some fine pictures, including *Skylark, Juarez* and *Smilin' Thru,* and was classified as one of the finest actors in pictures, he signed no contracts. He didn't want to be regimented. A contract would have pinned him down. He liked to finish a picture, then hop into his plane and be off to the South Seas, or hunting in Canada, or fishing in Florida. After six weeks he'd return to Hollywood and luxuriate in his Beverly Hills home, the one he bought so he'd have some place to put his other suit. When a picture offer came by, he'd take it (if he liked the part), as a means of shooting a little adrenalin into his bankroll. Then he'd be off again.

Ultimately, the most pursued bachelor in filmdom found *the* girl. At that time she was merely Olivia De Havilland's little sister, quiet, frail, clinging. Her apparent helplessness, plus her understanding of his way of life, floored Brian. He proposed, and she accepted.

When they were married, Joan was not especially deep in pictures. Everyone knew she had talent, but she also had little interest in stardom. Even her mother referred to her ability as "pin-money talent."

Then it happened overnight. Joan made *Rebecca* and became a star and the toast of the town. *Suspicion* followed, and when the ballots were counted on that one, she was standing in a white spotlight in a great banquet hall, half hysterically fondling an Oscar. She was the Academy Award winner for 1941!

But what about her husband?

"The funny thing is, I loved it," says Brian Aherne. "The only drawback was that I had to go to work. No more freelancing. It wasn't the money that made me sign a contract with Columbia. I was suddenly seized with an urge to work; to be as useful, or busy, at any rate, as my wife."

He sipped a cup of tea and smiled his very young smile.

"Believe me, old boy," he said, "I find it jolly."

He talks like that, with an accent halfway between British and Irish. He was born in Ireland, reared in England. He's more than six feet and fair, trim as a huntsman, and probably one of the most graceful men, socially, in Hollywood. He's rugged, masculine and capable, and at the same time gentle, attentive and thoughtful.

His sense of humor is terrific. He likes to describe, in detail, the adventures of his wife piloting his plane. On cross-country hops, he frequently takes a brief nap, turning the controls over to her. Knowing nothing of navigation, she has trouble keeping her bearings. His imitation of her spotting their whereabouts on the flying map is hilarious.

He has a den papered on three sides with an enormous map. He put the map on himself, with Joan's help. It's an ingenious bit of decoration, as functional as it is attractive. His most persistent phobia in his den is his desk. Joan has a habit of straightening it up, placing things in neat piles.

"For a week afterward," he moans, "I can't find a bloody thing."

Joan has her own sitting room, or alcove. She keeps her Academy Award Oscar on her desk there. You have to look closely to even see it.

They live in the house on Rodeo Drive that he bought before he was married. It's small, but Joan likes it and wants to stay in it. It has an oval, blue tiled swimming pool in the back yard, the inevitable bar and one guest room.

"But mostly," Brian says, "the guests sleep on the lawn."

His stage career started back in England. The family had intended for him to follow in his father's footsteps and become an architect, but Brian decided on the theater as the only honest business he could think of that would enable him to remain in bed until noon.

"It worked splendidly," he says, "until I came to Hollywood. Now, when I'm making a picture, I have to get up at five o'clock in the morning. You know, work had me baffled for a number of years, but now I am beginning to understand how it has survived. I find it almost as stimulating to drive into the sunrise on my way to work as to fly into it on my way fishing." ■

Diana's First Starring Role

By KAY PROCTOR

■ *Between Us Girls* started out to be *What Happened, Caroline?* Then it became *Love and Kisses, Caroline.* Somehow the *Caroline* got lost in the shuffle and it wound up as the aforementioned matter between two femmes. At no time, however, did the plot get lost or any of the hilarious comedy pertinent to it.

Between Us Girls isn't the first Hollywood production to go through a series of christenings but it has several unique "firsts" to its credit. It is Diana Barrymore's first starring role, an honor won after but one appearance on the screen. It is Henry Koster's first picture as producer and director since the split of the Koster-Pasternak-Durbin triumvirate. It is Andy Devine's first "A" picture at Universal and the first time he appears as a sophisticated and smartly groomed gentleman. It is the first lavish production to use salvage sets in response to the new $5,000 per set dictum, and it is the first time colored lights have been employed in place of expensive paints to obtain necessary half tone effects.

The Cast

BETWEEN US GIRLS

Bob Cummings, Diana Barrymore, Director Henry Koster, Kay Francis, John Boles

THE DAUGHTER—Diana in disguise

And it's the first time *everyone* had a whale of a good time making a picture, grips, juicers, carpenters *et al* included!

There was the day, for instance, when Diana Barrymore, Kay Francis, John Boles and Robert Cummings were making their entrance for a certain scene. The action called for them to descend a broad staircase, and since the dialogue was smooth, the action coordinated, and the lights just right, Director Koster was congratulating himself on a perfect "take."

Suddenly Koster gasped and the whole set was shocked into a tight silence! There, calmly making an entrance directly behind the quartet, was Charles Laughton, clad in an old fashioned flannel nightshirt and a handlebar mustache—the make-up and costume he wore in a previous Koster production, *It Started With Eve!*

"What the h——! ?" Koster shrieked.

Laughton beamed benignly. "Happy birthday, Bobby, old chap," he said. "I come to herald a surprise party for you." Whereupon a cake was produced and the surprise birthday party, complete with gag presents and gag speeches, was on!

Incidentally, the name Bobby applied to a gentleman known as Henry is a little confusing to everyone but Koster. "That's my real name," he explains. "For some reason which I do not know, they named me Henry in Hollywood."

Half the fun on the set, actually, stemmed from Koster and his unconsciously funny efforts to make himself understood in English. In a night club scene, for example, he was trying for certain facial expressions on the dancers in the background, one of general merriment.

"Pretty girls, smile!" he ordered. "Homely girls, look sad! Now, give me plenty of goose pimples! Sving it!"

You guess how many girls looked sad.

In the same scene he spied two girls working on gum. "You!" he said sternly, "I will not embarrass to point you out (characteristic, that, of Koster consideration) but you know who you are. Give me the smile without the chew!"

Eventually one learns not to take Koster too literally. One bit of action called for by-play and a few lines of dialogue at a table in the crowded night-club with the dancing action in the background. Perfect timing was essential.

"Beautiful!" Koster enthused after the first "take." Then, "Now we do it again." Again the scene was run through. "Swell, boys and girls," he said happily. "Once more, please." A third "take" was made.

THE DAUGHTER—As she really is

THE BOYFRIEND—Bob Cummings

"Print it," he said quietly. "That was good."

The story of *Between Us Girls* concerns a talented young actress, *Caroline Barnes* (Diana Barrymore), and her mother, *Christine Bishop* (Kay Francis). *Caroline* has been playing in far away stock companies and returns home for a visit, only to find her erstwhile Prissy Prue mother has become a night blooming Cereus, since falling in love with wealthy and handsome *Steve Forbes* (John Boles). Lest he guess her real age, she has represented *Caroline* as a mere child, away at school. *Caroline* agrees to continue the subterfuge and when *Forbes* finally meets her, she is dressed and behaves as an irritating kid of 12. With *Forbes*, however, is *James Middleton* (Robert Cummings), a young millionaire who always is rushing to battle for the downtrodden, and *James* decides *Caroline* is a mistreated and unhappy child who needs help. Hilarious complications naturally ensue with everyone trying to conceal the truth. Center of the mad mix-up is *Caroline's* business manager (Andy Devine) who never does get the score straight. Eventually a black eye and a can-opener help to straighten out the mess.

The newest of the Barrymores to win stardom has a good head on her shoulders —a very alluring pair of shoulders, by the way, topping an equally lovely body.

Admittedly, Diana enjoys the trappings of stardom and having people ask for her autograph. "It's the ham in me," she blithely said, "and no one can deny that at times a slice of ham pops up in the Barrymore gang." Ironically typical of Hollywood, *Between Us Girls* also has three players who were great stars when Diana was in her crib. Aileen Pringle, Jack Mulhall and Maurice Costello are seen in brief bits.

Speaking of yesterday, the picture proves what can be done when necessity dictates a tightening of purse strings. The night club set once would have cost around $15,000 to build, but under orders the Universal magicians turned it out for a mere $2,000. Ingenuity and a ransacking of old sets was the answer. The palm trees and modernistic decorations were fashioned from old cartons, scraps of cellophane, and glassine straws. Instead of using paints to get color values, the entire set was painted a flat white and then dressed in color by the use of colored filters. And the molded glass pillars were achieved by the simple expedient of gluing together dozens of large glass ash trays from the 5 and 10 cent store!

It was ingenuity of a different sort which solved the problem of the make-up for Diana as a 12-year-old. For days the experts tried this grease paint, that powder, the other rouge and mascara to get the desired effect. Each time the experiment flopped. Diana still looked more 21 than 12. Finally she herself came through with a suggestion.

"Why don't you just wash my face of all make-up and try it that way?" she asked.

They did. The result was perfect.

Diana had a forthright solution for another problem. One scene called for Bob Cummings to give Diana a resounding slap on the cheek but, chickenhearted, he pulled his punch each time with a resultant lack of realism.

"Forget you are a gentleman," Koster implored. "Let her have it good!"

"Please DO!" Diana added. "I've taken seven slaps already and I'm getting tired. Sock me and get it over!"

Still the Cummings chivalry would not permit the necessary blow. Then Diana had a brainstorm. As Cummings raised his hand for the ninth try, she lifted her foot and jammed a sharp French heel squarely on his toes. Startled, he forgot about pulling punches. The "take" was a beauty. ■

Lady Luck

Anna Neagle is the most potent good luck charm in pictures. Studios who hire her prosper. Her leading men become stars overnight. Miss Neagle is appearing in R-K-O's *They Flew Alone*

By JACK DALLAS

If there is anyone in Hollywood who feels he is being ground under the heel of the gods, let him hurry up and make the acquaintance of Anna Neagle.

She is by all odds the most potent good luck charm in pictures. Studios who hire her prosper. Her producers pick up a reputation. Supporting players land term contracts. And leading men are made stars overnight. In fact, she has brought good fortune to so many who have fringed her career that she is en route to being dubbed "Lucky Neagle."

Naturally, the Neagle luck has done all right by Anna Neagle. In fact, it has treated Anna Neagle sensationally.

As a school girl in her native Britain, she won everything from the local beauty contest to the secret "rugby sweep," with which proceeds she got herself her first permanent. Barely in her teens, she decided to open up a dancing school. She had little more than a shilling in capital, but the school prospered and became a high class academy of dancing. Mistress Neagle sold out at a handsome profit.

When she determined that the stage was her career, she presented herself at the stage door of a London theater. Just like that. For some strange reason the doorman, who should have sent her on her way, let her in. It so happened that the impresario was about ready to make a change in his chorus line. He swept his eye over the Neagle form—her name was Marjorie Robertson way back then—and said: "I think you'll do," which is pretty stout praise from a British gentleman.

A year or two later, Jack Buchanan, the rage of London, picked her out of the chorus (it just isn't done in London, by Jove) and made her his leading lady. The thing was called *Stand Up and Sing*. La Neagle danced. Terrifically. The show had a sensational run of 604 performances. Jack Buchanan dubbed her "Lucky Neagle." The phrase picked up currency by the minute.

Shortly after the play closed, the Neagle lady made her first visit to a race track. It was Derby Day. To the consternation of her friends she picked seven winners out of seven races. The man who brought her cleaned up something like 12,000 pounds—which isn't hay. News of the Neagle doings precipitated the wildest sort of bidding by racing hosts and hostesses who suddenly wanted to make her join the horsy set. And her a mere mariner's daughter!

Came 1934, scarcely a half dozen years from her debut in the theater as a chorus girl, and Anna Neagle, the first lady of the British screen, was given the lead in *Nell Gwyn*, her most important role to date. Opposite her, as gay, roistering *Charles II*, was cast a certain Mr. Hardwicke. London critics raised a question: What was an unknown doing playing opposite the incomparable Neagle? The lady did not bother to demur. Before the picture reached the screen, His Majesty King George V tapped with a sword the shoulder of the same unknown Mr. Hardwicke and made him a knight of the realm.

"Arise, Sir Cedric Hardwicke," is what the King said to him. And the legend of Neagle the star-maker was born. Two years later Sir Cedric was the most sought after character actor in England. Five years later he was in Hollywood.

Neagle luck has been experienced by every studio with which the lady has had any luck at all. When United Artists, for instance, extended its operations abroad by signing up exclusively all Herbert Wilcox productions, British and Dominions, Neagle films began to reach the screen with the U.A. tag. Almost overnight United Artists became one of London's biggest film-distributing concerns, moved twice to larger premises within a single year.

During the filming of *Bitter Sweet* for United Artists, Herbert Wilcox, who has made practically all of Anna Neagle's films, was asked whether he would waive his contract rights so that United Artists might distribute "a British-made picture some screwball wants us to handle for him." Mr. Wilcox, whose main interest is seeing to the well-being of productions involving Anna Neagle and not an unknown screwball, talked it over with the lady.

"Of course, we'll waive our rights," she said.

Well, gentle readers, the screwball was Alexander Korda. And the picture was *Henry VIII*, which made Korda rich and renowned, set Charles Laughton among the screen's greatest, and laid the foundation for Britain's largest modern studios at Denham.

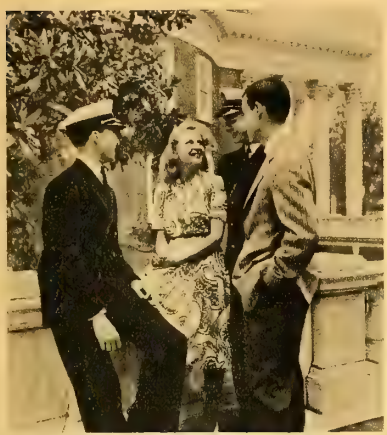
If you're impressed by figures, take a look at these: Every one of the fourteen pictures which make up the film career of Anna Neagle has shown a profit. None has grossed less than $1,000,000. And the average is around $1,500,000.

Came April 1939 and her departure for America to do *Nurse Edith Cavell*. She closed her apartment in London, stored her furniture and her priceless keepsakes, letters and souvenirs. A year later almost to the day, a Nazi birdman made a direct hit on the storage building. The building collapsed in a heap. But miraculously the Neagle treasures were all recovered. Neagle luck again?

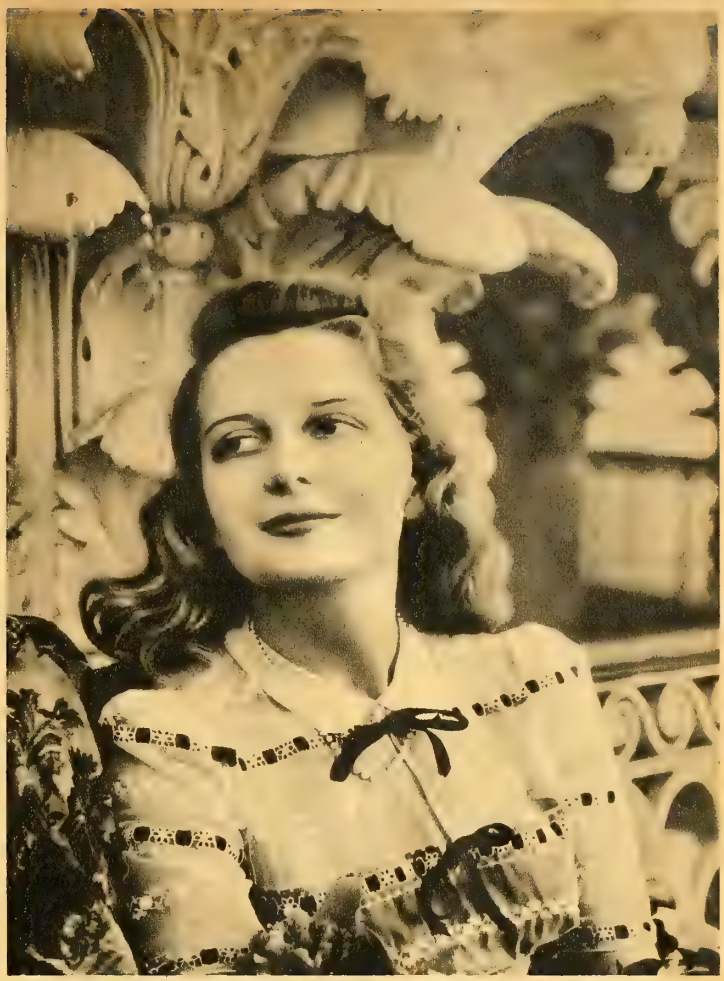
Since her arrival in Hollywood, the respected British legend that it's lucky to play with Neagle has been fairly well supported. Ray Milland, for instance, was on the point of breaking with Paramount when Producer-Director Wilcox borrowed him to appear with Miss Neagle in *Irene*. He did a swell job, returned to his studio, patched up his story difficulties, was cast as Claudette [*Continued on page* 58]

She's ENGAGED

A Virginian's exquisite bride-to-be, Marilyn Bauer of Washington, D. C. Her engagement to Courtland Davis, Jr., of the prominent Alexandria family was announced in June



WEEK END REUNION at the University of Virginia. Courtland, Marilyn and Navy friends on the promenade of the Jefferson Library. He is a second-year medical student, '44, and hopes to go directly into the U. S. Medical Corps.



THE CLASSIC GRACE of the library's Rotunda Balcony is a perfect setting for Marilyn's loveliness—her fair hair, blue eyes, porcelain-smooth skin. Every Virginian loves this beautiful building on the University of Virginia "grounds."

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

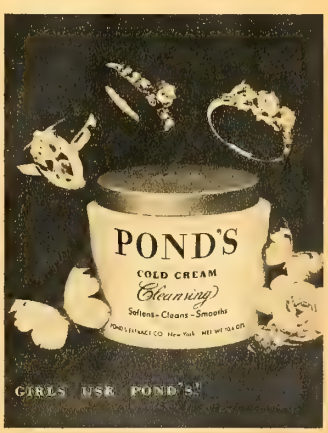
HER ENGAGEMENT diamond is a sparkling, blue-white solitaire. The handsome stone is set with fine simplicity in a plain gold band.

Very much of a live-wire American girl, Marilyn is up to her ears in war work on call for Canteen Duty, and busy with the Motor Corps. She's hardly time even to dream about her wedding in September.

"When there's such a lot to do, your face can't help looking tired sometimes," she told us. "I surely am thankful we are not asked to give up Pond's Cold Cream. Nothing seems to give my skin such a clean, soft feeling."

She pats Pond's Cold Cream carefully, with gentle little pats, over her face and throat. This helps soften and release dirt and make-up. She tissues off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues off again.

Use Pond's every night—and for daytime clean-ups. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor are Pond's users, too. And why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. Buy a jar at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big* jars.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

Popping Questions at Ann Sothern

Quizzed by
HELEN HOVER

Again proving her good sportsmanship, Ann Sothern, delectable blond star, frankly and amusingly answers HOLLYWOOD'S intimate questions. Ann's in the Metro musical, *Panama Hattie*

Q. How has your friendship with Robert Sterling affected you?

A. One thing I know, it's made me athletic. Between golf, swimming, fishing, boating, skiing, ping pong, tennis and skating—I'm a wreck! And I owe it all to him.

Q. Would you like to get married again, or has your recent divorce soured you on matrimony?

A. Of course. I'll marry again!

Q. Are you in love now?

A. I often wonder.

Q. Who is your closest woman friend, and what qualities make her such?

A. Strangely enough, I have two. Mrs. Ray Milland, because of her humor, kindness and understanding. Hedy Lamarr, because she's the direct antithesis of what everyone expects her to be, and a swell gal.

Q. What characteristic of film people annoys you the most?

A. They're forever talking "shop."

Q. With what three men would you choose to be stranded on a desert island?

A. Bing Crosby — to sing to me. Charles Chaplin — for his charm and wit. Franklin P. Adams — to play questions and answers. And I ought to have someone who can cook!

Q. Is it true that you feel the *Maisie* role is hurting your career and that you'd like to quit the characterization?

A. I love *Maisie!* She has never hurt my career, but has helped it tremendously. I hope to do at least one *Maisie* picture a year.

Q. In what way, in private life, do you most resemble *Maisie*?

A. We both always seem to be getting into hot water.

Q. What bad habit have you which annoys your friends?

A. Practicing First Aid on them. I had a party the night before I took my test for Advanced First Aid and I practiced bandaging on George Murphy, Mal and Ray Milland. My poor guests spent the entire evening tied up in bandages. A not-so-good-time was had by all—except me.

Q. What do you remember about your first kiss?

A. It was in Minneapolis. I saw a stage play and got a young girl's crush on the leading man, who was rather elderly. Later I met him at Mother's house. He greeted me by kissing me on the cheek. I had a feeling of mingled awe, admiration, bewilderment and the realization that I must be growing up.

Q. In what respects are you snobbish?

A. Gee, I hate that word. I know from experience that I have often given the impression of being snobbish without ever intending to do so. I guess people with upturned noses look haughty.

Q. What is your greatest extravagance?

A. Shoes and hats—or what they claim are hats.

Q. Your greatest economy?

A. Having a flower garden and never cutting the flowers because they're so pretty in the yard. I'm really stingy about those flowers.

Ann Sothern and her ex-husband, Roger Pryor, remain the best of friends

Ann's petiteness annoys her. She is five feet one and a half inches tall

Her romance with handsome Bob Sterling, new Metro player, looks serious

Q. Do you believe that marriage and a career can't mix?

A. I do—*now.*

Q. Who is the most interesting conversationalist you have ever met?

A. Charlie Chaplin. He can talk charmingly and authoritatively on almost anything.

Q. Have you a nickname?

A. Yes, and it's "Pluto." Hedy Lamarr gave it to me because she thinks I have sad eyes like Pluto in the cartoons.

Q. How has Hollywood changed you, physically and mentally?

A. It has broadened me mentally. But not physically—I hope!

Q. What do you think is your worst feature?

A. My height. It's awfully hard on the neck at times, especially when I'm working with those six feet four glamour boys. I had three tall ones in *Panama Hattie* and had to massage the crick out of my neck every night.

Q. What news story about yourself did you most resent?

A. The one that said that after six golf lessons I could drive the ball 400 yards!

Q. What was your greatest personal disappointment?

A. Being the offstage voice of a dog in a dog "short" when I first started in films.

Q. What experience in your life do you believe most strengthened your character?

A. The time I was off the screen for a year. I had been doing sweet young thing roles and I wanted to change my type before the sweetness suffocated me. It was a hard year and I wasn't sure, at times, if I was doing the smart thing. But it taught me to stick to my guns and, thank heavens, I was right. *Maisie* came along and gave me a new lease on my career.

Q. In your opinion, who are among Hollywood's five most beautiful women?

A. Hedy Lamarr, Joan Fontaine, Vivien Leigh, Mrs. Ray Milland and Billie Burke.

Q. What are your main idiosyncrasies?

A. Arranging my hair to coincide with my mood; saying "Really," and thinking of something else; being an amateur doctor.

Q. What attempt in your life turned out to be a failure?

A. Amateur photography. I just can't understand why those negatives never have anything on them.

Q. About what are you most careless?

A. Time!

Q. What attitude exists now between you and Roger Pryor since your divorce?

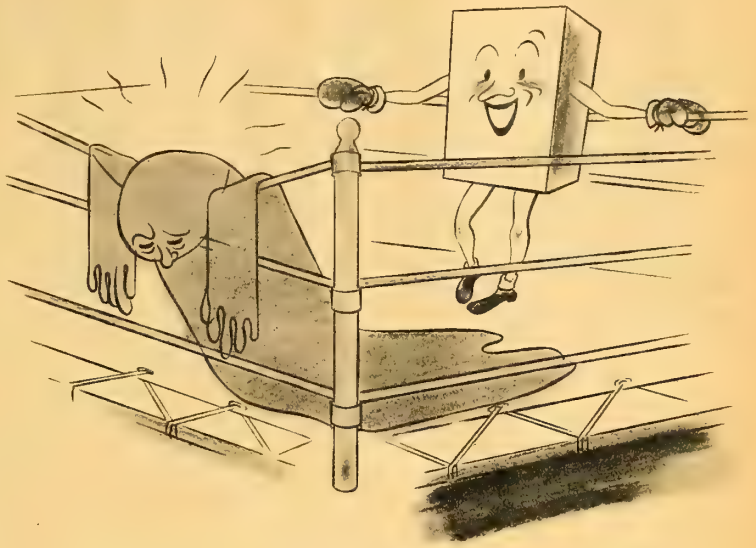
A. We are most friendly.

Q. In what ways are you lazy?

A. I hate to get up, I hate to make plans ahead of time, I hate shopping, wardrobe fittings, returning telephone calls and making out menus.

[*Continued on page 57*]

All Washed Up!



Sorry, you just missed it! . . . A championship washing contest . . . "Tattle-Tale" Gray versus Fels-Naptha Soap . . . "Tattle-Tale" was tough but the Fels-Naptha Treatment softened him up . . . now he's on the ropes . . . washed up!

How about a private exhibition, right in your own home? Fels-Naptha Soap will be glad to oblige—any week—and for a few cents you can have a tub-side seat to see the champion perform.

It's a sight you won't forget. To watch Fels-Naptha in a rough-and-tumble with grimy work clothes. To see how skillful it is with delicate things. To compare Fels-Naptha's washing speed with ordinary laundry soaps.

P. S.—Make your arrangements through your grocer. Better ask him about Fels-Naptha Soap now.

At last I know what "tampon" really means!

I've heard the words "internal protection" and "tampon" often. But I never guessed how *much* they could mean to me! For I've just found a tampon that has everything—all the wonderful comfort and freedom we women have *always* wanted. From now on "tampon" means "Meds" to me, and . . .

No more worrying!

Because you're secure when tampon absorption is *quick, sure!* Meds, with their exclusive "safety center" feature, absorb *faster!* Meds, made of finest, pure cotton hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

Wonderful, new comfort!

When fit is right, you can *count* on comfort and freedom! Meds were scientifically designed by a woman's doctor! No bulges, pins, odor, chafing! Each Meds comes in an individual applicator—quick and easy to use.

No extra cost!

Meds actually cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators! Try Meds—for protection, comfort, value!

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

The Modess Tampon

SON OF CHINA

Keye Luke may be the screen's foremost Chinese actor, but he considers himself 100% American. A commercial artist before he ever saw a movie set, he entered pictures via the art department. He's in the Universal film, *Invisible Agent*

By FRANK CUNNINGHAM

■ Keye Luke may have been born on the good earth of Canton, China, but to movie-going millions and to himself, he's as American as baseball, ham and eggs and the Fourth of July. In fact, he complains that being in so many Charlie Chan pictures has given him a Chinese accent.

Keye won fame and fortune as Charlie Chan's Number One son in the endless series. After the death of Warner Oland, however, he stepped out of the Chan pictures and into the lead in a series of detective stories written by Hugh Wiley for Monogram.

The screen's leading Chinese actor once wanted to be an architect. That was due to the influence of his father, a merchant, who brought him from China to Seattle when he was four. Keye was raised and educated in Seattle, in American high schools and a Chinese academy. He entered the University of Washington to study architecture. Then his father died, and he was forced to leave college and go to work.

Speaking of his start in the business world, Keye said, "I went back to China when I was twelve. Ever since I can remember I have loved beautiful things. Doubtless this was because my home and my father's shops were filled with treasures that were dreamed out of The Arabian Nights. So it is easy to understand why I became an artist. In the sometimes prosaic things I drew for newspapers and advertising agencies, I tried to catch something of the pungent odor of exotic distant lands.

"Soon my work created attention. My first exhibition was at the British Royal Museum. Then, too, years later I was hired by 20th Century-Fox to do some art work on a *Mr. Moto* film. Recently I did some of the backgrounds for *The Shanghai Gesture* produced by Arnold Pressburger.

"You know, I'd like to go back to China sometime. Fukien, with its lost secrets of porcelain glazing is a real lure to me, even as an elusive clue is stimulating to the movie detective."

It is easy to see that Keye is deeply interested in the arts that made China great. It was this artistic talent that got Keye into motion picture work.

The year 1930 found him in Los Angeles doing poster work for the Fox West Coast theaters. One of his first jobs with Fox was to do the advertising on the initial *Charlie Chan* film. As he touched his brush to the easel, Keye had no way of knowing that someday he would be Charlie Chan's famous son. Keye's excellent drawing took him inside the high walls of the picture studios when R-K-O—and later M-G-M—put him in their publicity departments as a staff artist.

Acting? At R-K-O, Keye had been cast in short subjects because of the scarcity of talent. Later at Metro, Keye's work in an R-K-O short was reviewed by executives and won him a role as the Chinese physician in Garbo's *The Painted*

Veil. And with this photoplay, Keye went from an artist on canvas to an artist on the silver screen.

Following his Garbo debut, Keye went into *Charlie Chan in Paris* and then accompanied his illustrious screen father in nine pictures.

Not all of his work has been done in the *Chans.* Some of his films were *Oil for the Lamps of China, The Good Earth, International Settlement, Mr. Moto's Gamble, North of Shanghai, The Green Hornet, The Phantom of Chinatown.*

In discussing native Chinese drama, Keye asked, "Did you know that the theater in China had a royal birth?"

"Royal birth?"

"That was in the eighth century. Ming Huag, the emperor, pleased with the declaration of love made by his consort, Yang Kuei-fei, China's most famous beauty, ordered a pageant in her honor which was to tell the story of the nation's great history.

"Following the performance, the emperor established a college for the training of both boys and girls in music and dramatics. Although some types of mimicry and acting go back almost to earliest recorded history, the actual birth of the Chinese theater was because of young Kuei-fei's love for the emperor."

Keye Luke, like most of his race is comparatively short, five feet six. He is somewhat slightly built, weighing some 140 pounds. In spite of his slight build, when chided by a director for pulling his punches in a fight scene, he let fly a sock which knocked out an actor who was 60 pounds heavier than himself.

Another time he spent four months training to be a good swimmer for *Charlie Chan at the Olympics,* but when time came to shoot the script, the director decided to eliminate the swimming sequences.

For *Charlie Chan at the Opera,* he studied voice and actually warbled a bit in the picture. He took his music seriously, studying for a year with Alexander Mirsky, former Metropolitan Opera singer.

For one of the *Chan* series Keye had to kiss his leading lady, and had a terrible time overcoming the instinctive Chinese aversion to kissing. He was very shy about the whole thing, but the director was firm, so Keye had to go through with it, tradition or no tradition.

But even his screen career hasn't been able to tempt the Honorable Luke away from his art work. He goes around the film mecca making pen and ink sketches of the great and near-great.

Along with his painting, and he has been called "The Chinese Beardsley," Keye is somewhat a master of a language or two. His English is perfect as is his Cantonese and Chinese. Oddly enough, he reads French and speaks Spanish, but can not speak French or read Spanish.

Keye doesn't have much preference as to Chinese or American dishes. He enjoys a hamburger smothered in onions as much as almond duck smothered in apricot sauce.

Keye is one of the most popular young actors in Hollywood, a combination of the best in old China and new America—a great tradition with a new perspective. ■

This is how lovely Arthur Murray Dancer looks "in action" to high-speed camera

Jean Kern enchants partners the year round with her dream-girl daintiness and charm.

. . . Flower Fresh— the Arthur Murray Way

• Plenty of rhythm, plenty of charm—that's what Arthur Murray dancers are made of! Their jobs depend on their charm. And *they* depend on Odorono Cream to guard against underarm odor and dampness.

We think *you'll* be just as enthusiastic as they are. Non-greasy, non-gritty, smooth as satin—Odorono Cream stops perspiration safely up to 3 days! Won't irritate skin or rot dresses; no waiting to dry—just follow directions. Get a jar today! Big 10¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York

Stops PERSPIRATION SAFELY 1 TO 3 DAYS

Odorono Cream WILL NOT IRRITATE your Skin

New-type Ingredient in Halo Shampoo Scientifically Glorifies Hair

TODAY the smartest girls are no longer "soaping" their hair. From beauty experts they have learned how to glorify it, reveal all its thrilling natural beauty with modern Halo Shampoo.

You see, all soap or soap shampoos, even the finest, leave a dulling soap-film . . . film that makes hair look drab and dull. But Halo contains no soap, therefore *cannot* leave soap film! Halo's creamy cleansing lather comes from a new-type ingredient—a patented ingredient that means exciting new beauty for your hair.

Even in the hardest water, Halo rinses away completely. No need for a lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo removes loose dandruff, too. Leaves your hair easy to set or curl, lovelier to look at than you dreamed possible.

Get Halo Shampoo at any toilet goods counter. 10¢ and larger sizes.

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WRITE for SAMPLES Send No Money

Turn spare time into CASH! Show friends, neighbors magnificent Personal Christmas Cards. 46 exquisite designs—from 60 for $1.00 to 25 for $1.95. Selection offers Business, Etchings, Humorous, Religious, etc. Also Box Assortments—"Super-Value," 21-Card Assortment only $1.00—your profit 50c. Famous Currier & Ives Asst., Gift Wrapping Cabinet. Many others. Take easy orders everywhere—big profits. Write for FREE SAMPLES Personal Cards and "Super-Value" box on approval.

WALLACE BROWN, INC.
225 Fifth Ave., Dept. M-98, New York

Walter Huston, senior partner of Hollywood's most famous father-son combination, claims no credit for John's recent success, but he's very proud of him, nevertheless. Above: He's shown with Mrs. Huston

Dad's Boy

By

BOB HALL

■ John Huston's checkered career reads like something he might dream up for one of his own scenarios. He was a professional boxer, actor, cavalryman, writer and artist before he became a director, and he draws on all those experiences for his current work.

There are few directors in Hollywood as well-liked by actors as John Huston, with the result that he gets good results with a minimum of retakes. He seldom shoots a scene more than three times; some directors use twenty or thirty "takes" as a matter of habit.

"There are lots of phony directors in Hollywood, but John is not one of them," says tough guy Humphrey Bogart, and Bogie is not the man to hand out verbal orchids without reason. "He doesn't *direct* much but draws out the best in his cast. He appreciates the problems of the actor, because he has been one himself. He's quiet, calm and patient. He's tolerant, too. John's a great guy."

Bogie, you know, had the lead in *The Maltese Falcon* and also in *Across the Pacific*. In fact, the second picture has the identical cast as the former, although it is not a sequel. You might call it a companion piece, with Bogie, Mary Astor, Sidney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre now tangling in international intrigue and espionage instead of San Francisco murder mysteries.

Another member of the cast, but in a bit part, is Walter Huston, for he has been in each of his son's pictures. It started as a good-will gesture, with his bit as the sea captain in the *Falcon*, and has continued as a precedent. There is that sort of feeling between the Hustons. They have terrific pride in each other's work, although they never bore anyone by talking about it. They love to work and play together, and they share many of the same interests. Walter claims he has had nothing to do with John's success.

"Even when John was a small boy I knew he was the type who had to work things out for himself," says Walter reflectively. "He always did things the hard way, and I let him work out his own destiny, without interference. Certainly I'm proud of him! He's a success, and by his own efforts!"

John's childhood and schooling were informal, for he wandered the country over with his actor-father. When John reached high school age, Walter believed a little regular schooling might be in order. John

WRAP cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply to cuticle. *Watch dead cuticle soften.* Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed at the results. On sale at all cosmetic counters. Trimal Labs., Inc., Los Angeles.

tried it, but formal education irked him and he left a Los Angeles institution of higher learning to become a professional boxer! He went East to visit his father, planning to continue fighting, but by chance was offered a small part in a Broadway play. He was a success, his notices from the critics were good, but adventure called, and at the end of the play's long run John yearned for new horizons and excitement. He turned to soldiering.

John went to Mexico and enlisted in the cavalry. Within a year he reached the rank of lieutenant and then retired at the ripe old age of 20!

On his return to New York young Huston started writing—realistic, hard-hitting stories about fighters and soldiers, several of which he sold to H. L. Mencken for publication in *American Mercury*. He also wrote a book in play form entitled *Frankie and Johnny* which tagged him for Hollywood. There he wrote several screenplays, among them *House Divided* in which his father was starred, but John's direct style was then about ten years ahead of time. John could not stay long in one place in those days. He went to England where he did a brief writing stint for Gaumont British, and then to Paris to study art.

Again back in New York, John became editor of a picture magazine, then returned to acting in Chicago, as Lincoln.

"He was the best Lincoln I've ever seen," says father Walter. That's high praise indeed from a man who himself has played the Great Emancipator with distinction.

In Chicago John met and married tall, lovely Lesley Black, and matrimony made him feel responsibilities. He wrote another story, brought it to the Coast and sold it to Warners. It has never been produced, but it won him the writer's contract which kept him busy with such pictures as *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, Juarez, Jezebel, High Sierra* and *Sergeant York* before he started directing.

John sets moods in his pictures with suspenseful long-shots, ceilings on sets to create a feeling of confinement and with extra wide-angle lenses on cameras—all tricks also widely used by Orson Welles. Often he draws sketches of sets, even of positions the actors will occupy in his scenes. There is no question that his art and writing help make him a good director.

John will have returned to army life by the time you read this. But he will still be making pictures, because when he enlisted, Uncle Sam requested that instead of the cavalry he join the Signal Corps. He will be making government films in the Frank Capra unit for the present, but the Signal Corps boys also get into the thick of the fighting. John won't mind that.

The Hustons hope that someday Walter will play the lead, with John writing and directing, in *Moby Dick, Sister Carrie* and other such classics.

They are determined men, these Hustons; neither won success the easy way and they are willing to fight for what they want. So, we'll bet a brand new tire that some time you will see an all-Huston epic, with Walter playing more than a good-luck bit in John's directorial effort. And we're not taking a chance on that tire. We know the Hustons! ■

LOOKING FOR LOVE?

Marjorie Woodworth and William Marshall in "Flying with Music," produced by Hal Roach Studios, Inc. Easily keep your hands lovable, as Marjorie does, with Jergens Lotion.

Marjorie Woodworth's Charming Hands
She gives them "Hollywood's Hand Care" —with Jergens Lotion. Says Marjorie, "Jergens never feels sticky."

IN HOLLYWOOD—3 times as many girls use Jergens as any other Lotion, a recent survey shows. It helps keep girls' hands so soft, smooth, delightful. Jergens Lotion gives your hand skin softness-*protection;* helps *prevent* glum roughness or chapping.

You have practically professional hand care if you use Jergens regularly. Because—look—2 of the fine ingredients in Jergens Lotion are such superior aids to skin-smoothing that many doctors use them. Even one application helps! 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle. Don't have too-old looking hands! Use Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE
(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 5417, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
I want to try Marjorie Woodworth's hand care. Please send me free bottle of your lovely Jergens Lotion.

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HOW much easier, more modern, more sensible . . . to take Midol than to "take" the functional pain of menstruation! For if Midol can change miserable "lost days" into days for active, comfortable living, why should any girl or woman go on suffering needlessly?

Unless you have some organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should give you *quick comfort*. Try it; it contains no opiates. One ingredient is widely prescribed for headache and muscular suffering, one stimulates mildly, and another *exclusive* ingredient reduces spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

Get Midol at any drugstore—the small package, *more than enough* for a convincing trial, or the large package for greater economy.

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RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR $1.00 EACH OR BOTH FOR $1.79

SIMULATED **DIAMOND RINGS**

Just to get acquainted we will send you smart new yellow gold plate engagement ring or wedding ring. *Romance* design engagement ring set with flashing, simulated diamond solitaire with six side stones. Wedding ring has band of brilliants set in exquisite *Honeymoon* Design mounting. Either ring only $1.00 or both for $1.79. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. Wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

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SELL PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Show sparkling values. Personal Christmas Cards WITH NAME IMPRINTED—big selection; new designs low as 50 for $1 retail. Also gorgeous 21-card SUPREME Christmas Box Assortment—sells for $1—pays you up to 100% profit. A real money-maker. 17 sensational fast-sellers: Gift Wrappings, Religious, Humorous, Everyday, etc. Write TODAY for samples on approval.

50 FOR $1 WITH NAME

CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, Dept. 749, Cincinnati, Ohio

It's Grand **ON SUNBURN**

● On mosquito and chigger bites, too, stainless Campho-Phenique offers soothing relief. It belongs in every First-Aid Kit — as an antiseptic dressing for minor cuts and burns, open blisters, and small cracks between toes.

James F. Ballard *Inc* St. Louis, Missouri

BUY WAR BONDS

LIQUID *and* POWDER

For best results on cuts and sunburn use both.

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE

By JOHN FRANCHEY

Sheila Ryan is a comparative newcomer to Hollywood, but she isn't letting her movie job go to her head. She's in 20th Century-Fox's *Careful, Soft Shoulders*.

■ They will never be holding a tag day to raise funds for the aid and comfort of Sheila Ryan, that Grade-A B-girl who breezes through such of Mr. Zanuck's pictures as cost under $250,000, above which figure pictures are called "super million-dollar epics." Sheila earns a mere $250 a week, banks $50 of it, shells out another sum for an annuity, buys more than her quota of war bonds, and has never been known to be overdrawn at the Bank of America, where she is regarded as a model depositor. She doesn't haunt beauty salons or go berserk at department stores.

Don't go getting the idea that Sheila is one dowdy, unglamorous cupcake off the Fox lot. You will have to lick John Payne before you get away with any such canard. Mr. Payne, who is seeing quite a little of Sheila these days, will tell you that Sheila is one chic, sleek cookie, an opinion which is seconded by the senior class of Hollywood High which voted her the best-dressed junior miss in Hollywood.

On $250 a week?

On $250 a week. You see, Sheila is one of these shrewd little maidens who figures it's wiser to have lots that cost little than the other way around. Consequently, her thirteen evening dresses cost her, all told, less than $350, which sum would be a mere on-account payment for one of Loretta Young's extravaganzas. Sheila leans toward red, in which hue she is more or less devastating, especially in a form-fitting decollete item, a state of affairs which is responsible for her being named "Girl With the Perfect Profile" and "Honorary Colonel of the American Legion."

Hollywood nowadays is in the midst of a topaz craze—rings, clips, brooches and what have you. Sheila settles for costume jewelry, selected with typical Ryan abandon.

"There's nothing that sets a girl off, when she's making an entrance, as well as jewels," she says with a figurative nod in the direction of Maria Montez, the ranking entrance-maker in town.

Sheila's entrances pay off like four-horse parlays, even if she does perpetrate them just for the fun of it. Bob Sterling, Bob Stack, Don Castle and Cesar Romero, among others, have cast approving glances, said it with flowers and snagged a few dates.

Hardest to fall was Mickey Rooney, now happily married. Mickey got one good look at her, swallowed hard, and whistled "Wheeeeeeee!"

She was dining at home, a night or two later, when the telephone rang. Miguelito, himself, was on the wire. Some break, eh? Sheila didn't think so. Well, what did she think about going out that night?

"With whom?" Sheila wanted to know.

"Are you kidding? Me, of course."

"Very interesting—except I have a date."

"You could break it."

"I'm afraid I couldn't."

Obviously outflanked, Mickey made a strategic retreat after suggesting a date a week from that very night. Sheila thought it would be okay. Did she have any suggestions? She certainly did. Why didn't they have dinner over at her house? After all, they hadn't been properly introduced. Besides, maybe it would be a good idea if he met her mother.

They started going steady—to the beach, to Schwartz' drug store for ice cream sodas, and to the Friday night fights at the Legion Stadium. This twosome was on the verge of becoming serious, when a fascinating little lady by the name of Ava Gardner happened on the scene and stole Mickey's fluttering heart in no time at all.

This was all right with our Sheila who was not ready to concentrate on settling down with Mickey or anyone else for that matter. She had a career to think about.

She had it in her noodle to study art and a little designing on the side, right up until the day that Fate in the person of Sue Carol, the agent, side-tracked her. Sue, who, you know, is the wife of Alan Ladd, had just opened an agency—an agency without clients, by the way. It occurred to Sue that trundling the body over to Hollywood High, where a pretty girl causes no more stir than a ki-yi-yippee down in Texas, might turn up something.

What turned up was Sheila Ryan, then known as Betty McLaughlin, who had just auditioned for the lead in the senior play, had been turned down and was walking around the school grounds looking like a tragic heroine.

Sue put it up to her real business-like. She was new at this agent business, but she thought she could do something for Sheila. The sad-eyed one looked a bit bored. No use trying to look too interested, was there? Well, as you know, women can't fool women. So ten minutes later Sue Carol had a client. And a week later Sheila had a contract.

Sheila hung around Paramount for a year and did nothing but put on a few pounds, which Hollywood cameras have a way of exaggerating terribly. The day before her option was due to be picked up or dropped, Sue, guessing what was in the wind, canvassed the rival studios with a few feet of film showing Sheila's wonders.

"The girl's too hefty," a lout over at Warners' told Sue.

Over at Twentieth Century-Fox, Sue got a better reception. The casting director said to bring the girl by. Sheila called around when she got through over at Paramount that same afternoon. The boys took a look and put it in writing.

On the morrow she checked in at Paramount for her last little chore, a bit part in a Colbert picture, one of the few appearances she made before the Paramount camera.

At the end of the day the director sidled up to her, broke the bad news as tenderly as he knew how, and waited for a flood of tears. None came. As a matter of fact, Sheila made her exit whistling.

"I don't make that girl out," the director confided to the assistant director. "She's canned and she doesn't give a hang."

"The Irish never do," the assistant director said, trying to be helpful.

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Lowdown On Loder

By HENRY REESE

British officer, captured and almost executed in World War I, secret agent, pickle merchant and actor, John Loder is a real life adventurer. He's in Warners' *Now, Voyager*

■ An international set of pictures, lately including *How Green Was My Valley* and the forthcoming *Now, Voyager*, with Bette Davis, all expose the impressively masculine charms of John Loder—a name you would never have heard had not the German people had a passion for pickles in 1924!

And if he had not responded to a cable from Hollywood in 1939, you'd have heard no more of him. He left Paris with his wife and baby daughter just before the war's outbreak, leaving behind their home, most of their possessions and a bank account blocked in England, another seized in France.

But pickles in Potsdam supplied the real turning point of his life. He was born John Muir Lowe in London, son of General Sir William and Lady Frances Lowe. At 13, he entered Eton to prepare for college and a career of an English gentleman.

Instead, he became a pickle merchant and, behind a facade of British reserve, a soldier of fortune whose adventures are the envy of the louder professional swashbucklers of Hollywood.

"Pickles in Potsdam?" Loder smiled. "I'll have to go back a few years to make it clear.

"When the war broke out in 1914, I enlisted. I was big for my age." He still is—a solid 190 pounds on a very erect, six-foot three-inch frame.

"They learned I was under age and threw me out." So he attended Sandhurst, the British West Point, for four months, and went from there as the youngest British officer at the front, to the disastrous campaign at Gallipoli.

After fighting in Egypt, he was sent to France, where he fought through the battles of the Somme. By then he was a captain—"promoted by Death—there were no officers left."

March, 1918, found him in charge of a rear guard action, vainly trying to delay a German push which flowed right around his position. By the end of the day his men were reduced from 250 to 35, short of ammunition, and under the shelling of their own artillery. Then they were captured by the enemy who accused them of shooting wounded Germans. So Loder and his men were promptly lined up for execution.

" 'You're going to die in less than a minute,' I told myself, 'and you're not a brave man. Why aren't you scared?' I wasn't. I was numb.

"At the last moment, instead of shooting us, they put us to work carrying wounded Germans from the field. Then we were sent to prison in Silesia."

When they weren't feeding starving children through the gates of the prison—from Red Cross parcels sent through Switzerland—the chief occupation of the prisoners was attempting escape, mostly via tunnels dug with tin cans for tools.

"Our prison was next to a monastery. Our most ambitious tunnel went in that direction—and struck the wine cellar. We postponed escape to empty it, which was refreshing, but the end of another 'escape.' "

Peace saw Loder, after nine months in prison, assigned to the British Military Mission in Berlin. But he was still a prisoner until delivered into British hands.

so he was taken by a guard to Berlin, and there officially turned over to the janitor of the British Embassy.

For two years he was with the British Intelligence Service, seeking out units of the Free Corps—the illicit military forerunners of the Storm Troops. Another two and a half years were spent with the Plebiscite Commission in Silesia, nervously umpiring a little war between Polish insurgents and the Free Corps, until the Plebiscite divided Silesia in 1924. Loder then faced the choice of joining his regiment in India or quitting the service with a 1,500 pound bonus. He quit.

"After those exciting years, I didn't relish the humdrum routine of the army. I had just helped win a war to end all wars, so the military life seemed futile."

(In 1939, after cabling the British War Office for orders, he was told to sit tight. He made a futile attempt to enlist in Canada, came back to spend seven months as a private in the California State Guard, and is now Brigadier Adjutant to the Los Angeles Brigade of the State Militia.)

His bonus in 1924 and the discovery that the Germans liked English mixed pickles put him in business. He acquired an old factory in Potsdam and became a pickle magnate.

"So they stabilized the mark, my customers all folded. I went broke, and the bank got the pickles."

A friend gave him a letter to Alexander Korda, at that time making German films. Loder still had the last thing with which an English gentleman would part—his Bond Street evening clothes, so Korda put him to work as a dress extra in the picture, *Madame Doesn't Want Children*, in which Marlene Dietrich also appeared.

He had risen to leading roles by 1928, when he was brought back to England to play opposite an ex-schoolteacher named Madeleine Carroll.

Jesse Lasky brought Loder to Hollywood. "I arrived on August 28, 1928," says Loder, who has the memory of an almanac for dates. "The talkies arrived the same day. Nobody knew what to do with either of us." Finally he was put in a Western—they thought I *looked* like an English cowboy, for they made it an English character."

There followed roles in a number of pictures, including a supporting part in the first talking vehicle of Rin Tin Tin. Then he was called back to London to enjoy a boom in British pictures. When the boom sagged, he edged into French movies in *Thunder in the East*, with Charles Boyer. Loder played in both French and English versions, opposite, respectively, Annabella and Merle Oberon.

In March, 1935, in Paris, he was sitting over a drink with a friend one evening when a girl appeared with a script under her arm. "My," remarked Loder, "but you have good-looking script girls in Paris."

"That's no script girl," said his friend. "She's playing in a picture with Gabin." And he introduced Loder to Michele Cheirel, who sat down with the remark, "I'm 19 tomorrow and determined to get married before I'm 20."

"Will I do?" laughed Loder.

They were married the following June. (He dood.) ■

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In the few months that Diana Barrymore came to know her fabulous father, John Barrymore, they were a great father-daughter team. Top left: The Great Profile with his third wife, Dolores Costello. Above: His fourth wife, tempestuous Elaine Barrie. Left: Diana and her author-mother Michael Strange, who was the second Mrs. Barrymore

There'll Always Be a Barrymore

By
DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Like the dozen good men who were his friends to the end, Diana Barrymore deplores the flood of cheap sentimentality that attended John Barrymore's death.

"I regret now that I let myself be persuaded to identify myself with my father," she confesses, a bit ruefully. "A suspicion will always linger now in some minds that I, like so many others, tried to tag along on his coattails and exploit my relationship. In years to come it will be difficult to evaluate any success I may have as an actress. The question will always be in the back of my mind, 'How far could I have gone without the name?' "

Her private grief at the passing of her scarcely-discovered parent, Diana kept to herself in quiet dignity. There was none of the time-worn hokum about, "The show must go on." She was granted a leave of absence from her first starring role in *Between Us Girls*. She retired to the home recently purchased from Estelle Taylor and remained there in solitude for a decent period, returning to her job completely self-possessed and without any show of the theatrical tragicalness so common among Hollywood's bereaved.

The genuinely tragic circumstance about Diana's bereavement is that until January, 1942, she had seen her father on only two occasions, once when she was twelve and once when she was eighteen. The second meeting occurred three years ago when they were playing adjoining theaters in Chicago, Diana in a revival of *Outward Bound* and John in *My Dear Children*.

At a night club during that engagement, John was sitting with Elaine Barrie and some members of his company, when he was struck by the dark beauty of a young girl sitting alone across the room. He asked the head waiter who she was and got the startling reply, "That, sir, is your daughter."

The next evening, as he was preparing to leave his dressing room after the performance, Diana, still in make-up and scarcely resembling the girl in the night club, tapped fearfully on The Great Man's door. She was bidden to enter.

"Ho-ho!" Barrymore exclaimed gallantly. "To whom am I indebted for a visit by this vision of loveliness?"

Timidly Diana introduced herself. They spent most of the remainder of the night getting acquainted.

The next reunion was at eight o'clock on a gray January day in the Los Angeles Union Station. Diana was arriving on the Limited to begin her film career under the tutelage of Walter Wanger. As the train slid to a stop, she saw an agitated knot of reporters, photographers, press agents and studio representatives preparing to initiate her into the Hollywood hubbub.

But before the strangers could get to her, her drawing room door was opened and there stood John Barrymore at his scintillating best, fastidiously turned out in Bond Street clothing, complete from Homburg hat to spats and stick, a costume he was never known to affect offscreen.

The importance of the occasion could not have been pointed up more tellingly than by the dual facts that The Great Profile had not only arisen at six to meet the train, but furthermore had decked himself out like a grand duke incognito.

But the atmosphere of solemnity was dispelled at once when he said to the trembling Diana:

"Stop trying to look like Ophelia."

Then in quick, succinct sentences he told her how to comport herself with the members of the press who were scrambling up the corridor.

"Don't prove to them you're a genius," he warned. "Or, if you must, don't underline it. Let them discover it themselves."

It was at that exact moment, Miss Barrymore confesses, "that the ham in me began to come out. I went out and met that mob and *acted*, probably for the first time in my life. I acted the way I thought a non-genius would act. It was probably my worst performance to date, and there have been some bad ones."

A lesson in humility came a few days after her arrival in Hollywood when her father took Diana out to the ranch of her Uncle Lionel, whom she had never met.

"For about five minutes the two Barrymore men made a great fuss over the goggle-eyed Barrymore girl," Diana relates. "Then they switched over to other things. I didn't get into the conversation again for three hours.

"On the way home, father said to me.

"When you've lived as long and as fully as Uncle Lionel and I, perhaps you'll rate a whole afternoon's conversation with yourself as the theme."

About money matters, oddly enough, The Great Profile was a wise preceptor. Three years ago Diana seriously overdrew her allowance from a trust fund that had been set up by her father at the time of his divorce from her mother—Blanche Oelrichs—Michael Strange—Mrs. Harrison Tweed.

Knowing that her father was not famous for penny-pinching proclivities, she wrote him a hard-luck story "so touching it would have melted an anvil." In reply she received a beautifully-composed, carefully-reasoned essay on thrift that would have done credit to Benjamin Franklin in his stingiest mood.

Toward the end, incidentally, Barrymore himself showed remarkable prudence in his spending. He limited his pocket money to $10 and strove mightily to satisfy his army of creditors. It is believed that the final balance will show him to have been "in the black" after years of wallowing in red ink, lawsuits and attachments.

Except for pointing out some of the most obvious pitfalls, her father offered little advice to Diana. About acting, he taught her absolutely nothing. "It would be silly for me to coach you," he said. "Acting is something an actor learns for himself."

It took the Barrymore fledgling no time at all to see through her father's subterfuge of using a slate to prompt himself in his movie lines.

"You're a fraud," she accused him. "If the script is bad you don't want to be bored memorizing your part. If the script is good, you peer at the blackboard to confuse the other players so you can steal the scene. There's nothing more upsetting than trying to talk to somebody who is looking just past you—not into your eyes."

John would not plead guilty to this indictment.

Arriving at her father's home for her last visit before his fatal illness, Diana found him reading abstractedly from a book of verse. Without greeting her, he recited, prophetically:

The burst of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

In her first starring role, the budding Barrymore is called upon to do six characterizations: a twelve-year-old girl, Sadie Thompson, Lady Windermere, Joan of Arc, Queen Victoria at eighty-two, and herself, whom her father described as being "just 10 per cent off beautiful."

"When I feel an inclination to 'ham it up,'" confesses the crown princess of the theater's royal family, "I pause and reflect what another Barrymore told me—'Stop trying to look like Ophelia'." ■

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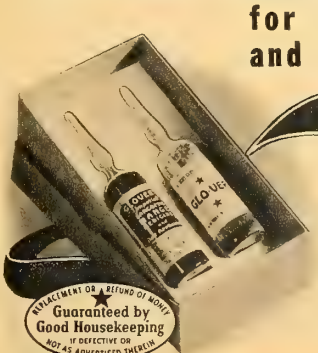

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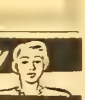

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He Made It

After seventeen years of screen success abroad, Cecil Kellaway had to start anew in Hollywood. His broad grin indicates his approval of his featured role in Paramount's *I Married a Witch*

By CHARLOTTE KAY

■ If tubby Cecil Kellaway had not been endowed with a healthy sense of humor and plenty of the intestinal fortitude commonly called guts, this story would have had a different ending. And all of us would have been the loser.

Cecil lays no claims to being a glamour boy, although R-K-O originally imported him under that misapprehension. Frankly, he is pressing 50 (49 his next birthday), and just as frankly, he measures 44 inches around his tummy and stands an unheroic 5 feet 10¼ inches in his stocking feet. He has two chins, button round hazel eyes, and thinning hair which is an indeterminate shade of gray because directors always are ordering him to make it lighter or darker. As result it usually is a little of both.

But Cecil likewise is the actor who made you howl with laughter at his drunk scene in *The Night of January 16*, and followed it up with such sterling performances in *Are Husbands Necessary?*, *Take a Letter, Darling* and *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, that Paramount promptly put him under contract and after the preview of the latter, gave him co-star billing. Currently he is playing the character lead in *I Married a Witch* while the studio is searching for stories in which to star his talents. A re-make of *Ruggles of Red Gap* probably will be the first.

Cecil was born in Capetown, South Africa, where the "empire builder," Cecil John Rhodes, became his godfather and gave him his name. Kellaway's parents intended their son should become a civil engineer and educated him as such in England. Later he entered an engineering firm in Capetown, but a love of the theater would not be denied and he started sneaking off during business hours to rehearse with an amateur theater group. Then he received an offer of a small part with a professional company.

Kellaway went with the theater. During the next three years he went to China, Japan, Siam, Borneo, Malaya, Europe, South America and Australia. He was scheduled for a six-week appearance in the latter country and stayed 17 years to become that continent's outstanding stage star and favorite. In Australian theater parlance, the name Kellaway was synonymous with Smash Hit.

Then came Hollywood. An R-K-O executive saw him in Australia and cabled the studio his advice to "sign up this country's outstanding star," neglecting to mention any personal details. The studio took the advice and met Cecil's boat with the usual equipment with which to welcome a new glamour boy—photographers and a bevy of starlets for cheesecake art. It was quite a shock when the chunky, grayhaired, middle-aged Cecil stepped off the ship.

It likewise was a shock to Cecil when they handed him his first role—a dese, dem the dose gangster from Brooklyn, U.S.A.! Naturally he was terrible; he didn't have the faintest idea what he was supposed to be doing or saying. Two or three similar roles followed and Cecil went back to Australia in disgust. No sooner had he landed, however, than Willie Wyler cabled an offer of the father role in *Wuthering Heights,* so back to Hollywood he journeyed.

His performance drew critical praise but no real chance from Hollywood bigwigs to show what he could do. He worked in scores of pictures but in roles which were little more than background pattern. They represented "eating money," nothing more, and when fans accosted him with their autograph books, it was under the mistaken notion he was Charles Winninger, Victor Moore, Walter Connolly or Al Shean. The topper came one night after a preview of a Lily Pons picture in which he played a South American hotel proprietor. He was leaving the theater when a boy stopped him and asked for his autograph. Cecil signed the book and the boy studied it for a moment.

"What is your name, sir?" he asked.

"Cecil Kellaway," Cecil answered.

"Oh," said the boy, "I thought you were someone in the movies," and promptly tore out the page and threw it away.

That to a man whose name had been magic for 17 years! It required a sense of humor and a big one to swallow that pill.

Then at long last came *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* and the chance Cecil had been waiting for. So good was his work as the philosophical taxi driver, *Alfred,* that the script was re-written after the first three days of shooting to build his part to star proportions.

Cecil now has a three-room suite on the lot, complete with all the gadgets and conveniences that befit an actor of importance. No longer is he lonely when he eats in the commissary; producers, directors and stars of importance stop to eat and chat with him. The publicity department, which once did not know how to spell his name, now turns out reams of copy about him. And at a preview the other night came the sweetest accolade of all. As he was leaving the lobby, Y. Frank Freeman, the head of Paramount, started walking toward him. Before they could meet, a horde of autograph hounds intervened.

"May we have your autograph, Mr. Kellaway?" they asked.

Cecil lives with his wife, Susie, and his two sons in a modest home in the valley. In the back yard is a new Victory garden.

"I want to be patriotic," Cecil said, "but those vegetables may come in handy too. Hollywood's a funny place." ■

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SKIN CREAM
10c, 30c, 60c

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10c, 30c, 60c, $1.00

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By CONNIE CURTIS

The Return of Ann Harding

After a five year absence, during which Ann Harding toured with her conductor husband, Werner Janssen, she returns to the screen in the M-G-M film, *Eyes in the Night*

■ Good news—Ann Harding is back on the screen!

The lovely, ethereal blond star was never forgotten by her adoring public, who have waited five long years for her return to the films. Now they will have a chance to see her again in M-G-M's *Eyes in the Night*.

Today Ann is the same beautiful, stately woman she has always been, but with one important difference. She is more vital, more enthusiastic. She is eager to portray character roles that will allow her to mature gracefully.

"I've always had a horror of trying to look younger than I am," explained Ann. "I'm coming back with an eye toward playing parts that will fit me. No more ingenue roles for me."

Don't get the idea that Ann is a settled, stodgy, middle-aged woman. Most young glamour girls couldn't hold a candle to her. Ann simply decided five years ago to take a vacation.

"I never really left the screen," she said. "I just took a leave of absence. I knew that if I continued making pictures, I'd forever be cast as the weeping willow. And, frankly, I was bored with those tear jerking roles. Besides, I knew that I'd never get the chance to play parts that were really suited to me. So I went on my vacation.

"These last five years away from the screen have been good for me. They have provided an excellent transition from the parts I had played to the roles I now want to do. I made up my mind that when I did come back, I'd do so in a part that was full of character and one that would let me be my own age. I didn't care about getting a big role for my comeback. I didn't expect that. And I had had offers for important parts in those five years. They were all, however, more suitable to a person who was younger than I. So I turned them down. I wanted something with meat on it. No more sweetness and light."

Ann chose her part in *Eyes in the Night* because it offered her the chance she'd been waiting for. It isn't exactly the strong character role she had wanted, but it is a step in the right direction. And she doesn't have to suffer and suffer in it.

Ann is really a far cry from these wailing females she has portrayed on the screen. Her sense of humor is like champagne popping all over. Her conversation is epigrammatic. She is, in short, as far removed from the characters she has played on the screen as Mickey Rooney is from Ronald Colman.

"My ambition was to come back in the role of *Ma Baxter* in *The Yearling*," Ann announced. "There's a real part!"

She wasn't smiling when she said that. She meant it. There isn't much doubt that she wants to do a complete turn-about in her portrayals.

Another reason for Ann's voluntary vacation was that she fell in love and married Werner Janssen, symphony conductor and musician. From that moment on, she wanted nothing to interfere with her life with her husband.

"I can honestly say that I didn't miss pictures at all," Ann remarked. "I was too busy and too happy. I was living in a different world. We were married in England where I had played on the stage in

Candida and had made a picture, *Love From a Stranger*, with Basil Rathbone. We spent our honeymoon in 1937 in Helsinki, Finland, where Mr. Janssen was giving concerts. Then we traveled everywhere. It was glorious!

"I've always loved music. I used to practice eight hours a day, but what came out never was right. My musical talents were simply—well, unexciting. So to live constantly in a musical world was more than enough for me. It still is the most important thing in my life. I've even been able to help my husband in his work. When he gave his young people's concert in Baltimore, for example, I helped to write the talks that he gave to the youngsters. And I also worked on the slides that he used to illustrate different selections.

"Being with him has definitely taught me that there is no play as fine as a Beethoven symphony."

Ann Harding is certainly a convincing picture of a happy wife!

"Because my life was so full," Ann continued, "I was able to wait for the picture I wanted. *Eyes in the Night* was the right one and it came at the right time. Mr. Janssen was conducting a series for the Standard Symphony Hour in Los Angeles, so we moved to Beverly Hills. I was glad to have the time to do another picture. Now that I'm actually working, it hardly seems that I've been gone for more than two months. Nothing is changed, except that you have to work faster on the sets today.

"You may wonder why I decided to come back to pictures when I didn't seem to need them to be happy. Well, I've spent a long time learning a trade and I wanted to keep my hands in it. I intend to do more pictures now. But as for signing any contract that will tie me down, that will depend on the result of my work in *Eyes in the Night*. If I do sign, I'd want it to be with M-G-M. My husband wouldn't object at all if I decided to do more pictures. He understands everything about my career."

Ann and her husband have been spending a lot of their time on their eighty acre ranch in San Diego County. Each week they send crops of avocados and a crate of eggs to market. Besides their 350 chickens, the Janssens also have two of Rin Tin Tin's grandchildren.

Ann has also been busy watching her daughter, Jane, grow up. The child is thirteen and attends high school. She is five feet eight and pats Ann on the head like a maternal grandmother.

"It's difficult to get any discipline when I have to look up, stretch my neck, and try to say in a commanding tone, 'You mustn't do that, Jane.' Especially when she can look down at me and reply, 'All right, Mother.'"

Jane, incidentally, has no wish to follow in her mother's footsteps. She is going to be an interior decorator.

Now that Ann has returned to the kleig lights, you can be sure she intends to remain. She will have meaty character roles from now on—something that she can sink her teeth into and give out with some real histrionics. It's no more weeping willow. Make way for the new Ann Harding! ■

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Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Brenda Marshall's hobby is a unique one. She collects those odd-looking, grotesque mugs known as Tobies, and keeps busy searching for startling models. She's in Warners' *You Can't Escape Forever*

The Lady and the Mugs

By FREDDA DUDLEY

■ Location trips for motion picture troupes have started everything from heavy romance to lasting feuds; they have launched some of our male stars on horseshoe-pitching careers, and established some of the town's foremost glamour girls as formidable poker players.

It was a location trip that re-awakened Brenda Marshall's interest in Toby mugs. While the Warner company making *Captains of the Clouds* was shooting woodsy sequences at North Bay, Canada, Brenda amused herself in the evenings by wandering among the quaint English shops in the district.

A pitcher in the shape of Long John Silver, displayed in one window, caused her to exclaim to the shopkeeper, "When I was a child in the Philippines, we had three or four of those mugs. Milk always tasted twice as good when it was poured from Mr. Pickwick or Old King Cole."

"Do you know the history of the Tobies?" the shopkeeper asked. Brenda admitted that she was hazy on the subject, so he explained. During the 1700's, when the making of pottery was an infant craft, cups and pitchers were custom built.

One day, a hearty gentleman named Toby Philpot, who took his hot buttered rum seriously, ordered an enormous mug made in his own caricature. The potter first made a master mold, and then poured liquid bone paste into the mold. (Although early Tobies were entirely of porcelain, modern Tobies are earthenware.) When the porcelain had set, the potter glazed the figure, fired it, and out came a personalized pitcher. Perhaps this explains the origin of that old toast, "Here's looking at you."

"Later on," the shopkeeper continued, "master molds were made of most of the Dickens characters. His novels were a fertile field for quaint shapes out of which to make pitchers."

He went on further to explain that in Ye Good Olde Days, when a squire decided to give an elaborate party, he would order a couple of dozen Tobies to be made for that special occasion. At such a time, a political or historical figure was used as the subject.

For instance, there is one famous Toby of Benjamin Franklin taking snuff. The ownership of this mug can be traced for eighty years. There is also a Toby of Charles II, showing him after the defeat of Worcester in 1651, before he escaped to France. One could use this for nothing but sour milk.

Brenda was fascinated. She bought the three Tobies available and asked the dealer to write to other shopkeepers in Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec to secure different figures. Joyously she returned to the camp and talked for days about the Tobies, button-holing Alan Hale, Reginald Gardiner, or any other available listener.

No one remembers whether she told Jimmy Cagney or not. Jimmy was doing so many personal appearances for the RCAF that he was going around in a daze, but the word "Toby" somehow stuck in his mind. One afternoon, between takes, he said to someone on the set, "What's this Toby mug business? It keeps ringing in my ears."

"Brenda is collecting them," he was told.

That afternoon he wandered down to town, looked up a china shop and asked to see some Toby mugs. The shopkeeper's eyebrows shot up, but he said courteously, "I'm so sorry, sir, but I recently sold my last Toby."

"Would you mind buying it back?" asked the resourceful Mr. Cagney. "I'll pay double what the customer originally paid. You see, I want the Toby as a gift for a friend."

"Perhaps," suggested the thoroughly confused dealer, "you could persuade the lady to sell it to you. She is a lovely American actress—Miss Brenda Marshall."

"The lady has sold *me*," observed Jimmy, walking out with a grin.

P. S. He gave Brenda a check for double the amount of her best Toby, so she could buy an addition to the collection as a memento of their trip to Canada.

When Brenda's husband, Bill Holden, went on location to Tucson, he scoured the town in search of Tobies. Finally he wrote to Brenda, "Enclosed find check for the next Toby you see. The natives down here are beginning to think I'm crazy—they've never heard of mugs duplicating human heads. They think I'm ribbing them."

But Bill finally found a Toby. He was on leave from the Army in New York one day and hot-footed it down to an antique store where he bought an ancient "John Peel," and a modern "Winston Churchill."

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Donlevy gave Brenda "Paddy"—a round-faced, red-nosed Irishman. Glenn Ford, when he returned from his visit to Quebec, brought her a "Mr. Micawber." Alexis Smith, when prowling through an antique shop along Pasadena's Los Feliz Boulevard, spied "John Barleycorn" just waiting to line up beside Brenda's "Falstaff."

Her collection now totals fifty, and it is rapidly crowding Brenda out of the house. Some of the mugs are used for cut flowers, some for plants, and the smaller ones double as match and cigarette holders. Mainly, however, they are merely decorative.

The question now is whether to stop collecting and live where she is, or to move and continue her collecting. Brenda doesn't have to toss a coin on that. She's house hunting. ■

Young Glenn Ford and sultry songstress Dinah Shore are Hollywood's newest twosome. Dinah is bait for a movie contract. Glenn's in Columbia's *Flight Lieutenant*

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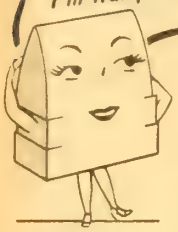

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Our Cover Girl

Gene Tierney had always been a dutiful daughter. That's why it took so much courage to go against her parents' wishes and marry dress designer, Count Oleg Cassini, with whom she's pictured (left). It was almost a year before she secured their blessing on the marriage. He designs all her clothes. She's doing the interior decorating on their new ranch. A New York debutante, Gene relinquished the social whirl for the footlights. Her role in *The Male Animal* won her a movie contract. Now the green-eyed beauty is one of Hollywood's brightest hopes. Right: She's in 20th's *Thumber Birds*, with Preston Foster.

Clues On Clothes

By CATHERINE ROBERTS

OTHER FASHIONS ON PAGE 26

LOOPY LAPEL GADGET. Sadie Strawberry, silliest lapel pin yet, is the junk jewelers' answer to war-time priorities. This cute little hussy, of carved wood and bright paint, is a member of Fannie's Fruit Orchard, a variety of pins carved in fruit forms. Woolworth's.

FEMININE FRIPPERY to beguile the boys. You may be the world's most efficient lass but one glimpse of you in this sweet lace blouse and the boy friend'll faint with adoration. Just the thing to wear for informal dates or semi-dress. $2.98 at G. & G. Shops.

EYES UP . . . EYES DOWN! It's hard to decide which point is most interesting. Those glorious gams are glamorized in Gotham's new rayon hose, reverse knit so they look like nylon. $1.15 a pair. Flowers in the hair with a new twist; small ones wired to hairpins.

THE SWOOP AND DIP of this Thornton hat produces a quizzical air that is enchanting. Tip your head to the right and you're a mysterious woman. Tip to the left and you're a gay flirt. Fur felt in fall colors, contrasting suede band. $6.95, L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis.

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Ten years ago when Victor McLaglen saw the need for trained men, he organized a cavalry troop (above), motorcycle battalion and air squadron, despite the amused contempt of Hollywood. Today every member of the "tin soldier's" various units has contributed some measure of trained effort to our country

Victor McLaglen's Private Army

By DRAKE HUNT

For years Victor McLaglen, infantryman, prizefighter and Academy Award winner, was looked upon with amused contempt by the Hollywood smart alecks as a man who could not stop playing soldier.

Major in the historic Irish Fusiliers, provost-marshal of Bagdad in the last war, the *Captain Flagg* of *What Price Glory?* was regarded by many of his contemporaries as suffering from a military mania. All because he recruited a cavalry troop, a motorcycle battalion and an air squadron—each elaborately uniformed but strictly unofficial. A children's corps was part of the McLaglen scheme too, undergoing instruction in strenuous sports.

"Who does the guy think he is?" sneered the volunteer critics around Vine Street. "A vest-pocket Mussolini, with his private army? He's even enrolling infant cannon-fodder in the best fascist tradition."

You can imagine how much that kind of talk deterred the man who fought in the Boer War at thirteen and who slugged his way to a draw with Jack Johnson, heavyweight champion of the world. He laughed it off with the "Oh, yeah?" of the *Flagg* and *Quirt* series of movies.

He got professional soldiers to drill his horsemen and his motorcyclists and his flyers. It was the McLaglen cavalry you saw performing marvelous feats of horsemanship in *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. It was the McLaglen motorcycle corps you saw doing fantastic stunts in *Meet John Doe*.

McLaglen put his troopers on exhibition as far away as St. Louis, their tours resulting in a trophy collection that would do credit to an Olympic team.

Instead of disbanding his White Horse Troop, as the writers of many anonymous letters suggested, Victor augmented it with a women's auxiliary headed by Mrs. Hal Roach, with all her Hollywood prestige. First aid was added to the curriculum of this group.

The McLaglen semi-military projects went forward for eight years, meeting mixed applause and derision. During this period they turned out as many well-trained cavalrymen as most military schools. They showed their horsemanship and cycling skill at the San Francisco World's Fair.

Pressed for an explanation of his warlike moves in peacetime, McLaglen says today:

"The world was in a turmoil. Trouble was bound to hit from somewhere, although the best forecasters couldn't foretell the direction it would take. In 1932 I saw that trained men would be needed, so I put what I knew about training men into use in my own community, the place where I make my living. I figured it was the least I could do."

When the world crisis became acute, the wisdom of the old campaigner's judgment became apparent. His airmen, 150 of them, were absorbed to a man either into the combat forces or the airplane manufacturing industry.

Eight hundred members of his White Horse Troop, active and inactive, entered service immediately.

His motorcyclists, trained and ready, went into the mechanized divisions as mobile infantry and dispatch riders.

Since the actual declaration of war every member of the McLaglen outfits has pitched in with some kind of trained effort. Not a man has been drafted, although the majority of them were in the draft age group.

The auxiliaries trained by Mrs. Hal Roach were prime material for the Red Cross and the WAAC.

These are only slight samples of the contributions "tin soldier" Vic McLaglen has made and is making to the national offensive.

Thirty-three of his horses have been accepted by the Army Remount Service.

His 1,500-acre ranch at Fresno has been converted entirely into a food-factory specializing in grain and swine. All the comforts of a "gentleman's country estate" have been abandoned to make room for extra farmhands, who work as willingly with Vic as his studio colleagues.

The zoo on his estate at La Canada near Hollywood has been dispersed to save food and manpower; only the pheasants remain in his ownership to forage for themselves at his Fresno ranch.

His son, Andrew McLaglen, twenty-one, is trying to enter any service that will have him despite his Andean height of six feet, seven inches.

His daughter Sheila contributes seven days a week to war work.

Three of the McLaglen brothers are with the RAF on home service. Victor, whose fighting career stretches back over a full generation and more, is too old for active service.

But now his nine years of "playing soldier" with his "private army" are serving his country in good stead. When the State of California decided that a militia army (the kind George Washington commanded) was necessary to reinforce the regulars in threatened areas, Victor McLaglen, long the colonel of a "private army" was the man who got the call.

The first legislative estimates called for a force of 8,400 men. By now these have risen to 100,000—the size of the first British Expeditionary Force in 1914. These were

[*Continued on page* 58]

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Bachelor Girl

By JACK HOLLAND

Against the wishes of her parents, movie queen Linda Darnell, just eighteen, recently declared her independence, and moved into a four-room apartment of her own. Left: Linda even has a small swimming pool in her backyard. Right: Linda has to shift for herself now; she cooks her own food and does most of her own housework. She's in 20th's *The Life and Loves of Edgar Allan Poe*

Hollywood thought it would never happen. But it has. The most sheltered girl in town has thrown off her family ties.

Linda Darnell is a bachelor girl now.

I talked to Linda in her swanky new apartment just after she had finished *The Life and Loves of Edgar Allan Poe*.

"I had been thinking of moving away from home for some time," Linda told me. "I hadn't been happy for months. There were so many responsibilities and demands on my time that I felt stifled. I couldn't even paint or read a book without interference. But, above all, I was never actually alone. And I'm a person who has to have solitude most of the time to be really happy.

"The situation at home was becoming more and more difficult. In the first place, my family couldn't get accustomed to my hours. I'd have to be up around five to get to the studio on time. My alarm clock would usually awaken everyone. When I got home at night, I'd be tired and cranky and I wouldn't want to talk to anyone. But instead of being able to relax, I'd have to worry about the house and how things were going. We didn't have any servants and since Mother wasn't any too well, all the responsibility was on my shoulders. Then, too, Mother had always depended on me, and that put an extra strain on the whole set-up.

"Whenever I thought that I might have a little time to myself, I'd have to shop or pick up my brother and sister at school. I was also constantly being asked to take my brother and sister and their friends to a show in the evenings. I was usually much too tired to tend to all these so-called obligations. The whole trouble was, in a nut shell, that my family couldn't get used to the way I had to live.

"I couldn't leave them because I knew they needed me. But when my father moved to California recently, I felt that the time was right to make the break, so I did."

Linda loves her family and she didn't exactly relish the idea of telling her mother she was going to move. But this was her chance to get the kind of life she wanted. And she was going to grab it.

"When I told Mother that I was going to get an apartment," Linda continued, "she hit the ceiling, as I expected. She argued that I wouldn't be able to take care of myself. I tried to make her see my point. Finally, she relented and became reconciled to the idea."

Linda house-hunted alone and finally found a brand new four-room apartment in Hollywood. The four rooms consist of a large living room, a dining room, a kitchen, and a bedroom. She even has a small swimming pool in the backyard!

"I have never been as happy as I am now," she confided. "And I'm never lonely. I have all the time to do all the things I've ever wanted to do. I've spent most of my time on my painting. Before I moved into my apartment, I had only painted two pictures in about a year. I finished that many in one week recently. I also have time to catch up on my reading.

"I like living alone because I can be as utterly selfish as I please"—she laughed slyly at this. "I go to bed when I feel like it and I wake up when I feel like it. I revel so much in my aloneness that I even resent telephone calls. If I'm busy and a fellow calls me for a date, I refuse point-blank. I'm really getting to be awfully fussy about being disturbed.

"I'm proud of one thing that my being alone has brought me—and that's a chance to cook. I'm learning how to make all types of fancy dishes. Before, I would do well if I made a cake in a year. Now I cook my own breakfast and I can broil steaks—and, yes—open tin cans for dinner. I even wash the dishes! Oh, it's wonderful, this life!"

Linda sees her family about twice a week and usually on Sundays. She loves to visit them.

"Mother called me every night the first week that I was away," Linda remarked. "She calls often even now. But at first, she'd ask me a lot of questions. 'Who's cooking your breakfast?' for example. When I told her that I was, she was very worried. Then she'd ask, 'Are you sure no one will steal anything?' Or 'Did you have

supper yet?' Couldn't I come over and fix supper for you?'

"I knew that she was just concerned over me, but I had to make the break definite. I couldn't have her worrying about me and trying to 'guard' me. I'm independent, you see, and just independent enough to want to be my own boss. I'd never had that chance before.

"Besides, I'm stubborn. Even if I had wanted Mother to help me, I'd never have let her know. She and I are alike in that respect."

Linda said that she had meekly said "Yes, Ma'am" to almost every wish of her mother's. But, even with her new freedom, she doesn't intend to rule her house with such an iron hand when she marries.

"I don't want to be the boss of my house," she said firmly. "If I ever get domineering with my husband, I hope he smacks me down. Living alone has made me realize even more how wrong it is for a woman to hold the whip in a home."

Linda used to go out on dates four and five times a week when she was living at home. Under certain conditions, of course. So when she moved into her apartment, her friends said, "You'll probably never be home now. You'll be out every night."

Strangely enough, she hardly ever goes out more than twice a week now.

"I used to accept most of the dates offered me," Linda stated, "for Mother was quite fair in that respect. But lately, a good book or a new recipe will take precedence over any date. And if I'm working on a painting, no one could get me to go out.

"Before I left home, I used to get very discouraged with my life. So discouraged that I often found it easy to think that I was falling in love. I even thought of marriage a couple of times. But how glad I am that I didn't take that step! I realize now that my feelings were just those of a girl who wanted something she thought she had but didn't. I assumed that marriage would bring me the freedom that I so earnestly desired. Today, I have what I wanted. I have happiness. That's what matters."

As for the men in her life there are no serious romances, regardless of what you read. Of the male problem, Linda simply said, "I have my dates all neatly pigeonholed where I can compare them and come to any decision I may think important or necessary."

What about the other decisions Linda has had to make to regulate her new life? Well, this has been easy, for she's been making her own decisions for some time. She has had to settle her difficulties as well as those of her family. As a result, her life today has quickly fitted itself into a groove and there have been no painful readjustments.

"My only real worry now is that the folks would like to buy a house," she said. "I don't feel like putting my money into a house at this time. Besides, if I did build, I'd have to give up my apartment and move back with my family. I couldn't afford to pay for both places. You see, I'm still paying most of the bills. I'm going to try to argue the family out of this idea. I've got what I want and I don't want to have anything happen to my life as it is now." ■

Walter Pidgeon is being widely acclaimed for his finished performance in *Mrs. Miniver*, one of the year's truly great pictures

Popping Questions at Ann Sothern

[*Continued from page* 33]

Q. Who has had the greatest influence on your career?

A. My mother—and she's not a stage mother.

Q. What was your most successful bluff?

A. The time I was bragging to George Murphy and "Butch" Romero that I was a good baker. To prove it, Butch bet I couldn't make his favorite, sponge cake. Never having made one before, I tried. What a failure it turned out to be! For a gag, and to prove my point, I sent out and got a lot of sponges, then iced them. Butch still swears he's going to get even.

Q. What was your most humiliating experience?

A. After winning an award for catching a 259-pound swordfish in Catalina, I wasn't able to land a 3-pound trout in a public fishing place. After all the bragging I had done about hauling in the hefty swordfish, no one believed me.

Q. How do you prefer to be treated on a date—feminine with great courtesies, or palsy-walsy?

A. Fragile and feminine. I am daft against opening my own car doors.

Q. How are you on advice—giving it and receiving it?

A. They tell me I'm another Beatrice Fairfax. But I don't think I take it as well as I dish it.

Q. What is your favorite hobby?

A. Fishing.

Q. What qualities are important to you in a man?

A. Charm, poise, intelligence, good taste—and most important, a sense of humor.

Q. What was one of the unhappiest moments of your life?

A. When I was a child, things were always happening to me. Mother said I was destined for something, but she couldn't tell what, unless it was a hospital—as a patient. By the time I was ten, every type of wheeled vehicle had run over me. No limb ever fell from a tree, no bicycle, tricycle or motor car ever came along, but I seemed to get underneath. But the worst moment of all came the night I was seriously burned at my grandmother's when my flimsy nightgown caught fire from a heater. It wasn't the injury. I was used to getting hurt by then. But a group of us kids were putting on a play the next day and I was to be the star of it. I had to relinquish my role to another girl. It was a stark tragedy for me not to be able to star in that backyard production. That was life at its darkest.

Q. When something troubles you, who is the confidante to whom you turn?

A. Myself. I told you I was good at giving advice, but not at taking it.

Q. Who is your idea of the "woman of the year"?

A. Shirley Temple, because to my way of thinking, she is the epitome of everything a young girl should be. ■

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Lady Luck

[*Continued from page* 30]

Colbert's hero in *Arise, My Love* and admits his romp with Neagle marks a complete change in his Hollywood luck.

John Carroll, now hailed by his boss, Louis B. Mayer, as "one of the biggest romantic discoveries Hollywood has made in years," actually had to finish some retakes in *Sunny,* bicycling between three new film parts. M-G-M was winding up *Lady, Be Good,* in which he was prominently on display. And Frank Lloyd was shooting the opening sequences of *This Woman Is Mine,* over at Universal. Mr. Carroll romanced Anna Neagle with gusto in *Sunny.*

Miss Neagle's good luck charm did a turnabout just recently and heaped itself upon its lovely mistress. Immediately after her American picture commitments were fulfilled, she returned to her native England to do her share of war work. While abroad Miss Neagle completed work on *They Flew Alone,* the screen story of the flying Mollisons. It is a Herbert Wilcox production, with Miss Neagle portraying Amy, and Robert Newton in the role of Jim Mollison.

She remained in England for eight months and then returned on a transport which was loaded with British troops. Her life was in immediate danger every knot the ship made over the treacherous waves where menacing submarines lurked. Luck stuck with her, however, and the blacked out troopship arrived safely at an undisclosed Canadian port, from where she flew to Toronto.

Now Miss Neagle is spreading a little of that lucky charm over Canada, where she is traveling with the Celebrity Parade under the auspices of the Canadian Air Cadet League. She's going to lend some of that fabulous luck to the boys who need it so much. ■

Victor McLaglen's Private Army

[*Continued from page* 52]

"The Contemptibles," enough to stem the tide of the first victorious rush of the Germans through Belgium.

"Colonel" Victor thinks the same number of troops with equal determination will be enough to halt any Japanese drive into the strategic areas of the West Coast.

Making movies, of course, is the business that has been kinder to him than warfare. And also to his brothers Cyril and Kenneth, who together with him are the overage members of the McLaglen tribe. Their years of combat are behind them, covered with more glory than their father, a bishop of the Church of England, would like to contemplate.

But Victor McLaglen, a good and knowing soldier, comes now into full recognition as a prophet of world events. The stigma of "tin soldier" is forever erased from his record.

The "Oh, yeah?" guy merely knew what he was talking about.

And he's doing something about it. ■

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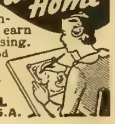

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He Bowled 'Em Over

[*Continued from page 23*]

graduated from high school in Washington, D. C., where his family had moved from his native St. Cloud, Minn., he announced that he was going to be an actor. His parents objected and refused to help him. Gig said he'd go it alone, and then began the work which refutes his theory that he's lazy.

He found a job as a boy-of-all-work at a Ford dealer's, worked there all day and went to a theatrical school at night. He studied tap and ballroom dancing along with dramatics, but found that by helping to teach ballroom dancing he could get the tap lessons free, so he took on another job.

Gig had his eyes on Hollywood, so he saved his money for a trip West. Just as the bankroll hit the mark and he was ready to board a bus, he became ill and had to spend all his funds on doctor bills.

Out of cash, but convinced he had exhausted Washington's dramatic training opportunities, he hitch-hiked his way across the country, earning money for food at gas stations and on farms, sleeping in barns and hay lofts and once in jail, but within the law.

"A nice old man, who said he was a retired sheriff, gave me a lift to a little Arkansas town," recalls Gig. "He told me to go to the town hall and get a bed for the night. Maybe he was kidding, maybe he was suspicious, but when I got there they said the only beds were in the jail."

Eventually he reached Culver City, with one dollar left from his last job in Dallas. With that cash, he made a down-payment on a room, then headed for the nearest Little Theater. Personality and persuasiveness won him the chance to build scenery, paint and do odd jobs in return for dramatic coaching.

But what about eating? That called for another job. Gig found one as night clerk in a small hotel. He was set, except for the matter of sleeping. The hotel job was from 5 p.m. to 5 a.m., the work at the theater from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. With time out for transportation, he had four hours left to sleep!

For a whole year Gig maintained that routine, getting thinner by the week, for he also had little money for food after paying for his room. When he fainted one day during exercises at the theater, he knew without benefit of doctor's advice that the cause was malnutrition and lack of sleep.

He'd do anything but give up acting, so he found another job. As a waiter in a night club he had more time to sleep, but he tried so hard, he kept spilling things and was fired. As a gas station attendant, he was more successful.

The Pasadena Playhouse was, to Gig, the next logical step. Weren't lots of young hopefuls signed for pictures there? So he went to Pasadena, won a fellowship at the Playhouse, lived in a 15x15 foot shack with another student, did more odd jobs and borrowed what money he could not earn.

Came, at last, that hoped-for nod from a movie talent scout. Gig took his test, but was so thin from his rations of beans and bread, further accentuated by a too-large borrowed suit, that the studio coldly informed him they didn't need a skeleton juvenile.

After finishing his fellowship year at Pasadena, Gig found his first professional job in a Los Angeles revival of *Abie's Irish Rosé*. His Nordic features were heavily made up for the part of *Abie*, but a Warner scout saw Gig's possibilities. He was tested again, and this time, with more meat on his six-foot frame, was signed.

For a year he played bits in features and shorts and made test after test, not for himself, but working with girls who were being tried for parts. One of them, with Alexis Smith, for her role in *The Constant Nymph*, was seen by director Irving Rapper.

"That's the boy for *Gig Young*," said Rapper emphatically. So Gig got the part without an actual test.

Gig, now 25, is enthusiastic, athletic, likes music and steaks, collects nothing but war bonds. He'd give up anything for acting. That is, anything except Sheila, who is Mrs. Young. ■

Carol Bruce keeps a trim figure by practicing high kicks each morning to swing music. She's appearing in Universal's *Off the Beaten Track*

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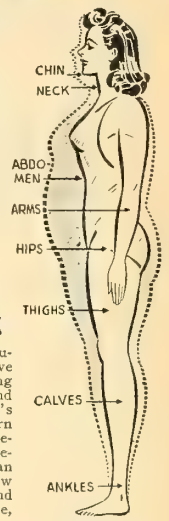

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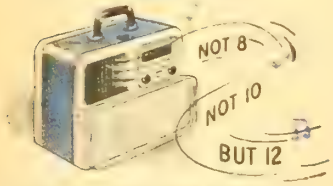

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Hexed Hoofer

By JOHN FULLER

■ With her first picture, *Moonlight Masquerade,* in the cans and awaiting distribution, Miss Betty Kean, one of the sweetest comic dancers in the land, is shaking her head: she doesn't believe it. She wants to lay odds that nobody will ever see the picture. Maybe the prints will go up in smoke in a warehouse fire. Maybe Republic Pictures will decide to junk the little opus and use the precious celluloid to make another Gene Autry. Or maybe the State Department will order the picture killed, so as not to offend the touchy citizens of Cuba where the action of the picture takes place. She is ready to advance five million other reasons why the picture will never brighten the gloom of a cinema palace, if you're dumb enough to stick around and listen.

To tell you the truth, Betty has grounds for her cynicism. If ever a girl was banged around by Fate, hounded by Jonah, jinxed, and used shabbily by Life, that girl is our Betty.

It has taken her just about ten years to make her first picture. She would be up in front, leading in the stretch, when something always happened. Parts disappeared. Roles vanished. Agents boxed her up. Directors fired her. In fact, no less than a dozen reputations have been made by girls who replaced Betty for one of a dozen reasons. A season or two ago, it looked as if Betty had finally romped home a winner. She was all set to star in the picture version of *Yokel Boy.* In fact, she was on the set waiting to face the camera, when it happened. What happened? You guessed it: she broke her leg. They didn't shoot her, but they certainly did replace her. In a hurry.

Considering the Hard Luck Susie that she grew up to be, she sure had a cinch getting started. She was fourteen, going to school and studying dancing on the side, and stagestruck, when she applied for a job with the Poli Players, a famous stock company bivouacked in her native Hartford, Connecticut. Always long on gab, she not only talked herself into a job, but four of her chums from dancing school as well. It was strictly one of those summer-time propositions, so, naturally, came the first Monday after Labor Day, and she was back in school, still taking dancing lessons on the side.

Dancing school certainly was her dish. She liked it fine. Especially a party named Bert, who whammed the ivories during ballet classes. She got to gabbing with Bert and the first thing you know there she was, one-half of a radio act called "Betty and Bert."

"Corn—right out of Iowa," Betty describes the program.

A year later, flushed with local success, she quit the program to go to New York to study dancing with one of the big maestros. She was rehearsing one day when who should sidle up to her but a character in a plaid suit, sharp tie and diamond stickpin.

"How'd you like to go into the next Ziegfeld show, *Simple Simon?*"

"Will it pay $75 a week?"

She was flabbergasted when Ziegfeld looked her over, watched her do a routine, and said: "You're hired." All the way home she kept repeating aloud: "I'm a

Hoodooed from the day she first put on her dancing shoes, comic dancer Betty Kean has been dealt many a raw deal by Lady Luck. But at last she's drawn a trump. She has lead in Republic's *Moonlight Masquerade*

Ziegfeld girl . . . I'm a Ziegfeld girl . . ."

Poor Betty!

She never appeared in *Simple Simon*. A couple of days before the opening, a truant officer came around back stage and informed her that the State of New York had no intention of letting 15-year-olds prance onto stages in company with nude and near-nude women and listen to risque jokes.

Now Fate really began bearing down on our Betty.

The following year, sixteen and beyond the law, she came back to New York and snagged a job on the Camel Caravan as a chanteuse. At the end of the first 13-week trick they dropped our Betty—Heaven knows why. However, she came back with a bang and was signed for a major role in the Broadway musical, *Calling All Stars*.

The big time at last? Hardly.

She showed up late for rehearsals, our Betty did, and the director tossed her out of the musical cocktail. The girl who took her place was a Jennie-come-lately called Martha Raye. *Calling All Stars* made Martha Raye. She had a movie contract before the show was two weeks old.

It occurred to our little Nell that there are two ways to get to Hollywood:

A. By being invited.

B. By inviting yourself.

Well, she was ensconced in Hollywood's Trocadero Club, singing a little and dancing a little, when who should see her and go for her but a strictly-legit director about to do a picture called *New Faces*.

She was about to snap up the offer when her agent arrived on the scene, gave her the high sign meaning, "Let me do the talking, honey, and I'll get you real folding money." She let him do the talking and he really went to town. He talked Betty right out of the picture. Anyhow, the part went to a shapely gal from Texas who had never done anything before. Her name was Ann Miller.

You could say, and not be sued for libel, that Betty was about ready for a straitjacket. She gave herself a pep talk all about not giving up the ship and went back to the Troc hoping that someone else would spot her. Someone else did. His name was Jack Benny.

Jack was on the beam. "You're very funny," he said, "so why don't you skip this straight hoofing and concentrate on comedy routines. You won't have any competition and you'll really go places."

She took his advice, concentrated on eccentric dancing, and whipped herself up into quite a batty little ballerina, goofier than a Charlotte Russe. At which point she received a wire inviting her to fly to New York to replace Eleanor Powell who was leaving the Broadway hit, *At Home Abroad*, for a try at pictures. Naturally she was forced to decline. Hadn't she just revamped her entire professional personality, thanks to Benny?

Frustrated and forlorn, she trekked back to New York, arrived just in time to be signed up for the European company of Cole Porter's musical, *Anything Goes*. She was a sensation, especially in London, where her gift for comic choreography was applauded madly by normally-placid Englishmen.

Back in New York, she went from the last edition of the *Ziegfeld Follies* to *Hi Ya, Gentlemen* (both of them flops) without any serious mishap. When she was picked for *Crazy With the Heat* she began to get over-optimistic.

"I've jinxed the jinx," she began telling her friends. "Yippee!"

It certainly seemed as if she had. Herbert Yates, who runs Republic Pictures, caught the show one night, went into raptures over her crazy capers, and signed her for the leading role in *Yokel Boy*.

She caught the next train for Hollywood, was tested, approved, and ordered to report ready for work the next day. Which she did. She was doing some "limbering-up exercises" (actually she was spinning around like a slap-happy top) when she fractured her leg at the very instant that the assistant director was paging her. When she checked out of the infirmary, one Joan Davis was entrenched in her part. She stuck around awhile, never so much as got a yoo-hoo from Flynn, and went back to New York.

She was doing shows at army camps in the Metropolitan area when Mr. Yates ran into her again.

"You're strictly picture material," Mr. Yates said, with the air of a man making a discovery.

"For instance?"

"We're doing a snappy little picture called *Moonlight Masquerade*—no *Gone With the Wind*, you understand—in which you'd look like a million dollars."

"For how much?" our Betty asked, very impudently, knowing full well that she was never destined to make a movie.

Mr. Yates is a man who likes his ladies to talk right up to him. They clinched the deal that next day at lunch. She had her bags packed in an hour.

"Where shall we forward your mail, Miss Kean?" the desk clerk at the hotel inquired, just before she took off.

"Hang on to it," Betty came back. "A quarter gets you a saw-buck that I never get west of Newark." ■

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Important Pictures
By SARA CORPENING

BAMBI ★★★½
Walt Disney Production

■ *Bambi* is Disney's most realistic achievement in the realm of animated films. It is a tender, beguiling treatment of Felix Salten's classic story of the little deer named *Bambi*. The entire film is composed of animals—not a human figure appears throughout. The story tells of little *Bambi's* birth in the forest, how he learns to walk, to talk, of his enemy, Man, who kills his mother, and finally of his mating. The interplay of color in studies of the sylvan grandeur of the forest is breathtaking, particularly the sequence showing the arrival of spring. However, the most enjoyable moments of *Bambi* are the comic ones contributed by a rascally little rabbit named *Thumper*, who attempts to teach *Bambi* the wonders of ice-skating. More scenes with *Thumper* would have been welcomed by this reviewer.

HOLIDAY INN ★★★½
Paramount

■ If you're in need of a lift, go to see *Holiday Inn*. It's grand entertainment. But then how could it miss, with Bing Crosby's crooning, Fred Astaire's dancing, Irving Berlin's tunes, and a thoroughly capable supporting cast. As if that weren't enough, the plot is a credible one. Crosby plays a crooner who hits on the bright idea of operating an inn in Connecticut on holiday occasions. Since there are fifteen of these festive days during the year, he smartly figures that this will enable him to earn a tidy living on those days and loaf the rest. The idea works out very well, with the holidays providing a fine backdrop for Berlin's grand musical numbers. Romance is provided by Marjorie Reynolds and Virginia Dale. Miss Reynolds, who gets her first big chance in this film, is exceptionally talented and charming, and she's slated for bigger things to come.

TALES OF MANHATTAN ★★★½
Twentieth Century-Fox

■ The idea of a motion picture of wide emotional and dramatic scope, with a variety of big stars, was born over two years ago. At first it was merely a subject for dinner conversation, but after many difficulties, producer Darryl Zanuck became interested in the idea, and it became a reality. *Tales of Manhattan* is the result, and you've never encountered a greater array of star names than you find in this film. The adventures of a tail coat form the nucleus of the story. The coat is worn by men in all stations of life, from the lowest to the highest in society, under varying conditions of fortune. For some it is a talisman of evil, for others, a token of luck and hope. Each episode is complete in itself and each is skillfully connected. Among those contributing outstanding performances are Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Gail Patrick, Cesar Romero, James Gleason, Paul Robeson,

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Ethel Waters and "Rochester." All the supporting players are excellent.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS ★★★
R-K-O-Radio

■ Unfortunately, Orson Welles' second film venture does not measure up to his first triumph, *Citizen Kane. The Magnificent Ambersons* is slow, jerky, and depressing. Except for the skillful photography and capable performances by the cast, the film offers little in the way of entertainment. Welles' second film seems particularly badly timed. With the entire world in flames, it seems rather ridiculous that Welles should devote a lengthy film to showing how a spoiled, egotistical young man of wealth gets his "come-uppence." The most obvious flaw of the film is the poorly written script which makes it difficult for the audience to keep attention focused clearly on the various characters. Tim Holt, in his first dramatic role, gives a credible performance as the spoiled young lad. Dolores Costello makes her return to the screen as his mother. She is still a very beautiful, talented woman. Joseph Cotten, a fine actor, is restrained almost to the point of being static. Only his magnificent speaking voice gives color to his role. Best performance is rendered by Agnes Moorehead as the frustrated aunt who is secretly in love with Cotten. Even her hysterics are occasionally overdone.

THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE ★★★
Columbia

■ In *They All Kissed the Bride,* Joan Crawford has the role intended for the late Carole Lombard, and she plays it with relish and high enjoyment. Her gaiety is contagious. She portrays a successful young business woman who has a secret inhibition—fear of men. Along comes Melvyn Douglas, an author, who storms into her office with his tale of the injustice among her employees, which he has unearthed while doing research for a novel. She struggles vainly against falling in love with him. In the meantime, she becomes a real human being, indulging in a jitter-bug contest with her employees. It's great to see Miss Crawford again cutting a rug.

EAGLE SQUADRON ★★★
Universal

■ The British government cooperated in the filming of *Eagle Squadron,* and the result is a thrillingly authentic film. The story concerns a group of American flyers who went across to England last year. It depicts several of the air attacks on Nazi territory and gives a forceful presentation of the devastation of air raids on London. There are many spectacular air attacks and maneuvers throughout. In one exciting sequence the flyers bail out over the English channel and are rescued by British patrol boats. For romance, there's Robert Stack and Diana Barrymore, in her first screen role. Diana gives a sincere performance.

THE GAY SISTERS ★★★
Warner Brothers

■ Whatever else it has to commend it, *The Gay Sisters* is not gay. There is little that is light or frivolous in the story of the three *Gaylord* sisters. Yet it is a believable, at times engrossing film. The background is New York City, and the *Gaylords* are one of the old, moneyed, aristocratic families. When the mother is

[*Continued on page* 70]

Irene Dunne might be termed the "pride of the army" as Maj. Bates and Col. Steinmetz beam upon her. This happy group was snapped at the anniversary party for Jimmy McHugh, song writer. Irene's in Universal's *Lady in a Jam*

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Mystery Man

By JACK DAWSON
GEORGE SANDERS' Stand-In

George Sanders stars in his greatest role as the half-mad painter in United Artists' *The Moon and Sixpence.* Above: A scene with Elena Verdugo

■ About four and a half years ago, I managed to land a job as George Sanders' stand-in. That was at R-K-O and the picture was the first of the *Saint* series. We have been whipping out the flickers together ever since.

Nearly everyone who has written about George has made him a mystery man, a meanie, a snob or a sleepy-head. But there's more to it than that.

He has a few idiosyncrasies which everyone around him for any time is bound to notice. When he lights a cigarette, he lets the match drop to the floor, right from the end of his cigarette. And when he finishes a cigarette he flips it away and hopes that someday one will go off with a loud report. It hasn't yet.

He likes working in sloppy, comfortable clothes. In *The Moon and Sixpence,* he had his most comfortable wardrobe.

He likes to play the piano and will do so at the drop of a hat . . . even if he has to drop his own hat. On the set of his new picture, he spotted a piano on a deserted sound-stage. George started giving it a light going-over when in came the boys to move it. Heedless, he continued playing while the men stood around listening. When the boss was heard approaching, the boys grabbed the piano and started out the door. George kept right on playing, increasing the tempo and walking along with them until he finished the tune.

George doesn't confine his musical ability to the piano. Between shots of a South American street scene in a recent picture, he took a guitar from one of the natives, slung it over his head and played, sang and danced a little Argentine folk number. The astounded Argentinians applauded his true rendition of the folk music, supposedly known only to their own country. It developed that the amazing Mr. Sanders had once managed vast tobacco interests in the Argentine, and knew the customs of the country like a native.

In one house where he lived, he converted a closet into a bass fiddle. The bridge and strings were on the door and the closet itself became the sounding box. He played the thing furiously until the whole house shook. Contrary to the opinion of his neighbors, George insists he got real music out of it. He's written a few tunes, too.

He likes to build things. Model airplanes are his specialty. But his models aren't like any planes you ever saw before. Once on a location trip in New Mexico, he was fashioning a particularly fantastic model, using his dressing room as his workshop. He wouldn't let anyone in to have a look until he had finished it. When the big moment arrived for the test flight, he took it to the top of a near-by hill and sailed it into the air with great enthusiasm. It looped once and crashed at his feet.

"That wasn't so good," he yelled to me, "but I've made an amazing discovery! This theory doesn't work!"

He's made some good models, though. But despite his interest in building planes, he doesn't fly very much. For personal pleasure, he prefers boats and has owned several. He and his brother and closest friend, Tom Conway, built a 32-foot motor boat.

George designed some of the furniture for his new house. The real difference between his designs and ordinary furniture is in size . . . he likes chairs and beds to be big.

He is a good athlete, particularly in swimming and tennis. However, you probably could get few persons to attest to his swimming ability, particularly those on location with us at Sherwood Forest. George and I went out in a rowboat and he went overboard for a swim. When he saw some of the others in the company coming down toward the lake, he tied a rope around himself and had me, in the rowboat, tow him around. Those seeing him believed that he couldn't swim and ribbed him unmercifully as being "too lazy to learn." He didn't bother to disillusion them.

He plays a good game of tennis . . . lazy, but scientific. He knows how to place his shots to keep his opponent running while he plays lackadaisically on his side of the court.

George is quite a comedian, in an unconventional way. One time, just as we had finished working for the day, someone from the front office stopped him and introduced him to some visitors. He was doing one of those characters in uniform with short haircut and scar. The customary silence followed the introductions, until one young lady broke the lull with the statement that she had seen all of his pictures and liked him very much. George answered, "Coming from such a lovely lady, I consider that a very nice compliment and I would like to make you a present." Whereupon, he peeled off the make-up scar, handed it to the startled girl, clicked his heels, bowed and strode away. He hadn't taken many steps when his saber got mixed with his high military boots, tripped him and threw him flat on his face.

Just the other day on the set of *The Moon and Sixpence* I was at the water cooler and saw George sitting on the other side of the huge tropical set. I thought I'd take him a drink. He accepted it, drank, thrust the cup back at me and said, "Once more!" I patiently picked my way across the lengthy set and brought him another drink which he drank with the same gusto, then again said, "Once more!" Whereupon, I rebelled with, "I say, fun's fun, but—," and he broke in with, "Once more!" When I

returned with the third drink, he stood up and politely said, "You must have this one, old man, and do have my chair. I know you must be tired."

About his being a sleepy-head, that's quite true. I remember one night at Universal when John Howard, Vincent Price and a bunch of us were in a huddle around the fire telling stories to pass the time. George began telling a long, drawn-out British story. His voice became lower and lower until we were all practically on top of him trying to hear, but finally there was no sound. He was asleep. To this day he won't tell us the punch-line because our laughter was so loud that we woke him up.

As for his being a snob, I've never found him so. He likes to be alone a good part of the time and honestly doesn't care what anyone thinks of him.

He likes acting. He thinks it is as pleasant a way as any to earn a living. He likes Hollywood and considers the climate to be on a par with any he has ever enjoyed. However, he sees no reason why his private life should be on exhibition just because he's an actor. Since he has this attitude, I think that explains his being called a "man of mystery." Because I like and respect him, I can't dispel any of the mystery. That is his business.

George is pretty human though. In one of his pictures, a bit player was having a hard time with his lines and, to make matters worse, the director was riding him. In the next scene, George muffed his lines. I was not the only one who knew that George did it deliberately just to show the bit player and the director that "it can happen in the best of families."

Newlyweds Margaret Hayes and Leif Ericson, who eloped a short time ago, have fun shopping at the corner market. Leif looks like he's eager for some of Margaret's home cooking

I've seen him help other players by making suggestions. He was all prepared to help Elena Verdugo, who plays opposite him in *The Moon and Sixpence*. Elena is only seventeen and this is her first big dramatic role. However, after one day of working with her, George said, "She doesn't need help. That little girl has an amazing amount of talent. She helps me get my characterization better."

Most of the stories you hear about him are probably true. George can be very rude on occasion. Maybe you wouldn't like him, but he's colorful and he's himself. Hollywood has probably affected him less than any actor who's been in the town.

I have no doubt people have always found him hard to understand. But because he's himself, you know where you stand. He makes no pretenses. It doesn't make any difference to him whether you're Joe Doakes or Darryl Zanuck, he's George Sanders . . . a fellow who likes music, boats, model airplanes and lazy living. ■

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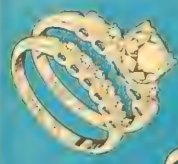
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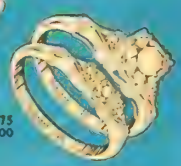
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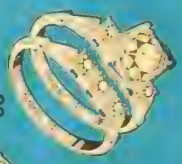
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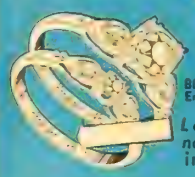
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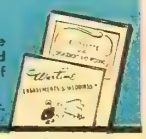

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Attractive Sheila Ryan, 20th Century-Fox player, has a new idea for the perplexed hostess: A quickie meal spread whipped up in no time at all. Sheila's in *Careful, Soft Shoulders*

Speedy Spreads

By
BETTY CROCKER

■ Youth takes a shortcut!

Sheila Ryan, pretty young 20th Century-Fox player, has a simple solution to forever end the woes of the perplexed hostess. Her knack for preparing speedy spreads while her guests are discussing a current subject of interest, or listening to the strains of a new symphonic record, is a simple but worthy addition to any successful hostess' bag of tricks.

Of course, this is only for those informal occasions when a congenial group gathers at odd hours and the hostess knows that a regular meal is neither expected nor desired. It's all so easy. You simply serve half-sized portions of quickly prepared standbys. Small biscuits can be quickly whipped up from a prepared biscuit mix and served with cocktail size wieners, and miniature hamburgers with previously baked small buns. With the ice-box yielding odds and ends in snacks, or even a potato salad, this pint-sized meal can be delicious.

In this fashion, a hostess need not absent herself long from the gathering. Hamburgers are patted into patties no larger than a fifty cent piece, and so cook quickly. Tiny sausages can be fried swiftly and gobbled up with enjoyment.

Indeed, the charm of the idea lies in the joy of nibbling. Somehow, these midget mouthfuls are more taste-tempting than their more cumbersome brothers, the regular hot dog or hamburger.

Along with these are served all sorts of relishes, including small onions or tiny slices of Bermudas. And actually such a meal serves the practical purposes of an all-out effort, when served at a Red Cross meeting at eleven in the morning, or an afternoon gathering when husky appetites are felt around five o'clock. Young people, remember, don't stand on ceremony, and so long as the appetite is satisfied, why worry about sitting down to a big meal?

When Sheila serves a "quickie" at six, and plans to make it an evening besides, she serves a buffet dinner much later.

I leave it to your own ingenuity to carry out the particulars of a speedy spread, for it has infinite possibilities by simply reducing regular dishes to miniature size and adding to the variety. Here, however, are some recipes which may help you.

SMALL INDIVIDUAL CHICKEN PIES

10 casseroles 3¾ inches in diameter and 2 inches deep
1 large fat chicken (4 to 5 lbs.)
2 sprigs of parsley
2 small bay leaves
Tops from few stalks of celery (or 3 or 4 coarse stalks cut in 3-inch lengths)
2 carrots, cut in 3-inch pieces
1 small onion, thinly sliced
⅛ tsp. thyme
⅛ tsp. marjoram
2 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
½ cup sifted all purpose flour
1 cup cold milk or water
4 cups chicken broth
Rich Biscuit Dough

Clean and cut up chicken. Place in kettle, and cover with boiling water (about 2½ quarts). Add parsley, bay leaves, celery, carrots and onion. Bring to boiling point, and boil 5 minutes. Reduce heat. Cover and simmer gently until tender (1½ to 3 hours depending on age of chicken). Add thyme, marjoram, salt and pepper after first hour of cooking. Keep covered, but add more water if broth cooks down too much. When chicken is tender, remove from heat, and drain off the stock. Discard skin and bones, and cut meat into good-sized pieces. Cool the chicken stock in which the chicken was cooked. When cooled, remove part of excess fat that gathers on the top. Reheat 4 cups of the stock to boiling point. Blend flour with the cold milk or water, and stir slowly into the hot stock. Boil until thickened and the starchy flavor disappears (about 10 minutes), stirring constantly to keep from lumping. Season with more salt and pepper to taste. Place the prepared chicken in individual casseroles. Pour over it the boiling hot gravy—to about 1 inch from the top. Cover with Rich Biscuit Dough (rolled about ½ inch thick) making slits in dough through which steam may escape. Bake immediately in a hot oven, 450° F., for about 15 minutes.

RICH BISCUIT DOUGH

Add 3 to 4 tablespoons chicken fat to 2 cups of prepared biscuit mix, then add ¾ cup of milk, following directions for mixing given on the biscuit mix package.

POTATO JEEPS

6 medium-sized potatoes
½ cup water
Fat for deep fat frying

Select oval potatoes. Pare. Cut off lengthwise slices. Hollow out centers. Cook in boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Drain and dry. Heat deep fat to 390 degrees—or test it with an inch cube of bread. If the bread browns in 40 seconds, the fat is at correct temperature. When beginning to fry potato boats increase heat for 2 minutes. Drain on absorbent paper. Fill with creamed chipped beef, dried beef or any creamed meat preferred.

APPLE PAN DOWDY

In a shallow baking dish (6x10 inches) arrange a bed of thinly sliced apples (about 6 apples), spiced and sweetened with about ½ cup of sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon—also with 1 to 2 tbsp. water added depending on the juiciness of the apples. Cover with a counterpane of shortcake dough so tender that it will flake at a touch when baked. Bake 40 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 400° F. (This is for 6 servings.) Serve hot with cream. When served, cut a wedge from the top of the crust and lay it on the plate upside down. On this, spoon some of the apples and syrup, then pour on the cream.

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SPOT's September issue also features a sensational picture story on the raising of the *Normandie*, greatest salvage job in history; an exclusive story on Marlene Dietrich's daughter, Maria, most jealously guarded of all the stars' children; and many other exciting and interest-gripping features. For the best in current pictures and vital articles read SPOT, America's best picture magazine buy.

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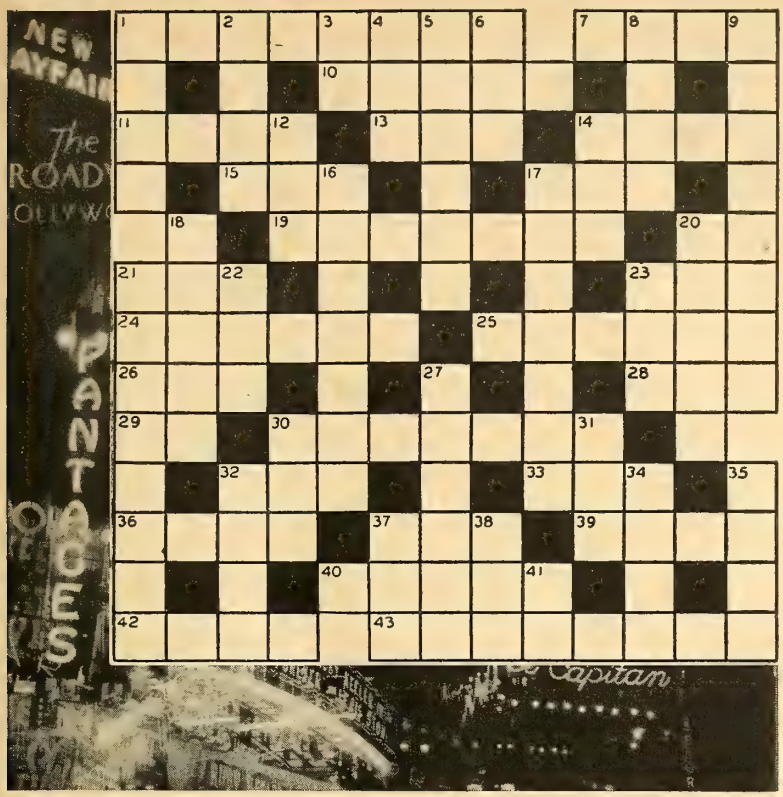
MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Theater managers think they must open with pair of these to draw a full house.
7. What Brenda Joyce recently got because *Postman Didn't*.
10. Movie mobster does this when he "sings."
11. *Marika* in *I Married an Angel*.
13. He's used in cast just to lure some poor fish.
14. Ida's ideal in *Moontide*.
15. Those who prepare for publication; in short, film mag editors.
17. Snake in the grass who puts squeeze on his jungle pals.
19. One who poses as star, but isn't.
20. Initials of one who portrays *Blondie's* boy.
21. Topic of conversation when any one of *The Women* leaves the room.
23. Laurel and Hardy each have half a share in this (in films, of course).
24. Femme fans have his number; it's One on the Heart Parade.
25. Her *Exploits* were sensational in silent serial.
26. One who tried to make a monkey out of *Tarzan*.
28. Where populace may soon turn on its Axis (abbr.).
29. Martha Scott's initials.
30. When hero is saved by the belle, she's it.
32. "Is" when it's all gone.
33. Slang term for shapely shaft in seaside shots.
36. This way out.
37. Rooting section in porcine pictures.
39. Place where U may become an X.
40. He was offered a role and took a Chan's.
42. Cake-eater who preferred "angel" and married her.
43. He won bride by knowing all the answers on a quiz program.

DOWN

1. This is what makes Hollywood stars famous.
2. Gwynne gal, who finally reached *Broadway*.
3. Betty Compson's birthplace (abbr.).
4. Tyrone Power served in this for Twentieth Century-Fox.
5. She was once *Our Wife* (poss.).
6. Only place where stars are more plentiful than in Hollywood.
8. What screen writer gets when he takes a notion.
9. Moll's boy friend.
12. Neil Hamilton used to be a white collar man in these.
14. He loved *Aloma* 'cause latter was Lamour.
16. Jokers, three of a kind.
17. The stars are tops in this.
18. They look rather worn in cowboy films.
20. Something to put feuding players on speaking terms.
21. Cowcatchers come in handy to stop this.
22. What flirtatious fellow gives the ingenue.
23. It may be false, but it deserves a part.
27. This gets a break in comedy—right over somebody's head.
30. Heroine's isn't large enough to keep secret under.
31. What Cockneys do at modern cinema.
32. *Scarlett* went with this.
34. Catty remark.
35. Baby's first one is important; so is last one to a woman.
37. Mama's little man is this to dad.
38. What Li'l Abner would call you.
41. Rosemary's initials.

(Solution on Page 70)

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 63*]

lost on the *Lusitania* and the father is killed in France with the AEF, the eldest daughter, *Fiona* (Barbara Stanwyck), becomes head of the household. The story deals primarily with the endless legal entanglements the girls encounter regarding their family fortune. A secret marriage between *Fiona* and *Charles Barclay* (George Brent) is the jist of the romance of the picture. The supporting cast is good throughout: Geraldine Fitzgerald, Nancy Coleman, Donald Crisp, Gene Lockhart, and a newcomer named Gig Young.

LADY IN A JAM ★★★

Universal

Lady in a Jam is zany fun without much rhyme or reason. Irene Dunne goes in for slapstick in a really thorough fashion, and very good she is at it. She's a wacky heiress who goes bankrupt and starts mining gold in Arizona in order to recoup her fortune and win her man, a handsome young doctor ably portrayed by Patric Knowles. Ralph Bellamy is hilarious in his burlesque of a cowboy who can neither ride nor rope. The rest of the cast is comprised of Eugene Pallette, Queenie Vassar, Samuel S. Hinds and Jane Garland.

CROSSROADS ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

For the first time in a long time, William Powell has a straight dramatic role. He's a prominent member of France's Foreign Office, who is accused of having been a thief prior to a train accident in which he suffered injuries resulting in amnesia. He marries Hedy Lamarr, remembering nothing of his past. Powell is brought to trial for the crimes he allegedly committed but of which he remembers nothing. He is cleared by Basil Rathbone, who afterwards attempts to blackmail him. There is a surprise ending. Hedy Lamarr does a credible job, and looks very gorgeous.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall.* The picturization of the popular book was voted the best film of 1941. See it for the unforgettable performance of young Roddy McDowall.

MRS. MINIVER (M-G-M) Cast: *Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Teresa Wright.* Jan Struther's best seller adapted into a vibrant, poignant film that brings the war home. Showing how the English people can take it, it's one of the finest war films to date. Greer Garson is a good bet for the Academy Award.

SUSPICION (R-K-O) Cast: *Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nigel Bruce.* Compelling film in which Hitchcock again proves himself the superb master of direction and production. Miss Fontaine, as the young wife who suspects that her husband plans to murder her, won 1941's *Oscar* as the year's best actress.

TARGET FOR TONIGHT (War Documentary) In a simple, unpretentious little short, the story of the heroic fighters who drop bombs on Germany is told in straightforward, engrossing fashion. There are no women or professional actors in the film.

VICTORY FILMS (Released through War Activities Committee-Motion Picture Industry) The movie industry is producing these shorts in cooperation with the Government to educate the American public in the facts of war. They represent Hollywood's contribution to the war effort.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR (M-G-M) Cast: *Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy.* Loaded with laughter. It's a new twist to the old story of the battle of the sexes, with Hepburn and Tracy giving sparkling performances. Katy's satire of a brilliant woman columnist is brittle and beautiful. Men will love the scene at the ball park where Tracy patiently tries to explain the game to Miss Hepburn.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (Warners) Cast: *James Cagney, Joan Leslie, Walter Huston.* A rousing tribute to that grand old man of the American theater, George M. Cohan, portrayed by Cagney who was never better. All the famous Cohan songs.

★★★½

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ. (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Young, Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey.* For the first time in his career, Robert Young has an opportunity to show he is a truly good actor. Adapted from the popular novel by John P. Marquand.

IN THIS OUR LIFE (Warners) Cast: *Bette Davis, George Brent, Olivia De Havilland, Dennis Morgan.* The gripping story of an unscrupulous girl who stops at nothing, including happiness of her own family, to gain her ends.

MY FAVORITE BLONDE (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Madeleine Carroll.* This is an hilarious tale of a second-rate vaudevillian en route to Hollywood who gets involved with a beautiful blonde, eluding the clutches of Nazi agents. Hope at his best.

SABOTEUR (Universal) Cast: *Robert Cummings, Priscilla Lane.* Thrilling story of a defense worker unjustly suspected of sabotage and how he tracks down the real saboteur. Will keep you on the edge of your seat.

THIS ABOVE ALL (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Tyrone Power, Joan Fontaine.* The moving love story of a WAAC girl and a deserting soldier and the conflicting emotions that engulf them in war-torn England. Excellent performances. From Eric Knight's novel.

TORTILLA FLAT (M-G-M) Cast: *Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr, John Garfield.* Adapted from John Steinbeck's stories of the picturesque *paisanos* of northern California, it tells the story of the romance of Hedy and John Garfield, which Spencer Tracy tries to break up. Very colorful.

★★★

I MARRIED AN ANGEL (M-G-M) Cast: *Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.* The two singing stars in their latest lavish musical. A gay, sophisticated adaptation of the Broadway show.

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JOHNNY EAGER (M-G-M) Cast: *Robert Taylor, Lana Turner.* A romantic gangster film with Taylor as a bad boy who reforms when true love comes along in the person of Lana Turner.

JUNGLE BOOK (United Artists) Cast: *Sabu, Rosemary de Camp.* From Kipling's story of the boy who strayed into the jungle and was brought up by animals. Beautiful technical jungle shots. Children will love it.

KINGS ROW (Warners) Cast: *Robert Cummings, Betty Field, Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan, Nancy Coleman.* A gloomy adaptation of the popular best-seller. If you like psychiatric studies, you'll enjoy this. Otherwise, you may find it pretty depressing.

MOONTIDE (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Ida Lupino, Jean Gabin, Thomas Mitchell.* Jean Gabin, the French sensation, makes his debut in this charming film of life along the California waterfront. He rescues a homeless waif (Ida Lupino) from suicide, but their touching romance is almost wrecked by a scheming blackmailer (Thomas Mitchell).

REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Cast: *Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard, John Wayne.* With its excellent cast, brilliant technicolor and fast-moving story, you won't want to miss De Mille's latest production. Complete with hurricane, shipwreck, an underseas fight and a gala ball.

RIO RITA (M-G-M) Cast: *Abbott and Costello, Kathryn Grayson, John Carroll.* Those funnymen are loose again and run riot through a rather weak story, uncorking new and better gags. Very entertaining.

TAKE A LETTER, DARLING (Paramount) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray.* Plot concerns a woman executive and her male secretary with ensuing complications. Comedy fare with Roz carrying off the honors.

THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY (M-G-M) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Donna Reed.* The latest chapter in the *Hardy* saga is the most appealing yet. Throughout there is the endearing warmth of the *Hardy* family and their typical life in a small American town.

THE INVADERS (United Artists) Cast: *Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier, Raymond Massey.* The gripping story of a German U-Boat crew marooned at Hudson Bay and their attempted escape from enemy soil. Filmed in Canada, it is a savage commentary on German ideology.

★★½

JUKE GIRL (Warners) Cast: *Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan, Richard Whorf.* The tale of two hitch-hikers who wander into the Florida tomato country and get mixed up with a juke girl (Sheridan) and a battle raging between farmers and packers.

MAISIE GETS HER MAN (M-G-M) Cast: *Ann Sothern, Red Skelton.* The *Maisie* followers will like this. In addition to Ann Sothern's amusing escapades, it has Red Skelton.

MISS ANNIE ROONEY (United Artists) Cast: *Shirley Temple, Dickie Moore,* Shirley Temple comes back as a young lady in a rather weak story of a poor girl and a rich boy. Lots of jive talk and jitterbugging which youngsters will like.

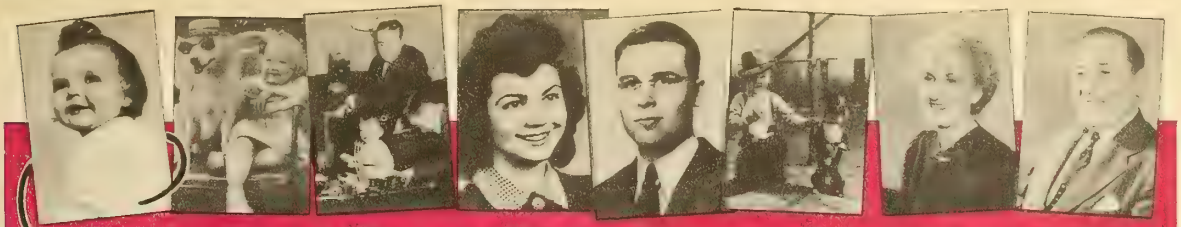
MY GAL SAL (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Rita Hayworth, Victor Mature, Carole Landis.* Rita Hayworth is shown off effectively in Technicolor in this story of the life of Paul Dresser, song writer. Colorful musical background of the old tunes.

POWDER TOWN (R-K-O) Cast: *Victor McLaglen, Edmund O'Brien, June Havoc.* Story of foreign agents who seek to obtain the formula of a new explosive. Edmund O'Brien does well in a weak role.

SHIP AHOY (M-G-M) Cast: *Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Tommy Dorsey.* A light, bright musical comedy. Dancing by Powell, comedy by Skelton and music by Dorsey.

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Maureen O'Hara, George Montgomery, Laird Cregar.* Story goes back to post-revolutionary war period and shows establishment of the military academy. Heavy going brightened by frequent action shots.

THE WIFE TAKES A FLYER (Columbia) Cast: *Joan Bennett, Franchot Tone, Allyn Joslyn.* Another in the series of recent comedies which spoof the Nazis. Story of a downed pilot in Holland who hides in a Dutch household. Acting honors go to Joslyn, as Nazi officer.



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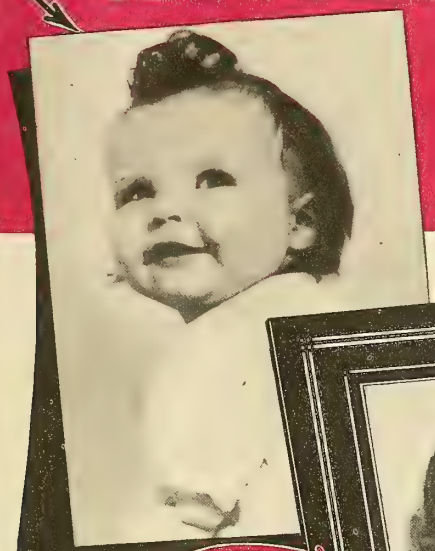

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TWENTY COMPLETE STORIES — NEW PLAYERS AND OLD

HOLLYWOOD

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

HOLLYWOOD

5¢

OCTOBER

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THE FOUR MOST HATED PEOPLE IN HOLLYWOOD

Scenes from Clark Gable's Farewell Picture with Lana Turner

See Page 23

Follow this Bride's Way to New Loveliness!
go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This exciting complexion care is based on skin specialists' advice —praised by lovely brides!

"MY FRIENDS tell me how much lovelier my complexion has become since I started following the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. I wouldn't be without Camay for a day," says beautiful Mrs. Carnohan.

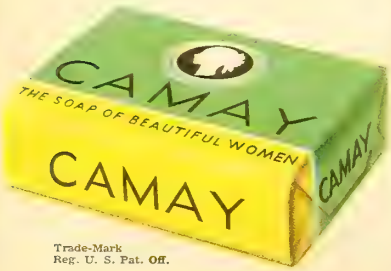
You, too, can be lovelier if you will only give the Camay Mild-Soap Diet a chance. For, without knowing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your complexion—or you may be using a soap that isn't mild enough!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps! That's why we say, "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."

Give your skin thorough cleansing with Camay night and morning for 30 days. At once—what a delicious, fresh feeling! But be faithful—and soon your complexion may have thrilling new loveliness!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Harry Carnohan of New York, N. Y., says:

"I wouldn't let my skin go without the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a single day—it has done so much for me! Why, I'd been following the Mild-Soap Diet only a short time when my friends began asking for my beauty secret!"



Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Go on the MILD-SOAP DIET *Tonight*

First Step to a lovelier skin... Make a lather with Camay on your wash-cloth. Work this milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water—then 30 seconds of cold splashings.

As the days go by—new beauty! Simply do that every night. Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

"Glamor-Girl, You're Kissing Your Career Good-bye—

There's no future in a smile that ignores 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"

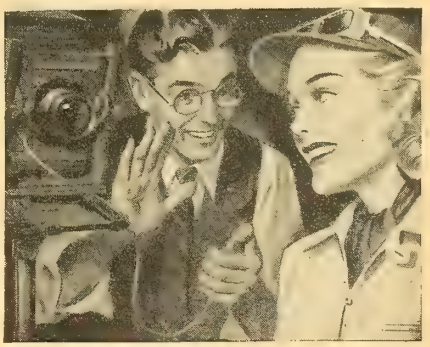
"It doesn't make sense, Lady! With your looks, you're a natural for the Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year—and what happens! 'Pink tooth brush' puts your smile in shrouds. It's oblivion for you unless you do something about that dingy smile!"

"Look at the glamor girls in any magazine. Their bright, sparkling smiles spell charm! And that's the kind of smile you can check up to healthy gums as well as sparkling teeth. I'm making your next booking—with the dentist!"

"Young lady, sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. And today's soft foods rob gums of natural exercise. They need more work." (Note: *A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.*)

"That photographer really was my friend! Ipana and massage each day—brighter teeth already—sparkling smile on the way! And when I massage my gums that stimulating 'tingle' seems to say, 'Your smile will soon be a picture for any magazine!'"

And sure enough, there came a day—



"O.K. Mr. Camera Man. Now let's see if you can really do justice to my sparkling new smile. And orchids to you and that dentist of mine for helping me win the honor of Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year. Yes, and a great big credit line to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Without that beauty treatment for my smile, I might have been minus a career."

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

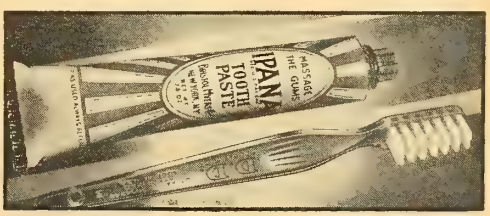
"PINK" on your tooth brush calls for immediate action. It means *—see your dentist at once.*

He may tell you our soft, creamy foods have denied your gums the natural exercise they need for healthy firmness. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make gums firmer, stronger.

Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you that circulation is speeding up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Let the regular use of Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier, more appealing smile through healthier gums and brighter teeth.



A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're hearing on all sides that the motion picture industry is doing a great job—producing marvelous training films, morale films; the theatres are selling stamps and bonds day and night and the stars are everlastingly on tour or on the air.

★ ★ ★ ★

Meanwhile in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer corner two feature films have bobbed their heads up with considerable bob. Like Tennyson's brook "Mrs. Miniver" goes on forever. The other picture deals with another "Mrs".

★ ★ ★ ★

It is "The War Against Mrs. Hadley". This tale of a Washington diehard has already captured its early audiences. It brings a lump of laughter to the throat. A lump of laughter is the kind with a tear in it.

★ ★ ★ ★

The "ten-best picture" game, started with "Mrs. Miniver", spread quickly to the four corners of all newspapers. If the game was a strain on you, we are afraid you're in for more of the same. For "Random Harvest" is coming (advt.).

★ ★ ★ ★

"Random Harvest", as you all-knowing readers know, is the best-selling novel by James Hilton. *The* James Hilton. *The Goodbye Mr. Chips* James Hilton, *the Lost Horizon* James Hilton.

★ ★ ★ ★

But above all, the Random Harvest James Hilton.

Ronald Colman, Greer Garson—Random Harvest stars. Mervyn LeRoy, R. H. Director. Sidney Franklin, R. H. Producer.

★ ★ ★ ★

In a column entitled "Picture of The Month" which runs in Good Housekeeping, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's and Newsweek, "Seven Sweethearts" is the choice.

★ ★ ★ ★

Many are screened but few are chosen. Congratulations "Seven Sweethearts". And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for thus bringing to the fore three promising stars in Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

I'm head over heels with joy at the crop of new films coming.

—Leo

One of the tricks of the trademark

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A RIP-ROARING COMEDY!

Here comes the hilarious Queen of Musical Hits that rocked Broadway stage audiences with laughter for a solid year. Radio riot Red Skelton and Blonde Bombsheil Ann Sothern at their best! A happy screenful of talent, temptresses and tunes by Cole Porter and others.

QUEEN OF MUSICAL SHOWS!

PANAMA HATTIE

STARRING

Red SKELTON · Ann SOTHERN

with "RAGS" RAGLAND
BEN BLUE
MARSHA HUNT
VIRGINIA O'BRIEN
ALAN MOWBRAY
DAN DAILEY, JR.
JACKIE HORNER

Watch for:
"THE SON-OF-A-GUN WHO PICKS ON UNCLE SAM"
A Musical Number you'll be wild about!

More talent than in 10 vaudeville shows including famed Berry Brothers, tops in taps!

TEN TOP TUNES including:

"Just One Of Those Things"
"Let's Be Buddies"
"Son Of A Gun Who Picks On Uncle Sam"
"Fresh As A Daisy"
"Good Neighbors"

Screen Play by
Jack McGowan and Wilkie Mahoney
Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD
Produced by ARTHUR FREED

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Don't Trust Yourself

To a Face Powder That Fails to Give Your Skin Color-Harmony

MEN THRILL to the touch of warm smooth skin. But how does your skin *look?* If streaks and blotches in your face powder mar the color-harmony of your face—a precious moment may be lost to you forever.

TRY THIS TEST. Press out a bit of your present face powder against a mirror. See those little streaks of raw color? Sure as fate, he'll notice them . . . just when you want him to notice only *you.*

FOR NATURAL color-harmony, try Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. Its color is blended for harmony so natural no flaws can show. Scented, too, with the "fragrance men love."

6 Ravishing Shades of Color. In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ One of Hollywood's top directors, George Cukor, has been on a very strenuous diet for years to keep his waistline down. The other night he was invited to a dinner party at the home of Joan Crawford. Before the party, Joan telephoned him several times to be sure about what he could and what he could not eat. Then, at the last moment, she decided to make it a formal party and phoned Cukor again. The director was out and his secretary answered the call. "How does George feel about dressing," asked Miss Crawford. "Oh," replied the secretary, "he never eats it."

■ "Don't imitate." That's the No. 1 advice to the ladies from one of Hollywood's ace cameramen, Eddie Cronjager. "The Garbo hairdress, the Crawford lips or the Joan Bennett make-up may look beautiful on them," he says, "but it probably won't on you. In conversation, try to feel what you say and try to make it show in your eyes. That inner radiance is worth more than all the cosmetics you can possibly slap on. Make up your mind—not your face. The person everyone, including the camera, sees, is you as you feel and think—not as you hope."

■ Joan Bennett and Billie Burke were swapping yarns about their respective children. "I've finally convinced Melinda that I'm old enough to know what I'm talking about," said Joan. "Well," commented Billie, "when my Patricia was 17 she didn't think I knew anything whatever. In fact, she didn't think so until she was 20." "Was she interested then?" Joan asked. "No," said Billie, "she was just surprised at how much I'd learned in three years."

■ As you know, pint-sized Mickey Rooney is sensitive about his height. And his latest screen sweetheart, Esther Williams, the former swimming champion is five feet, eight inches tall. Looking at Miss Williams on the set the first day, Mickey did a typical *Andy Hardy* double-take and said, "Am I shrinking, or did somebody dig me a deeper hole to stand in?"

[*Continued on page* 8]

One of filmland's surprise weddings was that of Lana Turner and Stephen Crane, former stock broker, who eloped to Las Vegas accompanied by Linda Darnell and Alan Gordon. Here the gay bridal party is shown on its return to Hollywood

Is she a Kid... OR IS SHE KIDDING?

"The Major thinks I'm twelve... or under. The Conductor suspects I'm twenty-one. Shall I let the Major "adopt" me for the ride—or get kicked off the train by the Conductor?"

What hilarious consequences follow when Ginger poses as a Minor and is taken for a ride (to a Military School) by the Major!

Paramount presents

Ginger ROGERS and Ray MILLAND

in "THE Major (is Ray Milland) AND THE Minor" (is Ginger Rogers)

GINGER I
GREATEST PER

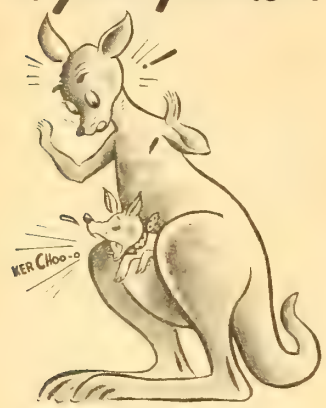
venty-four
amorous!

As a mother of fifty...
she'll steal your heart!

with Rita Johnson · Rob

ed by Billy Wilder - Written by
Brackett and Billy Wilder

Don't put a cold in your pocket!



DURING COLDS SMOTHER SNEEZES WITH *KLEENEX!* USE EACH TISSUE ONCE, THEN DESTROY, GERMS AND ALL. *KLEENEX* SOOTHES YOUR NOSE ... SAVES ON LAUNDRY!

(from a letter by K. J. S., Kalamazoo, Mich.*)*

WIN $25 (MATURITY VALUE) **WAR SAVINGS BOND** FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH

WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.

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SAVES TISSUES — SAVES MONEY! BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

No Grounds for Divorce

I USE *KLEENEX* AS A FILTER IN MY COFFEE MAKER. NOW MY COFFEE'S CLEARER —MY HUSBAND'S HAPPIER!

(from a letter by C. L. H., McPherson, Kansas*)*

THE CHINA CHIPPER!

BEFORE MOVING I PACK MY GOOD CHINA AND GLASSES IN *KLEENEX* TO PREVENT CHIPPING! WHEN I UNPACK I SAVE THE *KLEENEX* FOR DUSTING AND POLISHING!

(from a letter by W. E. S., Glendale, Calif.*)*

(*Trade Mark Reg U. S. Pat Off.)

Hedy Lamarr goes native. All she wears in M-G-M's *White Cargo* is a "lurong." Hedy plays a sultry temptress of the tropics opposite Walter Pidgeon in this torrid film

■ With the exception of one male villain, Bob Hope will romp through his new picture, *They Got Me Covered,* as the only he-man in a story full of females. Dorothy Lamour plays his girl friend, but Hope also gets romantically involved with Marion Martin, Phyllis Ruth and Bettye Avery. "That's the kind of a story I like," says Hope. "Lots of girls, lots of love scenes, and me alone through it all. Now if someone can prop my legs up straight and keep my knees from wobbling so I can come to work, everything will be all right."

■ One of those lah-de-dah chorines was telling a friend that she finally put her new Red Cross first aid book to use when two automobiles collided in front of her home. "What did you do?" she was asked. "I rushed out and saw that one of the drivers was seriously injured," she said. "Then I rushed back into the house and found out how to keep myself from fainting."

■ Lana Turner received her most unusual request from a fan while parked in a drive-in the other night. A young man begged her to take a bite from his hamburger sandwich. When she did, he stuck the sandwich in his pocket and ordered another.

four-word message, "Sighted sub—sank same." During his visit to Hollywood, Mason escorted Ann Sothern and Loretta Young to a Victory dance at the Cocoanut Grove. Several days later Miss Sothern received a postal card from Mason. He wrote: "For pleasant evening, thanks."

[*Continued on page* 10]

ıe glance between Anne Shirley and dmund O'Brien belies reconciliation amors about Anne and her ex, John Payne. She's in R-K-O's *Bombardier.* Edmund's in Universal's *Forever Yours*

Congratulations Errol Flynn

FOR YOUR VERY, VERY BEST WARNER BROS. PICTURE!

What a list of hits he has behind him! Yet for excitement unsurpassed, for pace unparalleled, for action beyond compare--for everything that makes an adventure-picture a life-long adventure for moviegoers, the top of the list is

ERROL FLYNN
thrillingly, stirringly teamed
with fandom's favorite
RONALD REAGAN
to lead a 5-man Commando mission in a devastating dash to Berlin and back!

DESPERATE JOURNEY

TO BE SEEN THIS MONTH!
(To be sure of the date check with your theatre)

With NANCY COLEMAN · RAYMOND MASSEY
Alan Hale · Arthur Kennedy · Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Original Screen Play by Arthur T. Horman

PRODUCED BY HAL B. WALLIS

Music by Max Steiner

September is SALUTE TO OUR HEROES month at all movie theatres! Buy a War Bond to honor every mother's son in Service!

LUXURIOUS SECURITY FOR

Fresh Summer Loveliness

—WITH A FINER BODY TALCUM OF FACE POWDER QUALITY!

YOUR BATH has relaxed you, lulled you. Staleness has been whisked away. Your whole body is fresh . . . lovely.

NOW—make *sure* of summer loveliness! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Compare it with other talcums . . . note Cashmere Bouquet's lack of grit, its silkier feel, its exquisite face-powder softness. See how it dries moisture; then magically disappears, leaving a satiny film to protect you against chafing.

AND FOR DRAMATIC CLIMAX . . . Cashmere Bouquet Talcum imparts to you the fragrance men love . . . lingers, so body odor won't brand you as the "lady who forgot."

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

■ For a scene in *Casablanca*, Humphrey Bogart walks into a cheap night club and is accosted by a girl of the streets. After taking one look, he shoves her away in disgust saying, "Beat it, Babe. You're not so hot." It would be just another movie scene except for this: The role is played by Mayo Methot, who in real life is Mrs. Humphrey Bogart.

■ In the next *Hardy* family picture, Mickey Rooney will join the air force. Wonder if Mickey and *Judge Hardy* will have one of those heart to heart talks—in an airplane.

■ New York stage actress Caroline Burke says she's a complete Hollywood nonentity. "I can't play gin rummy. I never wear lapel gadgets, and I've never had a date with Victor Mature."

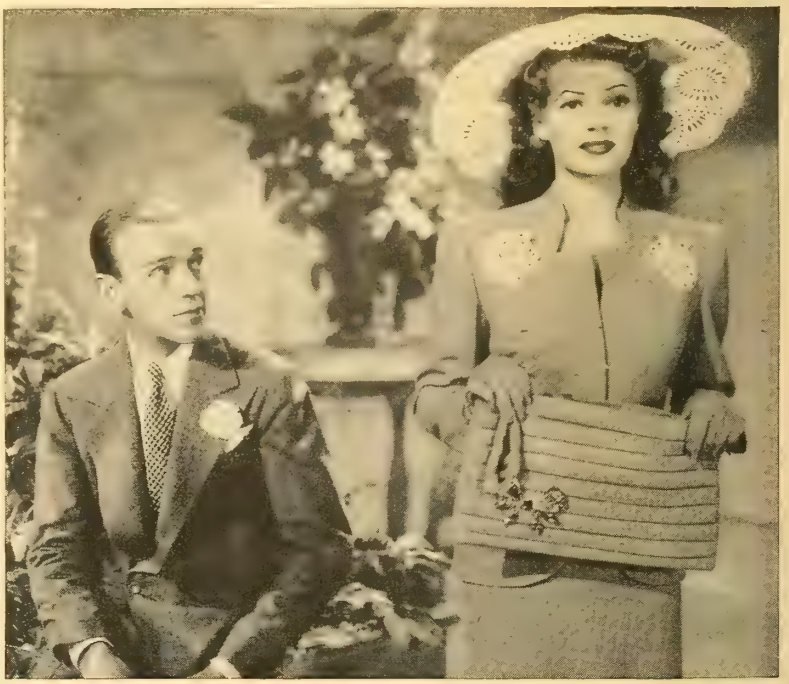
■ Now it comes to light that Hedy Lamarr was Vienna's youngest ballet star. At the age of six she starred in a ballet presented by Greta Wiesental, who was Austria's Pavlowa. The anecdote was revealed when Hedy's mother watched her do a native dance for a scene in *White Cargo*. "We didn't know Hedy could dance," said Director Richard Thorpe. "Well, we did," replied Mama, "and that's why her lessons were stopped. We didn't think the stage was her future."

■ Someone asked Laraine Day how she enjoyed being married to Ray Hendricks, an instructor in the Army Air Corps who has been stationed in Phoenix, Arizona, ever since their marriage two months ago. "It's wonderful," she said, "through the courtesy of the telephone company."

Ginger Rogers is currently being taken places by Randolph Scott. They were snapped at a nightspot. Ginger's in R-K-O's *Once Upon a Honeymoon*. Randy's in Columbia's *The Desperadoes*

■ Ann Sheridan and Jack Benny were posing for publicity pictures as the great lovers of all time. They posed as George Washington and Martha, as

[*Continued on page* 12]



Columbia's gay new musical, *You Were Never Lovelier*, brings together again the scintillating combination of Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth, who was never lovelier. Note Rita's very chic ensemble topped by novel chapeau

2 Triumphs!

FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX, THE COMPANY THAT GAVE YOU...

"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY" AND "MY GAL SAL"

OUT OF THESE TIMES MANY GREAT STORIES WILL BE BORN... BUT NONE WILL BE GREATER THAN THIS!

NEVIL SHUTE'S mighty story of Today becomes the picture of the year!

The PIED PIPER

MONTY WOOLLEY
RODDY McDOWALL
ANNE BAXTER
and **OTTO PREMINGER**
J. CARROL NAISH

Produced and Written for the Screen by Nunnally Johnson
Directed by Irving Pichel

35,000,000 people thrilled to the story in Collier's, Reader's Digest and the best-selling novel!

IT'S YOUTH SET TO DANCE! LOVE SET TO SONG!... and Your Heart will beat the Rhythm!

SHE'S BETTY! WILLING AND GRABLE.

John **PAYNE**
Betty **GRABLE**
Victor **MATURE**

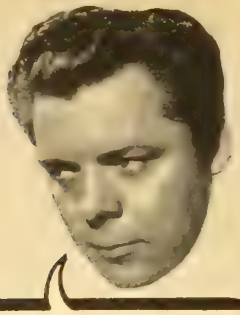
FOOTLIGHT SERENADE

JANE WYMAN ·with· James Gleason
Phil Silvers · Cobina Wright, Jr.
Directed by Gregory Ratoff
Produced by William LeBaron

SONGS YOU'LL BE SINGING
by Robin and Rainger
"I'M STILL CRAZY FOR YOU"
"I'LL BE MARCHING TO A LOVE SONG"
"I HEARD THE BIRDIES SING"
"ARE YOU KIDDIN'"
"EXCEPT WITH YOU"

Coming soon to your favorite theatre!

PERC WESTMORE, Head Make-up Artist at Warner Bros. studio



ANN, I'M TRYING TO TELL EVERY GIRL IN AMERICA WHAT WONDERS OUR FOUNDATION CREAM CAN DO FOR HER

ANN SHERIDAN, co-starred in "GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE", the Warner Bros. hit.

WELL I CAN VOUCH FOR THAT, PERC! AS YOU KNOW I USE IT CONSTANTLY... AND IT'S WONDERFUL!

Westmore Foundation Cream . . . wonder working powder base in six skin-tinted shades (there's blending face powder, too!)

- Developed by the famous Westmores.
- Creates a smooth, even, glowing tone.
- Helps conceal little complexion faults.

50¢

Regular size at drug stores everywhere. "Get-acquainted" size at variety stores. (Add 10% Fed. tax.)

House of WESTMORE Inc.
HOLLYWOOD

Joan Crawford startled Hollywood when she announced her marriage to Philip Terry, rising young actor. Since her divorce from Franchot Tone, her name has been coupled romantically with some half a dozen men, but Terry won her heart after a brief, whirlwind courtship. Joan's in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Reunion*

Anthony and Cleopatra, as Romeo and Juliet. Naturally, Benny took a lot of kidding. "It's okay with me," he said, finally, "just as long as they don't pose us as Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa."

■ On location at Knab, Utah, with the *Desperadoes* company, Glenn Ford Claire Trevor and Evelyn Keyes were inveigled by a local theater manager into making a personal appearance with a screening of *The Adventures of Martin Eden*. "You'll pack the theater," he enthused. They did. P. S. The theater seats 150.

■ The wife of a film producer surprised him the other day with a portrait of herself done by a local artist. "Isn't it wonderful?" she gushed. The producer took one look and then said, "But darling—this painter—he's a nobody. I've always thought some day we could afford to have your portrait done by one of the Old Masters."

■ Swell line in the script of *Girl Trouble*. Don Ameche gets a black eye and assorted bruises in a dance hall fight and Joan Bennett tells him. "You look like what I would like to do to Hitler."

■ Ameche, incidentally, would like to try his hand at directing. "Who knows," he says, "when the public will get tired of seeing my mug on the screen. When they do, I can hide behind the camera."

■ In the early days of Technicolor, color sequences were frequently inserted in black and white films to point up a par-

[*Continued on page* 14]

Queen Victoria comes to life again in the person of 21-year-old Diana Barrymore! In Universal's *Between Us Girls*, Diana portrays a variety of characters from a 12-year-old tomboy to the 80-year-old monarch

"I was that close to JOAN BENNETT!"

"And, my dear, she has the love-li-est complexion! You never saw anything like it! All peaches and cream! And what do you think...

"She takes an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL every single day. Uh-huh! With Lux Toilet Soap. Smooths the nice, gentle lather into her skin and...

"Rinses with warm water—then with cool. My dear, it's simply marvelous! All dust and dirt and stale cosmetics are gone quick as a wink and your skin feels so wonderfully *fresh*—

"Pat to dry. That's all! It's the grandest way to help your skin stay soft and smooth. I guess that's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

"It lathers in any kind of water—hard, cold—or what have you. And one cake lasts so long—it saves money. You ought to try it!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—

It's **PURE**
It's **MILD**
It has **ACTIVE** *lather*

ticular sequence. For the first time, the exact opposite will be done in Paramount's Technicolor film version of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. To give a visionary effect to the reminiscent story of *Pilar*, as she recounts *Pablo's* exploits leading the villagers to exterminate the town officials, Director Sam Wood will photograph the entire sequence in black and white "to enhance visionary effects."

■ Lina Basquette, who once starred in Cecil B. DeMille's *The Godless Girl*, is making a film comeback in *A Night For Crime*. She'll play a dual role of twin sisters and in one scene of the picture she'll murder herself!

■ There's more to a scene 14-year-old David Holt plays with Gary Cooper in *The Pride of the Yankees* than meets the eye. Holt plays an invalid lad whom Lou Gehrig, in the person of Cooper, calls on and promises to knock two home runs in a World Series game. The boy has infantile paralysis, but later he recovers and bursts through police lines to see Lou and thank him. "Do you think you can play the part?" Goldwyn asked Holt when he was interviewed for the job. "I think so," he said quietly, tears filling his eyes. "I—I—I had infantile paralysis." Two years ago Holt, stricken with the disease, was told by a doctor that he might never walk again. He was just making a name for himself as a juvenile actor at Paramount. His role with Cooper is his first since his recovery after many months of treatment.

Grace Bradley, starring in Hal Roach's *Taxi, Mister*, looks lovely in a pale blue gown with the new harem skirt, and shoulders trimmed with epaulettes of jewels and braid matched at the wrists

■ Rod La Rocque and his wife, Vilma Banky, are among the few one-time Hollywood stars who have stopped dreaming about a comeback. They live on a ranch 80 miles from Hollywood, raise lemons, and turn down all offers of movie jobs.

■ Hollywood has discovered a new kind of a romantic triangle for a picture titled *Buried Alive*. It's a horror film in which J. Carrol Naish will play the role of an ape who turns into a man. John Shepperd and Lynne Roberts will play the romantic leads. The new romantic triangle—the ape is in love with Lynne Roberts, who is in love with John Shepperd.

■ Tip to Hollywood press agents: You're overlooking a bet since the automobile tire shortage brought back the lowly bicycle. How about an elopement on a bicycle built for two?

■ Dave Starling, Hollywood radio announcer now in the Army, is writing pals: "No matter what month of the year it is, it's always March in the Army."

■ One of the most dramatic success stories in Hollywood—the story of Bud Abbott and Lou Costello's rise from the burlesque stage to film and radio stardom—will be brought to the screen soon by Universal. Strangely enough, the two comedians will play themselves in the film biography.

When big hits get together

RAY BOLGER, CONSTANCE MOORE, BENAY VENUTA and RONALD GRAHAM—four bright stars in "By Jupiter" playing at the Shubert Theatre in New York City.

★ ★ ★ ★

Here you are, folks . . . a couple of the biggest hits ever. "By Jupiter" for *grand entertainment* —and Pepsi-Cola for *grand drinking*. Pepsi-Cola's got everything. Grand taste, grand flavor and grand size—12 full ounces to the bottle. Step up today . . . and treat yourself to a *real drink*. A nickel gets you plenty, plenty, plenty.

★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

■ If violets, Ann Harding's favorite and lucky flowers, are any token, the blond star's film comeback in M-G-M's *Eyes in the Night* is earmarked for success. Her hairdresser, her wardrobe girl and her make-up girl all answer to the name of Violet. And the picture was adapted for the screen from a mystery novel titled, *Odor of Violets.*

■ Fred Astaire will have an entrance reminiscent of Barrymore for a scene in his Columbia filmusical with Rita Hayworth. Rita, a lovesick maiden, dreams about a knight in armor on a white, plumed charger. Astaire will be aboard her dream horse.

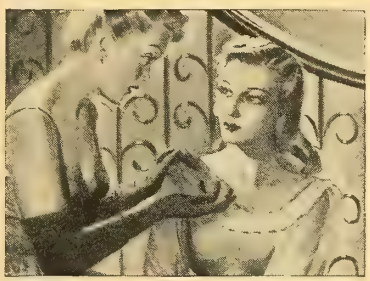
■ The Andrews Sisters have acquired a song with the year's longest title: "Mad About Him, Sad Without Him, How Can I Be Glad Without Him Blues."

■ As you know, Joan Davis is always being kidded, on the screen and on the radio, about her voice. The other night, her eight year old daughter, Beverly, was having trouble going to sleep, and Joan offered to sing a lullaby. "What?" said Beverly, "with that voice!"

Sonja Henie's costumes in her new film, 20th Century's *Iceland*, are as spectacular as the flashing young star herself.

"It's fun to sit out dances... but not when you sit alone!"

Peg: "But I'd rather solo out here, Helen, than sit on the mourner's bench inside!"
Helen: "Peg, darling, you shouldn't be a wall-flower! You dance like a dream—and you *look* like a dream! You'll have partners galore, if you will let me speak up!"



Peg: "But underarm odor, Helen! Why I bathed just before this party. I always shower every day. Isn't that enough?"
Helen: "Not if you want to be *sure*, Peg. Every day, before every date, I use Mum too!"

Peg: "Helen's right—and a pal to give me that hint! A bath washes away past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come!* Tonight's another party! I'm playing safe, with MUM!"

STAY POPULAR with Mum! Mum protects charm—the minute you use it, yet it *lasts* all day or all evening! Without stopping perspiration, Mum *prevents underarm odor.* Mum is *sure!*

Mum is *handy, quick*—takes only 30 seconds to use. You can use it even after dressing, or after underarm shaving, because *gentle* Mum is kind to clothes and skin. Get Mum today!

MUM
Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration
Product of Bristol-Myers

For Sanitary Napkins—*Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable! That's important in a deodorant for this purpose.*

Facts on Figures

By MARY BAILEY
Beauty Editor

Skip it! For fun and healthy muscle co-ordination. Donna Reed of M-G-M's *Apache Trail* shows you how. Hop or run in place if you don't have a rope

Plenty of stretch, pull and bend in this one. Lie flat, arms overhead. Keep your knees straight, sit and reach toes

How to do a good job for bust, back and waistline. From face-down relaxation, lock hands behind head and arch upper back

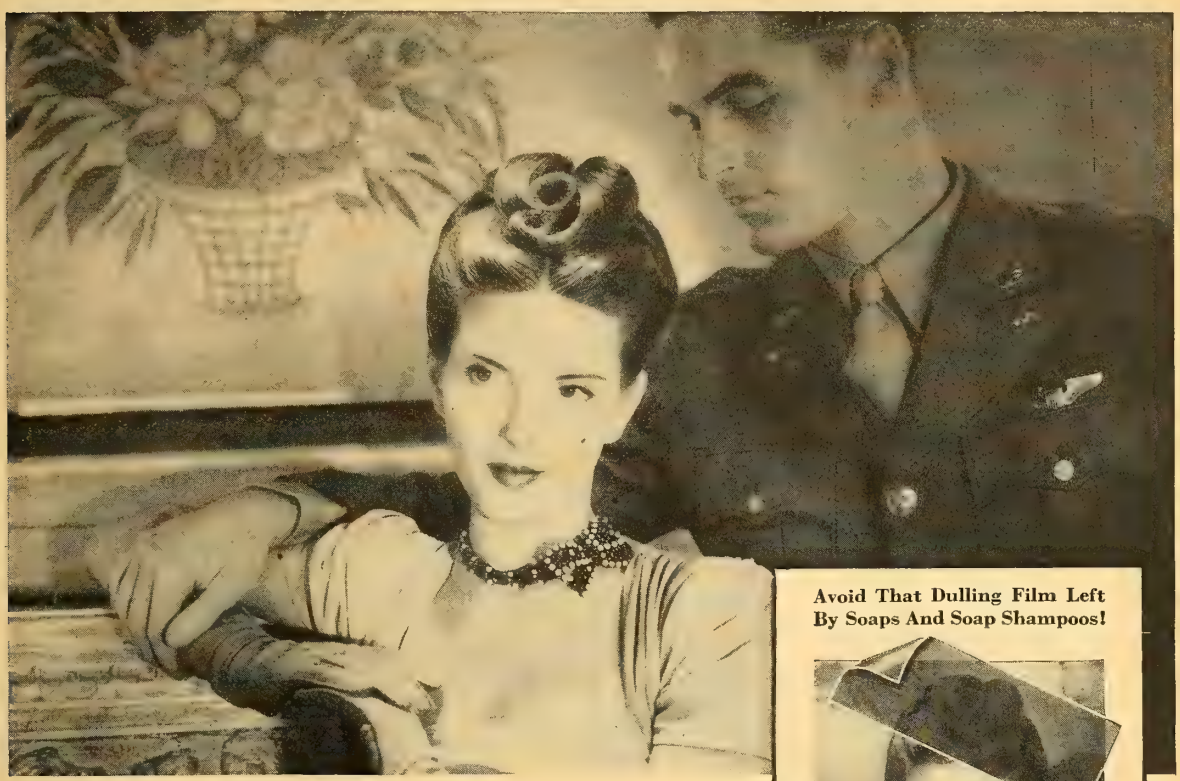
Stand with feet apart. Clasp arms over head. Now bend as far as possible first to the right, then left

Now, when we are all trying to do our best work for our Country in the great war effort, it's patriotic to keep our bodies functioning with vitality and precision. The Government has worked out a fine series of exercises to keep the women of America fit. Primarily, they were planned to strengthen weak muscles, to step up circulation and to get rid of unhealthy excess weight.

But it's a well-known fact that we look our best when we feel in top-notch physical condition. Actresses, whose work is tiring and demanding, have to be lovely twenty-four hours of every day. That's why Donna Reed was so eager to swing into the Government "Keep Fit" program. She knows this simple routine will keep her slim and straight. It will help to make her skin glow and her eyes sparkle. Best of all, she's preserving her pep and zip for all the extra hours of canteen work and War Bond drives.

Donna lies on her back with arms outstretched. Slowly she raises legs over head and touches floor

To give you new glamour, more allure
SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO ARRANGE!



So romantic—*this lovely new "up" hair-do, designed around a center part. Before styling, the hair was shampooed with new, improved Special Drene containing hair conditioner!*

Improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, now makes amazing difference! Leaves hair far more manageable . . . silkier, smoother too!

Would you like the man of your heart to find you even more alluring? Then don't wait to try the new, improved Special Drene, which now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it! For if you haven't tried Drene lately, you just can't realize how much silkier and smoother your hair will be, because of that added hair conditioner. And far easier to manage, too, right after shampooing!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage—right after shampooing!

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

SHE'S ALL THIS · · · and 21 TOO!

A Brand New Brilliant Barrymore!

She's Bewitching! . . . as a 12-year-old imp!

She's Radiant . . . as heroic Joan of Arc!

She's Glamorous! . . . as daring Sadie Thompson!

She's Magnificent! . . . as dynamic Queen Victoria!

Diana **BARRYMORE**

AND

Robert **CUMMINGS**

in THE HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

"Between Us Girls"

with *Kay* **FRANCIS**

JOHN BOLES, ANDY DEVINE, WALTER CATLETT, GUINN WILLIAMS, ETHEL GRIFFIES

Screen Play, Myles Connolly · True Boardman
Based on "Le Fruit Vert" by Regis Gignoux and Jacques Thery
Adapted by John Jacoby

Produced and Directed by **HENRY KOSTER**

Associate Producer, Phillip P. Karlstein

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

BETWEEN US GUYS — *She's Terrific!*

and when Diana goes all-out for Bob . . . it's a gay and gleesome riot that'll keep you whirling for weeks!

COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

His Majesty Abdicates

By DENNIS SPRAGUE

Charles Boyer, who rose to fame by his ability to prostrate the female of the species, wants a more distinctive monument on which to rest for future glory. He's turning to producing, with *Flesh and Fantasy* as his first effort

■ Things have happened to Charles Boyer, king of lovers, in the last few months. He has (a) become an American citizen, (b) discovered that we all grow older, and (c) grieved the female and puzzled the male population by stating that merely being a great lover is not a full life.

It was under the shock of this last heresy that we sought him out in his Universal studio retreat.

He personally answered the bell at his dressing-room office. It's a compact hut, wainscoted in knotty pine with reception room, dining nook, bath and salon. It's several studio blocks removed from the bustle of the business offices and producers' row, proper.

He led us to the salon, indicated a chair, and seated himself behind a wide, orderly desk. An open script lay before him. He spoke quickly, and sincerely, on his American citizenship. If the things for which his native France stood for in the world—*Liberte, Fraternite, Egalite*—are to be saved for the world, America must save them. In ten years in America he has become convinced that to do his part, now, he must not only be *in* America, but *of* America.

This is the rote and rubric of his Americanism. The way he says it, it sounds, to all practical and spiritual purposes, sufficient.

He is turning to production, he says, because he believes therein lies his field of greatest usefulness. He made no bones of his desire to be known as something more than a handy man with a honeyed word. He promptly scotched a suggestion that he would be enhancing his personal fortune. No one can make money now, he says, and he also said it's a good thing because it enables one to devote major energies to bigger things.

He speaks in that same throaty, spine-tingling voice he uses on the sound tracks. It's natural and has a stimulating ring with a sly suggestion of humor. He's taller than he appears on the screen, being around five feet ten, with broad shoulders, fine hands, wide-set, studious eyes, and olive skin.

His first picture as a producer will be *Flesh and Fantasy*. If it has a profound ring, that's all right with him. He believes people need a spot of thinking with their love making. In this story, prepared by him and Julien Duvivier, he's including some. He feels that story, not staging, wardrobe, hip lines and biceps, is the backbone of the motion picture.

He isn't prepared to say that all plays must be as profound as *Crime and Punishment* or *Hamlet*. Somewhere between these and silly comedies, he says, is a joyous Utopia. When he spoke of the deeper human sensibilities, he mentioned humor. In some, he says, this is appallingly deep and in need of intelligent excavation.

Flesh and Fantasy will fall into the episodic category, something like *Tales of Manhattan* or *If I Had a Million*. It will boast a cast headed by Boyer and including such luminaries as Edward G. Robinson, Thomas Mitchell, Anna Lee, Dame May Whitty and C. Aubrey Smith.

Physical things, like sets, will be subjugated in the hope of paving the way for intelligent use of natural exteriors in lieu of priorities-stricken synthetics.

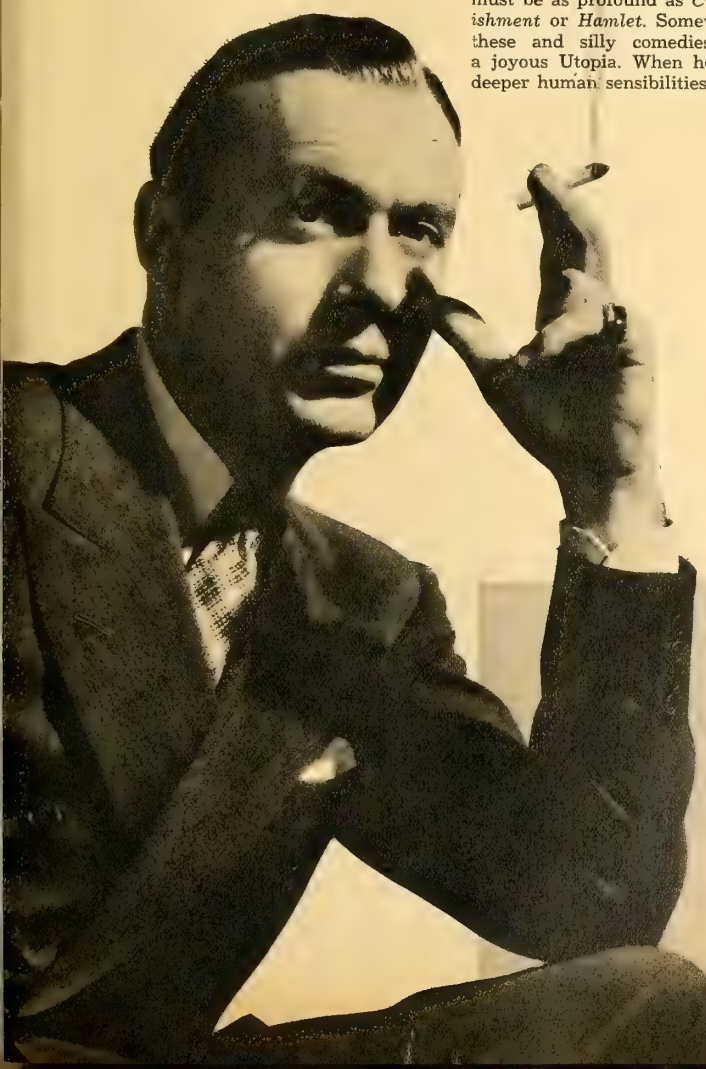
Boyer is basing his entry into production on the French system of making important pictures. There the writer, director and principal players (in that order of importance, he says) handle production. The *citoyen* bearing the title of producer is the angel. He puts up the money. The studios furnish the physical equipment . . . stages, props, etc., at a fee, then distribute the picture, on a fixed division of profit or loss, when it is completed. This system, he believes, enables the writer-director-actor trinity to subordinate commercialism to lasting quality and still make money.

He has still another shock for the girls. He intends to appear only briefly in one sequence of *Flesh and Fantasy*. He may be seen in a few subsequent Boyer productions, but he definitely intends to limit his acting in favor of the greater job of producing. He may even decide to give up acting entirely.

Asked if he planned to direct, he said frankly that he doubted he was qualified to undertake a big directing job, although he may try a hand at it as he gains in experience. Julien Duvivier, his co-producer, who scored so heavily with his directorial chores in *Tales of Manhattan*, will megaphone *Flesh and Fantasy*.

Boyer believes that the material shortage will put a premium on able acting. He says, joyously, that the paucity of film will eliminate myriad retakes and thus make it necessary for actors to learn their lines and have at least a nodding acquaintance with the characters they portray before appearing on the set. Lack of this has been, in the past, one of pictures' great faults, he claims.

As for his title of Charles I, king of lovers, he feels that this distinction is too fragile to accept as a permanent monument, at the same time expressing doubt that it has ever been conferred upon him. Although he has scaled the movies' giddy heights by his ability to prostrate the female of the species, he longs to be remembered, not as a great lover, but as a great producer. ■



The Four Most Hated People in Hollywood

By ARTHUR MacKENZIE

Extremist Katharine Hepburn shocked Hollywood with her utter disregard for conventions. Right: Paulette Goddard shrouded herself in mystery and almost lost her footing—simply because she kept quiet

■ When you come to Hollywood, you've either got to "go Hollywood" or run the risk of criticism and ostracism. You've got to get yourself a luxurious home on a hillside, stock your garage with shining cars, entertain lavishly, hire a press agent to herald your doings, and be seen at the right places. In short, if you want to be successful in Hollywood, you've got to "go Hollywood."

At least that was the firm belief until a foursome of rugged and stout-hearted individualists decided they would take a chance and risk the criticism and censure of the other inhabitants of the film colony.

It all began with Katharine Hepburn. The story of her Hollywood experiences is a story of tribulations and misunderstanding. No sooner had she set foot inside the film city than she invoked the scorn and disapproval of its residents. She went around shattering traditions, refusing to accept Hollywood's unwritten rules. She didn't think it undignified to drive about in an old, asthmatic jalopy instead of a sixteen cylinder Cadillac. She didn't believe in rigging herself out like Mrs. Astor's horse every time she appeared in public. She wasn't ashamed of her freckles, her snub nose or her scrawny figure. She was going to be Katharine Hepburn and nobody else. And if Hollywood didn't like it—well, Hollywood, according to Katy's attitude knew exactly what it could do.

And Hollywood did it!

It practically kicked the sensitive young lady out on her ear. It made it clear to her that her presence wasn't welcome. And when she returned to the stage after this outright rebuff, when she flopped in something that the film folk caustically captioned "Hepburn's Lake," Hollywood

puffed up its chest and said its prediction about the stormy petrel being a phony was right.

But Hepburn made Hollywood eat its prediction. When she turned out to be a sensation on the stage in *The Philadelphia Story,* when the film version was equally successful, and when she returned to Hollywood to put over one of the most spectacular deals in the history of films, she was simply cramming Hollywood's words down its throat . . . to the tune of $211,000.

Naturally, the West Coast residents didn't forget their dislike for this strange, independent girl who went about breaking all their traditions. They still can't understand how she can manage to get along without Hollywood's social life. It gripes them that she doesn't kowtow to the tin gods for favors. It puzzles them that she refuses to budge from living a simple and unpretentious life; that she dresses in cotton frocks; doesn't use make-up, and makes no pretense at being a glamour girl. But even though Hollywood hates her, it has to admit—even against its will—that she's still one of the finest players in pictures.

Hepburn isn't the only Hollywood misfit—as they call them. Orson Welles had a tough time bucking the hostility that greeted his arrival. He was laughingly referred to as "Little Orson Annie." He was caustically called "The Master" and later "The Monster." The film folk just didn't like him. They still don't like him. And their reason is mainly that he does things with the camera—simple things—that no one else dared do before.

Oldtimers resented the 4-way genius (producing-writing-directing-acting) of Orson Welles. Hollywood tried to freeze him out, but failed

When stories of his unorthodox methods of direction seeped out through the studio walls and reached the ears of the public, his critics laughed heartily. "He'll be Hollywood's most expensive flop," they smugly predicted. But Welles let all the unpleasant words roll off his back. He's still being laughed at. And he still doesn't care. He has the satisfaction of knowing that despite the obstacles in his path, his *Citizen Kane* managed at least to carry off the "Oscar" for the most original story. Many people thought he was entitled to more Academy Awards than he received.

Even after *Citizen Kane* stirred up so much controversy, the man who dared tackle a picture that no other producer would have undertaken, was still the object of much abuse. Everyone expected him to go scurrying back to his New York Mercury Theater with his tail between his legs. Instead, the unpredictable Mr. Welles stayed his ground. He made *Magnificent Ambersons,* and upon completion, immediately flew to South America to shoot *It's All True.*

He refuses to let anything interfere with the making of a good picture. He heard that Hollywood was free with its money and he figures that the money might as well go into good productions.

But by being original, he's also being unorthodox. He refuses to conform to the Hollywood standards of picture making. This may have led to the many unfounded stories about his being a conceited phony and megalomaniac. But Welles is simply an intelligent and level-headed young man, who works hard and doesn't depend upon his personality to put him across. That's why he's hated and laughed at.

If Orson Welles goes about smashing idols like a bull in a china shop, Paulette Goddard can link hands with him. Hollywood frankly disapproved of her from the moment Charlie Chaplin discovered her. But Paulette was hardly aware of this. If she's the most disliked woman in Hollywood today, it's merely because she's one of the few girls who doesn't shoot her mouth off. She never lets anyone know the details of her personal life. If rumors spread about her, she doesn't even condescend to deny them.

She's still the film colony's most mysterious person. For six years, no one even knew whether or not she was married to Charlie Chaplin. Not until the notice of her divorce from the comedian was made public, could anyone pin her down to admitting her marriage.

But Paulette is one of the smartest and shrewdest glamour girls in the country. She does some honest-to-goodness thinking. And she lets nothing annoy her. She has the courage to do what *she* thinks is right even if Hollywood doesn't. And all the nasty stories about that recent incident can be traced to the malicious tongues of those very people who hate her.

When that scandal started making the rounds, everyone expected Paulette to flee from Hollywood forever. She didn't. She stood her ground bravely. "She'll be the laughing stock of the town," they said. But nothing happened to Paulette because she was able to fight back with a more crushing weapon—silence.

Hollywood was stumped. It couldn't figure her out. Her career, instead of suffering by the bad publicity, improved. Instead of being scorned by the public, she was in greater demand. And by completely ignoring "the thing to do" (in this case, to retire from the screen), Paulette didn't add to her popularity in Hollywood. That didn't bother her. She won out on her own grounds over those jealous people who have always hated her.

The latest individualist to hit Hollywood—on the rebound—is Monty Woolley—the man with the fabulous beard and biting tongue. He goes around garbed in barbs. He is sarcastic, gruff and honest to the point of being offensive. But Woolley doesn't care. Hollywood needs him now. He is merely getting back at the very same people who wouldn't give him a tumble when he was here the first time. They wouldn't give him a chance to show his ability. They snubbed him and gave him the runaround. And today, Monty has his chance to snub back. But by so doing, he has made himself greatly disliked—disliked by these very people who kicked him when he was down.

Now that he can afford to be aloof, he refuses to accept their favors. He refuses to forget what he has suffered in the past. He refuses to be a nice boy. It doesn't bother him if the real phonies dislike him. He doesn't care if he's not invited to their social functions.

For Woolley, like Hepburn, Welles and Goddard, knows that it takes courage and intelligence to be an outcast and not mind it. He knows that when Hollywood hates you, nine times out of ten it's only because you've managed to be a success without asking for favors. ■

Latest individualist to be snubbed by Hollywood is Monty Woolley. Kicked around plenty on his first trip to filmland, Woolley's services are now in great demand

Madeleine Carroll's Secret Marriage

By SONIA LEE

When Stirling Hayden, the shy New England sailor, was introduced to beautiful Madeleine Carroll, no one foresaw the amazing outcome

■ Now the story can be told. The story of a woman who wouldn't believe her heart. The story of the romance of Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden.

Three months after their secret marriage in a small Connecticut town, Stirling verified the rumors with a formal admission. He and Madeleine were in Nassau, where Stirling was completing the commission of his boat before putting it into cargo service.

Simultaneously with the marriage announcement, the new rumor of expected parenthood began. That seemed a logical conclusion in view of the belated announcement.

When Stirling Hayden, the unknown, the novice, the boy who had followed the sea since he was fifteen, was cast in an important role in *Virginia*, in which Madeleine was starring, no one foresaw the possibilities of a serious attraction between these two.

They seemed so totally different. Here was Madeleine—a cosmopolite, a college graduate, a brilliant conversationalist, a beauty to whom men of two continents paid homage. A woman in her thirties. And here was Stirling—a tall, lean, blond, taciturn boy, whose teachers have been the sea and the stars, and the strange ports where the ships he sailed touched.

But the legend goes that Stirling took one look at Madeleine and lost his heart completely. They were introduced shortly before they were to play a delicate, subtle, romantic scene. The boy, much to the amazement of cast and crew, played it like a veteran. A prop man remarked when the scene was finished: "Watch this. The boy's fallen. He doesn't know enough about acting to play a scene like that unless he means it." Stirling's heart *must* have been in it, for this was only the second scene he had played for the cameras.

Throughout the making of *Virginia*, Stirling's eyes followed Madeleine constantly. She, in her turn, was sweet and gracious. She made suggestions. She helped him achieve a certain authority in his lines by rehearsing him frequently. Director Edward H. Griffith, Stirling's brilliant Columbus, was delighted with her co-operative attitude toward the newcomer.

Stirling's mother was a constant visitor on the set. They became close friends. The common denominator of their companionship was an interest in music. Mrs. Hayden was often Madeleine's house-guest.

That in itself was unusual. For Madeleine has developed few intimacies, rarely entertains. Never, in the full-blown style which Hollywood expects of its top luminaries.

It wasn't long before speculation on the degree of attraction between Stirling and Madeleine began.

There was only one flaw in the perfect picture. Madeleine was engaged to Count Richard de la Roziere, a French flyer. It was a romance with heroic flavor. And it seemed a suitable match for the golden Madeleine.

With the release of *Virginia*, there was little doubt that Stirling was well on his way to stardom. Under the brilliant direction of Griffith, Stirling's personality registered. Press and public alike accepted him without reservation.

Naturally, he had a lot to learn. In the months intervening between the completion of his first picture and the casting of *Bahama Passage*, the boy underwent additional grooming for stardom.

The routine and discipline involved was a source of resentment to Stirling. He couldn't eat what he wished because he had to be lean and hard. There were diction and dramatic lessons. He had to listen to advice. Many of the duties and restrictions incidental to stardom annoyed him.

However, he did adhere to the program mapped out for him. By the time *Bahama Passage* was ready for production, Stirling was ready for his stardom. He had achieved something extremely rare, even in miraculous Hollywood—stardom with his second picture.

Originally, Dorothy Lamour was cast for the role of the girl, and was to join the company on location in the Bahamas. Then the studio announced that Madeleine Carroll had replaced her.

What had happened was this. Madeleine was vacationing in Florida and the Count was visiting her. After the fall of France, he had escaped to Africa and eventually made his way to Canada, where he was attached to the Ferry Command. He was flying both to England and to Pacific outposts.

Madeleine flew down to the Bahamas and pleaded with Griffith to give her the role slated for Lamour. Dorothy's heavy schedule, Madeleine's extraordinary eagerness finally converted Griffith to the idea and the substitution was made.

Actresses before Madeleine have left no stones unturned to be cast in a certain picture. But it [*Continued on page* 32]

Gable's Farewell Film

Clark Gable has quit the screen for the duration. He is a brave man who feels there is another place for him where he can better serve his country. His enlistment as a private in the machine gun corps of the Air Force proves he is a real patriot without any thought of material gain for himself. His farewell film is ironically entitled *Somewhere I'll Find You*. It is another of those action-filled pictures in which Gable, a war correspondent in the Pacific, falls in love with Lana Turner. These scenes depict some of the exciting moments from the film

The Riotous Road to Morocco

By KAY PROCTOR

■ A camel named Martha pegged it.

Martha and another camel, together with a quartet of dancing cobras, eight woodenheads and sixteen harem cuties share honors with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour in a new Paramount picture called *Road to Morocco*. It's the third road the trio has traveled incidentally, the other two having led to Singapore and Zanzibar.

Halfway through the picture, Martha turns to her camel companion, dolefully shakes her head and says:

"This is the screwiest movie I've ever worked in!"

Screwy it is, from beginning to end. Any semblance of sanity or reality was thrown overboard at the start because Director David Butler had but one goal in mind: to make people laugh. Laughter is needed now as never before, he feels, with the everyday drama of life geared to tragedy, suffering and sorrow. If gags and utter nonsense could do the trick, to heck with a plot or continuity!

They had a script of sorts for *Road to Morocco*, but it turned out to be merely a handy clothesline on which to hang the impromptu zaniness the cast dreamed up on the spur of the moment. In one sequence, for instance, Bob and Bing are attempting to enter the harem boudoir of the lovely *Princess Shalmar*, played by Dorothy Lamour. The sheik to whom she is betrothed (Anthony Quinn) had sought to forestall such a venture by planting four cobras outside her door as bodyguards. The cobras swing into action and so do the boys; they grab musical instruments from a wall and seek to tame the reptilian playmates with sweet music. A conga keeps them in a rhythmic line, but each time Bing and Bob stop playing, the cobras again advance menacingly. So far so good, but how to end the scene?

"I've got it!" Bob yelled. "We play 'Off to Buffalo!' "

"Off to Buffalo" it was, with the snakes exiting right in a perfect Buffalo shuffle.

Again there was a scene in a Moorish inn where Bing is having a session with his conscience for having sold Bob as a slave. In his sleep the ghost of his *Aunt Lucy* appears, complete with wings, harp and neon halo, to chide him for the act and give directions for rescuing the hapless Hope. Suddenly *Aunt Lucy* interrupts herself. "I can't talk any more," she whispers. "Here comes Mr. Jordan."

Two versions of the scene had to be shot, one with and one without the halo for *Aunt Lucy*, who was played by Bob with the aid of curls, earrings and an inflated bosom. English censorship prohibits the screen presentation of the accoutrements of an angel to British audiences. In America wings and a halo are okay.

The thin thread of story starts with a shipwreck which lands Bing and Bob on the African coast. There they find Martha, the camel, and ride away to a village which is celebrating the betrothal of the local princess to a great sheik. Broke and hungry, Bing sells Bob into slavery, and then at *Aunt Lucy's* behest, starts out to rescue him, only to discover he has been bought by the princess and taken to the palace. Bob apparently has worked fast, for preparations are under way for his marriage to the princess. The sheik arrives in a grand flurry of fury and is placated only when the princess reveals she is marrying Bob for a good reason: the local astrologer has predicted her *first* husband will die a violent death within a week of the wedding!

Meanwhile Bing has become smitten of the princess and enters the lists for her hand. From there on it is a potpourri of action, occasionally relevant to the story, which winds up with a grand kidnaping and a clue to the next *Road* picture. That gag is too good to be spoiled by telling.

Just as the penguin almost stole *My Favorite Blonde*, Martha, the camel, bids fair to walk off with *Road to Morocco*. But it was by accident that she was permitted to remain in the cast! Director Butler reviewed the first day's rushes and was glum indeed about Martha; in all the footage she had maintained a blank expression which never varied by so much as the wink of an eyelash. He was staring at her at close quarters the next day, trying to figure an out, and as he stared he puffed thoughtfully on a cigarette. Suddenly Martha's nose began to twitch and her face

Any semblance of sanity in *Road to Morocco* is purely accidental. The third in the popular *Road* series again stars Hope, Crosby and Lamour

registered pleasure. Cigarette smoke was her dish! From then on one man was assigned the unique job of smoking Martha into the mood; her favorite brand of smoke for a pleased expression and whiffs of brands she didn't like to produce disgust. It worked like a charm.

Muk, the champion acting chimpanzee of Hollywood, grew temperamental, too. Muk was used for a scene where Bing and Bob are dubiously examining a magic wishing ring given them by the princess. Feeling the extreme heat, Bob expresses a desire for a scotch and soda. Miraculously the drink appears in his hand.

"I'll be a monkey's uncle!" he exclaims in surprise. The next moment Hope has disappeared, and Muk the monk, dressed in a counterpart of Bob's costume, has taken his place. Muk was proving sullen and uncooperative for the scene and no amount of coaxing by his trainer could change him. Then someone remembered Royce Finlay, a property man for whom Muk had formed a great attachment on a previous picture. Finlay was called from another set and Muk promptly began to behave.

Any Hope-Crosby picture always produces a battle of wits, wisecracks and gags between the two, but the all-time high was reached in the scene with Muk. Butler was explaining to Bing he would have to stand very still while Hope apparently vanished and Muk took his place.

"You're making a monkey out of Hope and you think I won't stand still for that?" Bing quipped. "Try me, brother. I'm a statue!" The two joined forces on another gag, however, this one perpetrated on a group of innocent bystanders who were visiting the set. Part of the monkey scene called for trick action, so a midget was employed and dressed in a monkey suit and make-up. Bing and Bob went into a brief huddle with him and then sat back to await the results.

The visitors were interestedly watching the action before the cameras when the erstwhile docile "chimpanzee" ran amok. Screeching horribly, he charged the bewildered watchers, flung himself violently on their arms and legs and otherwise terrified them while a "trainer," recruited from the property department crew, vainly tried to control the raging "beast." In panic the visitors raced for the exit of the stage—and Bing and Bob doubled up with laughter, for the visitors had been old friends from show business, wiseacres who knew all the answers.

Dona Drake, lively Paramount starlet, has her most important role to date in a song and dance sequence

Things start happening when Bob and Bing spot *Princess Shalmar*, a local beauty played by Dorothy Lamour

Perhaps the prank was inspired by the picture, for the twins of comedy run berserk in the gags they pull on the tribesmen of the African desert. They sprinkle gunpowder in tobacco so cigarettes blow up in the faces of the smokers. They bore holes in wine goblets so the liquid sprays the chin whiskers of the drinkers and give a double hotfoot to opposing factions gathered at a banquet table.

Proudest creation of the production department, however, was the pair of red velvet slippers which Bob wears in the boudoir scene, when Dorothy talks him into a hasty marriage. Done up in brocaded pantaloons and a satin turban, Bob is shown reclining on a silken couch. As Dorothy kisses him, the camera moves to focus on his feet. The toes of the slippers, which were curled up like snails, suddenly stand straight out for a moment and then snap back with a bang!

To obtain the effect, fine wires were strung along the insides of the soles and out through the backs of the slippers. A workman out of range of the camera manipulated the wires for the startling effect. Ah, sweet mystery of Hollywood. ■

IMPORTANT

30 STARS IN ONE FILM! DON'T MISS OUR TERRIFIC PRODUCTION STORY ON "STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM" WITH MAMMOTH CAST INCLUDING EVERY BIG NAME STAR ON THE PARAMOUNT LOT!

Moroccan man-bait: eye-filling Yvonne de Carlo, Suzanne Ridgeway, Louise La Planche and Brooke Evans—four reasons why *Road to Morocco* is nice going

Any Crosby-Hope picture always produces a battle of wits. The all-time high was reached in *Road to Morocco*

Campus Cottons

By

CATHERINE ROBERTS

FASHION EDITOR

[See "Clues on Clothes"—page 65]

■ Cottons for fall, smart, washable, extremely wearable and definitely patriotic. They have a warm, fresh, gay look that is young and charming. That they're practical goes without saying.

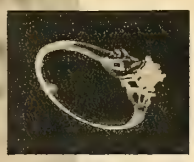
Washing these new cottons is simply a matter of careful preparation. Be sure that there is nothing in the pockets. Thoroughly dissolve a mild soap in fairly warm water, *then* dilute it with tepid water. Hot water is apt to dull colors and make white look yellow. When water is the right temperature (not quite cool when you put your hand in it), rapidly rinse the garment through it. It's the soapy water rinsing through the fabric that cleans it. Rinse soap out completely in at least two changes of water and preferably three. Squeeze out excess water, then hang in shade. For corduroys, hang inside out, shaking frequently. Do not iron or press corduroy. Proper clothes care keeps them looking smart longer. Do your part. Conserve clothes!

Left: Cutest Campus Coat is this teddy-bear fleece one (about $25) in white, gayly lined and trimmed with brilliantly striped broadcloth. Wear it over *anything*! Hahne's, Newark

Detachable velveteen collar and cuffs make this cotton gingham suit a sharp choice for first fall days in school. About $8 at Loeser's, Brooklyn

Dark green pinwale corduroy jumper over a dark plaid cotton blouse makes a keen combination. Jumper costs about $8, Shirt $4. Leading stores

HONEY-BLONDE—WITH A FRESH-AS-WILD-ROSES COMPLEXION



Jane's Precious Engagement Ring is dear and sweet like herself. A Tiffany setting of gold holds the clear, sparkling diamond that once belonged to her fiancé's grandmother.

DAINTY JANE DRURY

of Leominster, Massachusetts—engaged to Loring Harkness, Jr., of New York and Connecticut. Loring was preparing for a teaching career—but, like so many boys now, he's working in a defense plant until the Army calls him.

Adorable, modern daughter of a distinguished New England family, Jane plunged right into war duties after college. She works like a beaver at her Civilian Defense job and nearly dances her feet off "hostessing" at U.S.O.

Wherever she goes, Jane has compliments about her lovely complexion. "I tell all the girls just to use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "Then they'll see why I say it's so 'super'—and makes your skin feel so soft and spandy clean."

Copy Her Soft-Smooth Complexion Care

First—Jane smooths Pond's Cold Cream carefully over her face and throat—pats with gentle finger tips to soften and release dirt and old make-up. Tissues off well. Next—she "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues it off again.

Use Pond's Cold Cream as Jane does—*every night*—for quick daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Miss Fernanda Wanamaker and Mrs. Allan A. Ryan use this soft-smooth cream—why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. At your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big* jars!

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S

They love to look at Jane!

Loring and Jane with two Army friends on leave. There's always a "sweet-as-a-pink" look about Jane's flower-fresh complexion. She gives Pond's lots of credit for helping to keep her skin so softly smooth.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

Popping Questions at Bob Taylor

Quizzed by HELEN HOVER

Affable Bob Taylor responded eagerly when cornered by HOLLYWOOD'S quiz reporter, Helen Hover, who fired some forty personal questions at him. He is shown with two favorite pets, Princess, a Boxer, and Champ, a terrier

A. .....

Q. When did you make your most glaring faux pas?

A. At a Swedish-American Ball in Stockholm in 1937. While escorting Princess Bernadotte down the grand staircase, I caught my heel in the trousers of my full dress suit and fell flat on my ——. Regardless of what I fell on, it was emphatically an embarrassing moment.

Q. In what ways would you say that you and Barbara are most alike?

A. In the fact that we both worry, are both rather moody, and both enjoy seeing and making pictures.

Q. In what ways are you most unlike?

A. Barbara doesn't sleep well; I do—like a log. Barbara doesn't eat much; I do—like a (well, it doesn't really matter).

Q. How do you react when female fans gush over you?

A. .....

Q. When were you most discouraged about your career?

A. About three years ago after having had three or four inferior pictures and a considerable amount of questionable publicity. Believe me, I was *plenty* worried.

Q. What is your sore spot?

A. I suppose the one which *did* bother me most was that fairly decrepit one about "pretty boy." That sure used to rankle. I tried never to let on, however, and it kind of went the way of all flesh.

Above: Rated one of the handsomest men on the screen, Bob prefers tough-guy roles in Westerns. He's in *Clear For Action*

Q. If you could live your life over, what would you want changed?

A. I wish that my father could have lived to share part of the success that I have been able to attain. I'm sure I could have shown him a wonderful time in return for all the fine things he did for me.

Q. Have you ever overheard any unflattering remarks about yourself in a movie house?

A. Far too many times. That's why I now

Q. What unkind rumor about yourself most upset you?

A. The one several years ago that I was going to attempt a "comeback" when I wasn't even aware that I had been out of pictures.

Q. Were you ever embarrassed doing a love scene?

A. Once or twice in *Camille*, merely because the style of the dialogue was so foreign to me that I felt like a fish out of water. It's been a long time, however, since I've felt any self-consciousness about such a scene.

Q. Do you take an interest in the way your wife, Barbara Stanwyck, dresses, and do you try to advise her?

A. Like all mere males I suppose I consider myself an authority on women's clothes. I do make many suggestions along these lines. Whether they are accepted, or whether she merely convinces me that her own preferences are "actually the very thing I was suggesting," I don't know. Needless to say, I feel that she dresses very smartly, looks very well. Thanks to . . .

Q. What type of clothes do you like most on your wife?

A. Tailored things. Suits, slacks, and simple dinner clothes.

Q. If you have any children, which of yours and Barbara's qualities and features would you want them to inherit?

Next Month
Hollywood's Quiz Reporter
puts
Claudette Colbert
on the spot

high-brow art it made up for in steadiness of work. She soon became one of the most popular actresses on the air and at one time was simultaneously acting in eight different air shows. It was through radio that she met Orson Welles, then a daring young man on the airwaves; and he promptly cast her in practically every one of his network shows. Welles once said that Agnes could play any type of role except that of *Baby Snooks*, and when he invaded Hollywood, he took her with him. While Welles' Hollywood career has been as full of ups and downs as the war news, Agnes' has risen steadily until now she is fast becoming the girl whom producers think of with relief when they have a difficult part to cast.

Agnes lives quietly in a rented cottage in a modest suburb right outside of Hollywood, and when she has free time she promptly heads East to Ohio where she has a 320 acre farm and a good-looking husband, named Jack Lee. They met when they were both students at the dramatic academy. She was walking down the school steps when she heard a masculine voice behind her say, "There goes the straightest back I've ever seen on a girl." She turned around sharply and faced a grinning young man. Soon after graduation they were married. They had shared a mutual interest in acting, but Jack gave up histrionics and today he manages their large farm, while Agnes still has the acting fixation.

Between assignments, Agnes makes quick tracks to the farm where she wears dungarees, goes without make-up, pitches hay and has the time of her life. And whenever he can, Jack goes to Hollywood to be with the little woman. The arrangement has worked out successfully and they have never been separated for more than two months at a time.

This shows that Agnes is a young woman of good sense. You're right. Unassuming, well-bred, thoroughly natural, she is a happy combination of dignity and fun. She has an amazing memory for faces and when she spots a familiar face in a crowd, she is not satisfied until she places it. It's an obsession, and she can't concentrate on much else until she knows just *where* she saw that person. This is a form of goofiness which amounts to a fixation with her, and its most coincidental phase came last year when she saw a childhood picture of Orson Welles at the age of eight, in a magazine. The face was familiar and she mulled about it for weeks. Suddenly it came to her. He was the precocious, rather conspicuous little boy who once sat at the table next to hers one Saturday afternoon at the old Waldorf Hotel in New York. This memory feat amazed even the great Mr. Welles, for he admitted that his father did take him to that hotel when he was a youngster. She even described the suit he wore! Now when people ask Orson how long he's known Agnes Moorehead, he says casually, "Oh, ever since I was eight."

This sometimes leads a few people to believe that he gave her a picture break because of a long friendship. But such a thought is immediately dispelled when they see Agnes on the screen. That girl can act—and it takes only a ten minute acquaintance to know it! ■

Romance can be divine

FOR lovely *protection* of your hands' youth-like smoothness—for help in *preventing* degrading rough, chapped hands—use Jergens Lotion regularly. It's easy! Jergens Lotion leaves no sticky feeling.

You give your hands practically professional care with Jergens! Two of its secret ingredients are the very ones many doctors use for helping harsh skin become heavenly soft. Take Hollywood's way to darling hands—use Jergens Lotion!

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7 times as many of the Stars in Hollywood use Jergens as any other lotion! Smooth Jergens on your elbows, too!

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FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

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(In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
I want to try the favorite hand care of the Stars. Please send me a free bottle of Jergens Lotion.

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• Join the fun with clothes made gay, youthful, sparkling with RIT. A single package of RIT can change your dress—your evening—your entire life! Take those old frocks out of the closet *tonight*—give them a once-over with RIT—and see if life isn't gayer. Buy Defense Stamps with the savings!

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28 Colors. Use White Rit to take color OUT!

NEVER SAY DYE . . . SAY **RIT** TINTS & DYES

Madeleine Carroll's Secret Marriage

[*Continued from page 22*]

has always been in behalf of a great acting role—a role such as *Scarlett* or *Melanie* or *Rebecca*.

This part, while, substantial, held no promise of artistic aggrandizement.

But this it did promise to Madeleine—a close companionship with Stirling. In the long hours and days on the isolated Bahama Island where the picture was being made, she knew she would find the answer her heart sought.

Did she love Stirling? Did she love the Count?

As far as the world was concerned, she gave no inkling of the conflict within her.

As the picture progressed, Madeleine and Stirling were more constantly together. Toward the end of the location trip they were inseparable. They mingled little with the rest of the company. They wandered away by themselves. They seemed to have much to discuss. They laughed a lot. They whispered a lot. Which is the way of a man and a woman in love.

When the company returned to Hollywood, Stirling's dissatisfaction with the life of an actor became evident. He was restless and unhappy. Time and again he stated that being an actor wasn't what he wanted to do with his life.

His great dream had always been to possess a boat. When Paramount executives learned about this, they bought him the *We're Here*.

It was to be a bonus for two pictures—for the completed *Bahama Passage*, and for the one to follow.

But Stirling never made that next picture. He returned the boat to the studio and went away. Hollywood sought a reason for his extraordinary behavior. He was throwing away fame and wealth. Could it be unrequited love for Madeleine?

Not many weeks after Stirling's departure, Madeleine asked for a year's leave of absence from her Paramount contract. She established herself in a small house in Connecticut. Stirling's mother lived with her.

They eluded the press, swore everyone to secrecy, and were married.

In June, Stirling reappeared in Hollywood, asked studio executives to arrange for the return of the boat, and proceeded to make necessary repairs on it. On his way to the Coast he had stopped at Nassau, recruited a native crew and brought them along with him.

He sailed the *We're Here* to Nassau, where Madeleine joined him, and where their marriage was made public.

Currently, the studio is attempting to lure Madeleine back to Hollywood. Whether she returns or not will depend largely on the truth of the stork rumors and on Stirling's schedule. It is his intention to run cargo between Caribbean Sea ports and Canada. If Madeleine remains in the East, she will see Stirling much more frequently than if she were in Hollywood.

For Madeleine Carroll—the woman who has been proclaimed one of the real beauties of this generation—has found the answer her troubled heart was seeking. ■

Beauty Headliners

To women's cries of "What will we wear for stockings," cosmetic manufacturers were quick with an answer. For the modern way of putting on stockings is out of a bottle . . . each week brings a new bottle to the desk of your beauty editor . . . and our motto being "We test before we tell," we've tried them all.

Want just a pseudo-tan? Then, by all means use one of the so-called "tints." These are clear, brown liquids which darken the skin, so you look as though you'd spent many long hours on the beach. Bellin's Wondersheer, available in two shades—Amber Beige or Rose Beige—is this type of liquid stockings. Wear them to work, in swimming, in the rain . . . they stay put until removed with soap and water.

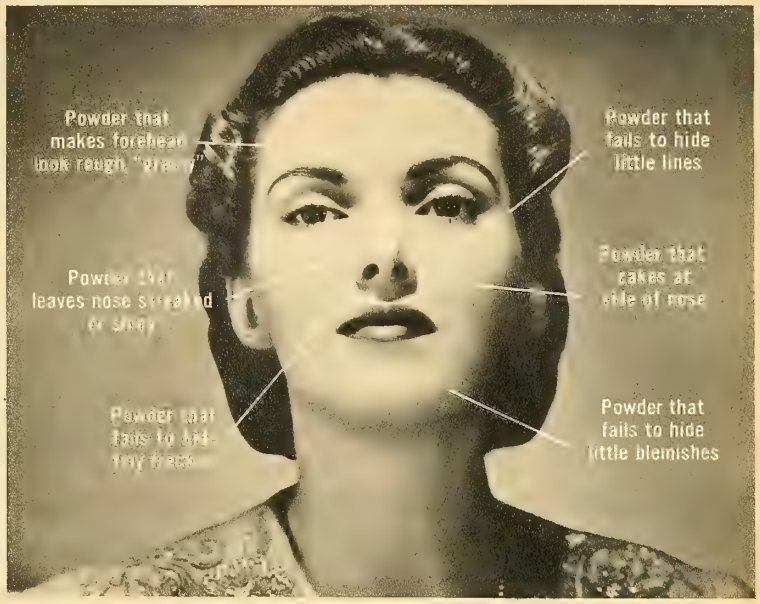
A real cover-up for the legs is provided by the powdery liquid type product, such as The Liquid Stocking. This coats the legs and looks like fine sheer hose. Four fashion shades to select from, waterproof and streak-proof.

LIP SERVICE BY DOROTHY GRAY . . .

Wrapped around a new wartime plastic lipstick case, is a transparent strip. Imprinted in red are six different lip patterns. You try them against your own lips, as shown above. Study the effect of each one in the mirror to find your most becoming shape. Then go to work with the lipstick . . . and see what a difference a change in mouth can make. No extra charge for Lip Service . . . it's yours with the purchase of a Dorothy Gray dollar lipstick . . . just ask for the special lip service package.

Miscellany . . . Chen Yu Nail Repair to save your broken fingernails. Easy to use, good results. Apply a small quantity over the broken nail, cover with tissue paper, then apply a second coat. When thoroughly dry, dress it up with bright nail lacquer . . . Tangee Lipstick in a new shade, Medium Red, clear, bright, true red and it's made with Satin-Finish for long lasting smoothness . . . An antiseptic deodorant cream, Etiquet, by the makers of Hind's Honey and Almond Cream. Tested for efficiency, it works like a charm, checking perspiration from one of three days. Smells nice and fragrant . . . Pond's Lips in a non-priority plastic case. Still in the familiar Pond's soft green . . . with an incurved base for better "grips" . . . By Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor.

Which of these 6 "FACE POWDER TROUBLES" do You have?



New-texture powder helps end these troubles—makes skin look fresher, younger!

WHAT DO YOU SEE when you *re-powder* your face? Does your skin look smooth, fresh, appealing? Or does the powder look caked on your forehead and chin? Does your nose look streaked or shiny? Do tiny lines around your eyes and mouth seem emphasized?

Don't blame your skin for what you see in the mirror: *blame your face powder!* For these are "face powder troubles"... and now you can quickly help end all these 6 troubles, just by changing to the amazing new-textured face powder!

Here is the secret of this new face powder

What is its name? *Lady Esther Face Powder!* Why is it so different? *Because it's made differently!* How is it made? It isn't just mixed in the usual way—*it's blown and reblown* by *TWIN HURRICANES*, blown until it's smoother, finer by far than powder made by ordinary methods!

Women who use this new-texture face powder for the first time are thrilled to see what a "baby-skin" smoothness it gives their skin. They say this new, smoother texture seems to hide tiny lines and blemishes, and even little freckles! They say this new-texture powder seems to change the whole appearance of their skin—seems to make it look smoother, fresher, and often years *younger!*

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and when you find the one that's most flattering to your skin, *you'll know you've found your lucky shade!*

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FACE POWDER

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Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

Presenting... Jean Rogers

By ELEANOR HARRIS

ROGERS, JEAN: Five years ago she appeared in *Eight Girls in a Boat*, and ever since she's been climbing quietly but steadily to stardom. You've seen her in six serials and in dozens of feature pictures, including *Let's Make Music, Yesterday's Heroes, Brigham Young, Design for Scandal, Dr. Kildare's Victory, Pacific Rendezvous* and *Sunday Punch*.

BORN: In Belmont, just outside of Boston, Massachusetts. Five years ago a Hollywood talent scout burst into her conservative New England life—and she headed westward for good.

FAMILY: Her family is her mother, Mrs. Ellen Lovegren—Jean's closest friend and companion. They share a home together in Hollywood as they did in Belmont. Every time Jean's option is raised, her mother knows the good news by finding a present at her dinner plate that evening . . . a new brooch or maybe a bracelet.

MARRIED: No, and she's not in the market for a husband. She's only shopping for one thing now—a career.

EDUCATED: She went to Belmont's grammar and high schools, always carrying an easel with her school books. Her plan was to be an artist after studying in Paris and New York. But along came Hollywood instead.

APPEARANCE: Jean is labeled "New England" by her charmingly modulated voice and reserved and quiet manner. She is five feet five inches, 116 pounds, brown-tressed, blue-eyed and lovely. Her clothes are always sports and mostly blue.

HISTORIC LANDMARKS: One warm summer afternoon five years ago, a man tapped her on the shoulder and changed her whole life. She was leaning on the rail of an excursion boat going from Nantasket to Boston, busily telling her mother her plans for an artistic future. She was interrupted in the middle of a sentence by a fast-talking talent scout. Jean soon found herself in a Boston "survival of the loveliest" contest, with a new name (Rogers) and a new aim (pictures). She won, came a bit disdainfully to Hollywood—and stayed to love it and her movie work.

SOCIAL LIFE: Not very social. Jean prefers a quiet and ordered existence divided into three neat sections: acting, outdoor sports, and studying art. She spends a few evenings a week with men (non-movie ones), but most of her evenings are spent with her nose to the sketch-pad. In the daytime when she's not under Kleig lights and a camera, she's always out in the sunshine on a horse or a tennis court. She also bowls and swims.

HOME LIFE: As simple and comfortable as life in the proverbial salt-box house of New England. If you toured through Jean's Beverly Hills duplex, you'd find two charming bedrooms, a living-dining room and a kitchen. Outside in the garden you'd see Jean, dressed in blue denim and wrestling with flowers and a trowel. And you couldn't miss the landscape paintings hanging all over the house—done by Artist J. Rogers.

ATTITUDE ON LIFE: First of all she loves her career. People are a very important second to Jean. She's as quiet with her friendships as with her way of living . . . but all her friends' babies wear clothes made carefully (and quietly) by Jean.

Jean Rogers' plans for a future in painting were interrupted by a tap on the shoulder. A movie scout talked her into a Hollywood contract instead. She's in M-G-M's *The War Against Mrs. Hadley*

"Thank goodness I *need* orange juice!"

"Imagine the doctor saying I *have* to drink orange juice. Why—it tastes better than *anything!*

"He says I need it so I'll have good bones and nice teeth...so I'll grow big and strong...so I won't have so many colds and things.

"Mother lets me have it between-meals too. *She* says it won't spoil my appetite like most sweets.

"I'm glad they feel that way about it. If they didn't, I guess I'd just have to yell for it!"

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS ALIKE, fresh orange juice is the most practical *natural* source of daily needed vitamin C. Doctors will advise amounts for infants. At six years, children should have as much as grown-ups—an 8-ounce glass every day for full vitamin C benefits. Orange juice also supplies valuable quantities of vitamins A, B_1 and G, calcium and other minerals

"Last year I was just a little girl — orange juice sure makes you grow!"

From Natural Color Photographs

SHOPPING LESS OFTEN THESE DAYS? You can still have plenty of oranges for juice and sugar-saving sweets! Just buy in larger quantities—*they keep!* Those trademarked "Sunkist" are the finest from 14,500 cooperating growers.

Have You a Modern "Juicer"? A well-designed reamer will help you get more juice from oranges—quicker. Select one with a large, "orange-size" reaming cone and ample bowl. The "Sunkist" glass reamer (illustrated) is famous for its efficiency. Available nearly everywhere. Priced low. Millions sold. The Sunkist Juicit, electric extractor for home use, will be back after the war.

Sunkist

***California* Oranges**

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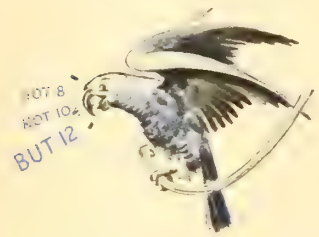

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FIBS*—the Kotex* Tampon

Not 8—Not 10—but **12 for 20¢**

(★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Popping Questions at Bob Taylor

[*Continued from page* 29]

A. Close association with my father, a physician whose whole philosophy was one of trying to do the most good possible and enjoying it to the fullest. I certainly don't feel that I have ever compared with him in that respect, but I do believe that it has more or less determined my attitude toward the people with whom I associate and my reactions to various situations.

Q. About what are you most sensitive?

A. Two things: 1. Personal cleanliness. 2. The opinions of people toward me. I make a sincere effort to make myself generally well-liked.

Q. Do you believe in matrimonial vacations?

A. .....

Q. What unbecoming personal mannerism have you had to overcome?

A. Wearing a frown when there was actually nothing to frown about.

Q. What type of role do you like Barbara to play? And in your opinion, what has been her best role?

A. I like her both in comedy and highly dramatic parts. However, I believe she excels in the latter, not so much that she can't do comedy, but that there are so few really fine dramatic actresses. To my way of thinking, *Stella Dallas* was her best performance.

Q. What famous person would you like to meet—and why?

A. Hitler—because the only place I'd have a chance of meeting him would be in the Army; he as an unwilling guest of the U. S. Army. And because that's where he ought to be, and because that's where he *will* be some day, so help me!

Q. What type of role would you most like to do?

A. I don't know whether or not I have any ability along those lines, but my personal likes in pictures and in personalities make me lean toward Westerns. As far as my actual preference goes, I'd just as soon do all Westerns and forget about drawing room comedies and immortal love stories.

Q. On what subject do you consider yourself most uninformed?

A. Politics and economics. And I say that without shame. Show me anyone who can keep up with the political and economic status of things today and I'll show you a man who's well on his way to the nut-house and a straitjacket.

Q. In what ways do you give in to Barbara?

A. I'm afraid that most of the giving in is on her side. I have pretty definite opinions about a lot of things (so does she, for that matter), but she seems to let me do an awful lot of deciding. That old female intuition, I guess.

Q. What player would you most like to work with, and why?

A. Innumerable ones, but preferably with Spencer Tracy. Why? An actor as good as he always makes you look better when you are working with him. And I'm not being modest—that's the way I feel about Spence.

Q. What would you say is your worst failing?

A. The ability to worry when there's really nothing to worry about.

Q. What do you think are Barbara's best traits?

A. Honesty, philanthropy and simplicity.

Q. What personal accomplishment was most difficult for you to acquire?

A. I guess golf came the nearest to stopping me. I finally had to choose between a nervous breakdown or one more attempt to break an 80, so I did neither and quit the game. I still have my clubs, however, being too thrifty by nature to throw them in the lake.

Q. What role pleased you the most?

A. It's a toss-up between *Waterloo Bridge* and *Johnny Eager*.

Q. Have you an urge to do a stage play?

A. None whatsoever! I get weak in the knees, butterflies in my stomach and cotton grows in my mouth at the very thought of getting on a stage before a "live" audience.

Q. Why did you and Barbara give up your ranches?

A. Partly for financial reasons, partly because of the distance they were from our work. When you have to get up at 4:30 in the morning in order to be ready for work as Barbara did—well, *fun's fun*.

Q. Who does most of the talking at the dinner table?

A. I honestly believe that this is pretty much a give and take proposition. I might say, however, that inasmuch as I eat considerably more than Barbara, I'm afraid that my attention is all too frequently on my plate rather than on the subject of conversation.

Q. Have you a pet subject about which you like to discuss or argue?

A. None. Coming from a very argumentative stock of Scotch, Dutch and Irish ancestry, I am perfectly willing to take either side of an argument, discuss the subject to the limits of my knowledge, and may the best man win.

Q. Would you like to have children some day?

A. .....

Q. What is the name of your latest picture?

A. *Clear for Action*.

Q. Do you get depressed easily?

A. Have you ever heard of crawling under a snake's belly? That's me!

James Craig—appearing in R-K-O's *Seven Miles From Alcatraz*

"What Men Have Taught Me"

—Loretta Young

■ Men in my life have taught me many things.

They didn't know that they were teaching me things, these men whom I have known during my long movie life; and it is a long life, although I'm only 29 years old. You see, I began in pictures when I was just four years old.

I think that some of them will be rather surprised to find themselves listed among my teachers. I hope that they will not mind.

I have learned things from men like Clark Gable, Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, Franchot Tone, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Spencer Tracy, George Brent and James Cagney. The man who taught me my first and perhaps most important lesson was one who is no longer here—Lon Chaney.

I was 15 years old, struggling with one of my first really important parts in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh.*

I was scared to death. There I was, a mere youngster, trying to handle a grown-up role, painfully conscious that this was my big chance, realizing that, after all, I didn't know a great deal about acting.

Herbert Brenon was directing, and, to my young mind, he was being terribly harsh and unreasonable about it. Everything I did was wrong. Every time I tried, it was worse.

At last, Brenon shouted at me that I was terrible. I knew that I was, and that didn't make it any better. I burst into tears and rushed off the set.

Lon Chaney followed me. He waited until I had my cry out, and then he began to talk to me, very calmly.

"Listen, youngster, this is a hard game. Everyone is driving someone else, or if he isn't driving someone else, he's driving himself. Brenon knows that you can do it, or you wouldn't be here. Now, come on—let's try again."

It sounds so simple, but that little speech did the most amazing things to me. I understood, without any more words, what he meant. I turned and walked back on the set, and tried again—tried harder than I ever had in my life, but this time I wasn't thinking about myself. I was thinking about what I had to do.

In the back of my mind, I said to myself: "Of course, I can do it. Brenon knows it. Chaney said so. And I know it. This was what Brenon meant all the time, when he was scolding me. It was just his way of getting results."

The scene was a success, because I stopped being antagonistic and resentful, and worked with the director instead of against him.

That was my first big lesson—that in life, just as in the acting profession, no one can hope for real and lasting success by standing apart and aloof; that teamwork is what counts.

Because Lon Chaney taught me that so long ago, I have been able to learn from other men in my movie life. So many of them have, perhaps unconsciously, taught me things that have helped.

There was Warner Baxter, charming, master of any situation, unruffled under any circumstances. His self-control was an inspiration to that calmness and poise which one needs in life as well as in the show business.

Clark Gable is a living example of naturalness and good fellowship. There is no one I know more "regular" than Clark. In his presence, one is ashamed of any selfish impulse. I think I know why Clark has so many real friends. It's because he is such a true friend himself, because he likes people, because his manner says so. If I ever felt myself getting "selfish," I should think of Clark Gable and change my ways in a hurry.

For dignity and reserve, there are few like Ronald Colman. Yet he never makes one feel ill at ease, for rudeness and thoughtlessness are no part of his make-up. He has the rare knack of seeming aloof without actually being so, which wins both respect and friendship. In him is the formula for being close to people and not too close, at the same time. That's an elusive trait, but one worth striving for.

One of the easiest leading men I ever worked with is Robert Taylor. He is both manly and tender at the same time, and also he is entertaining. I never laughed so much as when we were making *Private Number.* Since then, he has won great success, but it hasn't changed him. He has kept his perspective and his sense of humor—and a lot of people forget those when they become successful. If I ever feel myself going highbrow and haughty, I think of such men as Bob Taylor.

The only bashful leading man I ever had was Tyrone Power. However, that was in *Ladies in Love,* one of his first pictures. He got over his shyness as time went on. I have known him for years and we have made many pictures together, yet he has never lost the appealing quality that hints at just a little timidity underlying everything. I think that it would be well if all of us could keep a little bashfulness; it is a wholesome balance against too much cocksureness and vanity.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is a confirmed romanticist, like his father; a romanticist in the sense that he is forever searching for interesting people. That's good, for in a search for an ideal, one comes slowly to be like the ideal. Doug impresses on you the importance of high standards in measuring people and at the same time accepting all for what they are. He looks for the good, the vital and the interesting qualities, and in doing that, helps develop those qualities in himself.

[*Continued on page* 56]

Loretta Young has learned much from the men she has worked with in pictures. They have influenced not only her career but her life as well. She's in Columbia's *The Frightened Stiff*

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THE HAND that drives a truck, carries a textbook, rolls a bandage, rocks the cradle! Let's keep it gay, let's keep it feminine in the new Cutex YOUNG RED! A red badge of courage for every finger tip ... a touch of cheery, chin-up color with neutral suits and dresses. Get a bottle today and meet your new world with new charm—and the old femininity! Only 10¢ (plus tax).

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH

The columnists' and press agents' despair is Don Ameche, who lives a normal, sane life in the midst of the Hollywood turmoil. This versatile star doesn't even have a complaint to make—thinks the movies have treated him swell. He's appearing in 20th Century-Fox's *Girl Trouble*

"I've No Complaints" —Don Ameche

By CONNIE CURTIS

Life, according to Don Ameche, has always pulled out an easy chair for him!

Mistreated? It's a word in the dictionary to him, even though there are fans and friends who have consistently maintained that Don Ameche's many talents have not been given just recognition.

He is equally at home in comedy and drama and musicals. Let a producer hit a snag in casting and he begins dreaming that Don Ameche is under contract to him.

The man-in-a-pinch—that's Ameche. And, as is usual with such dependables, he goes along calmly and without fanfare. The press tears its collective hair in an effort to find an idiosyncrasy, a bit of unplumbed mood on which to build an item. But he doesn't go off on those temperament tangents or emotional benders which make good newspaper copy.

"Heck," they all say, "what's there to write about a man who is a good husband and father; who goes along, day after day and year after year quite normally and does what's expected of him. He is a lot more stable than the average person."

But there are some things to be written.

Curiously enough, Don is chiefly labeled as an interpreter of historical figures. Yet, he has played in only two such pictures, one based on the life of Alexander Graham Bell, and the other on Stephen Foster. And *Girl Trouble*, which is his latest, will bring Don's total of pictures to twenty-eight.

As far as the children of America are concerned, Don Ameche invented the telephone. Innumerable Johnnies and Susans have said so in their examination papers.

The comedians of the air have played their part in confirming the national suspicion that it is Mr. Ameche, and not Mr. Bell, who is responsible for the great American privacy-disturber. The picture offered such a rich source for quips that for weeks on end you couldn't turn a dial without hearing a reference to Don Ameche Bell.

It doesn't take much to start an actor—or anyone else for that matter—on a discussion of his grievances. But Don looks blank if you ask for a list of his complaints.

"Everyone's been good to me," he insists. And he means it. "I've had good pictures. They have been varied in character and appeal. I've never been labeled as a certain-part actor, I haven't been typed to the point where I have been limited in my assignments.

"After all, my job is to entertain and divert. Twenty years from now, if people

remember me, I want them to say that I've brought some happiness into the lives of those who have seen me on the screen. And I want them to say that I've done the best I've known how."

That perhaps is the keynote to the entire personality of Don Ameche. He has a keen sense of responsibility and he is not one to rationalize or excuse his own shortcomings. He never shirks. He does his job.

Don leads a quiet, family life. He has four sons—Donny, nine; Ronny, six and a half; Tommy, three, and Lonny, two. The oldest one has just reached the age where he enjoys following Dad around the golf course.

"Like every working man, I don't get to see the children nearly enough," he declares. "When I am on a picture, I leave before they're up, and I get home long after they're in bed. I try to make up for it on Sundays."

The Ameches are considered in Hollywood among the most happily marrieds. Don met Honore, his wife, when they were both youngsters, attending school in Dubuque, Iowa.

Six years later they met by accident in Chicago. Don's theater apprenticeship was behind him. He had had the "bean course"—which means that when he was trying to grab a foothold in New York, he subsisted mainly on beans. He had had a few fairly good parts on which he had cut his acting teeth.

At the time of their Chicago meeting, Don was well established on the radio as the star of the "First Nighter" programs. He took Honore dancing, and while dancing, he told her that he was going to marry her. Just like that. Honore thought he was kidding.

Their courtship was conducted at long range, since Honore lived in Dubuque and it's quite a stretch from Chicago. One night he telephoned her not to go to bed—that he had a surprise for her.

At four o'clock in the morning he arrived—grease-smeared from changing tires—and half a minute later, Honore had an engagement ring on her finger.

That romantic flavor to their marriage has lasted. Honore goes wherever Don goes. If impulsively he decides to fly up to San Francisco, or to drive down to Palm Springs or up to Arrowhead in the middle of the night, she isn't the wife to dissuade him.

But such excursions, of course, are between-picture episodes. When he is working, he has time for nothing else.

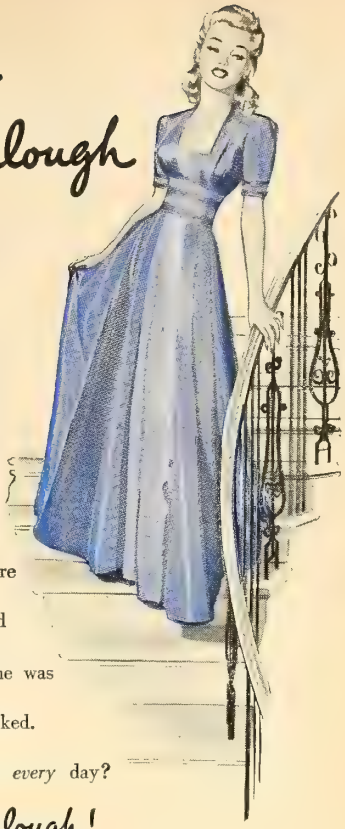
Like the rest of Hollywood, he is in service for the duration, and his talents are at the disposal of his country. That means that he will entertain the boys in camps, play in benefits, go on bond-selling tours at any time he is called to do so.

Through the years Don has been on the screen, there has never been a waning period in his popularity. Year by year, his fan mail grows. Year by year his value to his studio has increased. As the options on his contract have come up, Twentieth Century-Fox has lifted them. The studio has just picked up another one on him.

If life has pulled up an easy chair for Don Ameche, he hasn't been satisfied to just sit in it.

He tries every day to re-earn the right to occupy it! ■

You're the fun in his furlough



Will you ever forget how proud he looked as you glided down the long staircase?

What he said wasn't nearly as important as the *way* he said it! His eyes told you that being with you is what makes a furlough worthwhile.

To think that at five o'clock you were ready to break your date! Because today's eight hours of defense work had seemed like eighty!

Then in stepped Destiny . . . her name was Diana. "Why let trying days of the month rule your life?"—she asked. "Why should *you* be a deserter when other girls carry on in comfort *every* day?

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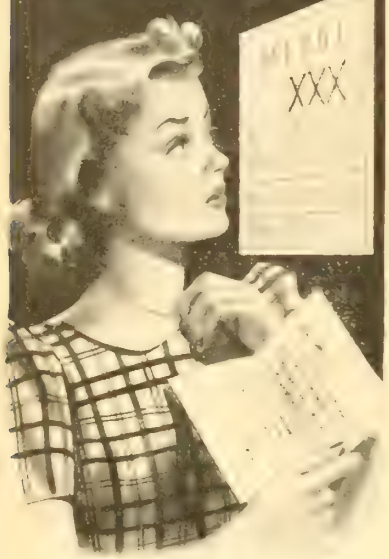
Send today for the bright, new booklet—"As One Girl To Another". Lots of tips for keeping in the fun on "difficult days". . . what to do and not to do. Mail name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. FW-10, Chicago, for copy FREE!

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

"Why can't my friends and the calendar get *together!*"

SO it's happened again, young lady? The invitation says " . . . a week-end with us in the country." And all *you* can see is three bad days—three days of functional periodic pain, of headache, cramps and dull inaction.

But don't blame your friends and the calendar for not getting together. Just blame yourself, for never trying Midol!

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Junior Miss

Jane Withers, the brat of yesteryear, is no more. The Jane Withers of today has blossomed into young womanhood, whose new interests revolve around smart clothes, war work and nice young men. Left: Janie's exciting U.S.O. date, Private Daniel R. Holmes. She's in Republic's *Johnny Doughboy*

By JOHN FRANCHEY

■ At the tender age of sixteen, long before ordinary mortals begin sparring—seriously—with Life, Miss Jane Withers is launching her third career.

During Career I, she busied herself etching the most obnoxious little brats ever to hit the asbestos. Throughout Career II, she scampered around, cute as pie, playing Little Miss Fixit, the noble but tiresome teen-ager who wandered through the picture like a lost Camp Fire Girl. She made her long-overdue exit in the final reel after bringing together the estranged lovers of the piece, looking wistful as all-get-out. For the duration of Career III, which, incidentally, is the real McCoy, Miss Jane Withers, having reached (according to Hollywood standards) her majority, is going to start peddling glamour, just like the big girls, Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, and Lana Turner.

The big surprise is not that an erstwhile urchin is going glamorous, but that she is going anywhere at all. Isn't this the same Jane Withers whose seven-year contract with Twentieth Century-Fox expired last spring and wasn't picked up? And isn't this the same Jane Withers whom smartypants columnists described as "through—washed up" as the news of her parting with Fox was made public?

What the smartypants columnists didn't know (among other things) was that young Mademoiselle Withers said toodle-oo to T. C.-Fox and not the other way around.

And what the smartypants columnists were soon destined to discover to their chagrin was that the allegedly "all-washed-up" Withers is still one of the mightiest little magnets at the box-office and consequently a very desirable piece of property. This state of beatitude prompted Republic Pictures to draw up a contract so attractive that Mr. Zanuck's ex-gold mine, who had intended to free lance around until she got her second wind, signed instantly.

The contract launching Career III is described by the party of the first part as "strictly super." On the financial side, it will net Jane Withers a quarter of a million dollars in three years. The money angle isn't what makes it "strictly super"—not with Jane Withers, who has earned close to a million dollars in her twelve years of toiling before the camera.

"What I like about the new contract is that I'm to be treated as an adult and no more of this Little Miss Fixit business."

yesterday's moppet yips gaily. "I'm sixteen, you know." The Jane Withers about to launch Career III via a lead in a Republic musical called *Johnny Doughboy* is not only sixteen but a siren, to boot. Your reporter called on her—professionally—when she swooped down on New York late this summer to celebrate the signing of her new contract.

She was all rigged up in a smart, long dress that gleamed with high style. Her hair was coiffed in a sophisticated upswing. An orchid was moored to her right shoulder. And a pair of eye-catching earrings dangled discreetly from the Withers' lobes.

It didn't take Philo Vance to figure she was going out.

"It's a blind date with a soldier," Janie explained.

"I'm really quite excited," the junior femme fatale confided.

"I've never been to the Stork Club before. They say it's awfully exciting—full of fascinating people and all that." Miss Withers let up. "I do hope my date—it's one of those U. S. O. dates, you understand—can dance. I'm rabid about the rhumba."

"How does it feel to be sixteen and beginning a third career?" Jane was asked.

"Sixteen is sensational," Miss Withers said, obviously doing her best to rein her enthusiasm. "As for this starting a third career, I'll know more about that after it happens. You know me. I just love to sing and dance. While I have no objection to doing serious drama, I'd much prefer playing in gay musicals where there are lots of other boys and girls my own age. I guess that's why I'm mad about *Johnny Doughboy*. It's a modern musical with a military theme. I hope the boys in the service like it. They're the movie audience that I'd like most to please—and my boss, Mr. Yates, of course."

Would the new career have any truck with romance?

"Naturally. As a matter of fact, I've been kissed three times—on the screen—already. George Ernest kissed me first. Next came Richard Clayton. The third was Gig Young—who really gave me a smackeroo."

What about love off the sound stages?

"At sixteen you're inclined to go from one crush to another. I've had dozens of them. I've got three going full tilt right now. Nothing ever happens, of course, but it's a lot of fun."

Would Miss Withers care to name names?

"I guess George Montgomery will always be first. Next comes Glenn Ford. And after him . . . well, I guess he's out now."

Who?

"Cary Grant."

Miss Withers was looking mighty wistful when the door bell rang. She went to the door.

"How nice to see you!" she said to a handsome young private, the kind the U. S. O. always picks for a date with a movie siren anxious to do her bit for military morale. The soldier boy took one look at his blind date and his eyes did a rhumba.

Miss Withers lit up. There was every indication that the mourning over Cary Grant's unchivalrous act was going to be short-lived. ■

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WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS
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The Dummy's Double

When Charlie McCarthy discovered that his stooge, Edgar Bergen, had a stand-in, he insisted on one also. So the studio obliged with Jerry Maren, a midget who has the same dimensions and is the exact image of the famed dummy when made up. It's hard to tell Jerry from his boss on the set of R-K-O's *Here We Go Again*

By VIVIAN COSBY

■ It was lunch time on the set of *Here We Go Again*, the latest comedy starring Edgar Bergen and his irrepressible team-mate, Charlie McCarthy. The set was deserted. On a couch lay the prone figure of Charlie McCarthy. Here was my chance to get a good close-up of the famous dummy. I walked over and studied the comic little face intently. Suddenly his arm moved. Startled, I drew back. Then the figure on the couch let out a healthy yawn. At that point I screamed. McCarthy sat up. "Don't be scared, lady," he said pleasantly. "I'm not a ghost."

"He fooled you that time, sister," the voice of Charlie McCarthy said right behind me. I whirled around and saw the dummy sitting upright in a chair. I looked from one to the other in utter bewilderment.

"That midget on the couch is my stand-in, Jerry Maren," the dummy in the chair informed me, in a confidential and rather proud voice.

"How did this all happen?" I asked, still not quite knowing what to believe.

"On this picture, I, of course, had to have a stand-in," Edgar Bergen explained. "You know how jealous that McCarthy guy can get. Well, he put up a big hullabaloo—either he had a stand-in too, or he just didn't work."

"That's where I came in," Jerry Maren, the midget, interspersed. "My proportions and Charlie's are exactly the same—in fact, the whole thing jelled perfectly. The only tough part about the job is having to spend two hours every morning getting this make-up on and having to learn to make this blasted monocle stick in my eye."

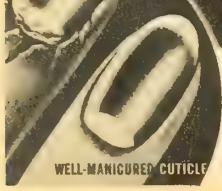
Jerry Maren was born in Boston, Massachusetts. His father, mother and nine brothers and sisters are all normal size. In fact, two of his brothers are six feet, two, if you call that normal. Jerry is the only midget, standing three feet, six inches, in his stocking feet.

In spite of his size, he is perfectly proportioned and during his childhood no one realized that he was going to be a midget. Everyone just thought he was small for his age. At school, he played baseball, tennis and did all the other things that normal children do.

Even at a tender age he was a good business man. He earned five dollars a week doing publicity for a neighborhood theater. But he merely directed the operations, and had his gang deliver the ads from door to door. They got paid in passes to the movies.

When Jerry was fifteen, it became apparent that he was going to be a midget. A doctor offered to give him injections in hopes of correcting the effects of cramped pituitary glands. After having a couple of treatments, Jerry asked the doctor how much he could make him grow. When the

NEGLECTED CUTICLE



WELL-MANICURED CUTICLE

UGLY Cuticle Steals Beauty!
Remove It Easily, Safely with
TRIMAL

WRAP cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply to cuticle. *Watch dead cuticle soften.* Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed at the results. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores. Trimal Labs., Inc., Los Angeles.

Complete with manicure stick and cotton

doctor told him probably about a foot, Jerry refused to take any more injections. He did not want to be just an "in-between."

Besides, being a midget has its compensations. He has a lot more elbow-room than most people. It's crowded up where regular-sized people live. For instance, take the movies on a hot night. People are perspiring and rubbing against each other, but Jerry is as cool as a cucumber, with plenty of room to squirm around in his seat. And if he had not been so small, he would never have become the mascot of the American Legion Stadium, Post 43, and always get in free to see his favorite sport of boxing.

Jerry arrived in Hollywood over the vaudeville route. After he graduated from high school, he went out in a song and dance act. A Metro scout saw him and offered him a part in *The Wizard of Oz*.

It was while he was playing in this picture that Jerry met a pretty little midget named Jeanette. They formed a partnership and played in several night clubs after they had finished work in the picture. While working together, they found romance and have now decided to make it a life partnership. When the big wedding day arrives, Jerry and Charlie McCarthy are going to change places. The sophisticated McCarthy lad has promised to stand-up with his stand-in.

At that moment the director, Alan Dawn, was assembling a bevy of pretty girls for the next scene. He signaled to the flesh and blood McCarthy to take his place in the middle of the group, while the lights were being arranged. The heat from the powerful lights melts the paint on Charlie. The girls immediately started to make a fuss over Jerry—who is a cute little chap with a great deal of charm and personality.

The star, Charlie McCarthy, scornfully watched for a while. Then he leaned over to the director and said, "Mr. Dawn, you'd better break that up. That guy's going to town like a buzz-saw. How about me taking over?"

Reluctantly the stand-in left the girls and sat down. He picked up some clay from a table beside him and began to manipulate it. Modeling is his hobby and he devotes every spare moment to it. His deft fingers soon modeled a caricature of the McCarthy upstart. He held up the ludicrous figure for Charlie to see.

"You stop insulting me," yelled the dummy, "or I'll mow you down." ■

JOIN THE SMART SET!

Keep up to the minute on all the fascinating movie news by reading Hollywood regularly each month!

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee

"Satin-Finish, has all you've longed for in a lipstick," says Constance Luft Huhn

"A lipstick that won't melt and run during the summer?... Yes! Each of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks will keep your lips perfectly and exquisitely groomed through the hottest weather.

"Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks are perfectly balanced...*not too moist, yet not too dry.* Once applied, your favorite Tangee shade clings to your lips for hours and hours—gives your lips the softer, glossier loveliness you've always longed for. I recommend that you settle your summer make-up problem with one of Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks, its matching rouge and your correct shade of Tangee's unpowdery Face Powder."

New **TANGEE MEDIUM-RED**... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED..."Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL..."Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

TANGEE SATIN-FINISH *Lipsticks*

A DAB A DAY
KEEPS P.O.* AWAY

New cream positively stops *underarm Perspiration Odor* *as proved in amazing*

HOT CLIMATE TEST

1. Not stiff, not messy—Yodora spreads just like vanishing cream! Dab it on—odor gone!
2. Actually soothing—Yodora can be used right after shaving.
3. Won't rot delicate fabrics.
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Yet hot climate tests—made by nurses—prove this *daintier* deodorant keeps underarms immaculately sweet—under the most severe conditions. Try Yodora! In tubes or jars—10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

YODORA
DEODORANT CREAM

There's No Excuse For BLOTCHY SKIN!

Clear it with KREMOLA aid! KREMOLA is a medicated M. D. formula, especially for pimples, blackheads and muddy skin. Gently hastens removal of old cuticle, revealing fresh skin. After others fail—put KREMOLA to the test. Ladies will envy—gentlemen will admire. $1.25 plus 10% gov't tax at druggists or write KREMOLA, Dept. K-12, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, enclosing 10c to cover mailing and packing for FREE sample. Or . . . Is your trouble FRECKLES? DR. C. H. BERRY'S FRECKLE OINTMENT—used for over 40 years. $1.25 and 65c plus 10% gov't tax at your druggists' For sample enclose 10c, address KREMOLA, Dept. O-12, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

A Right Guy

By MURIEL REED

Red Skelton's untiring efforts to entertain the soldiers make him favorite funny guy of the boys at camp. Red is shown above with his lovely wife, Edna. He's appearing in *Panama Hattie*

■ It is said in Hollywood that Red Skelton goes around with a flashlight looking for soldiers. So far Red's hunting has been fairly good—for over two thousand soldiers have his private phone number. What's more they use it, and I doubt if there is a soldier ever been stationed in the vicinity of Hollywood who does not consider Red Skelton his pal.

It is not an unusual sight to find a group of soldiers helping Red's wife, Edna, address envelopes for fan mail at their Brentwood home. Or you can find the gang out back helping Red with his Victory Garden. To date, they have even planted lettuce in the flower boxes. If the noise of hammering penetrates the air, investigation will show that more bunks are being built in the Skeltons' little guest house, just in case some of the soldiers can stay overnight.

Recently it was my privilege to accompany Red and Edna on one of their surprise visits to an army camp. As we approached the camp, Red switched on the car's small searchlight so that it shone on his face. A guard came up to the car. Instead of inquiring, "Who goes there?" he yelled, "Hey! Red!" Immediately, droves of soldiers came from all over the place and headed for the entertainment building.

To a roar of applause, Red stepped onto the little stage and the show was on. He warmed up by telling jokes, then gave imitations of how Edward G. Robinson, George Raft and Jimmy Cagney die in pictures. This finished, he surprised the boys by suddenly saying: "I'll bet some of you fellows have always had a secret ambition to be an actor. How about some of you coming up here and helping me out?"

After a little persuasion, a few of the boys accepted the invitation. Then, with Edna coaching from the sidelines, Red had them act out some funny sketches. He taught them how to take comedy falls and register all sorts of emotions. Of course the boys made mistakes, such as getting their lines all balled up, which brought howls of laughter from the audience.

This episode was followed by Red's unearthing a piano player and leading the gang in a good old-fashioned sing. When their repertoire was exhausted, the young comedian really went to work. He did several excellent comedy sketches.

At the close of the sketches, Red presented a special skit on how to undress and bathe a baby! With the aid of a baby doll and a miniature bathtub, Red proceeded with his lecture. He did everything contrary to the accepted rule: such as declaring that the mother should never hold the baby gently in her arms and undress it, instead she should hold the baby by the heels and peel it like a banana.

When the boys stopped laughing, they crowded around Red to get autographed pictures. At their special request, he has had some small ones made so that the boys can carry them in their wallets.

In the meanwhile, Edna was busy making arrangements with the Commanding Officer for twelve of the boys to attend Red's next radio broadcast. Ever since Red started on his new program, it has been a weekly ritual to have a few soldiers attend. Red sends to camp for them, and after the broadcast he takes them out to dinner. And as a kind of high-spot in the whole affair, Red takes them back to camp himself, letting one of the boys drive his beautiful new Packard.

When we were finally ready to leave the camp, Red was exhausted. Yet the next thing that happened utterly amazed me. We came to the guard again, and he said:

"Hey! Red! You must have given a swell show tonight. I could hear them laughing all the way down here. Wish I could have seen it."

"That's right," Red said with a grin, "you had to stay out here on guard, didn't you?"

Then he proceeded to tell the soldier jokes for the next half hour!

And all this time there was never a thought of Red Skelton, who had been before the cameras since eight A. M., and had worked all the night before on his radio script, and even now had to go over it again before he could hit the hay. But that did not matter. His only concern was for the other fellow.

Red is very proud of his success in pictures. It is something for which he has worked very hard and he deserves every bit of it. He also loves his radio work, but if he can make a soldier laugh, then he's happy. ■

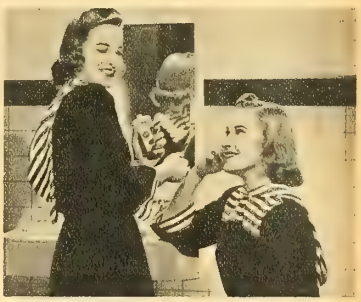
September is SALUTE TO OUR HEROES Month at all movie theaters! Buy a War Bond to honor every mother's son in Service!

The Brautigam Twins of Des Plaines, Illinois

Brautigam twins offer attractive proof that

PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT

"I guess the first time in our lives we were really different was when Beverly and I made the tooth powder test. Naturally, as twins, we not only look alike... we usually do everything alike. But in the test, I used Pepsodent. Beverly used another leading brand. From then on, there was a big difference between us!"



"No test could have been fairer. But at first I thought maybe I just imagined my teeth were *twice as bright*. However, when a friend of mine asked me what made my teeth shine so, I was really convinced! Did I give *him* a selling on Pepsodent! The proof is so definite we'd never think of going back to any other brand!"

**"We're a trio from now on!
A pair of twins and Pepsodent!"**

BRAUTIGAM TWINS TEST AND CONFIRM THIS FACT:

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT... BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE **TWICE AS BRIGHT** AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

**For the safety of your smile . . .
use Pepsodent twice a day . . .
see your dentist twice a year.**

Paul Henreid is justifiably proud of his famous collection of glass bells which was gathered through the years in all parts of Europe. His collection once numbered fifty, but a turbulent ocean crossing reduced the fragile antiques to twenty-nine. Circle: Paul Henreid and Bette Davis are co-starred in the Warner Brothers' film, *Now, Voyager*

Bell Collector

By FREDDA DUDLEY

"The span of man's life is measured by bell—
From school to wedding to funeral knell."

■ This couplet, written on a small card, was attached to a gift box delivered to Paul Henreid's fiancee a few days before their marriage in Vienna several years ago.

When Paul and his bride opened the package, they found nestled in wads of excelsior, a delicate, pale blue glass bell from Prague. The donor was a long-time friend of Paul's, a man of discriminating taste. It was clear, from the age of the bell, that this chap must have meandered through antique shops for months before he located this item.

Throughout Bohemia, one-man glass factories functioned briskly during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It was a sample of this work that had been sent to the Henreids as a marital *bon voyage* gift. The gadget fascinated Paul. When he picked it up, it tinkled merrily with a sweet, high voice. "I'd like to own a whole row of them, each a different tone," he exclaimed.

Well, that wasn't such a simple request to fulfill. Mrs. Henreid went on the prowl and eventually found four of the delicate tinklers in curio shops in Vienna. "I think you'd better collect first editions or something a little less impractical," she said. "These bells are so fragile that most of them must have been broken during the first week of their lives. I give up. I'm convinced that every shopkeeper in town thinks I've been reading too much Edgar Allan Poe—that American writer with tintinnabulations on his mind." Paul didn't answer the Little Woman, but there was still a ringing in his ears.

To celebrate his birthday, they went down to Trieste (where Paul was born when the city was an Austrian possession). Mrs. Henreid—Baroness Paul von Hernried, in those days—told her husband that she wanted to knock off a spot of shopping, and would see him for cocktails at five. Somewhat later he was paged on the hotel terrace where they had agreed to meet. When he answered the telephone, an excited voice demanded, "Come down at once. I have your birthday gift selected, but I didn't bring quite enough money."

So Paul rushed down to the given street address and bailed out a new member of his collection of bells.

Then there was the occasion of their

visit to Salzburg for the music festival. Paul, by this time, had taken over the actual drudgery of searching through shop after shop for each rare item. He tried to be sensible about it—but what man with a hobby ever really is!—and he reached home frightfully late on several occasions.

One evening—because of his discovery of a superb sample of a pre-mechanized-age reindeer siren—when he missed dinner entirely, his spouse handed him a large alarm clock. "Hereafter," she said with a straight face, "you're to carry that in your pocket. It's high time you had a self-starting item in your collection."

The following summer they went down for a few weeks to Genoa for a visit with friends. Reminiscing about it on the set of Warner Brothers' *Casablanca*, Paul said, "It seems impossible, in the light of what is happening in Europe today, that we ever lived so gay, so leisurely, so heedless a life. In those days someone would say, 'Why don't you run down to our place in Geona for two weeks?'—and we'd go. It was as simple as that. Now . . . It is a different world."

In the olden, golden days of Genoa, Paul heard of an Italian art-lover who had collected ancient glass bells for years. This character was now getting along in years and found that he was also collecting grandchildren. His two hobbies didn't mix very successfully, so the collector wanted to sell his acquisitions—which he did—to the chap from Vienna with the twinkle in his eye.

By the time Paul and his wife moved to London, the bells numbered 49, and No. 50 was unearthed in one of those emporiums with mullioned windows and tradition in the very dust.

About this time Paul was signed to an American film contract. All the Henreid household goods, complete with priceless bells, were packed, wrapped, crated and stowed in a freighter to be shipped to America.

Somewhere on the angry, bomb-churned Atlantic, the convoy of which the freighter was a member was attacked by German planes. No ship was lost, but several were hit and damaged.

Yes, one huge crate of Henreid belongings, including some of the heirloom bells, was destroyed. Score: 50 minus 22 leaves 28 bells.

But the end is not yet. Mrs. Henreid, having heard about Los Angeles' fabulous row of antique shops along Los Feliz Boulevard, went shopping one day and discovered No. 29. Here is the final bell-ringer.

By careful selection, Paul had arranged 8 of his chimers to sound a scale. *Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do!* However, when the shipment got bombed, high *do* was wrecked.

Yet, music must be everywhere, because the bell from the Los Feliz shop sounded off with a clear high *do*. Paul went around the *Now, Voyager* set for days telling innocent bystanders about the delightful coincidence. He was a very happy man.

Until some meanie had to relate in detail just what happens to glassware on shelves during an earthquake. Not that Los Angeles has them, you understand. But, in case it ever did. . . .

"Just so it doesn't break *mi*" punned the irrepressible Mr. Henreid. ■

"Married — to an Iceberg"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT OFTEN RUINS A MARRIAGE.

1. At first, we were the most romantic couple! Happy as larks. But little by little, Dick grew neglectful of me. I couldn't think why his love had cooled off so soon.

2. Then my nerves cracked, and Dick's uncle, who's a doctor, guessed the truth. "Poor child," he comforted me. "So often a devoted wife is guilty of this one neglect. She's careless about feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*). Now if that's your case . . .". And understandingly, he set me straight.

3. He told me how, today, thousands of modern women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine cleanliness. "You see," he explained, "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses *thoroughly*, and deodorizes, as well. Just follow the easy directions on the bottle—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."

4. Today, I use Lysol disinfectant regularly for feminine hygiene. I'm thankful it's *so* inexpensive, *so* easy to use, too. But best of all, Dick's kisses aren't icy—not any more!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet H.-1042, Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.

ARRID IS THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

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39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

NO LONGER OFF KEY

ON HER DIFFICULT DAYS

CHICHESTERS PILLS have given thousands of women trustworthy relief from periodic pain, cramps and discomfort. Try CHICHESTERS. Note—take as directed. Contain no narcotics nor habit-forming drugs. At all good drug stores. 50¢ and up.

The Strange Case of Bill Henry

By CHARLOTTE KAYE

Bill Henry has been praying for a chance to sink his histrionic teeth into a meaty role, but his youthful appearance and unassuming manner have long stymied his progress. He's in the Warner Brothers' film, *The Adventures of Mark Twain*

■ This might well be called The Strange Case of Bill Henry or Why Isn't He a Star Today?

Bill is a personal friend, which made it doubly tough to tackle the true story. I've played poker with him, knitted sweaters for his young son, Mike, and helped his wife, Grace, with the dishes after dinner. You hesitate to barge up to that kind of a pal and blurt:

"Look, chum, you've been kicking around this business for ten years and nothing happens. You know and I know you've got what it takes, so what's wrong? Why aren't you at the top of the heap where you belong?"

You may wonder those things privately, but you keep your mouth shut because, aside from transgressing the bounds of friendship, it's asking for a well-deserved poke in the nose. Yet eventually I asked the question as bluntly as that, trusting Bill to understand. I did it because thousands of his still loyal fans are equally puzzled by the riddle and clamor insistently for an answer.

I got the answer as Bill sees it, with no stalling or evasion of unpleasant facts. Likewise, I got the encouraging notion there are going to be some important changes in the life and career of Bill Henry. He has his sleeves rolled up, ready to lick the thing which has held him back.

First, though, let's take a look at the scoreboard.

There is not a studio head, not a producer, not a director in Hollywood but will readily admit Bill is a darned fine actor, worthy of his hire and more than competent to perform anything demanded of him. He is young, 27, and extremely good-looking in a clean-cut American way. He has deep blue eyes, a clear fine skin, good features and a shock of dark blond hair. He is well-built with broad shoulders and slim hips. He has an abundance of that most necessary quality—a potent appeal to women. And he has ten solid years of experience on which to draw, seven of them under contract to 20th, Metro and Paramount, and three served in the freelance field.

Youth, good looks, appeal, ability and experience. Of such stuff is stardom fashioned, and all these he has. Why, then, was he marking time with wishy-washy roles of half-baked youngsters like the youthful sweetheart in *Gentleman After Dark*, when an Alan Ladd, unknown and untried, was given a powerful part which zoomed him to stardom overnight in *This Gun for Hire*?

"It was my face," Bill said ruefully. "It wouldn't grow up!"

He was right. By some strange alchemy, Bill's face refused to age in keeping with his years. Although he was a mature man and behaved like one, he looked like a 20-year-old kid without a care in the world. Even the nerve-wracking business of making movies and the strain of cut-throat Hollywood competition failed to touch the fresh bloom of youth upon him.

On a glamour gal that looks good, and many a damsel in her late twenties would give an eyetooth for such a miracle. But on Bill it was a curse, because meaty roles which give an actor a chance to shine as Ladd did in *This Gun for Hire* are not dished out to juveniles. Juveniles are the drawing-room counterpart of the gents who say "They went that-a-way, pardner" in horse operas; they motivate the action of the plot as a rule but they seldom

are the action itself. And Bill looked like a juvenile.

"Sure, Bill Henry could play the role, and play the pants off it!" producers would say when casting, "but he looks too young!"

Bill didn't take it lying down. He tried everything under the sun to age his appearance. He experimented with mustaches, he tried trick make-ups, he dyed his hair. It was all to no avail; he still looked like a kid barely out of his teens. Even the make-up wizards of the studios were baffled and defeated.

Now, at long last, nature is beginning to take a hand in the job. Bill's face gradually is gaining the strength and character which comes with maturity. And more important, he has found a producer who isn't going to let that baby face stop him. After Bill finishes the role of the artless young brother (again!) of the girl Mark Twain marries in Warners' *Adventures of Mark Twain,* he is going to play the title role of —hang on to your hats!—Dillinger, king of killers!

His youthful face, however, was only half the answer to why Bill Henry is not a star today. He also admits he has confined his acting to the screen. In Hollywood that's a fatal mistake, as witness the material benefits Victor Mature, Bob Stack, Jack Carson and countless others have received from off-screen antics and exhibitionism. Quaintly enough, Hollywood frequently is fooled by the very make-believe in which it deals; if a guy yells long enough and loud enough that he is terrific, Hollywood is prone to accept him at face value.

Yelling about himself, or even edging into the spotlight, is something Bill never has been able to do. By nature he is shy, preferring to keep in the background and let the other fellow do the talking.

"I still think an actor's ego is an overrated excuse for bad behavior and manners," Bill said. "Every person in any field of business must have a certain amount of ego but it should be used to sustain himself, not forced on others. However, it doesn't seem to work that way in Hollywood, and so I've started a campaign of asserting myself a little more. I speak up now and then and let people know I'm around. I force a little attention on me and make myself move in for my share of the spotlight. It's an act and deep inside me I still don't like it and never will, but if it's necessary, I'll do it if it kills me!"

Bill was sitting in the crowded Mocambo the other night when he saw an important studio executive whom he knew coming toward him. Ordinarily he would have waited for the executive to speak first, and then murmured a quiet and simple greeting. In line with his new policy, however, he called a cheery hello first and tossed off a bit of bright chit-chat as the executive stopped by the Henry table.

"Hmmmm," the executive murmured later, "I hadn't thought of Bill Henry for that role but he would be perfect. Nice chap and darned fine actor. Wonder if we could get him under contract to us. I'll look into it first thing in the morning."

The meek may inherit the earth, but, as Bill has learned, they get no part of Hollywood. ■

Maria Montez
Co-starring in Walter Wanger's
Technicolor Production
"Arabian Nights"
A Universal Picture

Color Harmony Face Powder!

...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
...it clings perfectly—really stays on

Imagine finding a face powder with all of these features! Yes, it's one of Hollywood's make-up secrets. You'll be thrilled the very first time you make up with this powder... created by *Max Factor Hollywood.* You'll find that it gives a lovelier, youthful-looking color tone to your complexion.

Remember, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there's a color harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder for your own individual type. $1.00

Complete your make-up in color harmony with Max Factor Hollywood Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick.

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Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF

Send Purse Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *The New Art of Make-Up*". FREE 5-10-73

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STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check style above and Terry* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

What A Wife Must Know To Safeguard Happiness

Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene Gives Continuous Action for Hours

● It is all too true that ignorance of physical facts can wreck any wife's married happiness. Yet thousands of women, instead of informing themselves regarding feminine hygiene, either place their dependence on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures, or resort to over-strong solutions of acids which can burn, scar and desensitize delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Informed women have turned to Zonitors—the safe, new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty, snow-white suppositories kill germs instantly at contact. Spread greaseless, protective coating. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

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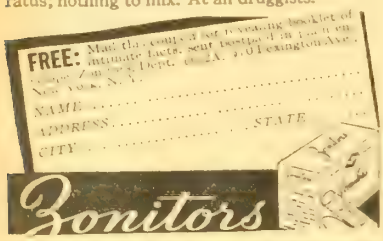

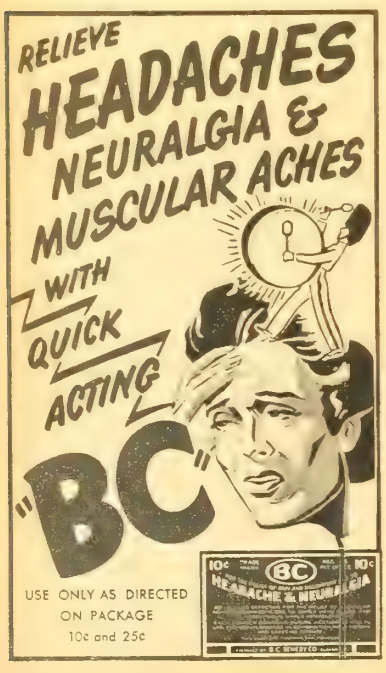

The Lady Who Bites—With Words

By
MAY DRISCOLL

Ilka Chase's cyanide impressions of the film colony raised blisters on several important Hollywood hides. In spite of that, she won a nice role in *Now, Voyager*

■ In its time, Hollywood has weathered many things: Among them earthquakes, floods and double features. But the one thing it can not take is ridicule. So when Ilka Chase included a few acid chapters about Hollywood in her best seller, *Past Imperfect*, it was thought that she had penned her obituary in films.

To begin with, her stock had never been too high in pictures, and when she left Hollywood three years ago after a none too sensational career, neither producers nor fans clamored for her return. Now with her cyanide impressions of Hollywood raising blisters on the hides of several important persons in movietown, she was supposed to be really through.

Some of her gentle observations which riled Hollywood were: "They say you go to hell in the tropics. Hollywood is semi-tropical, so it takes you twice as long but you get to hell in the end." And again: "The brooding look in the eyes of Charles Boyer has less to do with sex than with doping his chances for a royal flush."

Well, stuff like that was supposed to cook Miss Chase's movie goose. But lo and behold, Ilka barged into town with maid, secretary and movie contract to appear with Bette Davis in *Now, Voyager* and later with Claudette Colbert in *No Time for Love*.

Actually, her return wasn't brought on by her increased fame as author of a best-seller. It had nothing to do with the success of her book. Irving Rapper, director of *Now, Voyager*, knew Ilka, thought she was a good actress and asked her to come out to play in the picture, thereby stirring the hornet's nest.

There was quite a furore when she arrived. One Hollywood paper had an editorial which was all for booting her out of town and bitterly declared that people who wrote derogatory things about Hollywood shouldn't be employed in pictures.

But Ilka cocked a nonchalant eyebrow, shrugged a slim shoulder, and met all combatants with a fitting squelch. The Fredric Marches, old friends of hers, invited her to her first party in town. Present was a film personality whom she had ribbed in her book. "Glad to see you—anyway," said the victim.

"Be nice," purred Ilka. "I'm revising for a second edition any minute now."

She had a standard crusher which she used very sweetly. "I think," she would say slowly, "I think I shall have to put you in my next book."

But Hollywood soon forgot its peeve at Ilka when she had the opportunity to show them that she was really a nice girl under all that acid.

Bette Davis had planned to say to her when they were introduced on the set, "Well, Ilka, are you slumming?" But Ilka charmed her so quickly that instead of baring claws, the two girls sat down and had a cup of tea together.

Ilka couldn't understand why Hollywood thought she had written a nasty book about it. "I thought I made fun of myself in the book, but everybody seems to have ignored that angle. My cracks about Hollywood are edged—but all my cracks are edged including those made about myself. I don't see why Hollywood should think it's nurturing a viper."

Ilka's adventures in Hollywood this time were far happier than they were three years ago.

She admits it quickly. "I was lonely then. I wasn't married. I hadn't a beau and there were long days on end when the phone didn't ring. Besides, my career wasn't doing too well. I appeared in a few pictures which shall remain nameless, and I did character parts that weren't suited to me. Then the crowning disappointment came when Rosalind Russell was given the part of *Sylvia* in *The Women*—the role which I had originated on the stage. I really wanted to do *Sylvia* on the screen and it was quite a pill to swallow to have it go to someone else. On top of it all, I had been led to expect the part, and on the strength of it had turned down the role in the London production of the play.

"Life was at its lowest then. Once a fortune-teller told me that I would have either feast or famine. It was famine then. Today, it's my turn to eat. I'm not lonely any more. I'm married for one thing, to Bill Murray. A man makes all the difference in a woman's point of view."

"Then I've been busier this time, too. I have so many other things to do now that I can't spend too much time worrying about my movie career. I'd like it to flourish, but instead of moping after a day's work before the camera, wondering if my eyelashes were on straight or if I'll get another part, I have loads of other things to work on and worry about. There's my radio program every Saturday and the business of rounding up guest stars for it, interviewing the people and writing the show. Also I'm writing magazine articles, and preparing for a lecture tour.

"I've changed my opinion about some of the sore spots of Hollywood, but not many. It seems to me that the conversation, which used to be only shop talk before, has now switched to the war, farms and what other people are doing—which is a blessed relief. But I still think the architecture of the city is weird. And I still think it's a horrible place for a young girl because of its lack of men and the resultant frustration."

The forthright Miss Chase looks like a smart long-legged sketch in a fashion magazine.

Her costumes are correct, expensive and one leap ahead of current fashion. She's a smart girl, both by virtue of inheritance and environment.

She is a well-travelled young woman and before the war she practically commuted between Europe and New York. All this has contrived to make Illka a mighty bright and well-informed girl, with a trigger-fast wit.

But she can be serious, too, and the problem that interests her most is the postwar adjustment between men and women.

"Women are taking over men's jobs," she says, "and doing them well. How are men going to react to this when they come home? I think it's swell for women to become more independent, but a career isn't so filling after all. No matter how much fame she achieves, and how much money she earns, a girl isn't worth a hoot without a man in her life."

Hey, Ilka's getting sentimental! ■

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By
DORA ALBERT

Why Roddy Is Going Back to England

Roddy McDowall found fame and fortune in America as well as a haven from Nazi bombs. But he is homesick for England and plans to return very soon. He's in 20th Century-Fox's *The Pied Piper*

■ The small boy with the dark hair and intense brown eyes squirmed restlessly in his seat, while the motherly-looking woman beside him smiled and patted his head.

Suddenly the boy sat up. The monotony of the steady chug-chug of the train had been interrupted by the sudden scream of a siren.

The train conductor began to speak in a voice filled with excitement.

"This is Piccadilly Circus," he said. "You have just heard the sirens which mean that London is going through its first air raid. We shall do everything humanly possible to see that you are safe on this train. If anybody wants to leave, he's got to get out now, or stay until the raid is over." The woman was holding the boy's small hand in hers.

"Roddy," she asked, "are you frightened? Do you want to remain on the train?"

The boy shook his head. "I'm not frightened, Mother, but I'd much rather go out. I wouldn't want to miss being out in London's first air raid."

So Roddy McDowall and his mother stepped out of the train into the city they loved. They walked through the street, knowing that hell was being unloosed from the skies, and that with every step they were risking their lives. But there was no fear in the boy's eyes; only courage and a great curiosity. It was reluctantly that he stepped into a taxi with his mother, as though he feared he might miss something.

"Will you drive us home?" his mother asked the driver, giving him her address at Herne Hill. "Sure," he had said, "I don't mind air raids."

And apparently Roddy didn't mind them either. All through the trip, he kept poking his head out of the window. "This," he said, "is a queer air raid. I don't see any airplanes."

Later on there were many other air raids in England, when he saw plenty of Nazi airplanes hurtling down death from the skies. Some of those bombs crashed through his home, falling close to Roddy. Many times he and his sister and mother huddled below the stairs of their home, since that was the safest place in the house.

The windows were broken into fragments. Bombs left ugly gaping holes in the roof.

Finally Roddy's father could stand it no longer. He himself risked his life daily with the British Merchant Marine. But he couldn't bear to see Roddy, his daughter Virginia and his beloved wife risking their lives, too.

"In America you will be safe," he said. "We must find a way to get you there."

Now it is known how Roddy, after a dangerous voyage at sea, arrived in Hollywood and scored heavily in his unforgettable performance in *How Green Was My Valley.*

Twentieth Century-Fox announced to the world how happy the McDowalls were to be in America and comparatively safe. Then suddenly, not so long ago, the news exploded over Hollywood like a bombshell that Roddy McDowall would go back to England!

Officially, his studio's explanation is that Roddy is going to England to star in *Oliver Twist,* which is so typically English that studio sets in America can not properly recapture its spirit. But Holly-

wood did not accept this official story without questioning it. They said Roddy was unhappy, forlorn and lonesome in America and that he wanted to return to England because he preferred the menace of bombs to the loneliness he had found on our shores.

But the Hollywood gossips were wrong.

"I love America," Roddy told me. "Everyone's been so kind to me, and I've had a chance I would never have received in England. Definitely, I want to come back to America. Just as definitely I want to make this trip to England. Even if Twentieth Century-Fox were not planning to make *Oliver Twist* there, I would look forward to the day when I could go back."

Why?

Because Roddy wants to see the country of his heart again. He is a small boy facing two ways, loving America, but remembering England with the affection of one who was born and raised there and can't bear to think of it despoiled by a tyrant. He wants to see each treasure he saw when he was there before, and he hopes that the things he loves most will remain untouched by the ruthlessness of the Nazis.

"The most important reason is to see friends whom I have not seen for almost two years," he explained. "Directors Al Parker and David MacDonald; cameramen Jim Harvey and Mutz Greenbaum; Bill Robertson, whose father's a producer; Peter Falmanc, a friend my own age; my granny; a teacher friend, and Alice. She's very important."

Alice, it turned out, is the forty-year-old housekeeper who took care of the children and the McDowall home in England.

"I used to plague Alice terribly," Roddy confesses. But he adored her nevertheless. It was Alice who took him on fascinating shopping tours; who read to him and Virginia during the long, fearsome hours of the air raids, her soft voice making them forget the crash of the bombs.

But though Roddy wants to see England and his old friends again, why is Mrs. McDowall considering this trip, when only a year and a half ago they came to America to escape the dangers of London under fire?

"Roddy and I didn't want to leave England. We weren't afraid," She explained. "It was Roddy's Dad's idea.

"But I think people exaggerate the dangers of air raids. Personally, I think there is only one chance in a million of being hit. I've seen reliable statistics which prove that more people were killed in the United States in automobile accidents than were killed during the same period of time in air raids in London."

"How do you feel about air raids?" I asked Roddy.

"Oh, they're a bit of a nuisance," he said. "But you're more scared before they happen than when you're in them. When they come, there's nothing you can do about it, so you calm down."

Roddy McDowall, small boy though he is, is as brave and courageous as all the people of England have been under fire. He will be on his way home one day very soon, unless war conditions make it utterly impossible, and will see once more those celebrated "white cliffs of Dover." His is the spirit of a whole people who refuse to be licked. ■

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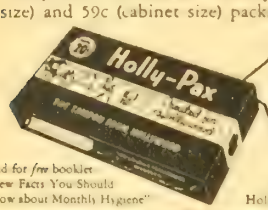

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"What Men Have Taught Me"

[*Continued from page 38*]

For a nice balance between youthful freshness and sophisticated poise, there is Richard Greene. He had been on the stage in New York when we were teamed in a picture. That had given him poise, but he still retained a certain unworldliness. Watching him, I learned that many things come, without effort, to the unworldly person that a sophisticated individual has to fight for. One of these is the trust of his fellow men; the sort of trust that is lasting and that grows.

For the "long haul," I'd take Richard Greene's type. The sophisticated person may sweep you off your feet, but in the long run, he doesn't wear well.

Spencer Tracy is one of the finest craftsmen with whom I have ever worked, and also one of the most likeable. His acting is polished, subtle and exact. Interpreting a character is like shooting at a target; it's easy to hit the outside circles, but not so easy to hit the bullseye. Tracy hits dead center—and he doesn't knock the target over in doing it. He is my teacher of accuracy.

Before one can master a role on the stage or on the set—or in life—he must first master himself. The man who is an unconscious model of absolute control is George Brent. I can't imagine him going to pieces under any conditions.

What Jimmy Cagney taught me has to do mainly with my profession, but it helps in life, too. He has complete control of expressing the whole gamut of emotions with his eyes. He can accomplish with a glance what lesser actors need a whole bag of tricks to put over. That, too, is a lesson in concentration and control.

These are a few of the things I have learned from the men in my movie life. Some of them may not seem so important to you, but every one of them has helped me, both in my work and in my private life. I am grateful to all my teachers, even though they didn't know they were teaching me. ■

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"The Most Beautiful Girl in the World"—that's Rosemary La Planche, present holder of the title "Miss America." Left: Rosemary was crowned queen at the annual beauty contest held in Atlantic City last year. Lower left: Hollywood scouts lost no time in grabbing off this prize package, and she will shortly make her screen debut in Hal Roach's film, *Prairie Chicken.* She's just eighteen, chestnut-haired, hazel-eyed and breath-takingly lovely. Born in filmland's front yard, Los Angeles, it took a season on Broadway and a beauty contest to make Hollywood sit up and notice this gorgeous gal, who looks like a double dose of Rita Hayworth with a dash of Ann Sheridan. Well mixed, it's a spicy concoction

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IN HOLLYWOOD

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Pat's Second Surprise Marriage

By JOHN FULLER

■ Once again Priscilla Lane has exploded a romantic bombshell in Hollywood's midst!

The first one was the disclosure of her secret marriage and equally secret divorce from Oren Haglund, an assistant director!

The second one is her recent marriage to Lieutenant Joseph Howard, a bombardier instructor stationed at the Victorville (California) Flying School!

This was not a romance of the gossip columns or aired by radio chatterers. Once or twice, in the past few months, there was casual comment that Pat Lane was being seen with a young officer. But no serious importance was attached to the dueting. Hollywood generally believed that she was still engaged to John Barry, the editor of the *Victorville Press*.

In April she had told her immediate family: "I have found the man I've been looking for all my life. I am going to marry him."

In the mid-afternoon of May 22nd, Priscilla Lane stood at the side of the blue-eyed young Lieutenant and became an army wife. The simple ceremony was held in the Las Vegas, Nevada, apartment of a fellow-officer. Alta Mae Schrader, Pat's stand-in and best friend, attended the bride.

Pat is given to neither loquacity nor confidences. With the exception of her family and one or two intimate friends, no one suspected her plans. Almost until the very hour of her marriage, the publicity department of her studio continued to deny the rumors of her impending marriage. The denials were made in good faith. The young star had kept her secret well.

The man Priscilla Lane married explains the girl herself. Like all of us, Pat is the product of the things which she has done and the situations in which she featured. To understand her fully, it is well to review the Hollywood history of the Littlest Lane.

Perhaps as no other star in Hollywood equal in importance to her, Priscilla Lane has shunned even the suggestion of the spotlight. She avoids interviews with the Press when she can. She is a girl who is not given to wholesale camaraderie. Once she referred to herself as a girl who lives in an ivory tower. She has sought isolation and insulation. Her ambition has been to live her private life privately. She has refused to satisfy public curiosity.

Success had come to her suddenly. One day she was a singer with a band, and almost the next day she was a star. It is the Hollywood pattern that the interval between stardom and serious love is short.

For Pat there was first Wayne Morris. They were both young—just a couple of vital, ambitious, hardworking youngsters. It surprised no one that they became a romantic combination. The Warner Brothers publicists linked their names frequently. Hollywood insisted that these two would marry—it even went so far as to set a time limit within which they would become Mr. and Mrs.

But Hollywood guessed wrong. Pat was counselled by those close to her to wait—not only to get her professional but her emotional bearings before she married.

Bit by bit they were seen less often together. What Hollywood didn't know was that Priscilla had met Oren Haglund, an assistant director on the *Four Daughters* picture in which she was working, and that they had quickly found themselves in love.

They were seen together infrequently. But by the middle of '39 there were hints that Oren and Pat were married. They both denied it. As the months went on, there were indications that the rumors were true, but the denials continued.

But Pat and Oren *were* married. On January 23, 1939, they had been married in Yuma, Nevada. The next morning they returned to Hollywood. Pat went home, and continued to live there. It was the home she shared with her sisters and her mother.

Not until a year later, when she had decided on a divorce, did she disclose her marriage to her mother!

Why the marriage was not announced—why they hid it so carefully—no one really knows. There are conjectures. Perhaps her decision to seek a divorce was precipitated by Oren's insistence that their relationship be revealed. An annulment was possible, but a divorce was found more practical.

Because Pat spent a great deal of her vacation time at the Yucca Loma Ranch near Victorville—a dude ranch isolated in the desert, exclusive in its clientele and famous for the privacy it affords its guests—Pat was a legal resident of the County.

On May 3, 1940, she was granted a divorce in San Bernardino. It was a dignified parting, with no recriminations and no accusations. So quietly had Pat gone about the business, that it wasn't until the 29th of May that the newspapers learned simultaneously of her fifteen-month marriage and her twenty-six-day-old divorce.

To live the secluded life she ardently desired, she escaped more and more frequently to the Yucca Loma Ranch. The moment she was released from studio duties, she made a beeline for the desert.

On the Ranch she could do what she wished. No one bothered her. She had all the isolation her independent traits require.

One of the charming and eligible men in adjacent Victorville was John Barry, the editor of the local weekly. Pat preferred men out- [*Continued on page* 64]

Pat Lane's hasty marriage to Lt. Joseph Howard, bombardier instructor, amazed Hollywood as did her first secret one-day marriage to Oren Haglund. Small photo: With George Brent and Bruce Cabot in Paramount's *Silver Queen*

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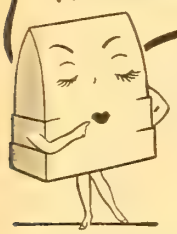

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You've seen Porter Hall portray countless neurotic, scheming, corrupt villains on the screen, but in real life he does nothing more violent than chop off the heads of the weeds in his garden. His latest shady role is in Columbia's *The Desperadoes*

Alias The Deacon

By HENRY REESE

■ WHAT brought Porter Hall to the attention of Hollywood was the role of an amiable, easy-going detective in the Broadway play *The Dark Tower*—a fellow who was anxious to get a murder cleaned up in time to take his wife and kids on a vacation trip. It was a juicy comedy part, the kind Hall loves, so Hollywood hired him, shipped him West, and promptly assigned him to the first *Thin Man* picture—as the murderer.

He's been playing neurotic, scheming, or corrupt villains ever since, with the exception of a few notable comic parts, as in *True Confession* and *Sullivan's Travels*—in the latter unforgettably stealing each of the few brief scenes in which he appears by the simple and deft waggling of a cigar in a lax mouth.

He's been a crooked politician in *The Remarkable Andrew*, a professional would-be killer in the second of the *Bulldog Drummond* series, a gangster in *Stolen Heaven*. In *The General Died at Dawn* he was such a wicked fellow that Gary Cooper rubbed him out. Hall evened this up by mortally puncturing Cooper in *The Plainsman*. For this he received an award from the Screen Actors' Guild (just as he had, ten years earlier, been acclaimed best actor by the Critic's Circle for his stage performance in *Night Hostess*).

Cooper came right back, doubled and re-doubled, and won an award for killing 168 Germans in *Sergeant York*—and Hall remarked that the difference between awards for stars and awards for character actors was 167 dead bodies.

The prototype of the rat in pictures, Porter Hall, in private life, does nothing more violent than chop off the heads of weeds in his garden—his only hobby. A quiet, tolerant, kindly man, who neither drinks nor smokes, with the exception of one daily cigar, he lives with his wife and son in a tasteful Beverly Hills home. The redwood walls of his den, which he lovingly spent two years of spare time personally polishing, are broken by shelves containing a well-chosen library of a few hundred books.

Known publicly for his sly villainy, he is known in private life for his high ethics. His friends think he carries things too far, as in the case of the agent who had worked well for him and been paid well by him—and who then relaxed and did nothing. Instead of quite justifiably dropping him as of no further value, Hall went right on paying him for a while, out of gratified recognition of earlier services.

But on the screen, like the Timid Soul who loves to masquerade as a pirate, he assumes the mask of evil, most often as a Western character—a not always bold, but certainly bad man. In addition to *The Plainsman* there have been such pictures as *Arizona, Wells Fargo, The Parson of Panamint, Trail of the Vigilantes,* in which he has appeared as a gun-toting, whiskey drinking, bearded bird of evil

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omen, cheating, killing, and gambling.

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, Hall had been West only once before he came to Hollywood to play Western badmen. That was when, as a boy, his father took him on a fishing trip. His chief memory of the expedition was the cooking art of the guide: put a pot on the fire, fill with lard, bring to a boil, then chuck in whatever is available and reputedly edible. Porter became deathly ill on this diet of greaseballs—and that was enough of the Wild West for him. That was way out west in Arkansas.

As a gunman he has still greater experience. He owns a .45 automatic, relic of his service in the 339th Field Artillery during the last war. He never shoots it. As a boy of eight, poking around with a young chum in the chum's house, he opened a closet door, discovered a shotgun. Porter picked it up, exclaiming: "Ain't it a beauty!" and aimed it. His friend, staring down the barrel, screamed "Look out!" and collapsed onto the floor as the gun went off. It blew a two-foot hole in the wall but no holes in the boy—and Porter Hall acquired a lifelong respectful wariness of firearms.

Western badmen gamble, of course. Hall doesn't even play poker. He used to take a book and read to himself at all-night poker sessions of his friends when he was a young man. The closest he ever came to betting on the horses, an endemic disease in Hollywood, was when he complied with a request to hang a wreath on the neck of an appreciative winner at the Del Mar track. "Not only do I not bet on race horses," he remarks, "but, even though I'm an actor, I do not own one."

But Western characters ride horses. "I joined a cavalry regiment during the war because I knew nothing about horses and thought I'd like to learn," Hall explains. "Within a couple of weeks they mechanized the outfit, so when I left the regiment I knew no more about horses than when I entered it.

"The only time I was ever on a horse was when I was working for a turpentine plant in Alabama. A local belle wanted me to go on a foxhunt. I didn't want to but she talked me into it.

"The horse was gentle, right enough, but even so I leaned back on the reins so hard that I shortly lost sight of the foxhunt. I wasn't interested in being in at the kill—especially my own. But gentle or not, this horse had a malevolent soul He began seeking out solid oak branches too low for both of us to go under at once. If he missed any of these in Alabama, I was too busy ducking the ones he found to notice. We plowed through brush, went over boulders instead of around them, and pushed into stifling draperies of Spanish moss until I had it growing out of my ears. I think it was a matter of environment—that horse had been keeping bad company—his stallmate was a notorious bad actor."

Hall is again the evil influence in Columbia's *The Desperadoes*. As seems to be his lot, he is again a shady character—a far cry from the true Porter Hall who is a Sunday School teacher and a highly respected Deacon in the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood. ■

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Glenda Farrell, one of Hollywood's most popular hostesses, has a new idea for birthday gaiety which every member of the family will especially enjoy. Miss Farrell has recently returned to Hollywood after a long and successful appearance on the Broadway stage. She will shortly be seen in Columbia's *The Talk of the Town*

Little Cakes for Big Times

By BETTY CROCKER

■ Everybody has fun at Glenda Farrell's parties. That's why she's one of Hollywood's most popular hostesses, and why invitations to her home are enthusiastically welcomed by her numerous friends and relatives. The secret of Glenda's success as a hostess can be explained by the fact that, in addition to her warm Irish charm, she has an inborn ability to know how to please the other fellow. One of her pet theories is that everyone appreciates individual attention, and she applies that practice to her parties.

Recently Glenda's relatives gathered to celebrate her birthday. It was a gay occasion, but in her thoughtful way, Glenda made it even more so. Instead of one big birthday cake of her own, she baked small individual cakes for every guest, each with its own candle, and with the guest's name iced on it. Everyone shared the spotlight, and everybody had a wonderful time.

Glenda's secret is a simple one that can be utilized in your next party. Her varied cake recipes offer you a wide choice to concoct a cake to please any guest.

LEMON SNOW CAKE

2 layers of Rich White Cake
Lemon Filling
1½ cups moist shredded cocoanut (¼ lb. can)

Spread chilled Lemon Filling over tops of cooled layers of cake (1 cup filling on each). Let stand until filling is set. Place layers together to make a 2-layer cake. Spread filling as thickly as possible on sides of cake. Sprinkle shredded cocoanut generously over sides and around top edge of cake to make a 1-inch rim—leaving shiny yellow filling showing in the center.

RICH WHITE CAKE

¾ cup shortening (½ butter for flavor)
1½ cups sugar
2¼ cups SIFTED cake flour or
2 cups SIFTED all-purpose flour
¼ tsp. salt
3 tsp. baking powder
¾ cup thin milk (or half milk and half water)
¾ tsp. flavoring (almond and vanilla mixed)
4 egg whites

Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together and add to creamed mixture alternately with the milk.

Blend in the flavoring. Fold in the egg whites beaten stiff but not dry. Pour into well-greased and floured layer cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven 350° for 30 to 35 minutes.

LEMON FILLING

2 cups cold water
⅓ cup lemon juice
½ tsp. salt
1 cup sugar
6 tbsp. cornstarch (⅜ cup)
3 egg yolks
⅔ tbsp. grated lemon rind
⅔ tbsp. butter

Mix together in top of double boiler ⅔ of the water, the lemon juice, salt, and ⅔ of the sugar. Bring to the boiling point over direct heat. Slowly stir in a paste made of cornstarch and the remaining water. Place over boiling water. Cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat egg yolks with the remaining sugar. Beat into the cornstarch mixture and cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Blend in lemon rind and butter. Cool, then chill in refrigerator.

BABY BALTIMORE CAKES

¼ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
4 egg yolks
Grated rind of 1 orange (1½ tsp.)
⅞ cup SIFTED cake flour or
¾ cup SIFTED all-purpose flour
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking powder
¼ cup milk
¼ tsp. almond extract

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Add the well-beaten egg yolks, to which has been added the grated orange rind. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Add the almond extract. Pour into well-greased and floured cupcake pan, or into little paper baking cups set into cupcake pan. Fill cups ⅔ full of batter. Bake 18 to 20 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F. Makes 12 medium-sized cupcakes.

DATE AND NUT FILLING

½ cup chopped dates
¼ cup chopped walnuts
½ cup water
1 tbsp. orange juice

Mix all ingredients together and cook in saucepan until mixture thickens slightly (about 5 minutes). Cool. Split cooled Baby Baltimore Cakes into two layers and spread Date and Nut Filling between the layers. Cover top and sides with White Boiled Icing.

WHITE BOILED ICING

1 cup sugar
⅛ tsp. cream of tartar
⅜ cup water (6 tbsp.)
1 egg white
½ tsp. vanilla

Mix together sugar, cream of tartar and water. Boil this mixture slowly without stirring until it spins a thread, 238° F., keeping pan covered for first three minutes of cooking to prevent crystals forming on side of pan. Pour hot syrup slowly over stiffly beaten egg white, beating with rotary beater until icing begins to stiffen. Add vanilla. Then use spoon or wire whip until mixture is fluffy and will hold its shape. Enough icing for tops and sides of 12 Baby Baltimore Cakes.

CHOCOLATE PECAN CAKE

½ cup shortening
2 cups brown sugar (packed in cup)
2 eggs
⅔ cup hot water
3 tbsp. cocoa
2¼ cups SIFTED cake flour or
2 cups SIFTED all-purpose flour
1 tsp. soda
¼ tsp. salt
⅔ cup sour whipping cream (33 to 35% butter fat)
⅔ cup pecans (coarsely cut)
⅔ tsp. vanilla

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream until fluffy. Add whole eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each one is added. Blend hot water and cocoa together. Sift flour, soda and salt together and add to creamed mixture alternately with the sour cream and cocoa mixture. Blend in cut-up nuts and vanilla. Pour into one well-greased and floured 8¼ by 12¼-inch oblong pan *or* into two 8-inch round layer pans. Bake oblong cake 40 to 45 minutes . . . layers 35 minutes . . . in a moderate oven (350°). NOTE: With the above recipe, the cake in oblong pan will be only 1 inch thick. For a thicker or larger cake, use ½ more of each ingredient.

FUDGE ICING

2 sq. unsweetened chocolate (2 oz.)
2 cups sugar
⅛ tsp. salt
¾ cup milk
2 tbsp. light corn syrup
2 tbsp. butter
1 tsp. vanilla

Cut up chocolate in saucepan. Add sugar, salt, milk and corn syrup. Mix thoroughly. Cook without stirring to 234° the temperature at which mixture forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Keep pan covered first 3 minutes of cooking to prevent crystals forming on sides of pan. Remove from heat. Add butter. Let stand until lukewarm. Add vanilla. Beat until thick enough to hold its shape. If the icing seems to stiffen too quickly, thin it carefully with a little cream. Add only ½ tbsp. at a time—to avoid making icing too runny to handle. Sufficient to ice one 8 x 12-inch cake or top and sides of a round 2-layer 8-inch cake.

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Pat's Second Surprise Marriage

[*Continued from page* 58]

side the picture industry, and they found much in common.

She anncunced her engagement to him at a small dinner party at her home in June of 1940.

The world moves swiftly. There came a day of war. A group of young officers—among them a Lieutenant Howard—came to stay at the Yucca Loma Ranch. They were all stationed at the nearby Flying School. Pat met them all.

Shortly after Christmas last, Pat's engagement to John Barry was broken. No one knew it, and speculation as to when they would marry continued.

Lieutenant Howard came to visit Pat in Hollywood while she was working. Her sisters and her mother liked this keen, clean-cut officer. They learned that he was one of seven children, that he came from New England, and was of Irish descent.

He was intelligent and had a fine simplicity. Almost from the beginning, Pat must have known that this was the man for her. He is given to long silences as she is. He likes the sun and the stillness of the desert, as she does.

He is a man who cares little for money and the things it will buy. He is simple in his tastes, independent as a military man must be. Pat is independent, too. She likes to do things for herself—even to the extent of shampooing her own hair and manicuring her own nails. Their temperaments dovetail perfectly.

On the day before her marriage, Pat drove to Victorville. She took with her a few things which would convert the four-room furnished house the Lieutenant had rented for them near the ranch into a home. The housing allowance the Government gives married officers amply covers the rent.

It is a house with no address. The stillness of the desert is all around it.

Priscilla plans to live on her husband's army pay. All the money she has made was invested in various funds before her marriage. She can touch only a small sum in her personal checking account.

Today she is living as hundreds of other women whose husbands have a Lieutenant's rank. The blue wool dress with the matching hat, the brown accessories and simple gardenia corsage she wore at her wedding are an index to her simple tastes. She wanted none of the frills of a planned wedding.

Those who know Pat well, those who love her most dearly, have a deep conviction that this is the marriage and this is the man for her! ■

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Clues On Clothes

By CATHERINE ROBERTS
FASHION EDITOR

OTHER FASHIONS ON PAGE 26

Above: Dinah Shore, stage and radio star, doesn't buy all her clothes by any means. She feels that making her own clothes is not only fun but a sure way of achieving that enviable individuality we all want. She is shown above fitting a gown to form

Dinah wears the completed gown. Pale pink chiffon, smoothly moulded to the body, its simplicity and perfect fit make it very distinguished. Embroidery in a darker tone of the pink outlines neck and hips. It is done with a simple machine-attached gadget made by the Singer Sewing Machine people. Try it

■ With plenty of money to spend on the world's most glamorous clothes, many Hollywood stars depend upon their own sewing to achieve individualistic touches.

Grace Bradley, star of *The McGuerins of Brooklyn*, sews narrow lace ruffling and beading on slips. Through the beading she runs dark colored ribbons that match or contrast with the dress she wears.

Bonita Granville perked up a new fall dress by sewing on four patch pockets, each of a different color.

One of the newest tricks I've seen around town is handknitted sleeves in wool or spun rayon dresses. Knit them of solid contrasting colors or wild stripes. The effect is very new. It's a wonderful way to modernize last year's shirtmaker frock. Simply use left-over yarn for this ■

Cute little Jane Porter, featured in Hal Roach's *Fall In*, has her own trick of individualizing her clothes. Shown here is her smart use of crocheted edging to outline collar and cuffs. She crocheted button covers to match. Very easy to do with scraps of left-over wool yarn

LIKE A LOT of other fellows, I used to take what I thought was a "he-man's" laxative. And, boy, what awful punishment I'd take with it. The stuff tasted terrible — and acted worse. It was just *too strong!*

THEN I SWITCHED to another brand. It tasted pretty bad, too. But I wouldn't have minded *that* so much if it had done me any good. Trouble was I didn't get the proper relief. It was just *too mild!*

FINALLY, A FRIEND suggested Ex-Lax!..."It's so easy to take," he said. "Ex-Lax tastes like chocolate and it works like a charm!"... Well, I tried it and I knew right away that I'd found *MY* laxative. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild—it's *just right!*

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USE BOTH FOR BEST RESULTS

Important Pictures

By SARA CORPENING

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES ★★★★

R-K-O-Radio

■ Baseball fans and non-baseball fans alike will enjoy *Pride of the Yankees.* Few more popular public figures ever graced the American scene than Lou Gehrig, whose life it depicts. The story of the New York youngster who rose from an average home to the height of baseball glory, and later met such a tragic end, makes an absorbing movie. Gary Cooper as Gehrig is believable and lovable, while Teresa Wright gives an excellent performance as Mrs. Gehrig. Miss Wright, in this, her third film, conclusively proves herself one of the best of Hollywood's current crop of newcomers.

Teresa Wright

Babe Ruth plays himself in the film, and other baseball players who were contemporaries of Gehrig appear in the picture also. Supporting roles are ably handled by Walter Brennan, Dan Duryea, and Virginia Gilmore, while Elsa Janssen as Gehrig's mother gives a memorable performance.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN ★★★

Columbia

■ The combination of Cary Grant, Jean Arthur and Ronald Colman is guarantee of a movie you won't want to miss. In addition to its stellar attractions, *Talk of the Town* offers a thoroughly creditable, entertaining plot. Grant, a soap-box orator in a factory town, is being tried for arson and the death of a factory worker. He escapes before his trial is completed and seeks refuge in the home of Jean Arthur, a good-looking young school teacher. Complications ensue when Ronald Colman, a law school dean who has rented Miss Arthur's home for the summer, arrives a day ahead of schedule. Trying to explain the presence of the two men to each other involves Miss Arthur in some merry circumstances. The academic theories of Colman are pitted against the purely practical ones of Grant, with surprising results.

Cary Grant

Deft direction and expert acting by the leads keep the film from becoming heavy, in spite of the seriousness of the plot.

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR ★★★

Paramount

■ Back in 1930, Ginger Rogers began her screen career on the Paramount lot when she baby-talked her way through a

[*Continued on page* 73]

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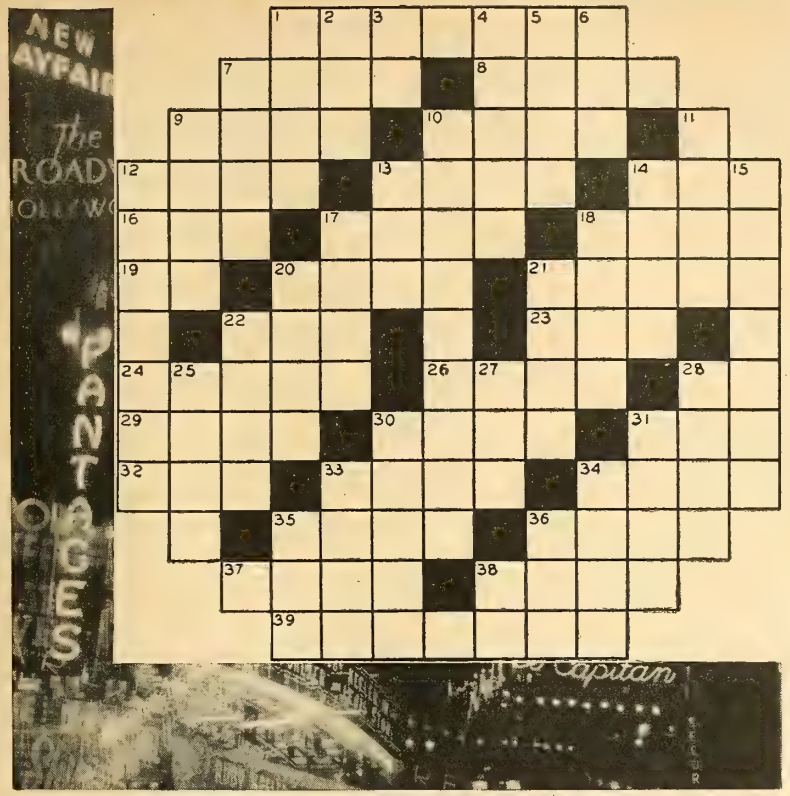
MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. These may cause players to have words.
7. Grand old name in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*.
8. It fell for Sadie Thompson.
9. Film fans keep in step with march of this.
10. Sol is often photographed in lavish setting here.
12. They dug this up for scene in *How Green Was My Valley*.
13. Someone took a letter, darling, so papa can't wear 'em.
14. Boxcar tourist (slang).
16. It couldn't leave bottle alone and landed in the pen.
17. Heroine says villain wouldn't, but he can take it.
18. She's often referred to as dumb belle.
19. Abbreviated scene from *Broadway*.
20. Artie Shaw has leading role in one.
21. If you're looking for Stepin Fetchit, he's not in this.
22. Hedy looks good enough to and often does.
23. Where aitches are sometimes omitted from actor's lines (abbr.).
24. He's famed for his rib roasts, generally well done.
26. Bewhiskered individual in *I Married an Angel*, who gave Eddy some barefaced advice.
28. Subject dear to heart of egotistic English actor.
29. Oklahoma Rhodes who made tracks for Hollywood.
30. Professor in *Beyond the Blue Horizon*.
31. Abner's pal in rural reels.
32. What 14 Across often rides (sing.).
33. He hoofed and poofed in *Holiday Inn*.
34. There may be no turn in long one, but one named Priscilla has plenty of curves.
35. He pinched porker but latter squealed (poss.).
36. One who talks behind your back at the movies.
37. According to film figures, there's 1 in 10; it's nothing really.
38. Service man who had bit in *The Spoilers*.
39. They come in handy for what Chaplin keeps under his hat.

DOWN

1. Descriptive of Hollywood social lions.
2. What certain *Husbands* followed before reaching *Necessary* conclusion.
3. Letters for Loretta Young.
4. Not a hepcat, but she recently had part in *Jam* session.
5. Kipling was wrong; this crosses 10 Across to make ends meet.
6. What Bergen might do to find parking place for Charlie.
7. Coat of paint primes chorine for second coat of this.
9. Entertainers expect a big hand, but they'd get this kind from Sandy.
10. You may not care for costumes here but someone does (pl.).
11. Actor needs a little Scotch for this.
12. Metro's *Mrs.*
13. Irate director puts player on this for roasting.
14. Veda Ann's finish.
15. Jeanette MacDonald found "Sweetheart" in this operetta.
17. What hero asks heroine for, then tells her to keep it.
18. Martha Carter in *Postman Didn't Ring*.
20. Kind of seat taken by one of triangle at end of screenplay.
21. This is always under foot, hoping for walk-on part.
22. First name of Miss Bennett, silent star.
25. Goose pressed into service for tailor-made roles.
27. What Mary Pickford is to her Buddy.
28. Fugitive wouldn't give a scent for his chances in this.
30. Hero appears knightly in it.
31. Kind of reel that winds up evening performance.
33. The word got around at Crosby's tee parties.
34. He met Jean in *Pacific Rendezvous* (poss.).
35. Porter in *Syncopation*, not a redcap.
36. He gave his name a final "try" and is now in the movies.
38. Mixed type; might be used in *Front Page*.

(Solution on Page 74)

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Model Friendship

By TOM CASEY

The old saw about there being no real friendships among Hollywood actresses is sternly given the rout by Linda Darnell and Ann Miller. Theirs is what can honestly be called a model friendship—in more ways than one.

The Darnell-Miller coalition began in May, 1941. The careers of each of the girls was being handled by the William Morris agency. Each had seen the other coming or going from the business office and each had liked the looks of the other. Reasonable, isn't it? So one day they smiled in passing, the next time they said hello, and the third time they stopped for a chat. Thus began one of the film colony's really true feminine friendships—one that has increased and ripened into a perfect companionship.

"One of my hobbies," Linda happened to mention to Ann one day, "is geology."

"Mine, too," chortled Ann.

"And I'm crazy about painting," further confessed Linda.

Ann's eyes lighted up. "What kind of painting do you do?" she demanded.

Linda explained about the oils, the water colors, but mostly the pastels. Linda, incidentally has never had an art lesson in her life. She simply has an acute vision, a rare sense of color, and a natural flair for line, perspective, and balance.

Ann has never studied art either, but she's been daubing things ever since she painted the horses on the bathroom wall with her mother's rouge and got paddy-whacked.

The friendship grew during the following weeks when the girls spent every available afternoon scavenging art stores. Any stray color neither had previously owned was promptly purchased. Ann bought several books on the theory of art and the emotional value of color.

Shortly thereafter, Linda moved away from her family home and took an apartment of her own. Ann helped Linda look for an apartment, and they adventured from one end of town to the other. Ann scrutinized all apartments on the basis of bed comfort, whereas Linda held out for a fine view. They finally found a four-room flat with privileges to use a small private swimming pool in an enclosed garden. "Now we can go swimming," Linda announced happily.

Ann rushed to the window and studied the miniature lake. "No waves," she said. "No floating boxes, no splashing juveniles, no seaweed, no undertow, no salt. Life gets better all the time."

This sums up Miss Miller's list of complaints against the ocean as a romping companion. She admits to being downright afraid of it, too. Linda considers ocean bathing a messy sport, but she isn't afraid.

And there you have a clue to one of the chief reasons for the girls' close friendship: each complements the other. Ann is afraid of practically everything. She nearly drowned at one time, and she has been afraid of water ever since. She was thrown while horseback riding as a child, and nowadays she has dithers in a saddle. She grew up amid unrelenting plans for a career, and she is in constant dread of doing, saying or omitting something that might jeopardize that career.

The Darnell lady? Well, she's noted for her relaxed conduct. A horse, to her, is as much fun as the wild swaying of a topped tree is to a lumberjack.

Neither Ann Miller nor Linda Darnell ever had an art lesson, but they're getting a big kick out of painting each other. Ann's in *Priorities of 1942*; Linda's in 20th's *The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe*

As for her career—it sort of fell into her apron with the juicy squish of a ripe apple. She regards cinema favor as a gift of the gods, not to be polished too carefully.

When Ann has finished a day's shooting at the studio, she comes home to re-live every scene, every word of coaching, every bit of business. Sometimes she is so wrought up that she can't eat dinner. If she does attempt to annex some calories, she becomes nauseated.

As for Linda, when the day's shooting is over, it's over. Period. Miss Placid forgets it. Acting is a day job, as far as she is concerned, not to be hung-over into the evening.

The girls discovered this remarkable difference in each other after a few weeks of friendship, and each marveled at the other. Ann says, "Imagine being able to relax like that!" And Linda says, "Imagine being so emotional and responsive to your work that you can't let down!"

Both of the girls are originally from Texas—Ann from Houston, and Linda from Dallas. In May, 1942, they and their mothers started across the country to visit their old home towns. Ann doesn't know how to drive because her mother has always been afraid that she might injure herself in an accident, so Linda drove during the entire trip. She loves it and is an excellent driver.

Mrs. Darnell and Mrs. Miller sat in the back of the car—partitioned from the front seat by a sliding glass arrangement. "So we couldn't hear their conversation and they couldn't hear ours," Linda grinned.

Several weeks before, Linda had stayed all night with Ann. In pulling open a dresser drawer by mistake, she had discovered one of those shoot-'em-up-boys paper-backed novels. "Don't tell me," she had stage-whispered to Ann, "that you read this Wild West horror stuff?"

"Sure I do," Ann had answered stoutly. "Some of the stories are very well-written, and they take your mind off your own problems better than any other kind of writing. Go on—stop laughing. I'll bet you have a secret sin, too."

"I have," admitted Linda. "I buy these same books by the dozen. If my mother ever found that out . . ."

Denouement: All the way across the country, while Linda drove, Ann read selected short subjects aloud from these blood-and-thunder publications while the mothers in the back seat were doubtless exchanging recipes for watermelon pickles.

When both the girls are in Hollywood, their routine is standard. At least once a week they get together at Ann's. They have dinner—Linda can gorge herself on Mrs. Miller's delightful Southern cooking without gaining weight, but Ann has to discipline herself—then they settle down for three or four hours of art work. Linda poses for Ann, who is turning out a nice portrait of the Darnell kid, and Ann poses for Linda, who is doing a pastel of the Miller kid. Mrs. Miller has expressed a desire for a study of each of the girls to occupy a prominent position on one of the living room walls, and the girls are complying . . . but not in any haste.

Linda says, grinning, "I have more trouble with my series of studies than Ann does, because Ann started out as a brunette, then she was a redhead, and now she's a blonde. I go right on painting her as a redhead because I think that is Ann's most becoming hair shade."

Linda sticks to the neck, face, shoulder and head portrait, but Ann is likely to branch out to catch some exotic pose. Whenever she does this she runs into sketching difficulty and sometimes Linda takes over the work to finish it.

When Art palls, they mosey off into Ann's room, take seats before the dressing table and try a series of new hair-do's. Sometimes each girl works on her own hair and sometimes they turn hairdresser for each other. While this beauty workout is progressing, they talk about Life and Love. Item: They agree that there are many limits beyond which a girl shouldn't go to further her career. Both girls draw rigid date lines between the boys who get the yes department and the wolves who rate zero-zero.

Then they discuss the latest fortune-teller's predictions. Both of the girls adore a synthetic peek into the future; Linda says it's loony but fun. Ann is inclined to take her superstitions more seriously.

At approximately one a. m. Linda is hungry. They raid the ice-box and Linda cleans up the miscellaneous chicken-bones, vegetable dabs, and an extra ration of jello, while Ann drinks a glass of milk.

Back to the bedroom they go to try out a series of new lipsticks, or a new powder base. Then they take turns reading the latest killer-diller aloud.

Between four and five a. m. they suddenly look at each other with stricken expressions. "We have to get *up* in the morning," they agree in horrified undertones. "Good *night!*"

Then Ann, who is the sentimental member of the duo, says, "It's swell—having a friend like you, Linda. I've always had to fight my own way and keep up my guard. I've never confided in anyone before. Gee, I'm glad I met you."

Linda, who wouldn't be caught dead in the midst of *Hearts & Flowers*, says, "Save the topic, babe. We've got years of discussion ahead of us."

". . . next thing you know," postscripts Ann, "we'll be comparing our grandchildren."

From 19 to 90 doesn't seem like much of a gap—at 5 a. m. ■

This slim young lovely with the eye-filling figure is Columbia's Leslie Brooks, once known as Lorraine Gettman. With new hair-do and new name, she steps into the aptly titled film, *Lucky Legs*

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Papa Pat

By JILL LANG

Pat O'Brien is the favorite playmate of his children, Sean, 5, and Mavourneen, 8, who love nothing better than a romp on the lawn with Dad and the two pups. (Left) Pat takes the Mrs. for a whirl at one of the hot spots. He's in R-K-O's *The Navy Comes Through*

■ Between takes, Pat O'Brien rushed to the set telephone and placed a frantic call to the hospital. The wait before the hospital operator answered and the pause between her calm response and the answer from that fourth floor room, where a little boy was fighting for his life, seemed interminable.

Then Mrs. O'Brien answered. "Hello?"

"Hello, honey. How is he?"

"Just about the same, dear. His fever is still 105. The doctor was just here, though, and says Sean's putting up a good fight."

Pat moistened his lips. There didn't seem to be much to say. "I'll call later, but if there's any change you'll let me know, won't you?"

For ten days, two-year-old Sean's temperature hovered around the 105 mark. It was on the afternoon of the ninth day that Eloise O'Brien forgot to be optimistic over the telephone. "I don't know what to say, Pat," she answered his call. "He isn't any better . . ."

Pat couldn't leave the set; he's a born trouper with a profound respect for shooting schedules. Besides, he couldn't have done anything at the hospital that wasn't already being done. So Pat O'Brien hunched in his canvas set chair and cried like a baby. Not one of his co-workers indicated awareness of the situation until Pat had taken hold of himself again.

All that happened nearly four years ago. Young Sean is now a lusty specimen of nearly six, but the story behind his seige of pneumonia will serve to indicate the depths of Pat's devotion to his three children. Mavourneen was eight on May 17; Sean(pronounced Shawn) will be six in October, and young Terence, better known as Terry, was a year old in July.

When Pat isn't working, the period between five and seven in the evening is The Children's Hour in the O'Brien household. Pat and the two older children play games and hold a rousing song session.

They play a game called "Movie Stars." Mavourneen will mention the initials of some star and everyone has to guess the identity. Pat said "A. J." one night (for Allen Jenkins) and neither of the children could get it. When he told them, they were outraged. Allen is a frequent visitor to the house and a great favorite with the progeny, but they see very few movies. "That wasn't fair," they protested, "because we didn't know he was an actor."

Somewhat later in the game, Sean gave the initials P. O. B. Mavourneen, in order to encourage him, pretended to have trouble diagnosing this riddle. "I'll give you a hint," Sean volunteered. "He's the guy who gave me a good licking the other day." P. S. The reason for the punishment: obstreperous Master Sean, while at the beach, had thrown sand at a little girl. Pat suspects this may be the Cagney or grapefruit-in-the-face technique, taking hold at an early age.

However, Pat doesn't believe in corporal chastisement for children. On only one other occasion did Sean get trimmed, and that was for pushing his sister off her bicycle. Pat paddled the young man severely, then retreated to his own bedroom where he confided to Eloise that he was a sick man.

Papa Pat—frequently seen as a cal-

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loused character in pictures—is a push-over for gift requests from the children. When he left on a recent trip, Sean asked him to bring back a dump truck and Mavourneen indicated a yearning for two books to add to her library. Instead of ordering the gifts from local stores, Pat bought the gifts in Chicago, tripped his way over them in the train compartment, and marched through the Los Angeles station behind a mountain of packages—to the intense delight of all beholders.

Children, to quote a cliche, are not an unmixed blessing. Take that reddish moment one Sunday when the O'Briens were entertaining friends. Mavourneen had been trying to pick up the family cat who was waddling around the patio, so Mrs. O'Brien had to explain why Tabby was in no mood to be mauled.

Mavourneen, mightily impressed, clearly and loudly announced, "Daddy, Tabby is going to have kittens, so it makes her uncomfortable for me to pick her up."

It was, of course, perfectly natural for Mavourneen to bring this momentous news promptly to her dad because they are great friends and confidants. Every Sunday morning, rain or shine, no matter how late Pat has been out the night before, nor how hard he has worked during the week, he rolls out at 7:00 a. m. and takes his daughter to Mass. He could send Mavourneen with her grandmother or with the chauffeur, but he assumes the duty personally. He feels that it is important, not only from the standpoint of the present, but because he is carefully building a foundation for understanding and devotion in years to come. As soon as Sean can be induced to sit still, he'll be No. Three of the group.

Nice guy—this Papa Pat. ■

An apple a day is sixteen-year-old Dolores Moran's golden rule for health, as she keeps fit for her first screen appearance in Warner Brothers' *The Hard Way*

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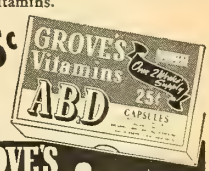

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Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde coiffure are both glowingly lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That's why smart blondes throughout the country use BLONDEX, the new 11-minute home shampoo made specially for blondes. It removes dull, dingy film and brings out every glorious highlight. Safe even for children's hair. To give hair beautiful lustre and radiance, top off shampoo with Blondex Golden Rinse. For all shades of blonde hair. Both cost little. Get Blondex Shampoo and Golden Rinse at 10c, drug and department stores.

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ROMANTIC STORY

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 66*]

colorful role in *Young Man of Manhattan*. Ginger returned to the Paramount lot—and to baby talk—for her new film, *The Major and the Minor*. She's an unsuccessful career-seeking young girl in New York who resorts to the masquerade of a 12-year-old in order to get back to her Middle West home for half fare. When the conductor on the train becomes suspicious of her, she hides in the compartment of Ray Milland, a major from a military academy. He insists on taking her back to the school with him for a few days, and Ginger runs into all manner of situations, due to her disguise. Eventually, of course, Milland learns the truth, but not before a very merry movie has unwound itself.

Ginger Rogers

Ginger is convincing in her 12-year-old get-up, both in appearance and actions. Robert Benchley furnishes several amusing sequences, and Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, appears briefly, but effectively, in the role of Ginger's mother.

THE PIED PIPER ★★★

Twentieth Century-Fox

■ *The Pied Piper* is a quiet, moving story of an unwilling hero's trip across France with a brood of children during the spring of 1940. There is no romance and little exciting action, yet it is a film you will enjoy seeing. Unlike the Pied Piper of the legend, the hero of the movie is an unwilling magnet for children. Monty Woolley portrays the title role. He's a crusty old Britisher, whose only son has been killed in the war. He is fishing in southern France when the Nazis invade Flanders. Against his will, he promises to get two children safely back to England. During his trip across the country, he somehow manages to collect various other unfortunate youngsters.

While slow in spots, *The Pied Piper* is on the whole a warm and human film.

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE ★★½

20th Century-Fox

■ Betty Grable has been making consistent progress up the star ladder of late, but *Footlight Serenade* sets her back several rungs. An implausible, unmotivated story is indifferently enacted by a cast whose actions seem to say: "Well, we got stuck in this one; let's get it over with." Victor Mature instills a certain amount of vigor into his role of an egotistic prize fighter who turns actor, and Phil Silvers is funny in a rather laborious fashion. His clowning—and the generous display of Miss Grable's incomparable legs—are about all we can recommend in *Footlight Serenade*.

THEY FLEW ALONE ★★½

R-K-O-Radio

■ The career of British flyer Amy Johnson Mollison was certainly a spectacular one and seemed better-than-fair material for a screen biography. However, the picturization drags and is slow throughout. The leading role is ably portrayed by Anna Neagle, while Robert Newton is very good as Jim Mollison, the husband to whom she was so unhappily married.

Air-minded Americans will enjoy the film; the average audience will find it only mildly entertaining.

JOAN OF OZARK ★★½

Republic

■ Judy Canova and Joe E. Brown team up for a fairly amusing little comedy in which most of the glory goes to Judy. As an Ozark hillbilly, she shoots a pigeon one day while out hunting. It turns out to be a carrier for local Nazi spies. The spy chief in New York orders Judy disposed of, and Joe E. is the man sent out to do the job by persuading Judy to accept a night club engagement. From then on, there's action and plenty of clowning, plus

[*Continued on page 74*]

These maids look more like three little girls from the red schoolhouse than a trio of glamour queens from a film studio. But that's how Brenda Marshall, Joan Fontaine and Joyce Reynolds romp through a good part of Warners' *The Constant Nymph*. Charles Boyer is on the receiving end of those adoring looks

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by Myra M. Banks

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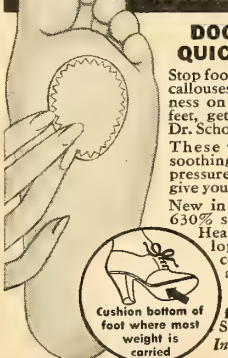

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Important Pictures

[Continued from page 73]

several of Judy's lively and highly amusing vocal numbers.

ONE THRILLING NIGHT ★★½

Monogram

The attempts of young newlyweds to be alone is not an original plot, but it is still an amusing one. In *One Thrilling Night* it is given credence and timeliness because the groom must report for induction the next morning. John Beal is the ever-so-guileless groom, and Wanda McKay is the bride. Their bridal chamber becomes the scene for a mad game of cops and robbers, with Beal in turn being abducted, recaptured, and finally summoned for Army induction before ever getting a moment alone with his bride. Beal is very good, delivering his innocent lines in effective fashion. Miss McKay is pretty but stilted and wooden in her role. Warren Hymer is the dumb house detective, and Tom Neal is the usual tough gangster. Some of the lines are surprisingly bright and amusing, while others are pure corn. However, *One Thrilling Night*, which makes no attempt to be a super-duper production, is surprisingly enjoyable.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

MRS. MINIVER (M-G-M) Cast: *Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Teresa Wright.* Jan Struther's best seller adapted into a vibrant, poignant film that brings the war home. Showing how the English people can take it, it's one of the finest war films to date. Greer Garson is a good bet for the Academy Award.

SUSPICION (R-K-O) Cast: *Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nigel Bruce.* Compelling film in which Hitchcock again proves himself the superb master of direction and production. Miss Fontaine, as the young wife who suspects that her husband plans to murder her, won 1941's *Oscar* as the year's best actress.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR (M-G-M) Cast: *Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy.* Loaded with laughter. It's a new twist to the old story of the battle of the sexes, with Hepburn and Tracy giving sparkling performances. Katy's satire of a brilliant woman columnist is brittle and beautiful. Men will love the scene at the ball park where Tracy patiently tries to explain the game to Miss Hepburn.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (Warners) Cast: *James Cagney, Joan Leslie, Walter Huston.* A rousing tribute to that grand old man of the American theater, George M. Cohan, portrayed by Cagney who was never better. All the famous Cohan songs.

★★★½

BAMBI (Walt Disney) Disney's most realistic animated cartoon is the enchanting adaptation of Felix Salten's classic. The story concerns a fawn and his life and friends of the forest. *Thumper*, the comic rabbit, is most entertaining.

EAGLE SQUADRON (Universal) Cast: *Robert Stack, Diana Barrymore, Jon Hall.* An authentic picture of the American squadron in the RAF. Thrilling shots of air raids, sky battles and maneuvers.

HOLIDAY INN (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, Virginia Dale.* Great entertainment bubbling over with Crosby's crooning, Astaire's dancing and Irving Berlin's melodies. All about an inn opened only on holidays. Excellent performance by a talented newcomer, Marjorie Reynolds.

TALES OF MANHATTAN (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda.* Star-studded film depicting adventures of a tail coat as it is handed down from one character to the other, bringing fortune or disgrace to the wearer. Each episode of the story is complete in itself. The huge and glittering cast is awe-inspiring.

Jack Benny demonstrates that even a comedian can turn great lover when Ann Sheridan is the incentive. The scene is from Warners' *George Washington Slept Here*

CROSSROADS M-G-M Cast: *Hedy Lamarr, William Powell, Basil Rathbone.* Dramatic story of a high French official suffering from amnesia, who does not know if he is a criminal or not. Tense moments throughout. Hedy, as always, is lovely to behold

KINGS ROW (Warners) Cast: *Robert Cummings, Betty Field, Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan, Nancy Coleman* A gloomy adaptation of the popular best-seller. If you like psychiatric studies you'll enjoy this. Otherwise, you may find it pretty depressing.

LADY IN A JAM (Universal) Cast: *Irene Dunne, Patric Knowles, Ralph Bellamy.* Zany tale of a wacky heiress who goes bankrupt and starts mining gold in Arizona to win back her fortune and her man. Slapstick at its best.

REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Cast: *Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard, John Wayne.* With its excellent cast, brilliant technicolor and fast-moving story, you won't want to miss De Mille's latest production Complete with hurricane, shipwreck, an underseas fight and a gala ball.

RIO RITA (M-G-M) Cast: *Abbott and Costello, Kathryn Grayson, John Carroll.* Those funnymen are loose again and run riot through a rather weak story, uncorking new and better gags. Very entertaining.

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TAKE A LETTER, DARLING (Paramount) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray.* Plot concerns a woman executive and her male secretary with ensuing complications. Comedy fare with Roz carrying off the honors.

THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY (M-G-M) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Donna Reed.* The latest chapter in the *Hardy* saga is the most appealing yet. Throughout there is the endearing warmth of the *Hardy* family and their typical life in a small American town.

THE GAY SISTERS (Warner Brothers) Cast: *Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Gig Young.* The rather heavy story of the three Gaylord sisters, their trials and tribulations in marriage and their attempt to regain the family fortune. Engrossing and well performed.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (R-K-O) Cast: *Dolores Costello, Tim Holt, Joseph Cotten.* Orson Welles' second film doesn't measure up to his *Citizen Kane*. Slow-moving, rather depressing story of a spoiled young man. Agnes Moorehead shows possibilities.

THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE (Columbia) Cast: *Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas.* Joan plays with relish and enjoyment the role of a successful young business woman who is afraid of men—until Melvyn comes along. The jitterbug sequence is side-splitting.

THIS ABOVE ALL (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Tyrone Power, Joan Fontaine.* The moving love story of a WAAC girl and a deserting soldier and the conflicting emotions that engulf them in war-torn England. Excellent performances. From Eric Knight's novel.

TORTILLA FLAT (M-G-M) Cast: *Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr, John Garfield.* Adapted from John Steinbeck's stories of the picturesque *paisanos* of northern California, it tells the story of the romance of Hedy and John Garfield, which Spencer Tracy tries to break up. Very colorful.

★★½

JUKE GIRL (Warners) Cast: *Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan, Richard Whorf.* The tale of two hitch-hikers who wander into the Florida tomato country and get mixed up with a juke girl (Sheridan) and a battle raging between farmers and packers.

MAISIE GETS HER MAN (M-G-M) Cast: *Ann Sothern, Red Skelton.* The *Maisie* followers will like this. In addition to Ann Sothern's amusing escapades, it has Red Skelton.

MISS ANNIE ROONEY (United Artists) Cast: *Shirley Temple, Dickie Moore,* Shirley Temple comes back as a young lady in a rather weak story of a poor girl and a rich boy. Lots of jive talk and jitterbugging which youngsters will like.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING BEAUTY

Jane was a smart stenographer.
One day the boss said, "We need a girl
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Our Department of Curious Statistics informs us that "Mrs. Miniver" has hung up the Lost Kerchief record.

★ ★ ★ ★

It seems that more handkerchiefs were left in the seats than in the case of any previous duct-draining cinema.

★ ★ ★ ★

A more solid statistic about this M-G-M masterpiece is that from all indications "Mrs. Miniver" will play to more people than any other single film ever released.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Mrs. Miniver" is more than a movie. It's a message of moment!

★ ★ ★ ★

For a waggish lion we are sounding too terribly in earnest. If you'll promise to go and see "The War Against Mrs. Hadley"—another "Mrs."—and another motion picture that's timely, topical and top-notch, we'll get on to lighter aspects of shadow life!

★ ★ ★ ★

As for instance "Seven Sweethearts" the charmer which brings out so many talented new faces, led by Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Red Skelton's new comic confection called "W istling in Dixie", the ultimate in gaiety since "Whistling in the Dark".

★ ★ ★ ★

Red's maternal parent might be called The Whistler's Mother.

★ ★ ★ ★

Perhaps the best music since such things began will be Judy Garland in "For Me and My Gal". Watch as well Gene Kelly of "Pal Joey" fame.

★ ★ ★ ★

And the most effective looking morsel ever to be shot by a photographer is Hedy Lamarr as Tondelayo in "White Cargo".

We're pretty effective too—*Tonde-Leo*

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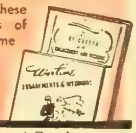

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HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ Talk of the sound stages: Jack Benny finally figuring out a way to top Rochester in their long-time scene-stealing "feud" by donning black-face for a scene with Rochester in *The Meanest Man in the World* . . . Hedy Lamarr's quote of six months ago—"I detest nicknames except one—Penny. George Montgomery gave it to me." I wonder what she thinks about it now that she and Montgomery don't speak . . . That sign on Hitler's headquarters in *The Ducktators*, a new Leon Schlessinger Merrie Melody cartoon —"Gestinko Gestapo" . . . W. C. Fields' comment when his son, W. C. Fields, Jr., married a high school secretary: "I wonder what will happen to my sex appeal on the screen if I become a grandfather" . . . Franchot Tone winning the top role in Paramount's *Bill of Goods*, for which Phil Terry was once considered. Tone is Joan Crawford's ex-husband, Terry her current . . . Columbia Studios concentrating for six months on a typical American girl publicity campaign for Jinx Falkenburg and then casting her as a Russian princess in *How Do You Do?* . . . Diana Barrymore not inviting her leading man, Robert Cummings, to her wedding to Bramwell Fletcher. They feuded throughout filming of their last picture together.

■ A certain star was monopolizing the conversation with talk of film achievement at a party the other night, when someone asked Barbara Stanwyck, who isn't keen for shop-talk, how she enjoyed her studio work. "It's nice work," she said, "if you can *forget* it."

■ Theo Coffman, the new M-G-M find, was dining out with Johnny Meyer, when he noticed she was wearing her glove over a very large ring. "It's interesting how you get your glove over such a large ring," said Johnny. "That's not half as interesting," replied Miss Coffman, "as how I got such a large ring."

■ When film comedian Lou Costello attended high school in Paterson, New Jersey, 20 years ago, he didn't take school very seriously and his classmates didn't think he'd ever amount to anything. Recently a group of doctors and lawyers held a class reunion in Paterson. The only non-professional present was Lou Costello. And all he was doing was playing host and paying all the checks.

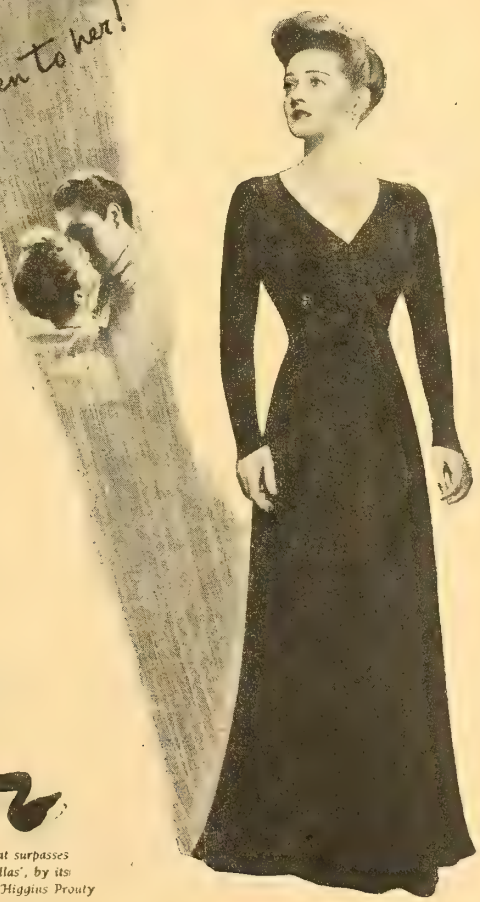
■ When a studio executive discovered that Director Julien Duvivier had cast Mae Marsh in an important role in *Tales*

[*Continued on page* 10]

Cary Grant seems more engrossed in his bride, heiress Barbara Hutton, than in the preview of his film, Columbia's *Talk of the Town*. The newlyweds were caught by the camera on one of their first public appearances after the ceremony

It happens in the best of families

But you'd never think it could happen to her!



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present their new dramatic triumph

BETTE DAVIS

more exciting, more radiant than ever—with her new co-star

PAUL HENREID

in

Now, Voyager

A story that surpasses 'Stella Dallas', by its author, Olive Higgins Prouty

A HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION

with CLAUDE RAINS

GLADYS COOPER · BONITA GRANVILLE · ILKA CHASE · Directed by IRVING RAPPER · Music by Max Steiner · Screen Play by Casey Robinson

Saturday night—
but NO DATE for Ellen

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?" cried Ellen as she gazed into her mirror. "Why don't the boys *ever* date me?" Just then Joan walked in. Joan, Ellen's best friend, worked in a beauty shop.

"Nothing's the matter with *you*," Joan said. "It's your *hair!* It's dull and mousy-looking. Men go for girls whose hair is full of sparkle and highlights. Why don't you try Nestle Colorinse? You'll be thrilled at the difference it will make in your hair." That very night Ellen used Colorinse and listen to what she told Joan—

"I NEVER THOUGHT my hair *could* look so lovely. Colorinse has given it a warmer, richer tone—filled it with highlights that catch the light and sparkle every time I turn my head. And now my hair's so much softer and silkier—easier to manage, too."

PLENTY OF DATES NOW! For Ellen's learned that *one guide to glamour* is hair made lovelier by Nestle Colorinse.

P. S. Take a tip from Ellen. Use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing.

Buy WAR SAVINGS STAMPS at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store.

Lovely Virginia Field completes a successful ticket sale to actors John Carroll and Alan Curtis, while Mrs. Curtis, luscious-looking Ilona Massey, looks on approvingly. The gay party was recently snapped at the Hollywood Canteen Benefit Service

Even an auction sale becomes a merry event when the Hollywood stars get together. Kay Francis, Reginald Gardiner and Shirley Patterson rallied to the cause when Joan Bennett held an auction sale at her home to raise funds for the AWVS

IRENE DUNNE

STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S "LADY IN A JAM"

Her skin says Romance
Her Beauty Soap has ACTIVE *lather*

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Girls with *Romance Complexions* win out

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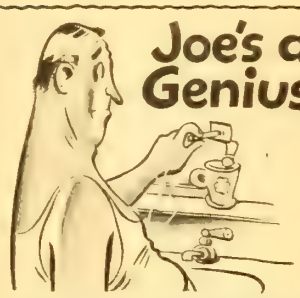
Gotta Watch The Figure!

IT'S EASIER TO BALANCE MY BUDGET SINCE I USE *KLEENEX TISSUES* FOR HANKIES DURING COLDS! WHAT I SAVE ON ONE WEEK'S LAUNDRY BUYS ME A MONTH'S SUPPLY OF *KLEENEX!*

(*from a letter by* B. M. W., Atlanta, Ga.)

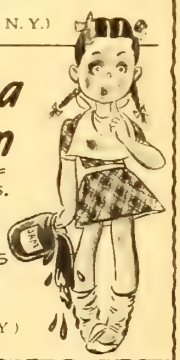
Joe's a Genius!



AFTER SHAVING I USE *KLEENEX* TO DRY MY RAZOR. IT HELPS KEEP BLADES FROM RUSTING... SAVES TOWELS!

(*from a letter by* H. S. P., White Plains, N. Y.)

Mary had a Little Jam



SPREAD ON ONE OF MY BEST NAPKINS. INSTEAD OF SWITCHING MARY I SWITCHED TO *KLEENEX*. IT SAVES PATIENCE, LINENS AND LAUNDRY!

(*from a letter by* D. W. R., Albany, N. Y.)

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(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

The bevy of glamour queens surrounding Ronald Colman comprises the Stars Over America group that is currently touring the country to sell War Bonds for Uncle Sam. The eager salesmen are Joan Leslie, Irene Dunne, Lynn Bari, Hedy Lamarr, and Greer Garson. Dashing Mr. Colman goes along to help

of Manhattan, the director was called into immediate conference. He was told that this was an important, costly picture—with nine stars, all with high reputations at the box-office. And Miss Marsh—well, she was a big name of the silent era, but why bring back a star of those early days? Director Duvivier rose from his seat and, looking at the executive, said: "There are no such things as has-beens in the acting profession—only people who haven't got the courage to give them a chance." Mae Marsh remained in the cast of *Tales of Manhattan* and turned in a sterling performance as one of the 44 name players in the picture.

■ Grauman's Chinese theater in Hollywood has a new doorman—the son of two one-time famous stars. He's James Kirkwood, Jr., son of the actor and Lila Lee. He hopes to become an actor some day.

■ John Gunther, author of *Inside Asia, Inside Europe* and *Inside Latin America,* is now inside 20th Century-Fox, where he's writing a movie around the army signal corps.

■ Reason the movies are grabbing off all those big-name bands on long term contracts is the transportation problem. The bands no longer can travel around the country making one-night stands. So for the duration they'll be concentrating on cashing in on film work.

■ Not long ago playwright Clifford Odets said his ex-wife, Luise Rainer, was the best actress in Hollywood, that he was planning to write a play for her, but that he would not speak to her. Her reply was a classic. She wired Odets: "It is not you who will not talk to me. It is I who will not talk to you."

■ For his role in *Buried Alive,* J. Carrol Naish plays a weird, unpleasant character with gorilla blood in his veins. The other day Naish, wearing the odd make-up, was introduced to a fluttery studio visitor, who gushed: "Oh, Mr. Naish, you look just the same in real life as you do on the screen. I'd recognize you anywhere."

■ Alice Faye and Phil Harris turned down an acting offer on behalf of their infant daughter. The studio offered the baby the role of Alice Faye's screen daughter for a brief scene in *Hello, Frisco, Hello.* Said Alice: "No daughter of mine is going to be an actress until she's old enough to make up her own mind about it."

■ One of those typical Hollywood agents was trying to sell an actress to Director Gregory Ratoff. "Can she act?" asked

[*Continued on page* 12]

Rita Hayworth

CO-STARRING IN "YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"

A Columbia Picture

Color Harmony Face Powder!

1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin

2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up

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Ratoff. "Like Helen Hayes," replied the agent. "But is she beautiful?" Ratoff inquired. "She's so beautiful," replied the agent, "that she could win a bathing beauty contest with one leg tied behind her back!"

■ Although Greer Garson was elated to do a song and dance routine in abbreviated kilts for a sequence in *Random Harvest*, it has her worried about what her relatives back in Scotland are going to think. She's the first actress in a family that runs to doctors, teachers and church elders. The fact that she became an actress has always caused eyebrow elevating among the relatives. And she has a vivid memory of a warm scene with her grandmother when the old lady learned that she planned a theatrical career. "No granddaughter of mine," said Grandma, flatly, "is going to kick up her legs on the stage."

■ Ace songwriter Johnny Burke has an autographed picture of band leader John Scott Trotter on the wall of his den which carries this inscription: "Be it ever so mortgaged, there's no place like home."

■ On the sets: Deanna Durbin is singing "Visi d'Arte" from Tosca for a scene in her new picture, *Forever Yours*. But her voice seems different. "Yes," she says, when asked about it, "it's heavier and fuller than it used to be, and I think it's better." Deanna has changed, too. She's matured a lot during her year's absence from the screen. Even her role is the most mature she's ever had. Daughter of a missionary, who is killed in China, she takes some Chinese children to America, is bombed en route, but finally finds love with Edmund O'Brien. She still takes singing lessons every day. "It's a grease job of the vocal chords," she explains.

One last loving look from wife Jeanette MacDonald and Lt. Gene Raymond of the U. S. Air Corps is off to war. The couple is shown on Gene's last furlough before he hopped off for England. Jeanette's in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Cairo*, with Robert Young

■ "For a fellow who can do things with his feet, Fred Astaire sure knows how to handle his dukes." Stunt man Buddy Mason talking. Mason was doubling for an actor Astaire was supposed to slug for a scene in a recent picture. Mason wanted to get it over in a hurry. "Hit me hard," he told Astaire. Astaire did. "And do you know," says Mason, "the little guy knocked me cold!"

■ Unfilmed comedy: Recently some student architects asked Anita Louise for permission to photograph her early California home with the actress posed at the doorstep. One enthusiast peered through his camera and explained: "Beautiful. Beautiful. Such grace, such line, such perfection." Anita beamed until the gentleman added, "That porch is really something. Say, Miss Louise, would you mind stepping aside so I can get the whole thing?"

■ Short, Short Story: When Tyrone Power was a struggling extra in Hollywood, he was evicted from a Los Angeles apartment house for failure to pay a month's rent. When he became a

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AMERICA IN 1950

IF THE AXIS WINS . . .

. . . you'll have to find a home in the Japanese rice swamps, in the African desert or in the frozen North. For America, with its boundless opportunities, will be peopled by the Axis—that's what they're fighting for!

IF AMERICA WINS . . .

. . . you'll be free to live where you want, to go wherever opportunity beckons—for that's what *we're* fighting for! And the best way to carry on that fight is by purchasing more and more War Bonds.

star, Power purchased the same apartment house. In a few weeks you'll be seeing a 20th Century-Fox picture titled, *He Hired the Boss*. It's the story of a young man who is evicted from an apartment house for failure to pay a month's rent, and who later buys the apartment house when he becomes a successful business executive. Yes—the studio got the idea for the picture from Tyrone Power.

■ Evelyn Venable and Stuart Erwin brought their respective off-spring to the set the other day to watch them work. Miss Venable and Stuart went into a love scene. After the scene was shot, they asked the children how they liked it. Said nine-year-old Stuart Erwin, Jr., "I never saw anything like that at home." Said the six-year-old daughter of Evelyn Venable: "Mom never does that to Pop's hair."

■ Director Michael Curtiz is having the last laugh on those who make fun of his garbled English. For a scene in *Casa-*

[*Continued on page* 15]

Richard Greene takes time out from his war work in England to appear in *Flying Fortress*, a British film released by Warner Brothers. He is shown in the RCAF uniform he wears in the picture

"I may as well Work Overtime —I never Have a Date!"

Susie: "... so run along, Terry. Keep your date with dark and handsome! I'd just as soon stay and work as sit at home alone!"

Terry: "Susie! What a dull night life for a pretty girl! If I told you what dims your glamor—you'd have scads of dates!"

Susie: "An underarm odor girl—ME! Why, I bathe every day."
Terry: "But why expect your morning bath to last all day! I play safe, with Mum!"

"Pretty clothes and hair-dos don't mean much if underarm odor steals the show! Resolved: Each day it's a bath for past perspiration—Mum to guard the future!"

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It's a
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INSPIRES
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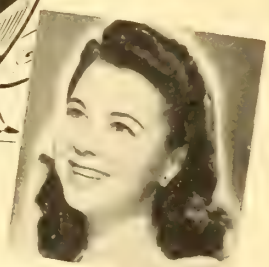
The melody that set the nation to whistling . . . that topped the Hit Parade . . . that you heard from every band, and on every juke-box . . . sets the keynote for this happy romantic musical . . .



JANE
WITHERS

She returns to the screen — all grown up now — in a role that puts her right back at the top of the list among America's favorite screen personalities . . . She sings — she dances — she's wonderful!

JOHNNY
DOUGHBOY

With
HENRY WILCOXON
RUTH DONNELLY
MEMBERS OF THE TWENTY-MINUS CLUB
BOBBY BREEN · BABY SANDY · ALFALFA SWITZER
BUTCH AND BUDDY · SPANKY Mc FARLAND
And Introducing
PATRICK BROOK As "Johnny Doughboy"
SPECIALTIES BY A HOST OF TALENTED ENTERTAINERS

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

HOLLYWOOD'S WAR EFFORT

Mary Martin's Victory Campaign

Mary Martin feels that looking glamorous and singing for the boys at camp isn't enough, so she evolved this sure-fire plan to aid the war effort further. She is shown autographing War Stamp books for a few fans who have "caught on." Mary is in *Happy Go Lucky*

By HELEN HOVER

■ Like all good Americans, Hollywood stars feel that they can't do enough for Uncle Sam at war. So they keep busy thinking of ways and means of doing their part to help push the Axis off the map.

There is Mary Martin, for instance. Mary is a big favorite with the boys in service, and for more than a year she has been rushing around to army camps to sing for them. But a few months ago she realized that this wasn't enough. True, seeing and hearing entertainers like herself cheered the boys, but she felt there must be more she could do.

"My songs weren't going to help them in battle," Mary explained. "They needed something else. More arms, tanks and guns—and War Bonds could buy these. But how could I, in my small way, help in the sale of bonds?

"Then I decided that, as a movie star, it was my *name*—that I could offer. But how could I use it to benefit the war effort?"

A few days later, the answer came. Mary was having lunch at a popular Hollywood restaurant, when a party of tourists came over to her table and asked her to autograph their menus. Mary did so, but when they left, an idea began to burn. Suppose she had signed War Stamp books or bonds instead of menus? How much more useful her signature would then have been.

The next morning her secretary placed before her over 200 letters from fans requesting her autograph. Mary asked her to send a postcard to each fan telling them that she would autograph only War Stamp books or bonds. When a book was full, she would send an autographed photograph.

The fans responded with such enthusiasm that Mary knew she was on the right track. Now she carries a stack of War Stamp books with her for those autograph seekers who haven't one. Before she will give her autograph, however, the fan has to buy a stamp. Signing autographs has always been a tiring job for stars, but Mary has made it pay—for Uncle Sam.

This planted another idea in Mary's pretty head. If all the Hollywood players followed this practice, the sale of stamps could be increased 50 fold. She promptly urged the Screen Actors Guild to make the practice a general one in Hollywood. The proposal is gaining favor, and several top-flight players have followed suit.

But it took a star, who felt that looking glamorous and singing for the boys at camp wasn't enough, to come across with something special for the war effort. ■

For Big Values Visit Your Neighborhood Drug Store During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 2nd-12th

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 13]

blanca, Humphrey Bogart and Peter Lorre engage in confidential whispers about smuggling a beautiful refugee out of France, when Lorre suddenly breaks off and suspiciously indicates a man sitting near them at the bar. "Who is he?" asks Lorre. "Oh, he's okay," replies Bogart. "He's just a professor of English at Oxford University on his way back to London." The man the two were talking about, a part which has no lines of dialogue, is played by Director Michael Curtiz.

■ Leave it to Victor Mature to think up something different with which to dodge process servers during his divorce fight with Martha Kemp Mature. When he found the process servers waiting outside the studio, he eluded them by disguising himself as an old man with a long white beard.

■ Casting of the month: Porter Hall playing Claire Trevor's suitor in Columbia's *The Desperadoes.* In their last picture together, *Dark Command,* Hall played Miss Trevor's father.

■ Not in the Script: "Cowpunchers have better complexions than most movie chorus girls"—Jack Dwan, make-up expert.

■ Robert Fellows, producer of *Pittsburgh,* was discussing wardrobe possibilities with Marlene Dietrich, who is co-starred in the film with Randolph Scott and John Wayne. "I suggest," said Bob, "that you wear at least one outfit made completely of coal-tar products. It would be a nice compliment to the city of Pittsburgh." "Yes, it would be nice for Pittsburgh," said Marlene, "but I do not wear blackface for anyone."

■ Truth and fiction sometimes get poignantly mixed on movie sets. In *Manila Calling* at 20th Century-Fox, Martin Kosleck portrays a refugee from the Hitler terror. He speaks wistfully of the old days and another actor breaks in with: "You should have picked a softer time to be born in." "So?" answers Kosleck, slowly. "I must speak to my mother about it—when I meet her in heaven." "Being cynical is as old-fashioned as appeasement," says the other. "She died," answers Kosleck, almost in a whisper, "in a concentration camp." As the scene ends, Kosleck, tears in his eyes, walks quickly from the scene. He hasn't heard from his mother, in real life, since he fled from Germany six years ago.

■ Motion picture film censors are unpredictable gentlemen, but here's a story that tops anything they've ever censored in Hollywood. Twentieth Century-Fox was shooting a scene of Betty Grable

[*Continued on page* 16]

Petite Peggy Moran plays one of the *Seven Sweethearts* in the M-G-M film of a Dutch-American colony in tulip time. Peggy makes a pretty Dutch maid

A Bride's Way to New Loveliness!

go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

"THE Camay Mild-Soap Diet has done thrilling things for my skin," says lovely Mrs. Remington. "I recommend Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet to my friends."

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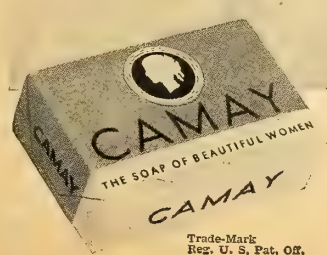

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Mrs. H. G. Remington of Chicago, Ill., says: "I can't praise the Camay Mild-Soap Diet enough."

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Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water, then cold.

Then pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with Camay.

For Big Values Visit Your Neighborhood Drug Store During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 2nd-12th

YOUR HANDS *Are Lovely*

Naturally!

Nature gave you soft, smooth hands and skin — the baby's skin you envy. If they become harsh, discolored, unlovely, it's not nature's fault — it's your own for not giving them the care they deserve.

Chamberlain's Lotion is an ideal aid to keeping your hands and skin soft, smooth, lovely — the very way nature intended they should be.

Chamberlain's is clear, golden—a lotion which dries with convenient quickness. Buy Chamberlain's Lotion today! Use it. You'll welcome the aid it gives you in keeping hands and skin as nature meant them to be.

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Ray Milland catches a moment of relaxation and fun at a Hollywood nightclub after completing his current assignment in Paramount's riotous picture, *The Major and the Minor*. With him is his lovely wife, the former Muriel Weber

in a filmy dress for a scene in *Springtime in the Rockies*. The scene was rejected by the censors. But not because of Miss Grable's dress. The scene was rejected because two fancy chairs in the background, resembled, the censors thought, two unclad women.

■ Jane Darwell, whose weight, she says, is a military secret, plays the role of a rough, tough gal of the early West in *The Ox-Bow Incident* at 20th Century-Fox. She'll have to ride horseback for four weeks, something she's never done before, on or off the screen. The studio hired three horses, almost identical in marking, for her to ride in the picture. "They have it all wrong," says Jane. "They should have hired three Darwells."

■ In his first picture at Fox, John Howard will play George Montgomery's rival for the affections of Alice Faye. In real life, Howard is Montgomery's successor to the affections of Hedy Lamarr.

■ Sign in the office of songwriters Mort Greene and Harry Revel—"We're in a Rut—Nothing but Hits."

■ Director Preston Sturges is driving around town in one of those miniature Fiats, about the size of a hatbox. Seeing it for the first time, Eddie Bracken cracked: "Directors always have the best of everything. Once they had the biggest cars. Now they have the smallest."

■ A movie queen turned down the lead in a new movie the other day, when she discovered a dog had the most im-

LIBERTY LIMERICKS

Said a movie star, Beverly Twink,
"I'm buying more Bonds, and less mink,
For a 10 percent pledge
Will give us the edge
On the Japs and the Nazis, I think!"

Take the lead. Help your community meet its quota by pledging 10 percent of your income for War Bonds and Stamps.

U. S. Treasury Dept.

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Anne Shirley has the rather novel title role in Paramount's film, *Lady Bodyguard*. From the looks of the picture above, Anne should have the bodyguard

portant role in the film. I guess she didn't want to be in the *barkground*.

■ Someone asked Dorothy Parker just what she thought of Hollywood's beautiful hunk of man, Victor Mature. "Well," she said, "the trouble with him is—that his body has gone to his head."

■ Columbia Studio's film version of *My Sister Eileen* is going to reach the screen without the disrobing scene which was a highlight of the play. No, the film censors didn't object. The one who objected to removing her clothes was Rosalind Russell. The star said: "Taking off clothes is an art in itself, requiring expert technique. I certainly do not qualify."

[*Continued on page* 37]

Marjorie Woodworth turns on the allure in a creation of black net over satin. The bodice and full skirt are edged with swirls of net. Marjorie is in the Hal Roach film, *The McGuerins From Brooklyn*

FINISHING TOUCHES

By MARY BAILEY
Beauty Editor

Investments in good grooming pay big dividends. So Marsha Hunt, who appears in M-G-M's *Seven Sweethearts*, carefully checks each detail of costume and make-up. Not until they are absolutely faultless does she feel ready to face the camera's critical eye

Straggling eyebrows are anything but smooth! Yet many of us forget that final flick of the brush and pencil. Marsha demonstrates the important last-minute habit of coaxing properly expressive brows to frame her eyes

Maybe you've never thought about it, but movie actresses are working girls too. When they appear on the set, they are reporting for a job—and they make sure that their equipment is ready!

Equipment, to a lovely young actress like Marsha Hunt, means her own flawless good looks. Careful studio training has taught her that being a pretty girl isn't enough. Bright lights and the all-seeing camera magnify even a tiny trace of neglect, so she follows a rigid routine of good grooming. To be completely sure that her personal props are in working order, she allows ten minutes to check up from head to toe.

In Marsha's own words—"I just wouldn't feel confident unless I knew that everything was absolutely right. And whoever heard of a self-conscious actress being successful?"

Looking at lovely Marsha Hunt—her trim white collar, her smoothly coiffed curls and her expert, delicately blended make-up—can't you see she is the perfect example for all of us.

Here you see some tricks which help guarantee her grooming and her unaffected poise. Simple, aren't they? But do you do them? Or do you slap on powder, rouge and lipstick, run a comb through your hair and run? If you're a leap-before-you-look girl, there may be trouble ahead.

The boss who gives you his dictation or inspects the finished handiwork that you are turning out probably doesn't demand quite the same standards of beauty that a movie executive does. But it's ten to one he keeps a warm spot in his heart for the girl who looks smooth and serene at nine o'clock—and stays that way.

Remember that the little things *do* count. Instead of having "off days," meet each one with your best foot and face forward.

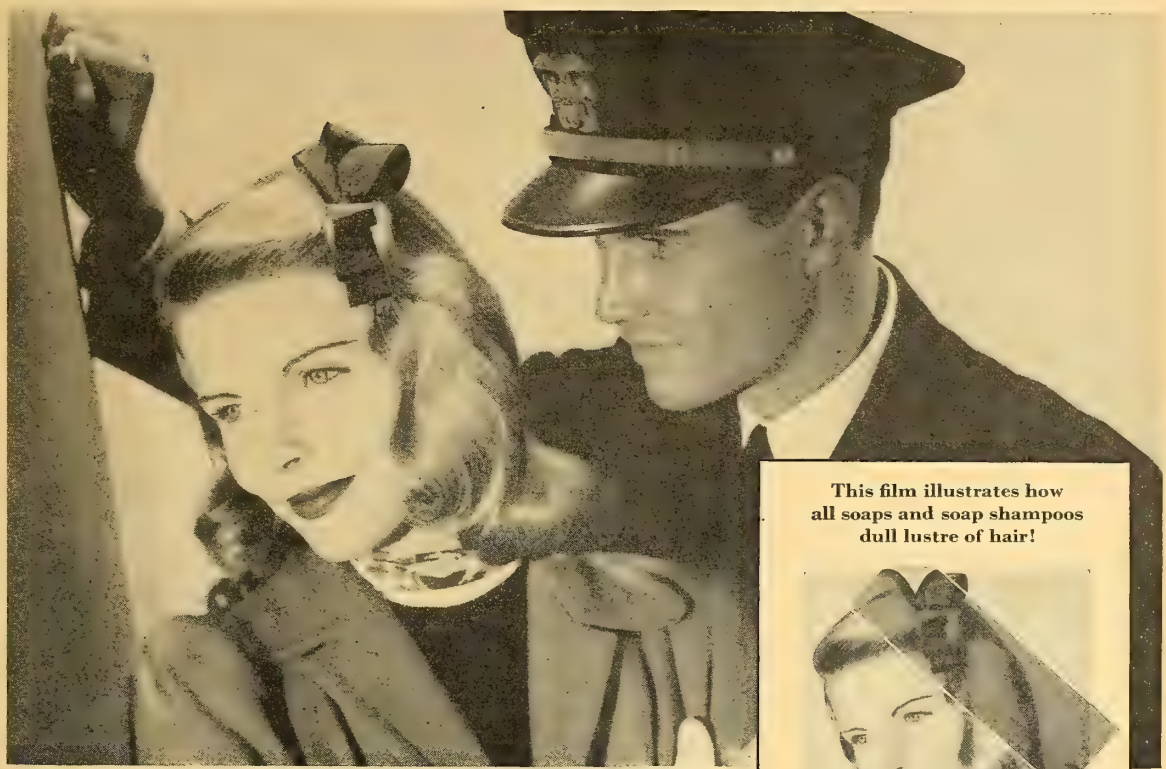
Start with an eye-opening, refreshing shower. Assure your freshness with a dependable deodorant. Add a touch of scent with cologne or body powder. Then apply your make-up in a good clear light.

Whether or not you are making a grand entrance in some fashionable spot, your personal appearance is especially important to someone. It may be the boy you've known for years, it may be your husband, or it may be that good-looking soldier you met last night. If he's interested, he's taking a good look! You, at your trim, smart best, can keep his interest mounting.

Marsha knows that smeary lipstick will ruin any Hollywood love scene. A fine brush, lightly whisked over lip margins, assures the clean, firm line she likes

Before the day is over, someone is going to look at your profile. If you want to feel confident and ready to meet any occasion, first carefully inspect it yourself

For that well-groomed look men admire
SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO MANAGE!



Darling of the Campus! *New, well-groomed version of the college casual hair-do with only a slight wave breaking its gleaming smoothness. That smart scarf tucked inside her sweater says "Bundles for America".*

This film illustrates how all soaps and soap shampoos dull lustre of hair!

All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—always combine with the minerals in water, to form a sticky scum. (Bathtub ring.) This scum leaves a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre—and clings stubbornly, no matter how thoroughly you rinse with clear water.

But Drene is different! It is made by an exclusive, patented process. Its action in water is different. Drene does *not* combine with minerals to form a scum—so it never leaves any dulling film on hair. Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

Thrilling results with wonderful improved Special Drene Shampoo containing hair conditioner! Leaves hair lovelier . . . far easier to arrange!

No matter how you wear your hair, if you want it to look its loveliest, you really ought to use the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! For Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it to leave hair silkier and smoother and far easier to arrange neatly—right after shampooing! If you haven't used Drene lately, you'll be amazed at the thrilling difference that added hair conditioner now makes.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene. For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, use Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop!

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Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

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— *Walter Winchell*

"20th Century-Fox has really reached into the heavens for this one. They scooped up all the stars and put them on the same screen . . . Yes, the greatest collection of stars ever assembled in the same motion picture: CHARLES BOYER, RITA HAYWORTH, GINGER ROGERS, HENRY FONDA, CHARLES LAUGHTON, EDWARD G. ROBINSON, PAUL ROBESON, ETHEL WATERS, 'ROCHESTER,' THOMAS MITCHELL, EUGENE PALLETTE, CESAR ROMERO, GAIL PATRICK, ROLAND YOUNG, ELSA LANCHESTER, GEORGE SANDERS, JAMES GLEASON, J. CARROL NAISH, THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR and a score of other film favorites.

"To match the brilliance of these stars, the finest writers in Hollywood fashioned the story. It takes you from a tenement to a penthouse . . . from Park Avenue to Hell's Kitchen . . . a story blending drama, comedy, music, romance and stirring action into a big-time show.

"Orchids to these great stars for their brilliant performances and orchids to 20th Century-Fox for bringing to the screen . . .

TALES OF MANHATTAN

"Your reporter tells you now over his by-line . . .

"It's as thrilling as New York's skyline"

Produced by
BORIS MORROS *and* **S. P. EAGLE**

Directed by
JULIEN DUVIVIER

Written and Adapted for the Screen by: Ben Hecht, Ferenc Molnar, Donald Ogden Stewart, Samuel Hoffenstein, Alan Campbell, Ladislas Fodor, L. Vadnai, L. Gorog, Lamar Trotti, Henry Blankfort.

BUY A WAR BOND AS A SALUTE TO YOUR HEROES!

20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

One, Two, Three—Kick!

Wild hilarity pervaded the set of Columbia's sparkling new comedy, *My Sister Eileen*, based on the screwball experiences of two small-town sisters who go to New York to further their careers. 1st photo: Director Al Hall demonstrates the "bump" routine to Rosalind Russell and Janet Blair. Other photos show Roz and Janet in riotous Conga scene with cadets of the Portuguese Merchant Marine

(Photos by Charles Rhodes)

Make Way For John Payne

Frivolity went out and ferocity came in when John Payne was divorced from Anne Shirley. Evidences of the new Payne are apparent in his new Fox film, *Iceland*

By JOHN FULLER

■ The thunderclap of the John Payne-Anne Shirley divorce reverberated through Hollywood from Holmby Hills to Huntington Heath. The town is inured to screwy things, but this was too much. Even the wolf pack that gathers at Romanoff's to snarl at citizens married to beautiful girls felt a little more numb than usual.

If the *contretemps* hit Hollywood hard, it hit John Payne harder. Hard enough to jar him out of a complacency that might have stifled a promising career. Fun went out of his world and ferocity came in. Ferocity of purpose, singleness of goal.

Today John has his eyes fixed steadfastly on the apex of the Hollywood dramatic heap with no time out for horseplay.

"Miss Shirley," he says, dismissing the divorce crisply, "is a grand girl and I'm a sap. When you say that, you've said it all."

However, John is not amused by the publicity that attended his domestic troubles. He believes he's being played for a chump. The claim that his divorce was a special kind of shock because his marriage was idyllic leaves him cold. All Hollywood marriages are idyllic, in the public prints, he says, until the divorce lawyer mounts the front stoop with the papers.

"I'm sore about all this slush," he says. "Maybe it's a good thing, too. It makes me think. I've done a lot more constructive thinking since I've been sore than when everything was beer and skittles."

Before his marital break he was a Cafe Society regular. His good-natured features grinned out of night life pictures everywhere. He was content to let tomorrow take care of itself.

Once his youthful spontaniety was his trademark. Today he is preparing himself for serious drama, convinced that life is a problem to be met with serious reflection.

It is no secret that Twentieth Century-Fox is leading him toward the White Tower once occupied by Tyrone Power, now lost to Uncle Sam. He got into the Fox yard when Power and the studio disagreed over *Stardust* and it is only natural that he should catch the mantle from the great Tyrone's wiry shoulders.

The significance of this opportunity has combined with his domestic clout to make John the almost saturnine young man he is today. He is determined to be not merely a successful actor, but a great one. It seems to him to be the vindication he seems to think he needs. As a step along the monastic path to this goal, he has taken up semantics. Semantics is a study of meanings as they apply to human behavior, to races and gods and kings and caterpillars; of why flowers bloom in June and the bloodstream runs clockwise in some beings, counterclockwise in others.

"It has helped me to understand what happened to me and to appreciate human values," he says, "and if you hope to be a good actor, you have to appreciate human values."

No one is better aware than John Payne that his success, to date, has been built on the good luck of a handsome face and sturdy body, plus the difficulties of a studio with a star.

"How should I have known I wasn't an actor?" he asks. "I got good parts, good notices. I was a success and I painted the town red before I got my come-uppance."

It isn't often that a punch in the nose is lucky, but John once got one that was. He was working as a bouncer in a snooker pool hall in a rugged section of New York as a means of paying his way through a Columbia University short story course and a Julliard Music School voice class. One day a tough customer took exception to John's face and threw him out of the snooker atelier, causing John to resign from a prone position on the sidewalk.

He landed a job singing bits in a radio station and there a Shubert scout found him and led his faltering feet along the path to musical comedy, eventually exposing him to Samuel Goldwyn. Goldwyn invited him to Hollywood.

He spent a year waiting for Goldwyn to use him and another in Warner B's. Then Darryl Zanuck rescued him.

He found quick prosperity at Fox and since he had married Anne Shirley, it seemed he was on top of the world. When baby Julie Anne arrived two years ago, the world was indeed his oyster.

"It took a kick in the teeth to bring me down to earth," he says. "This laughing boy stuff is fine until your world collapses around you. The movies had their laugh period, too. Now they're striving to be seriously useful and I'm ready to ride the bandwagon."

He believes that his future lies in the quick, hard-hitting, realistic type of picture. His mood is no longer escapist. He wants to make people think. Only by thinking, he says, can a bewildered world solve its problems and insure future security for peoples and individuals.

Right now he's making *Springtime in the Rockies* with Betty Grable, which is about as serious as the capers of Moon Mullins. When it's finished, he's scheduled to try his wings in serious stuff. He calls it his Farewell to Frivolity. ■

Fresh Out of Sugar

By LEE BENNETT

■ "It takes a bad woman to make good in Hollywood!"

Olivia de Havilland speaking, boys and girls. Yes, Olivia, the gentle, brown-eyed beauty who is the screen personification of all that is good and pure and true in womanhood.

"You get creatively ill if you do nothing but goody roles," declares Olivia. "You get bored. The sameness, the monotony, the synthetic quality of the women who are always good, who never lose their temper, who are long-suffering and so placid you want to stick pins in them, puts ambition and interest in moth-balls. Give an actress a sufficient number of these women to play, and she can kiss her career good-bye."

Olivia, who has portrayed her share of these decorative dumb-bells, says "never again."

"Rarely does a portrayal of a 'good' woman increase the artistic stature of an actress. *Melanie* in *Gone With the Wind* and *Emmy Brown* in *Hold Back the Dawn* were exceptions.

"But both these women had character, spiritual stamina and inner integrity. 'Good' parts must be great parts, such as these, and there are not enough of them. The usual 'good' woman in pictures has a wishbone for a backbone.

"Their counterparts in real life are the sort of women to whom we are kind and of whom we are tolerant. We have neither respect nor admiration for them. We accept them casually as a necessary inconvenience, and avoid them whenever we can.

"If an audience gets that reaction to a character on the screen, it is a step down for the actress playing it.

"We Americans admire success above everything else. We admire it primarily because it requires courage and strength and a lack of self-deception to achieve it. It requires ability and aggressiveness. You can't sit back and wait for the fates to pour fortune in your lap. You run after it and grab it by the coat-tails.

"We respect women who do successful work. We may not like them. We may censure them. But we admire them for their force, and their singleness of purpose.

"They are usually interesting women, for they dare break conventions, if necessary. They do the unusual, and in that sense they are not only interesting, but stimulating. They are independent. They stand on their own feet, ask quarter of no one, and do their job. They are a challenge to our imagination.

"I have yet to see a producer give a second look or a second thought to an actress who is consistently a straw in the wind on the screen. When really handsome roles are being passed out, the sweet little darling doesn't get a look-in. In that sense, it takes a 'bad' woman to make good in Hollywood!

"But when a girl has played earthy roles, roles of realism, successful women—whatever talent a girl has, comes out. Producers see it, and spot her for better things. She has made her impression, with the help of a lusty role.

"I presume I'll get an argument on that score, because it was *Melanie,* the prize of all good women, who really marked the beginning of a real career for me. But *Melanie* was not only good—she was intelligent as well. She was a great woman, and her goodness was an active, almost aggressive force. She was a working, positive power for good."

Perhaps the true measure of the role's greatness is best gained by the effect it had on Olivia herself. Before she went into the picture she was not too well and not too happy. The first few days on the set she suffered agonies of timidity. She was uncertain of herself. But as she began to interpret the character of *Melanie,* she was infused with strength. The responsibility of bringing this personality intact to the screen stimulated her enormously.

Olivia was never tired during those long months of production. She was never so well physically, never so divinely happy. She could find no explanation for the phenomenon. As *Melanie* had no conflicts within herself, so Olivia shared that pervading sense of serenity.

"There was a time when goodness in itself, for its own sake, was in vogue on the screen," Olivia points out. "The sunbeam actresses had their day and faded. But every actress who today is still at the top is the actress who even in that period had guts and realism on the screen. The characters may not have been admirable from the copy-book standpoint, but they were unforgettable, and certainly a show-case for talent.

"There is a more acutely personal angle to this consistent acting of goody roles. Time and again I have seen it proven that if an actress is something of a hussy on the screen, she isn't given to so many minor ex-

[*Continued on page* 32]

Olivia de Havilland declares she's suffering from artistic indigestion due to an overdose of sweet-girl roles. Inset: A gag shot indicative of Olivia's rebellion. She's in Warners' *Princess O'Rourke*

The Man Married

By GLORIA BRENT

Lana Turner Elopes to Las Vegas With Steve Crane, shouted the papers last July 17, crowding the war for front page attention. Lana, the unpredictable, outdid even her own spectacular self when she suddenly became Mrs. Stephen Crane. Almost anything could be expected of the tempestuous Turner, but the news of this elopement flabbergasted everyone.

Immediately, the question everyone asked was: Who is this man whom Lana married? What is he like? During a period when Lana was reported going with Howard Hughes, Tommy Dorsey, Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich, how did this dark horse enter the field and win out over all the others?

Here is the straight of it:

Steve Crane is not a stranger in Hollywood. Twenty-eight years old, son of a well-to-do tobacco family in Crawfordsville, Indiana, he had the wherewithal to make several trips to Hollywood during the past four years. However, those visits were not prompted by a desire to crash pictures, as you have heard, but to have fun. Steve likes balmy living, beautiful girls and good times, and Hollywood has all three. Tall, dark-haired and affable, he made many friends, so when he decided to settle in the film town, shortly after his divorce from a girl in his home town, it wasn't difficult for him to get a job. Last year he went to work as contact man for a Los Angeles firm which supplies night club concessionaires with food. He has a modest income from his family. This, supplemented by his earnings at his job, gives him enough with which to travel in Hollywood's gayer young set, although it was small compared to movie standards.

He never was a conspicuous member of the young crowd. For one thing, he couldn't compete with the high-salaried spending of the film darlings, and for another he is not aggressive. He has a quiet personality, but in his own way he was popular with the girls. Until love and Lana entered his life, Simone Simon was top lady in his affections. Simone was smitten with the tall, soft-spoken fellow from Indiana and once described him to a friend as "the perfect date."

Many times Lana and Steve found themselves at the same parties, but their meetings were most casual. Lana, beautiful and exciting, was usually with Tony Martin, and Steve never thought he had a chance. Last April, when she broke up with Tony, he gathered his nerve and asked Ben Cole, Lana's business manager, to find out if she would mind his calling her. This is indicative of the type of fellow Steve is—shy and sensitive; he didn't want to risk being turned down by Lana herself. Also, he never thought she would care to see him. But Lana was heart-whole and fancy-free at the moment. Yes, she remembered Crane. He seemed nice enough. It was a date.

In one respect Steve Crane was different from almost every other man Lana has known. Most of her beaux have been public figures, fairly temperamental, dynamic and had well-nurtured egos that clashed with hers. Steve was calm, easy-going, with none of the high-geared temperament of the others, and Lana experienced complete relaxation with him. He wasn't a smartie and he always showed extreme consideration for a girl. As one of his girl friends once said, "He has such good manners. He's extremely attentive and knows how to make a girl feel like the most important person in the world." That fine attention made a hit with Lana, too.

On their first date they went to Mocambo, but after that they seldom stepped inside a night club, which is why their marriage came as a surprise. Since they avoided public places, few people saw them together. But the romance flourished quietly at small family dinners in Lana's home, with only Lana's mother and manager present. Steve knew that Lana's studio had asked her to leave the night spots alone, for her public appearances with her other boy friends had made her a conspicuous figure. So he and Lana used to stay home and play gin rummy, or pile into his car and go for long drives or to the movies.

When Lana falls for a man it is a sudden impulse based on obvious attractions. Steve comes of a fine family and has good breeding. He is a graduate of Butler University and Lana has always looked for a man whose cultural background she could respect. Physically, he is the type she has always favored—tall, dark and rugged. On top of it all, Steve dresses well and is a good dancer, items which weighed mightily with Lana.

Theirs wasn't as impulsive an elopement as you might have been led to believe. They had talked marriage almost from the beginning, but by mutual agreement had decided to wait awhile. Lana, who has lived in the spotlight for years, was growing tired of the criticism and gossip that followed her movements, and she didn't want anyone to know about this marriage. Days before they ran off to Las Vegas they had planned a double ring ceremony, and in order to insure privacy Steve had the rings engraved without her name so that even the jeweler wouldn't be tipped off. He ordered his ring to her engraved: "To —— with all my love, Steve," and hers to him read: "To Steve with all the love in my heart,——."

Their marriage plans had gone so far that they even

[*Continued on page 33*]

Hollywood has come to expect surprises from Lana Turner, but her elopement with Stephen Crane flabbergasted everyone. Lana stars in *Somewhere I'll Find You*

Lana Turner's bedroom reflects her personality completely. Designed by the lovely star herself, it is gay and utterly feminine. Circle: Lana's dressing table is an enormous one trimmed in cascades of white organdy. Above: Frilly organdy curtains at the window, the luxurious bed upholstered in pale blue and edged in the recurrent theme of white organdy, the trick bed table built into the bed and the tremendous white tufted rug —all express Lana's daintiness. Right: The double chintz-covered chest harmonizes with the striped blue and white wallpaper. Lana's housecoat of white and blue over billowing pajamas matches the color scheme. Extreme right: A huge white teddy bear stands guard

Sanity Takes a Holiday

By KAY PROCTOR

Everybody goes berserk in Paramount's super-zany comedy, *Star Spangled Rhythm.* Stars and studio big-wigs get kidded all over the place. The stupendous cast includes Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour, Veronica Lake, Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray, Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Alan Ladd, Marjorie Reynolds, Betty Hutton, Franchot Tone, Dona Drake, Eddie Bracken, Ellen Drew, Cass Daley, Rochester, Victor Moore, and many others. Here are some highlights from the funfest

■ Imagine a movie in which—

The dignified big boss of Paramount gets tossed out on his ear.

Bing Crosby's son takes a powder when his old man begins to croon.

C. B. DeMille gets told one of his ideas stinks.

Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour and Veronica Lake kid the pants off their famous trademarks with a little ditty called "A Sweater, A Sarong and a Peek-a-boo Bang."

A meek little gateman becomes the tyrannical Caesar of the lot.

No, you wouldn't be nuts. You'd just be seeing Paramount's new super-duper funfest, *Star Spangled Rhythm*. You'd be nuts only if you missed it!

It is a healthy sign if we can still laugh at ourselves in these grim and precarious days, and Paramount does just that in this uproarious satire of a movie studio, admittedly its own, which gets taken in by a terrific hoax. Heretofore "sacred cows," including executives, stars and glamour gals, take a sledgehammer ribbing and are made the goats for all manner of ludicrous slapstick comedy and situations.

There are the scenes with Crosby's nine-year-old son, Gary, for instance. Bing and Gary are walking hand in hand through the studio gates when the gateman asks: "Come to watch your dad make pictures?" Bing begins to swell with importance until Gary chirps back: "Naw! Why watch him when Dorothy Lamour's working!"

The Crosby ego takes another puncturing a little later when Betty Hutton meets Gary playing ball outside a sound stage. "Is your father inside?" she asks. Gary mumbles "Yeah."

"Then why are you out here?" Betty queries. Gary gives a bored shrug. "Aw, he's singin' again," he says.

There is the office which is supposed to be occupied by the Paramount production chief, B. G. DeSylva, named B. G. DeSoto in the story and played by Walter Abel. It's oversized and overfurnished with everything from a grand piano to a loud speaker system, and equipped with a fantastic collection of mechanical gadgets operated by a row of pushbuttons on the desk. One button makes the top of the desk slide forward and a neon-lighted bar appear. Another makes the Venetian blinds shoot up in rhythmical unison. A third turns on 16 electric fans, and a fourth starts a patriotic march blaring from concealed loudspeakers throughout the room.

DeMille gets his come-uppance in a charming scene which shows him supposedly talking to DeSoto over the dictograph. Actually he is talking to a gateman who has usurped DeSoto's office and authority for the nonce.

"This is DeMille," DeMille says importantly. "You know how much everyone talked about the octopus in *Reap the Wild Wind?* Well, I've got a great idea . . ."

A voice at the other end of the dictograph cuts him short.

"It stinks!" says the voice.

Unable to believe his ears, DeMille says, "What was that you said?"

"It stinks!" the voice repeats. For once someone has said something besides "Yes" to Mr. DeMille. The honor went to Victor Moore who plays the gateman who impersonates DeSoto. By one of those odd quirks of fate, it was DeMille who gave Moore his first role in a motion picture back in 1915!

Offscreen, DeMille came in for plenty of ribbing too. The day before his big scene was to be shot, he received a wire from Eddie Salven, his assistant director who is famous for keeping DeMille productions on schedule.

"Dear Boss," it read, "after the terrific build-up I've given you all over Hollywood for being the acme of punctuality for more than 25 years, please don't be late on the set tomorrow. And do you know your lines? Your worried assistant, Eddie Salven."

Highlight of the satire, however, is the scene in which Paulette, Dottie and Veronica put their glamour on the pan with the "A Sweater, A Sarong and a Peek-a-boo Bang" song. It's the unhappy tale of three little maidens of the silver screen who came to Hollywood to emote and were promptly buried beneath those mantles of glamour—a sweater, sarong, and eye-hiding coiffure. Dottie wears a flaming red sarong, Paulette wears a midriff sweater and short skirt, and Veronica, in addition to an exaggerated version of her famous coiffure, wears a form-fitting dress which is slit from the bottom as well as the top a la *I Wanted Wings*. Thus garbed they sing the ditty and prance about in a corny burlesque of famous glamour girl poses and didoes.

As they move off, three new figures take their places to do a reprise of the song: Arthur Treacher in a Goddard wig, gym shorts and turtle-necked sweater; Walter Catlett in a flowing Lamour wig and sarong, and Sterling Holloway in a grotesque swim suit and eye-covering Lake wig.

Again the camera moves and the original "creators" of the famous trademarks are shown—Mussolini in a sweater, Hirohito in a sarong, and Hitler with a peek-a-boo bang! Mussolini, incidentally, was portrayed by Paul Porcasi, a Frenchman; Hirohito by Chinese Richard Loo; and Hitler by that son of Erin, Tom Dugan!

Aside from its nonsense, *Star Spangled Rhythm* marks a new wrinkle in movie-making. It is a story with a comedy plot strong enough to stand on its own merit, yet one which encompasses the talents of 68 stars and featured players without resorting to the obvious dodge of a revue within a revue, or the episodic treatment such as *Tales of Manhattan* demanded. Credit for the triumphal idea belongs to DeSylva, who dreamed it up and gleefully lampooned himself along with other studio bigwigs.

Basically it is a story of an old studio gateman (Victor Moore) who has pretended to his son in the navy (Eddie Bracken) that he is production boss of Paramount. Helping him in the deception is a telephone operator (Betty Hutton) who pretends she is Moore's secretary. Bracken and six of his sailor pals turn up to visit the studio, whereupon Betty and Moore frantically contrive to carry on and lure the real boss (Walter Abel) and his secretary away from the studio and take their places. The plotters then get involved with all the players on the studio list, thus bringing them into the story in a natural way and giving them parts to play. Nine musical and dance numbers are worked in via projection rooms, rehearsal stages, etc., and the finale is a huge stage show at a navy base which Moore and Betty find themselves committed to stage.

Aside from the star names already mentioned, the cast includes Bob Hope, Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray, Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Vera Zorina, Alan Ladd, Rochester, Marjorie Reynolds, Susan Hayward, Franchot Tone, Cecil Kellaway, Susanna Foster, Lynne Overman, Preston Sturges, Richard Denning, Ernest Truex, Dona Drake, Ellen Drew, Albert Dekker, Cass Daley, Betty Rhodes and Gil Lamb, plus scores of others. A star spangled cast, make no mistake!

Long before actual shooting started, the whole studio was caught up in the excitement of the thing. From top executive to office boy, the studio personnel had the spirit of a school kid on Hallowe'en. Even Mr. Freeman caught the fever.

As might have been expected, it was Bob Hope who popped up with the classic of the extemporaneous quips. When Bob noted that Bing Crosby was using his son in some of the studio background scenes, he dragged his own manager-brother into a scene with him.

"I wasn't going to let this epic go out with two Crosbys and only one Hope," he explained. "Now it's even, but if Bingo tries to rope in any more of his four sons and four brothers, I want to remind him there are *seven* Hope brothers—and we all have kids!" ■

"I Planned to Die" —Ida Lupino

As Told To
DORA ALBERT

Ida Lupino once faced a desperate decision. In her emotional experience lies an inspiring message for everyone who has ever known dread of the future. Ida is in Fox's *Life Begins at 8:30*

I tell this experience—not because it is dramatic or unusual, but because wrestling with fear of one kind or another is the common experience we all share. Most of us need to learn not to flee from it. I am grateful that I was stopped in my flight.

Have you ever been so terrified of what fate held in store for you that you wondered if it was worthwhile to go on living? Have you ever been so desperate with fear that you've actually planned *not* to go on living? Once I felt just that way.

It was several years ago when the big epidemic of infantile paralysis was raging in California. I was one of its victims. The attack was severe.

Sometimes infantile paralysis ends in permanent paralysis; sometimes it doesn't. In my case the crisis extended through six days and nights. Not before those six long days and longer nights were over could I be told whether or not I would be a paralytic.

The thought that I faced possible paralysis for life became torture to me. My entire life had been built around the family's traditional profession of acting. Of course I was to be an actress. I had made sacrifices since childhood to prepare myself for the career I hoped to have. I had just barely started that career.

I was only in my teens. Sheer horror accompanied the thought of a long life without the use of my limbs. Obviously there could be no place on the screen or stage for a crippled actress. Paralyzed, I would be forever an object of pity—an actress who could no longer act, a girl chained forever to a wheel chair, deprived of the physical activity I loved—dancing, tennis, skating, skiing.

One sleepless night, my fear crystallized into a decision which gave me peace. On the day they sentenced me to paralysis, I would end everything—quickly. There would be no more struggling, no more fighting. There would be no years of bitterness. Of that I would make sure.

There remained only the method to be decided.

I gazed speculatively at the open window near my bed. Could I summon the desperate strength to reach that window? Could I count on the courage of desperation for strength to jump?

I promised myself that I could and would do both.

Suddenly my mind admitted another thought. My mother had been with me constantly through all this illness. Without rest or thought of self, she had nursed and cared for me as only mothers can. I knew she would cheerfully, hopefully continue that tender care, if I were crippled for life. Would I dare to hurt her as deeply as my suicide would hurt her?

Then I remembered. Within easy reach, in the drawer of my night table, lay the pills I had been given to induce sleep at night. I knew just how many could be taken safely. If, when the crisis passed, I was sentenced to a wheel chair, it would be so very simple to take enough to make sure that I would not awaken. No one would ever know the truth. An overdose of sleeping tablets has been taken by mistake so often.

On the sixth night, at midnight, the doctor would tell me. At that hour I would know. If the verdict was the one I dreaded, I would take the news casually, lightheartedly. I would pretend I was glad just to be alive. As quickly as possible afterward, I would end my life. Not so quickly as to arouse suspicion, but waiting only long enough to make sure it would appear to be "by accident."

Early on the sixth night I fell asleep. I slept heavily on my right side. At eleven o'clock I awakened. When I tried to turn over, my side seemed dead, and there was no feeling in my right arm.

"It is paralysis," I told myself, with cold certainty. "It will grow worse. It will creep through my whole body. I cannot face it! I will not try! I already know the verdict. Why wait for the doctor to verify it? If I take the tablets now there will be no question of its being called an accident. This is your exit cue, Ida. Steady, now . . ."

They say when you are going to die the whole pattern of your life flashes before your eyes. I was going to die. The whole crazy kaleidoscopic pattern of my little life, its fears, its happiness, its hopes and dreams whirled and flashed before me. Sharply outlined with finality.

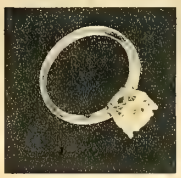
I swallowed the first pill. Something stopped my hand as I raised the others to my mouth. I've never called mine a God-guided life, but in that moment, I knew a force more powerful than myself was guiding me out of a wilderness of pain and uncertainty. Maybe that was God!

Forcefully, something spoke within me. "Don't take another pill, Ida. No matter what the doctor tells you. You're going to go on living, Ida. Living and learning. Others bitterly handicapped as you may be have gone on living and learning. Working and accomplishing *something.* One of them is in the White House today."

Clearly, then, I realized that my life and my courage and my hopes did not lie in my body. If that body was paralyzed, my brain could still work industriously. If I was never able to act again, what of it? Millions of people went on making the best of lives miserably deprived of fulfillment. Few, as a matter of fact, are able to do the thing they want most to do in this world. If I weren't able to act, I would be able to write. Even if I weren't able to use a pencil or typewriter, I could learn to dictate. And I could compose [*Continued on page* 70]

MARTHA AND FIANCÉ on campus of Clemson College, S. C., last spring before Niles became an Aviation Cadet, and she went into training for her mobile laboratory work. She's just as sweet and feminine looking now in her crisp lab uniform, so flattering to her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

GUARDING HEALTH OF BOYS AT ARMY CAMPS while her fiancé flies for Uncle Sam . . . Martha is at Fort McPherson now in the Field Laboratory of the Fourth Service Command.



MARTHA'S RING is unusually beautiful—a 2-carat diamond in a simple platinum band.

She's ENGAGED!

MARTHA GAFFNEY'S engagement to Henry Niles Nelson, Jr., unites two fine Southern families. She is great, great, great grand-daughter of the eminent statesman, John C. Calhoun.

MARTHA'S HEART is with her aviator fiancé—but her skilled hands and highly trained mind are given to her important war job with the Fourth Service Command's mobile laboratory.

"We work like mad," she told us. "We do blood and disease tests regularly, of course—and test just about everything in sight as well—water, milk, ice cream—anything that might contain harmful bacteria and cause illness among the boys at the camps."

Martha has a particularly lovely complexion—creamy smooth and white. She says: "My lab work makes me a stickler for cleanliness. That's why I'm so fond of Pond's Cold Cream. It *cleanses* so thoroughly—and leaves my skin feeling *soft* and *dewy*."

• • •

Use Pond's Martha's way, *you'll* love it, too. First—pat Pond's Cold Cream on your face and throat—gently, quickly. Tissue it off well. See how it softens and releases dirt and old make-up. "Rinse" now with a *second* lovely Pond's creaming. Tissue off.

Do this *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., use Pond's—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even *more* for your money. Popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

Popping Questions at Claudette Colbert

Quizzed by HELEN HOVER

Claudette Colbert not only possesses one of Hollywood's loveliest figures, but a very rare sense of humor as well. She's in Paramount's *No Time for Love*

Q. Why won't you allow your husband to be photographed with you?

A. It would hurt him in his profession—medicine—which does not approve of personal publicity for its members, and I consider his career much more important than mine. Unfortunately, some people have misunderstood our stand and think we're high-hat or snobbish to the press, but that's not so. I see no reason for my husband to jeopardize his standing in his profession just because my career invites so much publicity.

Q. What are your plans for being with your husband while he is in the service?

A. To spend every moment I possibly can with him. Only Hollywood contracts, which already obligate me, and war work will keep me from him.

Q. What are your plans when you retire from the screen?

A. I hope to direct or produce pictures—and I have an idea in back of my head that I'd like to coach youngsters.

Q. What is the funniest thing that ever happened to you?

A. In a scene one day for a picture, I was posed dramatically and languorously on a chaise lounge. I was never more elegant or "movie star-ish." Suddenly the legs of the lounge gave way and I found myself sprawled very un-languorously on the floor.

Q. Do you allow yourself to be photographed in bathing suits?

A. No. I think it is undignified—for me, that is, unless a scene in a picture calls for it. I am not opposed to bathing suit art in general, and think it fine for the newer crop of starlets. But not for me, thank you.

Q. Are you a good housekeeper?

A. You bet! I proudly admit that I can cook, sew, wash and iron.

Q. What do you consider the high point of your life?

A. The night I eloped with my husband.

Q. What do you like most about your work?

A. Having people in far places recognize me. I guess that's a hammy admission, but it's a great thrill and I'm grateful for it.

Q. What do you like least about your work?

A. Getting up at six every morning!

Q. Whom do you consider the five handsomest men in pictures?

A. Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, Ronald Colman, Errol Flynn and Cary Grant. But not in order. Don't pin me down as to who is handsomest of the five—puh-leeze!

Q. Why did you move back to your Holmby Hills house after a few months in a small apartment?

A. Frankly, no one wants to purchase or rent a large home in these times, and I don't like to have it remain empty.

Q. What are some of your eccentricities or fixed habits?

A. I like small parties. I don't use any nail polish. I stick to the same hair style, year in and year out. I stick to the same type of hat, no matter how styles change—the wide brimmed sailor.

Q. What childhood wish have you never realized and still hope to attain?

A. I have always wanted to christen a battleship—but so far I've never done it. I think that would be the crowning glory of my life.

Q. What was your most embarrassing moment?

A. If you ever had a half broiled chicken drop in your lap while lunching with the French Ambassador, you would never forget it. Neither have I! I tried to cut the chicken and the whole thing dived into my lap. My face was never redder. Why do things like that always happen when you're with a dignitary whom you want to impress?

Claudette's favorite feature: Her brown eyes. Can you blame her?

Achievement most proud of: Her skiing. She has won several prizes

She christened Stratoliner, now wants to christen a battleship

Claudette's home in Holmby Hills is a "gold brick"

Q. What rumor upset you the most?

A. The constant rumors that Dr. Pressman and I were not happy together. Denying them would just add dignity to the reports, so we had to take it in silence.

Q. Do you think a girl with a husband or fiance in the service should go out with other men?

A. No, except occasionally with mutual friends and in groups.

Q. How do you occupy yourself while your husband is away in the service?

A. Work at the studio, camp tours and canteen activities. I'd be excruciatingly lonely if I had nothing to do while he was away.

Q. Who is your idea of the woman of the year?

A. Madame Chiang Kai-shek—

One of the few photos of Claudette and husband, Dr. Joel Pressman

for her supreme courage and the eternal hope that she has instilled in the hearts of her own countrymen and all free men throughout the world. I think she is one of the greatest women of all times.

Q. What is your pet beauty secret?

A. Soap and water.

Q. What is your pet diet secret?

A. I never diet. My problem is the reverse. I have to drink milk and eat sweets to keep up my weight.

Q. What personality trait would you like to change?

Q. I'm a constant worrier, and if I could, I'd change that first. [*Continued on page* 34]

I'm a Busy Woman

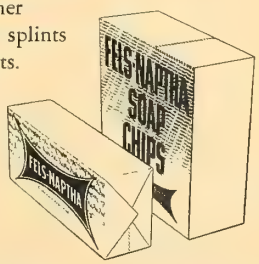
I have a family to raise and a home to keep ship-shape. I'm learning First Aid and training for Ambulance Duty. And I've got a part-time job that makes our budget a better fit.

It's exciting and completely satisfying . . . but it takes a bit of doing. I've had to learn new ways—and quicker ways —to get through the endless household tasks that use up so much time and energy.

For instance, I've just installed the Fels-Naptha Soap System. I use this wonder soap to clean bric-a-brac, to brighten silver and flatware—and for all sorts of time-killing cleaning chores that keep a conscientious wife 'tied down.'

My precious silk and Nylon stockings last longer under the Fels-Naptha Soap System—and they're easier to do. I wouldn't trust my baby's things with any other soap. As for the family wash—I've just whisked through that and I'm off to another round of traction splints and pressure points.

Yes, I'm a busy woman and thanks to Fels-Naptha Soap— I love it!



Golden bar or Golden chips_**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Are you in Love?

Ann Rutherford and George Montgomery featured in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Orchestra Wife." Want such soft romantic hands?

Ann Rutherford's Adorable Hands. Ann protects the confiding softness of her hands by using Jergens Lotion. "The simplest, loveliest hand care," she says.

THE ROMANTIC stars in Hollywood cultivate this "dream girl" softness in their hands. They use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1!

You *protect* the rose-leaf smoothness of your hands with Jergens; this lotion helps *prevent* common-looking rough, chapped hands.

Of course! It's like professional care for your hands. Many wise doctors aid hard-used skin to divine softness with 2 special ingredients, which are both in Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle. Notice—Jergens Lotion leaves no sticky feeling. Give your hands "Hollywood's Hand Care;" use Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

Hand in hand, beautiful Loretta Young and her husband Tom Lewis, a Major in the Army, attend a premier. Loretta's in Columbia's *The Frightened Stiff*

Fresh Out of Sugar

[*Continued from page* 23]

plosions off the set. A good and logical reason for this is that the complacent character is a bore to play. In revolt, an actress will have an attack of temperament just to vary the monotony of being a paragon for hours on end in front of the camera.

"I would never permit myself to reach that stage," Olivia declared. "I have turned down roles—and been off salary for months on end—to avoid dangerous and destructive acting boredom.

"No role is artistically constructive if it is stuffed with straw. Audiences like to see a woman who makes things happen, instead of waiting for something to happen to her.

"They will accept a woman who is on occasion cruel, who is domineering, who is even selfish, if in the end she gets what she goes after. That's why the memory of *Scarlett O'Hara* is so vivid. She knew what she wanted, and she got it. At least, superficially."

Olivia is fresh out of sugar. She will play "good" women anytime—women like *Melanie* and *Emmy Brown*.

But her nightly prayer is, "Deliver me from more 'nice women' roles. I want to be bad!" ■

After you have finished with your copy of HOLLYWOOD, why not send it to someone in the service, so that he too can keep up to date on the latest movie news?

For Big Values Visit Your Neighborhood Drug Store During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 2nd-12th

The Man Lana Married

[*Continued from page* 24]

included rental of the apartment they were to live in. At first Lana wanted to move into her own home, but Steve wouldn't hear of it. His income is only about one-tenth of hers, but his masculinity would have been affronted if his bride had paid the rent. They settled on a small apartment with a community swimming pool, and Lana's mother was to occupy her daughter's large home.

They weren't sure just when the marriage would take place, but had tentatively set the date for Sunday, July 19. Two nights earlier, Steve took Lana on one of their few public dates to Andre's. As they were dancing, Steve held Lana close and whispered, "Why wait longer?" Lana nodded, her gray eyes dreamy, but still they weren't sure if this would be the night. After he took her home, he called her and they talked on the phone for an hour. Then it was that they decided to fly to Las Vegas. They routed a friend, Alan Gordon, out of bed, told him they wanted him and Linda Darnell to accompany them, and in the early morning the four were on a plane bound for Las Vegas. Steve ordered two corsages for the girls, and even had them wrapped in brown wrapping paper so that there would be no inkling at the airport that this was a bridal party.

Hollywood is shaking its head over Lana and Steve. But Hollywood has been known to be wrong before, and Lana says she really means to make this marriage last. She knows that there are speculations concerning the outcome of it, but from the stars in her eyes, you can see she means to confound her critics. And maybe she will. You never know about Lana. ■

Another new face in Hollywood is vivacious Faye Emerson, pretty young starlet being groomed for big things by Warner Brothers. She's in *The Desert Song*

"And your Face
IS SO SATIN-SMOOTH"

"EVERY NIGHT" Care for Dry Skin

Cleanse expertly with Jergens Face Cream. Remove the cream. Then apply a light, all-over film of this new cream and leave on all night. Admire your fresh, smooth, younger-looking skin next morning.

Unnecessary to let Pathetic Dry Skin Wrinkles come too soon

TAKES no time to have complete smooth-skin care every day—if you use the new Jergens Face Cream!

This is a clever new face cream—made by the same skin-scientists who make that lovely Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Face Cream—

(1) cleanses swiftly, exquisitely
(2) helps soften your skin
(3) makes a silken powder foundation
(4) acts as a Night Cream, so helpful against worrisome dry skin.

A "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment! You'll love your fresh, younger look when you use Jergens Face Cream every day.

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Is your cuticle Ragged? or Smooth?

WIPE AWAY DRIED-OUT CUTICLE GENTLY WITH CUTEX OILY CUTICLE REMOVER

Don't make your cuticle sore by gnawing it...don't encourage hangnails by cutting it. Use Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover and *wipe* away dead, dried-out cuticle—gently! Get a bottle—begin today!

Saturday is "Manicure Day"—look for the special display of Cutex accessories on your favorite cosmetic counter—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Oil, Brittle Nail Cream, Orangewood Sticks, Emery Boards.

Northam Warren, New York

Used by more women than all other Cuticle Removers combined

SATURDAY IS "MANICURE DAY"

Popping Questions at Claudette Colbert

[*Continued from page* 31]

Q. What is your greatest fault?

A. I'm stubborn.

Q. And your greatest virtue?

A. Truthfulness.

Q. What do you think is the most unpleasant mannerism of women?

A. Coyness. I can't stand cuteness.

Q. What do you think is the most unpleasant mannerism in men?

A. Their inclination to be smug.

Q. What is the first thing you notice about a person?

A. A pleasant voice. A strident-voiced person starts out with two strikes against him, in my opinion.

Q. Who does most of the talking at home, you or your husband?

A. I do. First, because I'm more of a chatterbox than he is. Secondly, because I can talk about what's happened to me during the day—my work and activities. But my husband never discusses with me what goes on during his professional day.

Q. What feature about your face do you like the least?

A. My nose. I think it's too broad.

Q. What feature do you like the best?

A. My eyes.

Q. About what point of good grooming are you fussiest?

A. My hair. I wear it short and curled and I'm very fussy about it being just so.

Q. Do you dress to please your husband?

A. I certainly do dress to please him. He likes tailored suits, and so do I, so I didn't have to change my style for him. But he doesn't like nail polish; so my hands and toes are bare of it.

Q. Do you mind candid camera shots of yourself?

A. I hate them. I should have said that this is one of the things I don't like about my work.

Q. Have you bought any "gold bricks?"

A. Yes—my house.

Q. What unbecoming personal mannerism have you had to overcome?

A. Bad posture. I used to slump forward, and I've had to break myself of the habit.

Q. Of what personal accomplishment are you most proud?

A. Of the way I ski. I must admit I took to it very quickly and have won a few prizes.

Q. Do you believe in matrimonial vacations?

A. Definitely no. I can't see the need of them—they do more harm than good. Unfortunately, certain circumstances force separations—such as business, and now war. But I think voluntary separations are unwise.

Q. What is your favorite form of entertainment?

A. As we say in Hollywood, "Motion pictures are your best entertainment." They are for me.

Q. Who is your closest woman friend, and what qualities make her such?

A. Mrs. William Goetz, because she possesses sincerity, a great vitality, sympathy, honesty and a terrific sense of humor.

Q. Who is your closest man friend, outside of your husband?

A. My brother, Charles Wendling, and William Goetz. They both have great intelligence, a good sense of values and are most interesting conversationalists.

Q. What is your favorite color?

A. Red—on me. Blue and white—to look at.

Q. Your favorite song?

A. Cole Porter's "Night and Day."

Q. What childhood handicap or failing have you had to overcome to attain success?

AMERICA IN 1950

IF THE AXIS WINS . . .

. . . you'll still be in a uniform, whether you're a man, woman or child. And your immediate superior won't be a hard-boiled American sergeant—he'll be a Nazi *gauleiter,* a storm trooper or a swaggering Japanese militarist.

IF AMERICA WINS . . .

. . . you can be certain that your loved ones now in uniform will be back with you, working at their old jobs and enjoying life as only Americans can. And to get that form of life, you *have* to support your government now, by purchasing your share of War Bonds!

Love bloomed in a bookstore for Ruth Hussey when she met Bob Longenecker there. From a mutual interest in books, they grew interested in each other and were recently wed. Ruth's in M-G-M's *The Man on America's Conscience*

A. I was terribly shy as a child. When I decided that I wanted to be an actress, I realized how this trait might hold me back, so I tried all ways and means to overcome it. I used to force myself to meet strangers, go to parties and go out alone looking for jobs. Many a stage manager never knew how I was quaking inside when I spoke to him.

Q. In what way are you laziest?

A. About writing letters. I put them off for "tomorrow."

Q. About what are you most ambitious?

A. My screen career.

Q. Do you take to people at first sight, form instant likes and dislikes?

A. Yes, but I usually start out by liking most of the people I meet.

Q. On what occasion do you drop your dignity and shout and yell?

A. At football games. I once squashed the hat of a man sitting in front of me at a Rose Bowl game. I was that excited.

Q. What role gave you the greatest pride and thrill?

A. The schoolteacher in *Remember the Day*.

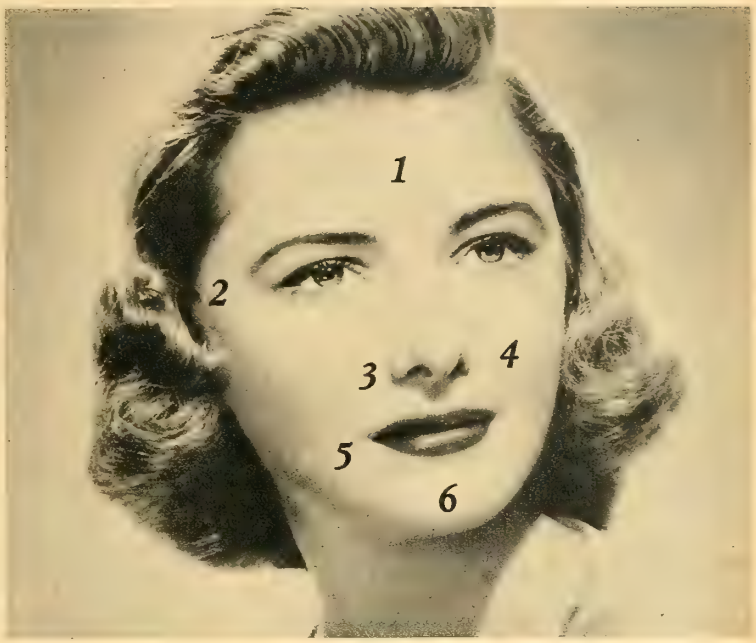
Q. What is the name of your latest picture?

A. *No Time for Love*.

Q. What is your most lowbrow taste?

A. Carnivals and shooting galleries. When there's a carnival or circus in town, you can count on me to be there. And I pride myself on being a good shot at the shooting galleries.

I bring you Four Aids to Beauty in One Single Cream!



My one 4-Purpose Face Cream, by itself, helps end all these 6 Skin Troubles

IMAGINE a face cream—one remarkable, scientific face cream — that does all these important things for your skin!

As though by the touch of a magic wand, it seems to cream away the cobwebs of tiny, tired lines around your eyes and mouth—little lines due to dryness. And it seems to help end the very condition that causes big pores—blackheads —oily skin—dry, flaky skin.

WHICH OF THESE 6 SKIN TROUBLES IS YOURS?

1. Dry Skin *4. Oily Skin*
2. Tiny Lines *5. Blackheads*
3. Big Pores *6. Flaky Skin*

And here's the reason Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream can do all this! *It works with nature and helps nature.* This one cream, by itself, takes care of four essential needs of your skin! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream, it thoroughly but gently cleanses your skin — it softens your skin and relieves dryness—it helps nature refine the pores—it leaves a perfect base for powder and make-up, smooth but never sticky.

Send for Generous Tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Be sure to mail the coupon *now*, before you forget!

Lady Esther **4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM**

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7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

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DESIGNED TO TAKE IT!

By CATHERINE ROBERTS
FASHION EDITOR

[See "Clues on Clothes"—page 68]

Two new dresses for the office, informal dates, classes, meetings or whatever it is that takes up the major portion of your time. They've been designed to keep you looking as fresh as a daisy through months of hard wear. Both junior designs, they're quite different in type, thus adding variety to your wardrobe. The fabrics used in these dresses have the feel and look of fine worsteds yet they're made of rayon and acetate rayon fibres. Thus, we release precious wool for army use yet keep smart warm-looking effect that we've come to depend upon for cold weather wear.

Above: Blackout for back and sleeves, eye-catching color for the front. Bright metal buttons trim this worsted-like teca crepe frock. Black with beige or green or black with red. $15, leading stores

Above Right: The soft young lines of this tuck-trimmed tecala crepe frock are just right for any daytime occasion. Tangerine, peacock, kelly green and blue. About $11 at McCreery's, New York

Calf, cord-stitched step-ins or alligator pumps, both are smart for daytime. Life Stride shoes, about $6 at leading stores. Heller's two strand pearls, $2

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 17]

■ Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton were three just two days after their marriage. The heiress' six-year-old son by a previous marriage arrived in Hollywood to get acquainted with his new stepfather. The boy, Lance, had been living in Colorado and the new Mrs. Grant sent for him immediately after her marriage to Cary.

■ Height of something or other: Charlotte Henry starring in a Hollywood stage show, *The Naughty, Naughty Revue*. She launched her career as demure *Alice* in the film *Alice in Wonderland*.

■ And Otto Kruger says the new liquid stocking vogue is likely to cause domestic difficulties. "Some husband is bound to complain that the little woman is too busy pouring her stockings to pour his morning coffee."

■ Evelyn Ankers and Richard Denning, who eloped to Las Vegas recently, plan on having a second wedding performed at the insistence of their families. This will probably take place the day before Dick goes into the Navy and will have all the trimmings, which their impromptu elopement lacked.

■ Olivia de Havilland no sooner finished *Princess O'Rourke* for Warners than she promptly came down with a bad case of poison oak.

Arleen Whelan and Dick Simons liven the goings-on with a few dance steps to the jive at a Hollywood bistro

■ Newlyweds Diana Barrymore and Bramwell Fletcher have given up the huge Jack Dempsey estate they were occupying and have moved to a smaller mansion of seventeen rooms. Diana explained that it was too big for just the two of them and she hadn't the time to manage it. She's busy with her new picure, *Nightmare*.

■ Joel McCrea visited an air base recently and apologized to the boys because he couldn't dance or sing. He said he would like to do something for them, however, and donated a swimming pool, which will be completed next month.

■ "I know he's old enough to be my father," said eighteen-year-old Linda Darnell, speaking of camerman, Peverell Marley, who is forty-one, "but we still can go out together, can't we?" The young star, however, denies rumors that they will wed. He's one of the first friends she made in the film colony.

■ For ten days Paul Henreid worked as a peach picker near San Jose and nobody recognized him. The Austrian star needed a vacation after he finished *Casablanca* and wanted to be useful at the same time. He even slept in a bunkhouse with the other pickers.

■ Here's a war-time economy suggestion by Gene Tierney: She's having husband Oleg Cassini's clothes cut to fit her. The trousers will be made into skirts, the jackets adjusted. Oleg won't need them —he's in the Coast Guard.

Sinner With Sex Appeal

By CHARLOTTE KAYE

Carl Esmond has added something new to screen lovemaking and feminine fans are demanding more of same. They'll be getting it soon in Carl's new R-K-O film, *The Navy Comes Through*, an exciting war film

■ Last spring Carl Esmond stood before a U. S. immigration official who was examining him at one of the routine hearings on his application for final citizenship papers. It was a great moment for Carl inasmuch as becoming a U. S. citizen had been his dearest ambition since first setting foot in America in 1937. Sternly the official eyed him, and began the standard questions.

"Do you owe allegiance to any other country?" he asked.

"No," said Carl proudly.

"Are you a Communist?"

"No," was the firm answer.

"Are you a Nazi?"

"No," he said, even more firmly. The official stopped and glared at him. "Oh yes, you are a Nazi!" he charged. "I saw you in *Sundown*. You were a very nasty Nazi!"

Carl's heart jumped to his throat. What kind of a horrible nightmare was this? Yes, he had been a Nazi on the screen but in real life . . .

After an agonizing moment the official grinned widely and Carl's thumping heart slid back down his throat; the official was having a little good-natured fun at Carl's expense. Inadvertently, however, he had touched upon something which had been no joke to Carl for almost five years—the way Hollywood producers had insisted upon casting him in assorted roles of international villainy because (a) he had a slight Viennese accent; and (b) he played them so damned well!

"Just once I would like to be a nice fellow or get to marry the lovely lady," Carl would plead in vain.

It was all the more incomprehensible to him because he had played nothing but romantic leads on the European stage and screen and had been brought to Hollywood originally as a sensational new heartthrob for American maids and their mothers. Then, boom! There he was doing the dirty work at the crossroads or hiding behind beards and buskins! Why? He still doesn't know.

Carl was born Willy Eichberger 35 years ago in Vienna. He shed that name in favor of his present one (Carl is his own middle name and Esmond from Thackeray's hero, *Henry Esmond*) when English fans persisted in making it Willy Iceberg. His family started out to make a banker of him and partially succeeded. By day he clerked in a Vienna bank. In the evenings, however, he gave himself so wholeheartedly to amateur theatricals that eventually he won an offer from the famous Berg theater, and began appearing there regularly each night. The big boss at the bank finally demanded Carl make a choice: acting or banking. He chose acting. In less than two years he was the star of the theater and the romantic idol of the romantic Viennese.

The next years found him touring the continent (it was the pre-Nazi period, of course) and in Berlin he made his first motion picture, UFA's *The Emperor's Waltz*, opposite Marta Eggerth. This brought the offer of the romantic lead in *Blossom Time* which was to be produced in London. Undismayed by the fact he could speak no English, he made a phonograph recording of a scene in phonetically correct English and with the record as evidence, won the role. Later he learned the entire part by rote which was no small accomplishment. Meantime, of course, he began his serious study of the language.

The picture was a smash hit and in quick succession came the lover roles in *Evensong, Invitation to the Waltz* and many more. By now he was a prime favorite with English fans and he was signed for the role of the charming and romantic *Prince Albert* in the original London stage production of *Victoria Regina*. Metro's autocrat, Louis B. Mayer, got one gander at him and whisked him off to Hollywood on a long term contract.

After six months of high-paid sitting he decided quite reasonably that American fans never would come to know him and love him if they never saw him. He asked Metro for his release and got it. Warners thereupon snatched him up, and he played the memorable part of the German flyer shot down behind the lines in *Dawn Patrol*. Metro then snatched him back for the German submarine commander in *Thunder Afloat*. R-K-O next tagged him for the bewhiskered and bespectacled *Professor Baer* in *Little Men*.

Baffled by offers of more roles which would make him a German cutthroat or hide him behind beards, Carl took a look in the mirror. Perhaps, he figured, he had changed type without realizing it. Reflected in the mirror, however, were the same clean-cut, handsome features, the same twinkling blue eyes, the same tall, well-built figure. Not reflected but still there was the same charm, suavity and appeal which had made feminine hearts all over Europe go pitter-patter.

He turned down the roles, firm in the conviction his real chance would come. It did. *Sundown* was the answer. True, he again played a Nazi heel in *Sundown*, but for more than half of the picture he was allowed to masquerade as a charming fellow. As a result, producers were besieged by letters from feminine fans.

At long last the Esmond tide had turned. Next came the charming rogue in *Panama Hattie*, and after that a nice role in *Seven Sweethearts*.

"Eureka!" Carl shouted when he read the script. "I get to marry the girl!"

As if in recompense for the Nazi roles which had been his unhappy lot, a still greater thrill lay just ahead for Carl. In R-K-O's new action drama, *The Navy Comes Through*, he is cast as a heroic member of a U. S. Navy gun crew who blows up a German submarine!

"I must send tickets to my official friend in the immigration department," he chuckled. "Won't he be surprised?" ■

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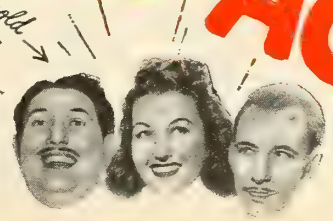

Introducing ... Robert Paige

By ELEANOR HARRIS

PAIGE, ROBERT—Universal's handsome new leading man has a mass of pictures behind him . . . *Golden Gloves, Emergency Squad, San Antonio Rose, Hellzapoppin', Almost Married, Temporarily Yours, What's Cookin'?, Pardon My Sarong,* and *Get Hep to Love.*

BIRTHPLACE—Indianapolis, Indiana . . . but he reached Los Angeles at the age of twelve, and hasn't been outside the city limits since!

FAMILY—The real name's Page, without the i. His mother's Irish, his father's a retired British Army officer, and his younger brother is head of the mail room at Paramount Studios. They all live hither and yon around Hollywood.

MARRIED—For two years, to Betty Peacock—who's as pretty as her name. Their courtship sounds like a magazine story: he was the leading man of *Emergency Squad*, and she was the director's secretary. They met on the set when Betty delivered pages to her boss. Bob gave her a series of lines at once, she cooled him off with a copy of *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*—and they were quietly married ten months later in Hollywood's Christ the King church.

EDUCATION—He raced through Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles, skipping college, in favor of a radio career.

APPEARANCE—Looks good to any girl. He's six feet two, 175 pounds, has blue eyes, brown hair, and the easy friendliness of the boy next door.

HISTORIC LANDMARKS—He offered up five years of his life to radio, right after high school—and did about everything possible behind a mike. Sometimes he introduced himself, thanked himself for the introduction, and then sang—as if he were three different people! In return, he made the sketchiest of livings. So, after five years, he decided to leave the airways in favor of selling stocks and bonds. He was a businessman for only a short time . . . until he discovered one day that his last week's income amounted to exactly $3.00! This sent him scurrying out of the business world and into a movie agent's office . . . and three days later he was under contract as a movie actor!

SOCIAL LIFE—Bob and Betty Paige have two passions: movies and people. Their idea of fun is sitting around someone's home "swapping lies with friends"—most of whom are non-professionals. Night clubs are nil in their lives. When alone, Bob likes to read Somerset Maugham, to listen to Tschaikowsky records, or to compose on the piano himself. As a result of his musical labors, the world has the song *Without You.*

HOME LIFE—Check this off as Swimming Pool Life, since June of this year—when Bob rented a pool with a house thrown in. You can find both in San Fernando Valley, with six rooms in the house, and Bob in the swimming pool. You can also find part of his forehead in the pool's cement bottom . . . he scrapes it every time he dives in!

ATTITUDE ON LIFE—Determined to succeed in a delightfully un-grim way. Right now he wants big success on the screen. Until that happens, he can't turn his mind to Broadway or anything else. ■

One of Universal's best bets of the year is Robert Paige, young, good-looking romantic lead, appearing in *Get Hep to Love*. Whatever it takes to make feminine hearts flutter, he's got in double doses

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LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

Pride of Pittsburgh

By MURIEL REED

Gene Kelly acted on a sudden hunch when he deserted his successful dancing school in Pittsburgh to take Broadway by storm. In *Pal Joey* his dancing and personality scored so terrifically that M-G-M grabbed him for a lead in *Me and My Gal*

■ Meet a fighting, dancing, superstitious Irishman with black and twinkling eyes! Meet Gene Kelly—of the Pittsburgh Kellys!

He's a great believer in hunches, is Mr. Kelly. That's why he looked around the crowded Kelly dinner table three years ago and said suddenly, "Tomorrow morning I leave for New York to take a stab at the Broadway stage."

His parents, two sisters and two brothers all turned their gay Irish faces toward him and said, "But Gene—who'll run the Kelly Dancing School if you go?"

"You will, all of you," said young Mr. Kelly, flatly. "The Kelly family has been teaching tap, tango and ballroom dancing for six years now. The Kelly family can continue, without me."

Which they did. Meanwhile they saw by the papers that Brother Gene had taken New York by storm. He'd danced in two big musical shows, acted in two more (including the title role in *Pal Joey*), and had directed the dance routines in the smash-hit musical *Best Foot Forward*.

Then they learned that he'd been lured out to Hollywood by an M-G-M contract—and that he was being starred in *Me and My Gal* with Judy Garland and George Murphy. Oh, plenty happened once Mr. Gene Kelly turned his back on his famous Pittsburgh dancing school and marched into the show business as a little-known dancer, actor, singer and director. Plenty!

But then, plenty had always happened to Mr. Kelly. Because he's a hard-working hunch-man . . . a rare combination. He acts on impulse, and then works heart-breakingly hard on his quick decisions.

Once when he was a small boy of seven (who, incidentally, planned on being a missionary!), all slicked up in a white collar and dark suit, he was walking defiantly down his block headed for dancing school. Two small neighbors stopped him. "Yah!" they snarled. "Sissy! On ya way to dancin' school!"

"Not either," lied the potential missionary hastily. "Goin' to a party with ice cream and cake!"

"Dancin' school!" contradicted the little fiends. So Gene rolled up his sleeves, and went to work. He beat up those two and continued down the block until there were twenty bloody noses in his wake. Then, bruised and tattered, he appeared at dancing school, where he flew about the floor with more grace than any of the soap-

shiny little boys around him! Naturally, his journeys to dancing school were never interrupted again.

Most of Gene's hunches were lightning decisions, to which he stuck for years. Take his college days, for instance—which came, like the depression, in 1929. He arrived as a freshman at the University of Pittsburgh in a fancy automobile—and lost it a few months later in the crash, along with the Kelly family's shirt. Considerably startled, Gene suddenly realized that if he wanted four years of college he was facing four years of work. He instantly made up his mind—and stuck to it. Gene was to be a college man.

Which explains why the inhabitants of Pittsburgh saw a quick-moving, quick-smiling kid named Kelly everywhere. He was jerking sodas, digging ditches, pumping gas, singing in cheap night clubs, checking tires in a rubber factory—and every Sunday for seven years he taught the boys in a Jewish Synogogue how to dance! He was also a member of Phi Kappa fraternity—getting A's in economics—and preparing to study law, to please Mother Kelly.

But on second thought, he decided to forget law—too many lawyers were hungry in Pittsburgh. Instead, he began studying dancing, as systematically as if it were law. Hundreds of books on ancient and modern dances passed across his desk. And when he left college, he just naturally had such a long line of dancing students filing out after him, that he started the Kelly Dancing School—which became the biggest and most popular in Pittsburgh!

It was manned entirely by the Kelly family. Five Kelly brothers and sisters taught the light fantastic, and Father Kelly was the bookkeeper. Middle-size-brother Gene remained the boss . . . working twenty hours a day and shaping it into the huge success that it still remains. It was six years before he suddenly decided that there was nothing left for him in Pittsburgh. He was a big shot there, so it was time to go elsewhere. He left for New York at once—to find a fortune waiting for him.

So was a wife, for that matter. And hunches played as big a role as Cupid in their courtship. It all began one broiling summer afternoon when Gene was directing the dances for a revue in Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe—one of New York's bigger nightclubs. He was hard at work on plans in the empty nightclub, in his shirtsleeves and looking extremely young (which he is!), when something very lovely came rushing in from the bright street outside. This was Betsy Blair, dancer and actress. She took one look at Mr. Kelly, whose black hair was standing casually on end, and decided he was one of the restaurant bus-boys. "Where," she demanded, "is Mr. Kelly, the director of the show?"

Mr. Kelly acted instantly on a hunch. "God only knows," said he. "But you can tell *me* what you want. After all, you should practice what you'll tell him on somebody!" Well, impressing a bus-boy, when you've come miles on a subway to impress a director, is hardly a young girl's dream—but Betsy [*Continued on page 72*]

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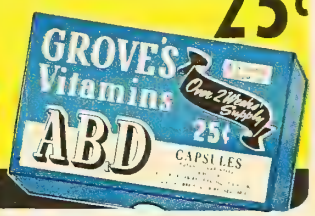

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Marchand's Make-Up RINSE

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Hollywood has been discovering Paul Lukas off and on for twelve years. Warners has brought him back to the screen to play the role he made famous on the stage in *Watch on the Rhine*

Perennial Discovery

By JOHN FRANCHEY

■ There is one thing you have to say about fumbling, blundering Hollywood: it makes mistakes, but it also makes amends—under certain conditions.

Mr. Paul Lukas is a case in point, a very good case.

Hollywood used him shamefully, ignoring his rare dramatic talents except at intervals, typing him as a sleek menace, extracting all the villainy it wanted out of him, and then deciding he could cool his heels until it got around to him again. The only catch was that Mr. Lukas doesn't like cooling his heels.

Being polite and patient, he loitered around after his career hit the skids, picked up a few odd jobs here and there, got fed up, went to New York, snagged the lead in a prize play called *Watch on the Rhine*, and was cited by the Drama League for the best performance of 1941 on the New York stage. At which point Hollywood, properly penitent and saying it with moola, whisked him back West again, where today nothing on the Warner lot is too good for him. Warners acquired the screen rights to the play and decided, strangely enough, that the best bet for the Paul Lukas part was Paul Lukas, himself.

You would think that what with Hollywood in general and the freres Warner in particular behaving toward him as if he were the 1942 discovery of the year, Paul Lukas would be busy shopping around for a new estate, drawing a bead on a little ranch, and acquiring life memberships in the swanky Hollywood clubs.

He most emphatically isn't. He isn't cancelling the lease on his New York apartment, the one he used during the run of *Watch on the Rhine*, much less sending for the furniture. Not he. For thirteen years he has been discovered all over the place, but the discoveries didn't always take. A man like that can be pardoned for wanting to wait and see what happens.

Rated as one of Europe's top actors, he landed in America (from his native Hungary) in 1929, at a time when despondent New York brokers were doing swan dives from skyscraper offices. Paramount, his first "discoverer," promptly clapped him into *The Loves of an Actress*, in which opus he was terrific. Paramount, anxious to capitalize on its new sensation, rushed him pell-mell into five little stinkers, which, in turn, rushed him into a speedy eclipse.

He was discovered afresh in 1931 with *Strictly Dishonorable*, which shot his stock up to a new high. Then came another lull, more mediocre pictures and the inevitable decline. A brand new discoverer turned up, rushed him into *The Wolf of Wall Street*, and there he was again, the rage of Hollywood.

It looked as if he were going to linger in the spotlight awhile, but not Lukas. In fact, he fell off something terrible—thanks to neglect—and it took a smashing triumph in *Little Women* to pull him out of the doldrums, into which he had passed almost by the time *The Wolf* saga had gotten around to the third-run houses.

Confessions of a Nazi Spy convinced Hollywood that when it came to deep-dyed villainy, Lukas was really the boss. A few months later, they were doling him out occasional meany parts, when he got tired of the routine and trekked off to New York and glory.

Lukas the Luckless is a man in a million. For a neglected genius whom it took Broadway to redeem, Lukas is keeping his powder dry but he certainly bears no ill-will toward Hollywood. He thinks it's a wonderful place—the sun, the Hollywood hills, the open air markets. What else he likes about Hollywood is the all-year-round tennis and the wonderful supply of partners. The best tennis player in pictures, he used to play such toughies as Francis X. Shields and Sidney Wood when he was bivouacked in New York with *Watch on the Rhine*. Nowadays he takes on Errol Flynn, Peter Lorre, or Charlie

Farrell at Mr. Farrell's very flossy Racquet Club at Palm Springs, where Lukas has himself a modest little house.

Nuts about tennis, he is constantly running out of partners, in which crisis he calls on his good wife, Daisy, whom he has been coaching in net art lo! the fourteen years that they have been married. Daisy Lukas' tennis is not one of her major accomplishments.

"I fear that she will never be another Alice Marble," Mr. L. says, dolefully.

Her tennis notwithstanding, Daisy Lukas is a treasure that more than compensates for Hollywood's indecision and neglect. In the eyes of her husband, she is the world's delight. He wishes he had a throne to abdicate for her: that's how much he adores her.

Mornings he snaps his fingers and says in a mock-Svengali voice: "Coffee, Daisy." And Daisy, who is devotion itself in a whimsical sort of way, fetches same—in her own sweet time. Sometimes, a bit wistfully, he snaps his fingers and says: "My slippers, Daisy." He winds up getting them himself.

They were married back in Budapest, just before he took off for his first trip to America—on his birthday, incidentally. There was a bit of a hitch, Mr. Lukas recalls. According to Hungarian law, no marriage is a marriage without a church ceremony, no matter if the knot has been tied by civil authority. Usually this ceremony comes off on the same day. But on the wonderful day in question, Daisy's father was ill and the ceremony had to be postponed for nine days.

Which is why on May 26, the anniversary of their marriage, Daisy receives a present and why on June 4, the anniversary of the day it became legal, Daisy receives another one.

That's because Daisy is Paul's own discovery of the year—every year—with option renewed regularly. ■

MARRY AN ACTOR?

ANN SHERIDAN

says

"YES!"

GERALDINE FITZGERALD

says

"NEVER!"

Both girls fight it out in the December issue of

HOLLYWOOD

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"Man and Wife—*no longer!*"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT RUINS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. Did he hate me . . . the husband I loved so much? I couldn't guess what had changed our happiness to . . . this. Harsh words . . . frozen silences . . . loneliness . . .

2. One day, I spied my doctor's car next door and hailed him . . . to ask for a sleeping powder. But, wise doctor! He went straight to the *cause* of my troubles. Then he explained. "Often a man can't forgive one *neglect* . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."

3. He recommended a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene . . . Lysol disinfectant. "You see, Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions on the bottle," he explained. "Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes, as well!"

4. I took my doctor's advice and found Lysol disinfectant so easy to use, so inexpensive. And now my husband and I are happier than ever before in all our days!

Check this with your Doctor

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Lysol Disinfectant

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Let this famous family favorite help you, too!

• Try Noxzema as above—and for the relief of many similar externally-caused skin troubles. Over 15 million jars are used every year!

IMPORTANT! While the supply lasts, you can get the big 75¢ jar of Noxzema for only 49¢ *(plus tax)!* Due to wartime limitations, this yearly offer *may never be made again!* Take advantage of it. Get Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic counter *today!*

Dorothy Lamour not only sells War Bonds—she buys them too. She is shown with Bruce Cabot at the Navy Relief Ball, where she took $250 worth of chances on a $500 bond. She's in Goldwyn's *They Got Me Covered.* Bruce is in *The Desert Song*

Reginald Gardiner and girl friend, Margaret Lindsay indulge in a little close harmony at a local bistro. Margaret is in Columbia's latest *Ellery Queen* adventure

Beauty Headliners

RED PENCIL, an absolute, definite, clear red is the big news from Charles of the Ritz this month. Here's a lipstick color with no clashing overtones, flattering to the sober colors of fall, wearable with the new gray shades of blue, green, brown or red. It comes in the perky little carrying case you see above, gray and red, laced together over a jumbo Red Pencil lipstick and a jar of harmonizing Complexion Veil. $2.50 for the set. Red Pencil Cream or Dry Rouge is $1.10, and Lipstick alone may be purchased for a dollar.

TWOFOLD VALUE in the two newest Revlon packages—Pitcher Beauty Bag and Ration Card Beauty Case. Empty them and they immediately become useful as a catch-all for your purse. Both come filled with Revlon Nail Enamel and Oily Remover, and the Ration Card Beauty Case (which will later serve as a wallet) has a matching Revlon Lipstick too. Only a dollar for the gay Pitcher Bag. The leather Ration Card Case is $1.25.

NON-ESSENTIAL MATERIALS are used in two brand new wartime lipstick cases. Hampden's "Woodie" is a giant, approximately the size of a cartridge. But this blond wooden case is actually featherlight. Swedish Modern is descriptive of the extremely simple lines and the glossy raw wood. 50 cents. Another handsome addition to the priority-conscious lipstick cases is Westmore's cardboard container. Durable, practical and smart in appearance, even the swivel is cardboard—and it works like a charm.

MAILER PACKAGES of Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm or Foot Powder are now provided as a gift suggestion for boys in the service. Feet are usually the first to feel the impact of strenuous army life, so here's a truly thoughtful idea. Each may be had, for a mere 35 cents, all ready to be addressed and stamped.

THIS AND THAT . . . A brand new fragrance by Bourjois called Courage, in perfume and concentrated cologne . . . Young Red, the Cutex contribution to the mood for clear reds . . . Westmore's Over-glo, a radiant liquid foundation that encourages the glow of color and the gleam of health . . . The favorite Evening in Paris in two new forms—Soap and Creme Parfum, the latter a vanishing cream so highly scented it lasts for hours . . . by Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor.

Can twins be divorced?

The Davis Twins, United Air Lines Stewardesses, tell how Pepsodent Tooth Powder came between them.

"We're typical twins, Athalie and I. Look alike, dress alike, share the same problems of mistaken identity. We've always been together on everything...except once. That was the time I 'divorced' my twin . . . for test purposes only. I switched to Pepsodent Tooth Powder. Athalie went right on using another well-known brand."

"Even when we dressed alike, people began to know us apart. My teeth became *twice as bright* as my twin's . . . thanks to Pepsodent! It was easy to tell who was who . . . but not for long. Athalie had enough of our trial separation. So she switched to Pepsodent, too. And is she glad! Nothing but Pepsodent for us from now on."

Davis twins confirm laboratory proof that

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Halo Shampoo leaves no dingy soap-film! Your hair sparkles!

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Millions of women are finding that Halo Shampoo makes their hair seem glossier, silkier, richer in natural color—than they ever dreamed possible. Halo rinses away completely, no need for a lemon or vinegar after-rinse! Buy in 10¢ or larger sizes.

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John's New Meal Ticket

By DENNIS SPRAGUE

As a result of his fine singing voice—a recent Hollywood discovery—John Howard has been rewarded with a long-term contract and the promise of bigger and better roles. He's currently appearing in 20th Century-Fox's *The Undying Monster*

John Howard has been in Hollywood six years, has made forty pictures and yet no one ever suspected that he was a musical natural. It took the Los Angeles Philharmonic Society to uncover that. The society announced a production of *Bittersweet* and called for voice trials. John, disgusted with his lagging career, grimly decided to try out.

Not only was he chosen, he was given the part of Karl, the lead. He scored a personal triumph in Los Angeles and then went to San Francisco for a request week. Returning to Hollywood, he found a dozen choleric producers demanding to know why they hadn't been told he could sing. "What for?" said John.

The producers were stymied. They didn't know. As a matter of fact, they wouldn't have done anything about it even if they'd known he was another Caruso, which was the reason John had asked "What for?"

"Musical pictures are Hollywood's headache," he explains. "The public screams for them, then ignores them when they're made. Only the Deanna Durbin pictures have been really successful. The trouble is that operetta plots are too fatuous and grand opera plots too grim and producers are afraid to try anything new. Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald have made money out of their voices, but name me any others."

Nobody could, but it didn't make sense, anyway. If singing was so hopeless, why had he sung? That was simple. It was a way of getting the sort of attention that might do something about his career. Producers flock to Philharmonic doings. The plot worked, about which, more later.

John occupies a unique niche in Hollywood. Five feet, ten inches tall, weighing 160, blue-eyed, dark-haired, he has a terrific sense of humor and soft, insinuating speech. He is the town's No. 1 Escort, but has never been labelled as *cinematus lupis* (Hollywood wolf, to you). He lives at home with his mother and father in a small cottage in Westwood Hills. The cottage has a front yard aflame with hibiscus, a backyard that is deep and green, a carpenter shop where John alternately saws skin off his fingers and builds coffee tables for his friends, a darkroom and an archery range.

He was born John Howard Cox in Pennsylvania and moved to Cleveland as a boy. At Western Reserve University he was active in Sock and Buskin, head man of the glee club, manager of the basketball team (but not a player), middleweight wrestling champion and a member of Phi Beta Kappa, national honorary society.

When we mentioned that as a Phi Beta Kappa he must stand alone among Hollywood actors, he produced a thick volume entitled "The Care and Feeding of Phi Beta Kappas," or something similar, and showed us the names of half a dozen movie players, in addition to numerous writers and producers.

"I got my key by digging up all the soft courses," he said, frankly. "When someone gets a key on an engineering, or medical course, it's something."

He had wanted to be a writer and had planned post-graduate work, but his father's illness forced him to go to work when he finished Reserve, and that's how he arrived in Hollywood. He was playing the lead in a ponderous recitative called *John Brown's Body* for Sock and Buskin.

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Between scenes a messenger summoned him to his dressing room door. Behind the messenger, John beheld quite an apparition. It was a man wearing nasturtium-hued slacks, camels hair jacket, deep blue shirt, orange tie and cane. The man grabbed John's arm.

"I'm Oscar Serlin and I've got ten minutes to catch a New York train," he said, urgently. "Get dressed. I'll give you a screen test in New York."

"Hey!" John backed off. He'd heard about guys who clipped yokels for fifty dollars for screen tests. "I've got to finish this show. Besides, I'm being graduated in a week. No soap."

"Very foolish," said Mr. Serlin (for it was, indeed, he). "You've got what it takes. Here's my card. If you change your mind, get in touch."

John got his sheepskin a few days later and it was then he learned of the decline of the Cox family fortunes. He wired Serlin and was instructed to take the next plane for Hollywood.

His first big chance at Paramount came in *Lost Horizon*, as the terrified kid brother of Ronald Colman. He was terrific and

Hedy Lamarr wears only a lurong as the sultry temptress of the tropics in *White Cargo*. Read about the production of this daring film in December

HOLLYWOOD

every producer in Hollywood wanted him to play a terrified younger brother. There weren't enough such characters in English literature to keep him busy, so they invented other parts, all terrified. Obviously none of these gave him the he-man stature he has to have to reach glamour boy heights on the screen, and this, he believes, is the best answer to what happened to his career. He played too many whimpering kid brothers.

He kept busy, however. Forty pictures prove that. Everyone said he was a fine actor, no one questioned his looks, yet for six years he was in practical eclipse. Why? Don't ask him, or anyone else in Hollywood. You can prowl the settlement from Van Nuys to Vernon and from Holmby Hills to Hellangone and find players, producers and plain people leaving that question unanswered. Once Janet Blair seemed almost to have it. "It's simple," she said. "He's too darn nice a guy."

Then came the happy inspiration about trying out for *Bittersweet*. There wasn't a studio in town that didn't haunt him and offer him a chance to be the actor he's always been. It's a typical Hollywood yarn. He had to sing to exploit his charm and get recognition, but the studios haven't the vaguest intention of having him sing. They want him to act.

Sort of a case of singing for your supper and getting a whole meal ticket. ■

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Goldilocks and the Four Baers

By FRED WOODS

Dolores Moran is not only bright, beautiful and blond, but she's the protegee of Max Baer (shown with Dolores, right) and the pet of his whole family. He coached her for her first role in Warners' *The Hard Way*

■ On August 9th, a husky eight-pound boy was born in San Francisco, thereby ruining the plans of his parents to name him "Dolores" in honor of lush and beautiful Dolores Moran.

The baby was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Baer, thus bringing the number of porridge bowls around the Baer table to four. And the reason the newcomer was tentatively titled "Dolores" is as follows:

In May, 1941, the town of Chico, California, was holding a contest to elect a Queen for their annual fair. There were fifteen girls in the competition, any one of which would have produced approving hysteria in an army camp. The local Chamber of Commerce invited the girls to luncheon, and the honored speaker that day happened to be Max Baer—who was photographed with the maids.

Max looked over the group while the photographer was lining them up, and beckoned to one of the contestants, a tall blond girl, who was watching more than participating. Drawing her aside, he asked, "How old are you, honey?" (Max calls everyone honey. As he says it, the word assumes the old-fashioned courtesy of "miss" or "ma'am.")

"I'm fifteen," said Dolores. "I'll be sixteen next January 26."

"You're beautiful. You ought to be in pictures, and I'm going to see about it," added Uncle Max, lining up his first protegee.

Max didn't hurry about arranging for a screen test because he thought Dolores should finish her high school work first, but he calculated without the activities of Solly Baiano, Warner Brothers talent scout, who spotted the delicious Dolores at an Elks picnic early in November. The next thing she knew, she had been tested and signed the following day to a Warner contract.

To date she has appeared in two pictures: In the drugstore scene in *The Hard Way*, and in a montage shot for *Yankee Doodle Dandy* which—moans go here—was left on the cutting room floor, only because the cutters had more film than could be shown in the picture's allotted time.

While she was working in *Yankee Doodle*, a friend of her father's visited Dolores on the set. He was Andy Swenson, also one of Maxie Baer's best friends. Mr. Swenson looked at the lovely lady, who has every bit as many brains as incidental charms, and said, "Sa-ay! You're the girl Maxie has been talking about to everyone at R-K-O. He's over there working in a picture called *The Navy*

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Comes Through and is driving the boys batty with descriptions of you. Does he know you're in Hollywood?"

Dolores said she didn't think so; whereupon the resourceful Mr. Swenson stepped to the telephone.

The same night Maxie drove up before the Moran house in Burbank and introduced himself to Dolores' father and mother. "I'm an old hand at the entertainment business—in one way or another," he grinned, "and I'd like to sort of adopt your daughter. Every girl starting in pictures needs a Hollywood godfather."

The Morans, liking Max as much as everyone does who knows him, agreed. So Max took Andy Swenson and Andy's fiancee, along with Dolores on a series of tours. They had dinner at each of the famous supper clubs in Hollywood; and over steak, squab or lobster, Max gave advice.

"To be a good dramatic actress—which you have the brains to be," Max told his protegee, "you've got to know something about human emotions. You should start to look around in another year or so and find an intelligent boy to marry. Love teaches a person more—in every way—than all the dramatic schools on earth. But shun the phonies, honey."

On another occasion, Dolores and the Swensons were laughing at one of Max's uproarious impersonations when they were visiting him on the set of *Ladies Day*.

Max cautioned Dolores. "Listen to teacher: if you're going to be a good entertainer, honey, you've got to watch people and memorize their oddities of walk and facial expression. You learn how to act by watching everyday people on the streets—not by studying the tricks of other actors."

"I love people," Dolores admitted fervently. "I love to watch crowds and talk to strangers. I even read behaviorist psychology!"

Somewhat later, when Dolores was confronted with the junior wolf problem on a date, she remembered Maxie's paternal advice. Looking the hard-to-manage mauler straight in his unblackened eyes, she asked, "Have you ever met Max Baer? He has promised to—er—discipline anyone who makes life miserable for me."

Max has taught Dolores a toast which she repeats whenever she drinks her daily glass of grapefruit juice. "To the ones we love!" she says. "Max insists that all the success in the world isn't important unless you have those around you whom you really love."

Steady, bright and beautiful—that's La Moran. She is taking dancing lessons, singing lessons, and voice coaching. She loves big juicy steaks smothered in catsup. Her idea of a marvelous time is dancing twice a week (tap routine) in some army camp show—which she does.

Someday she hopes to have a big house constantly filled with guests. She wants to learn to fly when the war is over. She hopes that Ernest Hemingway will soon write a novel about a big, two-fisted guy and a slender, blond girl of Irish extraction, which some studio will buy and star Max and herself in the picture.

Whether this book deal comes true or not, keep an eye on Dolores. This Goldilocks didn't run when she saw a Baer. ■

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Even a veteran stunt man like Jimmie Dundee, far right, occasionally gets a bit messed up in the day's work. However, he made light of the plaster cast he wore on *The Glass Key* set by collecting autographs on it from Director Stuart Heisler, Alan Ladd and Brian Donlevy

Thrill-Maker

By HOYT BARNETT

■ The stunt men of Hollywood are a breed apart; an unorganized wolf-pack who guard their own and make a living, not by defying death, as many think, but by making friends with it.

This individualistic group remains unguilded in an industry where even script girls pay dues, and Actors' Equity rules a dozen times a day on what producers must do for those before the camera.

The lack of, rather than the existence of, formal charters makes Hollywood's "Physical Engineers," as they frequently call themselves, the most exclusive group in the industry. As it stands today, the 20-odd recognized stunt men have a social club which rules in a seemingly haphazard yet efficient fashion on the problems as they arise—insurance, price chiseling, eligibility for work, sick benefits, and so forth.

Near the top in the hierarchy of this mustang group stands Jimmie Dundee, veteran of the ring, auto racer, test driver and stunt man for more years than he is willing to admit.

It would be foolhardy to say Jimmie tops the others, for each member of this loosely formed organization reserves the right to declare he is the best man in all of Hollywood. And he probably is—in his line.

Dundee's specialty is manhandling motor cars, and he does it so competently and in such a spine-chilling manner that in 1941 he paid income tax on slightly more than $20,000.

In all the years Jimmie has been jamming cars over cliffs or into locomotives and hurtling them in a manner never recommended by manufacturers, he has suffered but one injury justifying the use of a plaster cast. That accident occurred this year while doubling for Alan Ladd in *The Glass Key*, where the script called for a simple fall of three stories onto a sloping roof and a plunge through a skylight onto a table where stunt men, doubling for characters, were eating.

Above, Jimmie deftly disposes of a Jap in his newest film, Paramount's *Wake Island*. Lower picture: It doesn't look like anyone could live through that crash, but Jimmie did. He leaped just in time

Jimmie's ankle was broken and he joined the list of injured stunt men which totals nearly 50 per cent of the 20 active members of the gang.

Neither Jimmie nor the others were hurt in particularly difficult scenes, nor is Hollywood turning out more thrillers than usual. In each case the injured man received a super jolt because of a tiny fraction of an error in the timing that makes or breaks a stunt man.

The cast on his ankle did not keep him from working. Within four hours he fell down a 25-foot stairway to save the valued carcass of Bob Hope.

I was eating lunch with Jimmie as he told me of his tumble down the stairway, ankle cast and all. "Weren't you afraid you'd hurt your leg?"

"Naw," he answered, almost scornfully. "I went down head first."

Jimmie got $150 for the tumble, but many of his stunts pay off in four figures. His highest fee was $1,050 for driving a car at 70 miles an hour, throwing it into a broadside skid, crashing into a moving locomotive and plunging down a 25-foot embankment.

His biggest week was $2,500 when he turned over 10 automobiles in 6 days to provide thrills and chills for the cash customers of the movies.

In all, he has turned over 191 automobiles and trucks. In his latest picture, *Wake Island*, he added to this record by blowing up a Jeep, right under himself, and that was no phony.

Jimmie engineered it carefully. The front wheels had to close a switch to fire the dynamite and black powder as the rear wheels passed over the explosives. A split second early would blow Jimmie right out of this world; a second late and the stunt would smell.

A speed of 55 miles an hour was calculated to give the wreckage a sliding motion, and not a straight drop like an airplane in a stall.

Jimmie was lashed inside and ample padding covered the most objectionable of the Jeep's protruberances. Only his hands were free, yet before the smoke of the explosion settled, Jimmie had cut himself loose and was ready to emerge from the wreckage fighting, as a "Jap soldier," played by Jimmie's buddy, Gordon Carvath, charged up to stick a bayonet into him.

The stories stunt men tell are numerous, salty and exciting. Some would NOT enhance the stature of some of filmdom's most virile characters, although others would throw a surprising light upon male and female stars whom the public thinks of as softies.

But tough or otherwise, all stars are restrained from doing hazardous stunts by the studio Big Wigs who do not want to see a valuable player injured and production schedules ruined. ■

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To Bette-- With Love

Packages of all kinds, shapes and sizes come pouring in to Bette Davis every day from her many ardent fans. She's in Warners' *Watch on the Rhine*

By FREDDA DUDLEY

■ The square, rather light parcel was delivered to Bette Davis, who forwarded it—with an eyebrow lifted by misgivings—to Bridget Price, her extraordinary secretary.

Mrs. Price tore off the outer wrappings and beheld a sinister black box. In one side there was a small, circular opening, and from this protruded a length of cord, which strongly resembled a fuse despite a card tacked on the top of the box reading, "To Bette With Love."

Mrs. Price shook the package carefully and grew alarmed at the sound. "It's a bomb," she decided in one breath while calling the police in the next. Three good men and true from the Bomb Squad came screeching over to investigate. First they saturated the package with a hose, then one bold fellow gingerly lifted the lid.

No sticks of dynamite. No TNT. Not even a package of firecrackers. In the box was a carved wooden dog with a formidable leash about his neck. Said leash was pulled through the hole in the box. Apparently an ardent fan of Bette's had sculped the dog, then added the tether as a gag, thereby nearly scaring several people completely out of their wits.

This is just a sample of the weird and wonderful collection of gifts that constantly pours into her studio for the popular actress. Several months ago, a man in Montana wrote to say that he had captured a prize mountain lion and that he was shipping it to Hollywood at once, thinking it would make a nice pet—after it had been given a manicure. Bette disagreed, and wired her friend many thanks, with a request to set the animal free . . . or give him to a museum.

At Thanksgiving time last year she was the astonished and delighted recipient of a prize turkey. Not just an ordinary bird, you understand, but a patrician gobbler that had won a derby in his district.

Speaking of animals, a gentleman who crosses dogs and monkeys sent Bette a sample offspring of this fanciful union. When the poor thing arrived it was dead,

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but Bette took a look at it anyhow to see what the beast looked like. After several solemn moments, Bette sighed, "Sometimes I think Nature is entirely *too* grand."

Bette's birthday—April 5th—is always the signal for an avalanche of presents. From Mexico she has received beautiful silver bracelets—solid semi-circles with elaborate carving, as well as intertwined silver links. From Italy—posted just before war broke out and considerably delayed in transit—she received a fragile Venetian blown-glass vase. It wasn't broken!

From South America she receives tiny moccasins to be worn as lapel ornaments, beaded miniature chaps, and small vividly dressed dolls. At least once a month she receives small handmade sombreros to be worn on suits. As for America—all over this broad land there are earnest hands crocheting roses, or making golliwogs out of wool, or tinting pictures to be sent to "Miss Bette Davis, Hollywood."

For Christmas last year, the Davis Fan Club sent Bette 3,000 initialed hankies. Some were embroidered with a simple "B" or "D," but occasionally an admirer chose the letter "F" for Farnsworth. Bette spent nearly a week, opening packages in her spare time. She loved them all.

Think not that the fans of Miss Davis stop at handkerchief showers, lapel gadgets, homemade jewelry or carving. Their generosity leaps on to such household items as luncheon sets, hooked rugs, and tufted bedspreads. A year never goes by in which Bette doesn't receive dozens of these items. Too, she receives literally hundreds of letters from the nimble-fingered who have made luncheon sets, hooked rugs and tufted bedspreads, and who would like to sell them to Bette.

Not only does she receive table linen, but things to go on the table as well. She gets pound after pound of fruit cake throughout the year. During the holiday season she could pave her dressing room with pastry. And candy! America is filled with makers of prize divinity, penuche, fudge, and fondant. Even the sugar shortage hasn't daunted many a genius of the copper kettle because sweets still arrive by the pound.

Most impressive gift of candy arrived on the set of *Now, Voyager* from a man who had made an "Oscar" out of chocolate and awarded it to her for her work in *The Little Foxes* which he had just seen.

She receives still another type of gift—one that she regards very highly. Occasionally someone, usually an older woman, has no one to whom to bequeath a particular treasure. There was, for instance, the case of the Maine dowager who wrote in a fine Spencerian hand, "My dear Miss Davis: As I am eighty-eight years of age, I know I have not many years more to spend in this world. I have disposed of all my possessions with the exception of the enclosed naval buttons, cuff links, and dress-uniform belt. They belonged to my grandson—a fine boy who gave his life for his country. You were always his favorite actress, so I want you to have these priceless keepsakes."

Bette has the insignia tucked away with other treasured mementos of her career.

Less tear-inspiring was another bequest she received some time ago. She was notified by Railway Express that an item of furniture consigned to her was waiting at the Los Angeles freight depot.

Thoroughly mystified, Bette insisted that she had ordered no furniture. "I think you have the wrong Bette Davis," she hazarded.

"Don't think so," said the agent. " 'Miss Bette Davis, Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood,' the tag says. Must be you."

Bette inveigled two of the boys from the transportation department to drive down and have a look-see. Convinced, they brought the gift out to the studio. It was an old-fashioned, hand-carved, three-sectional solid oak bookcase. Small busts of Shakespeare decorated each terminal post of the massive affair, and the doors were important with plate glass.

A few days later Bette received a letter of explanation from an elderly Massachusetts fan. Seems Old Ironsides had been in the donor's family for generations, but the blood line was dying with this particular little old lady . . . so she had decided to send the heirloom to Bette.

Bette, a little staggered—but grateful—had it shipped to her New England farm.

Big gifts, little gifts. Funny, serious, heartrending, useless, valuable—all sizes, kinds and conditions of presents keep pouring in, so Bette has a message for her fans everywhere:

"I wish I could thank every one of you personally for the lovely things you have sent me. I'm so grateful for your generosity and thoughtfulness. To be honest, I like to receive tokens of esteem as well as anyone on earth. But to all my kind friends who may want to send me some remembrance in the future, I would like to say this: Nothing will make me happier than for you to use any small sum you may plan to spend on a present for me toward buying War Bonds and Stamps. In that way, we will both be contributing some small part to our nation's war effort, and to preserving the way of life that means so much to us all. Will you do this for me?" ■

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Dick's Dual Role

By CONNIE CURTIS

Dick Foran's dual role of both father and mother to his little boys is a big job but one he wouldn't trade. He's in Universal's *Off the Beaten Track*. Above: A bedtime story by Daddy. Right: The boys each have a cowboy suit like Dick's and their own divan next to his chair

■ I'll bet you've never heard this one about the two Irishmen named Pat and Mike, because it's never been told.

It's the story of John Michael Foran, aged 4; James Patrick Foran, almost 3; and their movie star father. John Nicholas Foran, better known as Dick. It is the kind of Hollywood story I like to tell, because it's based on courage, understanding, wisdom, and a great deal of love . . . father love, which of necessity must be mother love too, and filial love which is open hero worship.

When the Foran marriage ended in divorce, it was decided the children should make their permanent home with their father. Dick, of course, was no greenhorn youngster, but neither did he have the experience and acumen of middle years, when he took over the job of reshaping three lives and rearing his two sons without a mother. Admittedly it was a whale of a responsibility.

"The first temptation was to rush out and buy a flock of books and bone up on the scientific care of children," Dick grinned. "I knew I had a big job and an important one on my hands, the kind of job at which I dare not fail. Sure I was scared, even a little panicky. Horses and cattle were a cinch, but kids—that was something else again!"

He never did buy the book. Instead he talked things over with the family doctor, persuaded the children's nurse to continue her care of them, and then mapped out what seemed a sensible program for the future. It must have been the perfect formula, for Pat and Mike Foran today are as healthy, happy, lovable, well behaved, and normally fun-loving boys as you'll ever see. Dick is sure proud of them, and well he should be.

Not that they don't have their ups and downs. The other afternoon he was attempting to use a little psychology on young Pat to persuade him to join Mike in the pool. Mike takes to the water like a fish, but Pat so far has been content to sit on the side and paddle his toes. Dick's

first attempt was to use the reverse argument on him, children being as contrary as they are.

"I wouldn't advise you to go in the pool, Pat," he said casually. "The pool is for big boys."

It didn't get a rise out of Pat, who merely nodded assent. A little later when Mike was swimming around, Dick tried again.

"Do you want to go in the pool like a big boy?" he asked.

Pat was frank. "I will go in the pool like a big boy when I *am* a big boy," he said reasonably.

"Mike is a big boy," Dick persisted. "I'm mighty proud of him."

"Yes," Pat agreed. "I'm proud of him too."

Dick laughed.

Above: Dick, Pat and Mike saunter down to the pool for a dip, clad in identical terry cloth robes. Right: Dick gives a few pointers on the art of tooth scrubbing

"Okay, gunsel, you win!"

Dick's first move in forming the three Forans into a solid family unit was to sell the big house in town and buy a 5-acre ranch in the valley, where there is plenty of fresh air and sunshine and room for dogs, horses, and boys to play. The large rambling ranch house is set back in a cool oasis of trees, shrubs and lawn. It is simply furnished with sturdy and comfortable furniture (not a *Children Keep Off* sign to be seen!). To the back is the swimming pool and beyond that, the vegetable gardens, berry patches, and fields of alfalfa and grain. The household is staffed with colored servants, famous for their love and understanding of children. Now that Pat has passed babyhood, Dick's cousin Betty has replaced the nurse.

There is no set routine for the love which Dick pours into their lives, however; that goes on 24 hours a day in a thousand and one ways. He hears their prayers and tucks them in at night. He swims with them and rides along when they take their ponies, "Smoky" and "Tony" (the Shetland given them last Christmas by Big Boy Williams) for a trot. He lets them help him in the fields with their miniature hoes, rakes and buckets. He has cowboy jeans and boots and they have cowboy jeans and boots. He has a fine saddle and they have pint-sized duplicates. He has a terry cloth bathrobe, initialed on the cuff, and so do Pat and Mike. He has a special chair of his own, and they have their little couch and chairs alongside his in front of the fireplace. In every sense it is a 100% partnership between the three.

When Dick is working at Universal on one of his action pictures or occasional straight roles such as the one with the Ritz Brothers in *Off the Beaten Track*, it's tougher to squeeze in all the personal attention he yearns to give them. But he never fails to rush home from the studio in time for the goodnight prayers and tuck-in, no matter how hurried or tired he may be.

Naturally, to Pat and Mike, the sun rises and sets on Dick. He is their god, the whole meaning of their lives. You can see it in their eyes, hear it in their voices, sense it in the blind loyalty which flows from them to him. Because this is so, and because children imitate what they worship, Dick realizes the example he sets them must be exemplary.

"I never threaten them, never lie to them or break a promise once made," Dick said.

Aside from being a pal of theirs, Dick is the fountainhead of all wisdom and knowledge. Occasionally, he finds this a little disconcerting. He was lying in the swing the other day, when Mike asked why he chose that spot. Dick replied because there was a nice breeze there.

"I can't see the breeze," Mike observed. "Where is it?"

"In the sky," his father answered. "That's where it lives." Mike pondered that a moment. "Is it always there?" he asked. Dick said no.

"Well, then," [*Continued on page* 69]

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By
BETTY CROCKER

■ Evelyn Keyes looked up from her notebook and drifted into a dreamy-eyed reverie, the kind where you gaze at a wall and see right through it into fantasy.

"Let's not be practical today," she suggested. "I've been riding the range in *The Desperadoes*, and now I want to get away from it all. Instead of regulation, commonsense cooking, let's dream up a dinner that would take all day to prepare, and all evening to consume."

She waved her private recipe book reflectively.

"A dream dinner," she resumed, "for that heavenly day when we can splurge with just the sort of meal we would like."

From the expression in the brown eyes of this Georgia girl, we knew that she was giving her lively imagination full rein.

She brings you some memorable recipes which you'll want to store in your files under the heading: Exciting, Impossible, and Delectable. Proceed, Miss Keyes!

"First I'd have Oysters a la Rockefeller," she said, flipping a page. "I had them at Antoine's, in New Orleans. Roy Alciatore, the owner, gave me the recipe."

OYSTERS A LA ROCKEFELLER

Select Louisiana oysters (others may be used, but should be in the shell). Open and leave them on the half shell. Place the shells containing the oysters on a bed of rock salt, in a pie pan. Then prepare the following sauce: Use the tail-end tips of scallions, some celery, chervil, tarragon leaves, crumbs of stale bread, tabasco sauce, and the best butter obtainable. Pound all these into a mixture so as to blend all the fragrant flavorings. Add a few drops of absinthe and a little white wine. Force this mixture through a sieve. Place one teaspoonful on each oyster as it rests in its shell, and in its own juice. Now put the pan containing the rock salt, with the oysters resting on the salt, into an oven with an overhead flame. The salt will keep the oysters piping hot as they bake. When brown, remove and serve immediately.

"Doesn't that sound good?" inquired Evelyn. "That's enough to make me want to leave Hollywood right now and head for Antoine's. But let's see—now for my Turtle Soup."

TURTLE SOUP

- ¾ cup butter, melted
- 9 oz. onions, chopped
- 6 oz. celery, diced
- 1½ pounds Bayou turtle
- 3 oz. good brandy
- 3 oz. good wine
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 2 tbsp. flour
- 1¼ gals. beef stock
- 1 bay leaf
- 4 cloves
- 2 sprigs thyme
- 6 parsley stems
- salt and pepper
- 3 hard cooked eggs, diced
- 1 tbsp. Worcestershire
- 3 oz. Madeira wine
- 2 oz. brandy (additional)

Put butter in saucepan, add onion and celery. Fry for a few minutes, add the Bayou turtle (cajan) and fry for about ten minutes, then add three ounces of brandy. Ignite the brandy and let it burn; add the wine, paprika, and flour and mix well; then add the beef stock. Make a satchel of the spices by wrapping them in a small piece of cheesecloth and tying tightly with white string. Add to the soup, leaving about 6 inches of the string out of the pot so that bag can be easily pulled out. Season with salt and pepper. Bring to a boil and let simmer for about two hours.

Remove the spice bag, add remaining ingredients, season well and serve at once with a little chopped parsley.

"If that doesn't get you," purred Evelyn, "wait until you try my entree—"

FRIED CHICKEN IN SHERRY

- 1½ lbs. chicken
- 2 ozs. julienne Virginia ham
- ¼ lb. fresh mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons sherry wine
- cream and butter
- salt and pepper

Disjoint a spring chicken, season with salt and pepper, and roll in flour. Fry in butter until golden brown. Lightly fry the julienne of ham and the mushrooms; add wine and cream, and cook down to a thick gravy. Blend with some fresh butter. Arrange the browned chicken on a hot platter, and pour the gravy over it. Serve with hot biscuits and guava jelly; garnish with cooked new peas and candied yams.

"Of course that only serves two," Evelyn observed, "which fits in well with a Southern moon, the smell of magnolias in the air, and white candles on the table. Oh, here's my mother's corn bread—no matter what else we have, we must have some of that—"

CORN BREAD

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1½ cups yellow cornmeal
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1⅓ cups milk
- ⅓ cup melted butter

Mix dry ingredients and sift. Add milk and egg, mix well; stir in melted butter. Bake in greased, shallow pan, 10 by 14 inches, in hot oven (400 degrees F.) for about thirty minutes.

"Mother uses either buttermilk or milk," Evelyn said. "That recipe serves eight. And now for dessert—"

SOUTHERN PECAN PIE

- 3 eggs
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- ½ cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons corn starch
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup pecans

Beat eggs, add corn syrup, sifted dry ingredients, vanilla and butter. Turn into unbaked pastry shell. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (425 degrees F.), cover top with pecans, reduce heat to 350 degrees, and bake until custard is set.

"With whipped cream if desired," added Evelyn longingly. "Well, there's my dream dinner."

With a regretful sigh she replaced the cook book on the shelf in her small, compact kitchen. Her cook came in, tying the ends of a commodious apron.

"What are we having for dinner?" Evelyn asked.

"Honey, you've had a hard day at the studio," said the cook. "I think I'll fix you a small lamb chop and a piece of toast."

Betty Crocker
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Casual Villain

Dan Duryea, normally a likable chap, stumbled onto screen villainy by accident, found it lucrative and stayed to win the boos of the nation. He's appearing in Samuel Goldwyn's *They Got Me Covered*

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

■ Formula for becoming a shifty-eyed, cynical, no-good bum:

Graduate from Cornell University at the head of your class, put in six years as an advertising salesman, and presto!—you're it!

You're it, that is, if your name is Dan Duryea and your shifty-eyed, cynical worthlessness is confined to your working hours in the glare of the incandescents.

Direct from such a genteel background, Dan turned up successively impersonating such scabby scamps as *Gifty* and *Baby Face* in *Dead End; Leo Hubbard* in *The Little Foxes; Duke Pastrami* in *Ball of Fire;* and as the sports writer antagonistic to Lou Gehrig in *Pride of the Yankees.* Altogether he has had a grand total of one scene in which he was permitted to display himself in his true character as a normal member of the human race.

One of his outstanding jobs on the stage was to portray Bob Ford in *Missouri Legend,* a fable about the James boys and their exploits. You guessed it— Dan was "the dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard"—as Jesse James was known to his neighbors. Thus even when he was, for a change, on the side of law and order, the taint of nastiness clung to him like the cuffs on a zoot-suit.

Cornell was the springboard of Dan's acting career. Sidney Kingsley, author of *Dead End* and *Men in White,* was his classmate there, and Franchot Tone his predecessor as president of the Dramatic Club. The lad had no intention of professional miming, however, and discarded his sock, buskin and greasepot on graduation day to take up the brief-case of an advertising salesman.

For six years he plodded up and down Madison Avenue, gaining more experience than money. This is the phase of his life, he believes, when he acquired the disdainful sneer that has been so useful to him in the movies. Had he not been fortunate enough to form a marital partnership with level-headed Helen Bryan in 1931, he is convinced he would have degenerated into one of the nasty characters he portrays in pictures.

Came 1934 and the acceptance of Classmate Kingsley as a first-class writing man on Broadway. Sidney sold Producer Norman Bel Geddes a play called *Dead End.* Good old Sid got a juicy part in it for good old Dan, thus demonstrating the solidarity of the Class of '28. After 600 performances, Joe Downing, who was the original *Baby Face* of the play, was called suddenly to Hollywood, and Dan

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finished out the run in the leading role.

"After *Dead End* I was at a dead end," runs the Duryea confession. "Sidney Kingsley didn't have any more plays lying around and I had no more jobs coming up. By that time I had been infected with footlight fever and the ad game looked pretty drab."

After a multitude of misadventures along came *Missouri Legend* and the opportunity to assassinate Jesse James from the rear six nights and two matinees a week.

So impressive was his performance that Herman Shumlin and Lillian Hellman, producer and author, respectively, of *The Little Foxes*, auditioned him when casting the play for Broadway.

As the weakling son he ran up a skein of 852 performances in this hit play; and when Sam Goldwyn bought the show, he couldn't visualize anybody else in the part.

That explains why the Cornell collegian is literally and figuratively sitting atop Hollywood in his villa on Mulholland Drive, 'way up in the hills.

Debonair is the word for Duryea. Born into a blue-blooded family in Westchester County, N. Y., he has a natural ease of manner and facility of speech that most aspiring actors must struggle to acquire. Summer seasons with semi-pro acting groups with "barn" theatrical groups put the high polish on his inbred talents. By the time the stage got around to acknowledging it was ready for him, Dan was ready for the stage.

Anybody who has come so far so fast is likely to be a bit breathless at this stage of the game. That's why young Mr. Duryea spends most of his time on his mountain-top trying to get Hollywood and it ways into focus.

A puzzle he ponders in his lofty retreat is the insistence of his friends that he take a crack at being a leading man.

"I'm made of the wrong material," is his stock rejoinder to all such suggestions. "My being in the movies at all is strictly what you'd call a fluke. I haven't the weight to carry the heavy romantic interest—not yet, at any rate. The nearest approach to a lead I've ever done was what you might call a 'character juvenile'—you know, a rat."

An air of casualness distinguishes the special Duryea brand of villainy from all others on the contemporary screen. Veteran casting directors declare that his counterpart has not been seen in Hollywood since the late Monroe Owsley was at his best. "Black sheep" and "ne'er-do-well" seem the appropriate terms to describe his screen personality.

"Invariably I'm the candidate for the job of chief cur in the cast," Dan relates. "And there's nobody to blame but myself. Everything brutish and surly in my nature must come out as soon as I get into costume and grease-paint."

For the record, Dan Duryea's sadism and cynicism fall away from him as he goes out the stage door. Despite his long police record as a stage and screen gunman, he doubts if he could shoot himself in the foot with a rifle.

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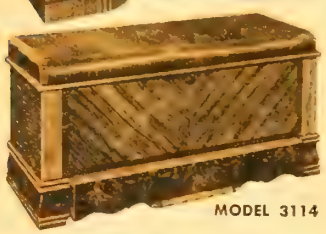

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Hollywood Oversight

By HELEN WELLER

Norman Lloyd hung around Hollywood for eight months but never got within shouting distance of a camera. It wasn't until he had returned to Broadway that he was even screen tested, when Hitchcock gave him the title role in Universal's *Saboteur*

■ If you saw *Saboteur,* Alfred Hitchcock's thrilling film of Nazi spies at work in America, you surely remember the bloodcurdling finish, when the saboteur meets his doom by falling from the top of the Statue of Liberty.

But to Norman Lloyd, the sharp-featured, red-haired young man who played the saboteur, this was not the end at all, but only the beginning. The beginning of what looks like a mighty promising film career. Not as a leading man. Let the glamour boys get the kisses. He's satisfied with the hisses.

Immediately after *Saboteur's* release, Norman was touted as a find. But what Hollywood didn't know was that their new "discovery" had been playing in their backyard for a full year, with no one paying any attention to him. This oversight occurred three years ago when he arrived in Hollywood as a Mercury player with Orson Welles. Once there, however, nothing happened.

Ever since he was seven, Norman has been acting on the stage, with varying degrees of non-success. Born in New Jersey, his parents thought he was cute because he could recite for Sunday company, so they shipped him off to a series of dancing and dramatic schools.

He wasn't much over sixteen when he joined Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theater, a welcome haven for apprentice actors, and in three plays did nothing but walk on and leer silently. In the final play of the season he worked up to something important. He was a neighbor who ran into the room, discovered a love scene in progress and panted, "She's coming. She's down the road!" That sealed his fate. He lovingly nursed those precious six words and when the Repertory folded, pouf! he blithely formed his own little theater group.

This was a project into which he poured blood, sweat and tears. He managed to take time out to marry a young actress, Peggy Craven, in a most unorthodox ceremony. Six times the wedding had been postponed because Norman was busy with endless rehearsals. Finally Peggy, tired of this nonsense, stalked into the theater in the middle of a dress rehearsal and grimly announced: "Either you marry me now or we're through!" She looked as though she meant it, so Norman halted proceedings for an hour, dashed to City Hall with Peggy and, in stage costume and phony sideburns, which he had forgotten to remove, he was married. The marriage "took," but same could not be said for the

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theater group which disbanded from lack of public enthusiasm.

With a wife to support, Norman couldn't afford to dilly-dally. He made quick tracks to Orson Welles, then a young director with screwball ideas, who was collecting earnest and starving young actors for his Mercury Theater Group. He played several seasons with him, and when Welles received the Hollywood call, Norman and the rest of the group went too, on short term contracts.

Norman was to have had a nice fat part in *Heart of Darkness*, only it was never made. Instead he played tennis while Welles discarded one script after another. When he finally decided on *Citizen Kane*, there wasn't any role for Norman, so he packed up and went back East without even sighting a movie camera.

In New York things took a nose dive. Play after play in which he appeared petered out a few hours after opening. Life became a series of rehearsals and closings—and making excuses to the landlord. A baby had arrived, and Norman decided that the time had come to sever all relations with acting and look for a real job. But first, hoping to get his hands on some quick cash, he brought a play he had written to an agent. The agent agreed to look at it, then suddenly exclaimed, "Say, Alfred Hitchcock is in town and he's looking for a fellow of your description for *Saboteur*. I'll make an appointment for you." The date was set for that very afternoon, as Hitchcock was leaving for Hollywood the next morning.

"It was more like a social get-together," says Norman. "We discussed pictures, plays and books. He said nothing at all about the role and I thought I didn't stand a chance. Then casually he said, "I'm going to test you. Get some material and come back." I dug up a script of *Blind Alley*, and within half an hour I was before the cameras for the first time. When Hitchcock did leave, he had my test with him, and the day after his arrival in Hollywood he wired me to come out in a hurry.

"Peggy and I were so afraid that it was going to be a repetition of my first Hollywood trip that she wouldn't go with me. She said, 'You go alone. I'll stay home and keep my fingers crossed.' I told this to Hitchcock. The day after the picture was shown he said to me, 'Well, you may as well go back and get your wife and baby.' That was the best compliment of all."

Now Norman Lloyd's a film actor with a shining movie future. A large home? Nursemaid for the baby? Expensive suits and vacations in Sun Valley? Well, not exactly. The years of public indifference and the parade of flops have made him and Peggy cautious.

Even his friends, accustomed to linking his name with bad luck, thought it was another fellow who got the break in *Saboteur*. One of them, in fact, called Mrs. Lloyd right after he had seen an item in the papers about *Saboteur* with Norman mentioned in the title role. "Isn't it too bad about Norman," he said. "First he's out of work—and now somebody else is using his name."

That's Norman's favorite story. With things looking up, he can afford to laugh at it. ■

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Like most wives, Bella Muni (right) loves to talk about her husband, which she does in this eXclusive HOLLYWOOD article. Above, Paul, as he appears in his new Columbia picture, *The Commandos Come at Dawn*

Muni's Mentor

By EUGENE CHRISMAN

■ Paul Muni, the actor whose name spells magic to thousands of movie-goers, is back at work in Hollywood. After his leave of absence to make two Broadway plays—*Key Largo* and *Yesterday's Magic*, he has returned to star in Columbia's *The Commandos Come at Dawn*. With Paul in Hollywood is his constant companion and counselor for some twenty-one years, his wife.

It is Bella Muni who knows Paul Muni the man, as contrasted with Muni the Legend. She admits many legends have sprung up about her famous husband. "But," she explains, "people are wrong when they say he's a recluse, that he dislikes people. It's true that he's withdrawn and silent in the presence of strangers. But that is because he is naturally shy. With his friends he is voluble and natural."

Bella is small and dark with flashing brown eyes and a quick smile. There is something warm and vivid about her. Her husband has almost child-like faith in her judgment, and it has never failed him. He will not read a new script until it has her approval nor grant an interview, sign a contract or make any decision without discussing it with her first. His long line of hits and two Academy Awards speak well of her judgment and management.

Like most wives, Bella loves to talk about her husband. "He's like a child in many ways . . . moody, imaginative, impractical, easily discouraged and quick to take the line of least resistance. He has absolutely no understanding of finances. But statistics of any kind impress him, and his favorite reading matter is the dictionary. He loves the radio and instantly memorizes every song he hears. Fond of dogs, he always has the place cluttered up with all kinds and sizes. He cares nothing for details except when it concerns his acting and then no detail is too small.

"Acting to Paul is the one important thing in life. He will spend hours with me just to perfect the intonation of a line or the inflection of a single word. He neglects nothing which will enable him to give a better characterization. He is fanatical about realism. When he was

planning on making *Border Town*, he put on an old cap, dark shirt and heavy glasses and went to Mexicali where he spent a week studying the locale and the people. He becomes so thoroughly the person he portrays that he continues in character days after the picture is finished. A human dynamo when he's on a picture, he will work for hours at a time when everyone else is worn out. But between pictures he's the world's champion loafer. If there is a decision to be made, he lets me make it, a battle to fight, I must fight it alone. When he grows moody or introspective, I must humor him.

"He can turn in a flash from a serious, morose individual to a playful boy. Once we were having a story conference at our house. All the studio officials and scenario writers were at dagger's points after hours of fruitless discussion and argument. Suddenly Paul leaped up from the table, dashed through the door and dived into the swimming pool, clothes and all. The rest laughed and followed, and the tension was broken.

"Once he disguised himself as a bleary-eyed old tramp and begged my mother for a hand-out. She made him some sandwiches and coffee and fed him, never recognizing him. He has a keen, if somewhat dry, sense of humor.

"Paul has a passion for shopping in stationery stores. He will buy boxes of paper clips and notebooks by the dozen. He must have at least a hundred fountain pens. At one time he had a radio in every room. He would get in one of his thinking moods and wander from room to room turning them all on different stations. I had to follow him and turn them off to keep the house from becoming a bedlam."

Paul Muni was born in Vienna, Austria, and came to this country with his parents when he was four. He toured the country with them as a child actor, playing old men roles at the age of eleven. They were poor and Paul considered it a fortune when he was making $150 a week in the New York Yiddish Theater. It was about this time that he met Bella. She too was well-known and popular in that theater group. They were married, and in 1926 came his first Broadway offer—a starring role in *We Americans* at $300 a week! Then came another success, *Four Walls* with Bella in the cast.

When Hollywood beckoned, Paul went West to make *The Valiant* and a film called *Seven Faces*, in which he played seven characterizations. (He considers this his worst picture, incidentally.) After that, Bella had a time persuading him to remain in films, but he agreed to play the title role in Howard Hughes' *Scarface*, the film which placed him firmly in the roster of Hollywood's great.

"Until he made *The Story o Louis Pasteur*," Bella recalls, "he was considered a queer duck around the studio. He had little to say to anyone and gave the impression of being swell-headed. He wasn't. He was simply scared! Hollywood can not understand him and he can not understand Hollywood. He cares nothing for the dizzy round of social affairs. Prize fights and concerts are his only recreations. He loves to worry and when he can find nothing to worry about, he worries about that. He's sensitive to a superlative degree.

"Paul is impulsive. When we were living on a ranch in San Fernando Valley, it was hot and dry and we were both miserable. One sultry afternoon he suddenly jumped into his car. 'I'm going to find a little beach cottage where it's cool' he told me. He came home that night with the news that he'd bought a huge mansion in Palos Verdes, 35 miles from Hollywood!"

In Hollywood, where marriage seldom outlasts the bride's permanent wave, the Muni marriage is a constant wonder. Theirs is still, after some twenty-one years, the kind of marriage all brides dream of.

"I don't feel like anything but a grass widow when he is working on a picture," she laughs. "But I understand all his moods and respect them. Most people seem to think that frequent marital vacations are necessary if they are to remain happy, but we have never felt the need of one.

"No, I haven't any recipe for a successful marriage." She summed it up, "Ours is just—well—it's just that way." ■

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Why Bergman Replaced Zorina

By DUGAL O'LIAM

The boyish haircut, the unglamorous get-up (note rope belt) and the clumsy flat-heeled shoes, constitute Ingrid Bergman's sole costume for her role of *Maria* in the much-discussed film, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Top left: Zorina submitted to a closely-cropped haircut to fulfill requirements for the part. Below: The severe haircut was kinder to Ingrid Bergman's round face

There's a new game going around in Hollywood, replacing Musical Chairs and Gin Rummy. It's called What Happened to Zorina?

Several things happened to Zorina and several things didn't happen to her that were reported to have happened. She didn't, however, get the part of *Maria* in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and that, at the moment, is the point.

There has been a general idea that Zorina was definitely cast for *Maria*. This is slightly erroneous. If the part of *Scarlett O'Hara* was a tough biscuit, the part of *Maria* is twice as tough. *Scarlett* had the benefit of crinolines and glamorous surroundings. *Maria's* best will be rags and stark woodlands. This, alone, made the Hemingway character's casting a killer.

Someone got the idea that *Maria* would have to look glamorous in bedraggled army shirt and threadbare pantaloons. There was a failure to differentiate (a common Hollywood error) between glamour and sex appeal. The fact that glamour is more often in the soul than in the brisket was lost sight of in the mistaken zeal to endow *Maria* with Hollywood oomph.

Author Hemingway, who must know something about the public taste since he ranks as one of the foremost story tellers of his time, had no notion that his *Maria* had Hollywood glamour. Instead, he saw her appeal as a simple, courageous soul. She was a rather plain girl, physically, confused and resentful, but not bitter. Certainly there is nothing in his book, not even in the sizzling sleeping bag sequence, to suggest that *Maria* was a Paulette Goddard or a Rita Hayworth in hiker's pants.

Hemingway always wanted Ingrid Bergman to play *Maria*. Dudley Nichols, unquestionably the ablest scenarist with this type of script in the world today, wrote the part for the camera with the vital Swedish girl in mind. If this sounds like a second guess by Hemingway, then explain the autograph written into one of the first copies of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* to come off the press; a copy given to Bergman by Ernest Hemingway himself.

The autograph reads, "For Ingrid Bergman, who is THE Maria of this book." Ernest Hemingway."

Bergman was not immediately cast as *Maria* for several reasons. The first was that it was not known exactly what her previous commitments would call for, or when they'd demand her time. The second was that she was the property, by contract, of David O. Selznick, who guards her career with belligerent zeal. Paramount wanted Bergman, but Paramount believed that Selznick, one of the shrewdest traders in the business, would set a terrific price on her. Nor did they blame Selznick, entirely, for excellent reasons.

It all dates back to *Gone With the Wind*. Selznick landed GWTW and in his enthusiasm over the coup, announced, far and wide, that nobody but Clark Gable should, or could, play *Rhett Butler*. It was a commitment that eighty million picture fans accepted as a flat promise. There was no way out for Selznick and the owners of Gable's contract knew it. So, being business men, they drove a hard bargain. So hard, in fact, that it cost Selznick half interest in GWTW, or approximately $2.000.000, to get him.

Word got around that Selznick had Paramount over a barrel, even as M-G-M had him over a barrel in the Gable deal, and would make Paramount pay through the nose. Paramount figured that he would be more or less justified in collecting while he could, but elected to wait him out. In other words, they proceeded with the plan of casting Zorina in the part.

Zorina made tests in the studio and they were excellent. They were, however, made without the short haircut which the role demands, they were made without the rugged background of the Sonora location that was to come and, most significant of all, they were made at approximately sea level, whereas *The Bell* is being shot, in the main, in the 8,000 foot altitude of the High Sierras.

At Sonora, Zorina submitted to the hair cutting. Then she did some scenes in the extremely rarefied atmosphere and when she did, she had three strikes against her. First, the bedraggled costume completely hid her magnificent body. Second, the clumsy shoes threw her ordinarily etherally graceful walk completely out of line. Third, the effect of the altitude on her heart made her so sick that she was barely able to stand for the tests, much less concentrate on acting in a part which demands the quintessence of acting.

Sam Wood, the director, sent the rushes to Hollywood without comment. There followed a long distance duel of words in which Wood stated, flatly, that the job (notice he said job, not part) was too much for Zorina. She simply didn't have the constitution, he said, to work on that location.

Anxious to avoid distressing Zorina, Paramount suggested a wait of forty-eight hours, giving her an opportunity to become acclimated, before further tests. In spite of

the fact that *The Bell* already was behind schedule, Wood waited. Two days later, he tried again, but Zorina failed to respond and again the results were bad. The actress simply couldn't overcome the obstacle of altitude, so she withdrew from the role.

Although confidently expecting to be burned for Bergman's services, Paramount now had no alternative but to ask for her. To Paramount's astonishment, Selznick agreed to the loan-out on the same basis that he let his star go to other studios for lesser pictures. It will cost Paramount approximately $100,000 to use Bergman in the role, provided she is available for *Keys of the Kingdom*, at Selznick's, on Jan. 2, 1943.

Since Bergman never uses make-up in any form for any of her pictures, except the pancromatic highlighting necessary to properly refract set treatment, the question of appearance will not bother her. She has cut her hair in such a way as to give it a mildly softer touch than Zorina's extreme coiffure. Bergman is more the physical type intended by Hemingway than Zorina . . . tall, thin, girlish bodied, capable of portraying the simple, unglamorous peasant of *The Bell* by her very lack of either exotic appearance or exotic reputation, both of which Zorina had to a tremendous degree.

Moreover, she has lived the greater part of her life in the mountains of her native Sweden, has skied and hit snow-shoe trails since she was a child, coming to this country only two and a half years ago. Zorina, although Norwegian born, has spent practically all her career in Paris, Milan, Vienna, London, New York, Madrid and other near to sea level localities, doing her strenuous dancing routines in those climates, training her heart action to that type of resistance.

Losing the role of *Maria* was a bitter blow to Zorina, a feather in Ingrid's cap. However, neither girl was responsible for the results. The question of talent was not the point at hand. It was merely a case of miscasting and rectification of the error before it was too late. ■

To make the best of her shorn locks, Zorina has tightly curled them, feather-style, about her head. Shown with her is her estranged husband, George Balanchine

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Clues On Clothes

By CATHERINE ROBERTS

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48c (Expertly Painted 25c Extra)

Canadians: Send Money Order! (Photos Returned)
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MAKE THIS TEST FREE

If you are suffering from those torturing pains usually associated with "Rheumatic", "Arthritic", "Neuralgic", "Sciatic" conditions you owe it to yourself to try the new, improved Case Combination Method as directed on package. Thousands report remarkable relief. Ask your druggist for the 10 day or 30 day package. He has or can get it for you. Trial package FREE. Write Paul Case, Dept. A-4 Brockton, Mass.,

Dick's Dual Role

[*Continued from page 57*]

said Mike, "where does it go when it isn't there?"

Pat threw him a fast curve too at breakfast last week when Dick walked in to say good morning.

"Good morning, John Nicholas Foran," chirped Pat. Dick did a doubletake because, as far as he knew, neither of the kids knew his full name. "Good morning, James Patrick Foran," he answered in the spirit of things, "how's tricks?"

Dick is determined the boys shall learn self-reliance and develop a sense of responsibility. That's why he plans the "help" they give him around the grounds and insists that certain duties, such as picking up all toys each night, be performed without exception. Good behavior earns them extra treats, like balloons, gum, and home movies at night. *Donald Duck* and Daddy, incidentally, are the young Forans' favorites.

Nor is discipline neglected in the household. Dick is a devoted but not a doting father, and Pat and Mike must toe the mark or else. Occasionally they get their hands spanked (Dick slaps his own hand held over theirs and the noise and power of suggestion do the rest); or they are made to stand in a corner. The greatest punishment, however, is for Dick to show they have hurt or disappointed him. They can't stand to lose favor in his eyes. The other day Dick walked in the nursery to discover Pat had pulled all the stuffing from his mattress and scattered it high and wide.

"That's fine!" he said. "Well, you made this mess, now clean it up!" Pat went to work and gathered the stuffing in one pile. "Now," Dick continued, "get into bed. You have destroyed your mattress, so see how you like sleeping on the springs." Pat tried it, didn't like it, and said so. Dick was silent for a moment and then in a hurt tone said:

"You see? Now I have all the extra trouble and expense of buying a new one."

Instantly Pat was humbly contrite. "I fix it, Daddy!" he said eagerly, and frantically began trying to jam the stuffing back into the torn mattress. When his efforts proved futile, two big tears welled in his eyes.

"Pat was a bad boy!" he sobbed. "Daddy, I'm sorry!"

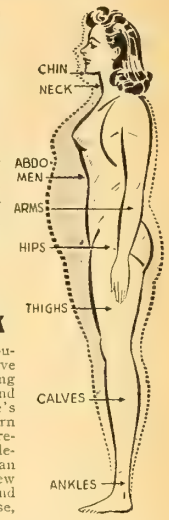
There was no need for Dick to pass judgment. Pat had condemned himself.

Because they still are so young, and because they have so few playmates near home (Lou Costello's two young daughters live nearest the Foran Ranch), the meaning of the word "mother" and the significance of her absence from their lives has not yet dawned upon Pat and Mike. (The former Mrs. Foran, incidentally, is remarried and the mother of another child.) When the time comes for them to be told the truth, possibly next year when Mike will be ready for kindergarten, you may be sure Dick will tell them the truth with dignity and gentleness.

But until that time Pat and Mike know Dick as both mother *and* father, bravely playing the difficult role of both parents to his little boys. ■

REDUCE FAT

Pounds Off Hips, Etc.
No Danger



Science now shows that most fat people don't have to remain overweight any longer. Except a comparatively few cases, every one of these thousands of persons can now reduce **quickly and safely** — without unwarranted exercise, discomfort or diets.

Something New Safe, Easy, Quick

Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, menus, etc. — and failed? If you are, here's something new, what modern science has discovered on reducing foods, drugs and devices. Here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness –and without unnecessary exercise, dieting, massage, etc.

Endorsed In Medical Journals

Illinois Medical Journal says: "Can be used quickly and easily." **Michigan State Medical Journal** says: "Gives positive advice and instructions." **Medical World** says: "Should be read from cover to cover before starting any treatment." **Journal of American Osteopathic Assn.** says: "Of value to physicians and laymen alike."

Also praised by many editors and columnists all over U.S.A.

Simple Directions Guaranteed Harmless

The "Complete Weight Reducer," a wonderful new book, has just published these marvelous reducing revelations. No matter how overweight you may be from non-glandular dysfunctions, these measures will help slim you considerably in a few short weeks. Just follow the simple directions on general reducing and spot reducing on abdomen, double chin, hips, neck, thighs, arms, legs, etc., at once and your reducible pounds and inches of excess fat will go down, down, down . . . until you soon feel like a different person, with new pep and popularity.

Send No Money Examine It FREE

You need send no money — just mail coupon now. We will send you the COMPLETE WEIGHT REDUCER for 5 days' free examination. When it arrives, deposit $1.98 (plus a few cents for postage and handling) with the postman. Follow its simple instructions immediately and start reducing. If within 5 days you are not convinced that this shows you the way to considerable weight loss, pounds and inches, you may return it and we will instantly refund your deposit of $1.98 in full. Remember you risk nothing in mailing the coupon. This is your great opportunity of becoming slimmer and slimmer. So act NOW!

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4 Purpose Rinse

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LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift aching pressure; send pain flying. Ease tight shoes; prevent corns and sore toes. Separate *Medications* included for quickly removing corns. Cost but a trifle.

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Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad. (10c for handling and return mailing appreciated.) Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

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Kondon's Nasal Jelly relieves nasal congestion in a jiffy. It may be needless to suffer clogged, runny nose, stuffed up head, watery eyes, roaring ears. Kondon's helps nose drain, opens way for breathing comfort, soothes irritation, reduces swelling. Used for over 53 years. Send 3c postage for trial Kondon's Nasal Jelly. Write KONDON'S, Dept. W-1, 2608 Nicollet, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Don't Let Surface **PIMPLES** Get You Down! *JUST DO THIS...*

Use Poslam, as thousands do, it's a concentrated ointment that starts to work right away, no long waiting for results. Apply Poslam Ointment tonight—wash face with pure Poslam Soap—the price is small—the relief great! All druggists.

FREE: Generous ointment sample — write to Poslam, Dept. G.11, 254 W. 54 St, N.Y.C.

POSLAM SOAP & OINTMENT

I Planned to Die

[*Continued from page* 28]

music. I'd hum gay melodies for others to write on paper. Melodies danced in my mind. Happy songs—eager to be sung.

Suddenly I was free from the wish to die. No matter what happened, I would never force my way out of living. Revulsion against the idea I'd cherished was as strong as the original thought had been.

I called my mother. "Mother, I think I'm going to be paralyzed. It's started in my arm."

"Ida," my tired, strong mother said, "don't believe it. Don't accept it." She started to massage my arm. I flexed the fingers of my hand.

We laughed and cried together. Relief flowed over me like a great soothing wave. "Mother," I said, "give me my dressing gown. I'm going into the living room. And I'm going to play the piano!"

"But, darling, you should stay in bed. You've a fever and the doctor will be here by midnight."

"By midnight I shall be all right!"

So I played the piano. The doctor came as the clock chimed twelve, and the night ended. He pronounced me out of danger! I was wildly happy.

It was a long time before either my mother or the doctor told me that I had passed the crisis while I slept. What I had so terrifyingly thought was paralysis was the first proof of the return of circulation. My right arm on which I'd slept so heavily had been "asleep!"

So I passed the crisis of infantile paralysis. Much more important, I passed a crisis in infantile courage. Dark days without number fall upon all of us. The ability to face those days with hope is our spiritual heritage. ■

This young lady wore red-tinged curls and an earnest expression even at the age of three. She now totes them around the Warner lot and through some of their best films. Give up? Turn to page 72

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Winter ASTHMATIC PAROXYSMS?

● A FREE SAMPLE will prove the value of Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND in relieving asthmatic paroxysms. In use over 70 years. Economical — 24 cigarettes, only 50¢, powder 25¢ and $1.00 at nearly all drug stores. Write today for FREE SAMPLE. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. C-3, Rupert, Vermont. Use only as directed on package

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An enchanting perfume of irresistible allure, clinging for hours with ineffable, fascinating fragrance. Just a tiny drop is enough. Full size bottle 98c prepaid, or $1.32 C.O.D. Directions free. One bottle FREE if two are ordered.

Rexball
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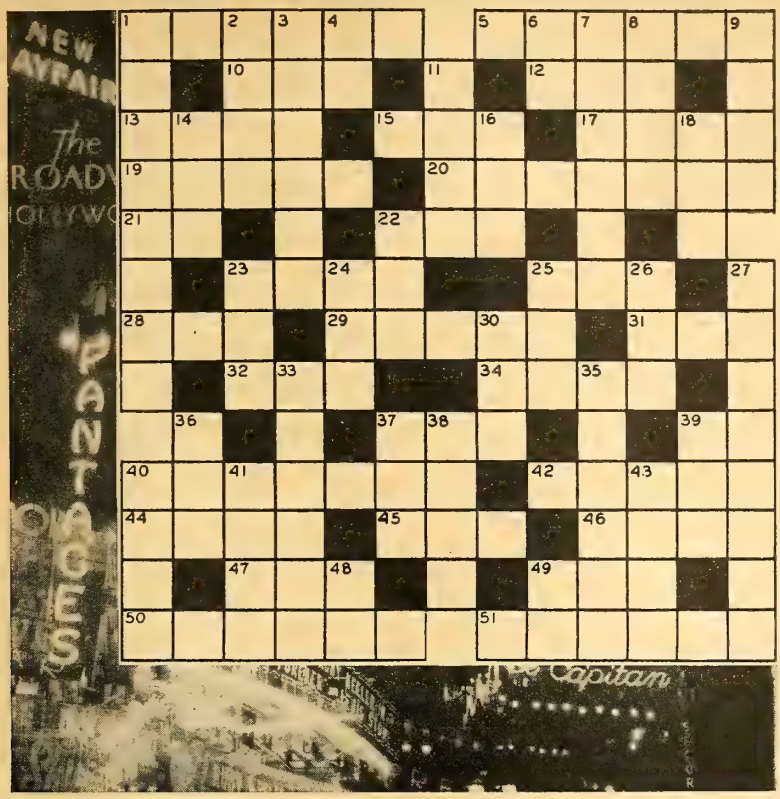
Huntington Station, N.Y.

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. When studio calls her she thinks it's sarong number.
5. He's all shot after role in gangster film.
10. It's nice work if you can get it. Edward G. Robinson likes it.
12. Kind of (w)rap heroine is glad to take.
13. Descriptive of shoulder villain should get.
15. After being made up for army scene, this was turned down for snoozing.
17. Ripping part in a costume drama.
19. Benders. Jolson sings when on one of them.
20. Your favorite appears in opening sequences of these.
21. Miss Eilers' initials.
22. He's often in Brown study.
23. This continent has steppes but not Astaire.
25. Handy thing to have around the heroine.
28. When really hard-boiled, you can't beat it.
29. Short subject shown with *Snow White*.
31. First name of Rogers, shooting star.
32. Gene's ma in *Shanghai Gesture*.
34. His stint is stuttering.
37. Descriptive of remarks concerning Sonja Henie performance.
39. Barry Nelson's initials.
40. His eating routine will bring down the house.
42. What shoulder was lifted for.
44. He'd walk a mile for a camel.
45. Descriptive of a fox—not 20th Century.
46. Hope this doesn't put you out.
47. Number of people chosen after many are called for screen tests.
49. He can't help feeling Blue.
50. They will pass in a crowd.
51. Only one sentence and movie gangster should learn it.

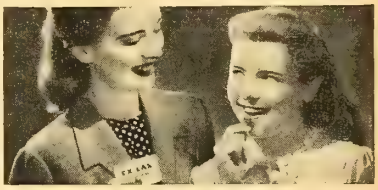
DOWN

1. March of "time."
2. Kind of lead hero gets, but heroine keeps him guessing.
3. They got stiff and had to be carried out in *Top Sergeant*.
4. Some of salt of the earth comes to Hollywood from this state (abbr.).
6. You may see it in lights before *Winter Comes*.
7. One who thinks a little snip improves a picture.
8. It grew up on Ginger's ranch but is leaving in the spring.
9. Nothing on earth can touch this place.
11. Singular performance in a musical.
14. Difference between a crowd and company.
16. Crosby doesn't need stunt man to drive off this.
18. You might say that Noah had a circus on it.
22. Conn had a right to this in *Pittsburgh Kid*.
23. Past time.
24. She got to be a star in *The Hard Way*.
25. Beginning of afternoon show.
26. Title part in *Miniver* movie.
27. When she appears, you think Spring is here.
30. Player who made play for Paulette in *Lady Has Plans*.
33. Pen name used by a cinema culprit.
35. Repeat performances.
36. Stand-in for feminine noun.
37. This sex appeal looks possessive.
38. Room on set always barred to visitors.
39. It's always on the go and business is picking up.
40. Some of Manhattan origin recently crashed the films (sing.).
41. Actor who gained fame on toss of a coin.
43. They were used in score of *Pride of the Yankees*.
48. Mr. Abel's initials.
49. Jack Benny couldn't decide whether to or not.

(Solution on Page 72)

WHENEVER I REACHED for that laxative bottle, Betty would scream and run away. She hated the taste of the stuff and it upset her something awful! It was just *too strong!*

THEN I TRIED something else. But Betty raised a rumpus every time I gave her a dose. To make matters worse, the medicine didn't do her any good. It was just *too mild!*



ONE DAY MY NEIGHBOR suggested Ex-Lax! I gave some to Betty and she just loved its fine all-chocolate taste. Ex-Lax works so well, too... not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective — but effective in a *gentle* way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder people call it:

The "HAPPY MEDIUM" Laxative

Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only as directed on the label.

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10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores

"I keep your make-up flower FRESH
So flatt'ring to your face—
I end the shine
that bothers you—
I'm Hampden's Powder Base."
I'm FRESHIE

A 5-second application of HAMPDEN'S powder base helps hide little lines and blemishes, makes skin look softer, smoother. In 5 subtle "tints," one for every complexion.

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OUTSELLS ALL FOUNDATIONS

Women Past 30 Often Look Old and Worn-out Because of Excess Acids

Only 30, but looks like 40

The speed and strain of life today, worry, hard work, frequent colds, or excessive eating or drinking may create an excess of acids and body poisons which may slowly but surely undermine your health, if not properly removed.

Excess acids frequently are highly irritating to the skin and the nerves, so you can see how they may make the skin look dry, older, more wrinkled.

Other signs of excess acidity may be Bladder Irritation, Frequent, Smarting or Burning Passages, Backache, Nervousness Dark Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains and Dizziness, due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder trouble.

Help Kidneys Remove Acids

Fourteen years ago a physician's prescription called **Cystex** was made available through drug stores and has since proved so successful that it has been used by millions of women and men in over 70 different countries as an aid for suffering caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. 1. Help the Kidneys remove excess acids which may become irritating. 2. Palliate burning and smarting of the Bladder and urinary passages. 3. Help the Kidneys flush out wastes which may become poisonous if allowed to accumulate, thus aiding nature in stimulating an increase of energy which may easily make you look and feel years younger.

Make This Guaranteed Test

You may never have suspected that your Kidneys might be to blame, but these are facts: in just three days and for only 35c you can prove to your own satisfaction what **Cystex** can do for you —furthermore if for any reason you are not entirely satisfied, just return the empty **Cystex** package and your money will be refunded in full. Usually the very first dose of **Cystex** goes right to work in non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles helping the Kidneys clean out excess acids—so why wait? All druggists have **Cystex** and you have everything to gain and nothing to lose under the guarantee.

BE SWEET
BE CLEAN
BE *desirable*

Why give further thought to the choice of a suppository when dainty medicated Boro-Pheno-Form is so easy and simple? Used with satisfaction by thousands of women across the Nation! Satisfactory, soothing, deodorizing.

Ask any druggist anywhere, or write for FREE booklet, sent in plain envelope.

DR. PIERRE CHEMICAL COMPANY
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.—Dept. M-10

DR. PIERRE'S
BORO PHENO FORM

Nancy Coleman is one of the most talented young players in Hollywood today and Warner Brothers is taking full advantage of it by featuring her in meaty roles. Currently it's *Desperate Journey*; another picture will be found on page 70

Pride of Pittsburgh

[*Continued from page* 42]

thought any audience better than none, so she raved. "I am," she said immodestly, "the best dancer in all of New York, though as yet unknown." Mr. Kelly eyed her quizzically, stacked a few plates on a table in keeping with his role of bus-boy, and told her to come back tomorrow when Mr. Kelly would be around.

Obviously, she lost her temper the next day—but she got the job, as well as lunch. This led to dinner, dinner to taking her home . . . and a few weeks later Betsy (not Gene) had a hunch. "Let's get married!" said she.

They were married in a wild ten minutes between rehearsals for *Pal Joey* in Philadelphia, while Gene kept his fingers crossed as superstitiously as he does before any stage appearance. It worked as well in his marriage as in his career. And there'll soon be the patter of little Kelly feet around their Beverly Hills home.

Meanwhile the patter of big Kelly feet (namely, Gene's) is being heard in every theater in the land—while he dances and acts his way into stardom. He's keeping his fingers crossed and his hunches popping! ■

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K	N	E	E	S		L	E	T	T	E	R	S
S	E		R		J	O	E		E		K	
T		A	S	I	A			A	R	M		B
E	G	G		D	W	A	R	F		R	O	Y
P		O	N	A			A	T	E	S		I
	H		U		I	C	Y		C		B	N
T	E	R	M	I	T	E		S	H	R	U	G
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L		F	E	W		L		B	E	N		O
E	X	T	R	A	S		L	E	S	S	O	N

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Your flat bustline can be marvelously beautified into full and alluring form . . . Or if you are the pendulous type, it can be lifted to a high and firm loveliness. All you have to do is follow the easy directions on exercise, massage, brassieres, diet, etc., given in the great **medically-endorsed** book, "The Complete Guide to Bust Culture." Accept these simple, self-help measures at once and **your bust will positively appear full, firm and shapely . . .** the proud glamorous curves which make you more desirable than ever.

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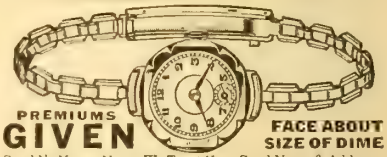

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FACE ABOUT SIZE OF DIME

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Warners

Paul Henreid

■ This is drama—of the stark variety that fits its leading lady, Bette Davis, like a glove. It's a psychiatric film, with Bette as a neurotic spinster, held in check by a tyrannical mother. In the early part of the picture, Bette is a plump, dowdy woman of 28, still recalling a frustrated girlhood love. Treatment by a doctor, Claude Rains, transforms her into a glamorous woman who immediately begins attracting romance. An ocean voyage, prescribed as part of her treatment, leads to a meeting with Paul Henreid, with whom she falls in love. He is unhappily married and unable to obtain his freedom. Though their love is hopeless, Bette derives some happiness by lavishing her affection on Henreid's neurotic young daughter, Janice Wilson. Henreid is outstanding as the man who finds love too late. Claude Rains, Gladys Cooper as the aged mother, Ilka Chase as the sophisticated, understanding sister-in-law, and Bonita Granville as the tormenting young niece, are all excellent.

BETWEEN US GIRLS ★★★½

Universal

Diana Barrymore

■ Diana Barrymore's second screen appearance will send her stock up considerably as a truly promising young screen newcomer. The weight of the entire film falls on her capable young shoulders, and she carries off the assignment nobly. Story opens with Miss Barrymore as Queen Victoria in her last years; subsequent scenes reveal her as she really is, a good-looking young girl of 20; then she masquerades as a 12-year old; as her drunken aunt; then in rehearsal as *Sadie Thompson;* and finally as Joan of Arc in a trick ending. She performs all the varied characters adeptly.

The plot is light. Miss Barrymore is the young daughter of Kay Francis. To avoid complicating her mother's romance with John Boles, she poses as a young brat of 12. When handsome Robert Cummings enters the picture, the farce reaches hilarious heights. Kay Francis is lovely as the mother, and John Boles radiates his old charm as the suitor. But the picture is Miss Barrymore's from start to finish.

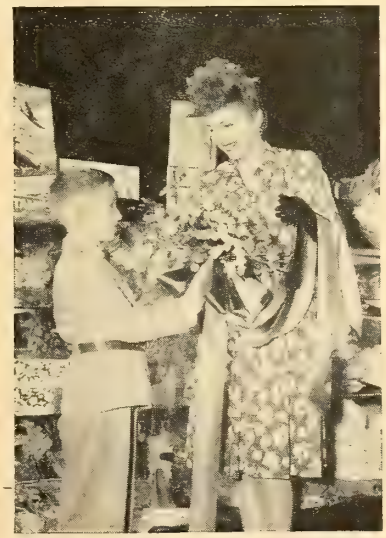
THE MOON AND SIXPENCE ★★★½

United Artists

■ W. Somerset Maugham's famous novel has been made into an interesting, and at times absorbing, movie. As all you who read the book know, it is the story of a man who thinks he can scorn the conventions and get away with it. How he finally finds his salvation is the theme of the story. The movie is told in flashbacks, with Herbert Marshall as narrator, which unfortunately gets things off to a slow start. Marshall, a writer, meets *Charles Strickland* (George Sanders), who appears to be a complacent, middle-aged London stock-broker. When he suddenly deserts his wife and children, Marshall follows him to Paris at *Mrs. Strickland's* behest. The strange change that has come over *Strickland* fascinates Marshall. He learns that for years he has harbored a secret urge to paint, and at last he is giving vent to his frenzy. His uncontrollable obsession leaves destruction in its wake. Finally he escapes to the island of Tahiti where he meets a native girl (Elena Verdugo) whose simple devotion brings him happiness. In the end *Strickland* is destroyed by his own obsession.

George Sanders is excellent in the leading role, but the memorable performance of the picture is that of Steve Geray, a name new to movie fans, who gives a touching portrayal of the painter who never loses faith in *Strickland's* genius. Doris Dudley, Albert Basserman, Molly Lamont, and Florence Bates round out the colorful supporting cast.

[*Continued on page* 74]



Anne Baxter goes for War Stamps in a big way. Here she is shown in New York buying a huge $100 victory corsage from a youthful salesman. Anne's in 20th's *Crash Dive* with Tyrone Power

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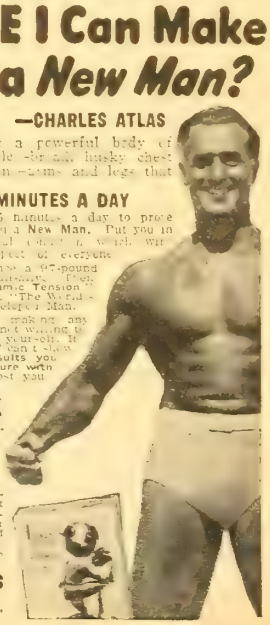

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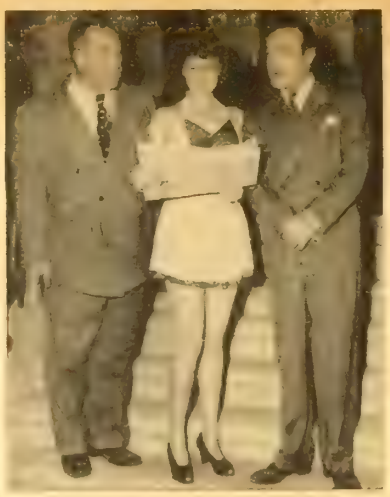

Loveliest secretary in Washington is Mary Byrne, selected by Samuel Goldwyn to appear in *They Got Me Covered.* The choice is approved by David Butler, director, and Bob Hope, star of the film

Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 73*]

THE WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Fay Bainter

■ This is one of the better propaganda pictures, with many sincerely moving moments. It's a character study of *Mrs. Hadley,* ably portrayed by Fay Bainter. She's the rich widow of an influential Washington newspaper publisher who refuses to face the unpleasant realities of life, particularly the problems of war. Her blind attitude estranges her from her young daughter, Jean Rogers; her son, Richard Ney; and her friends, Spring Byington and Edward Arnold. The courage of the woman whom she has snubbed for years in the face of a great tragedy finally brings her to her senses.

Van Johnson, a newcomer, is outstanding as the socially inferior young Irish lad whom *Mrs. Hadley's* daughter falls in love with and marries against her mother's wishes.

SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

■ This is Clark Gable's last film for the duration and it is unfortunate that his bowing-out vehicle isn't stronger. In spite of the bombastic combination of Gable and Lana Turner and a good supporting cast, the story has many weak moments and a plot that borders closely on the trite. Gable is a newspaper correspondent who, with his young brother (Robert Sterling), gets kicked out of Germany. The young brother

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is in love with Lana, a former cub-reporter whom Gable stood up on a date three years ago. Believing Lana is a bad influence for the brother, Gable sets out to break up the affair with a little fine wolfing. The trick backfires because it turns out to be the real thing for Lana, and Gable finds himself falling for her charms. Once the brother is disillusioned, Gable gives her the brush-off and she goes on an assignment to Indo-China. When she is reported missing, Gable and the brother are sent to find her. The Japs strike their Pearl Harbor blow and the picture speeds up to a fairly exciting climax.

Robert Sterling

Lana looks very pretty with her new short hair-cut, which gives her face a becoming softness. Gable—while giving a vigorous performance—shows the strain he was under at the time the picture was filmed.

ICELAND ★★★
20th Century-Fox

■ Just to watch Sonja Henie twirl enchantingly over the ice is worth anybody's price of admission. In *Iceland* she is as graceful and delightful to watch as ever, especially in one Hawaiian number she performs adroitly on skates. The story is weak, but entertaining. Sonja falls fast and furiously for John Payne, one of the American Marines who lands in Iceland. She has marriage on the brain, but Payne doesn't agree with her views. To appease her family and permit her younger sister to proceed with her marriage plans, Sonja announces that she is married to Payne. Complications ensue, as you guessed, but of course the petite little skater wins her man eventually. Jack Oakie, Joan Merrill, Osa Massen and Felix Bressart contribute able help to the entertainment, while Sammy Kaye's "Swing and Sway" music is pleasing to the ear.

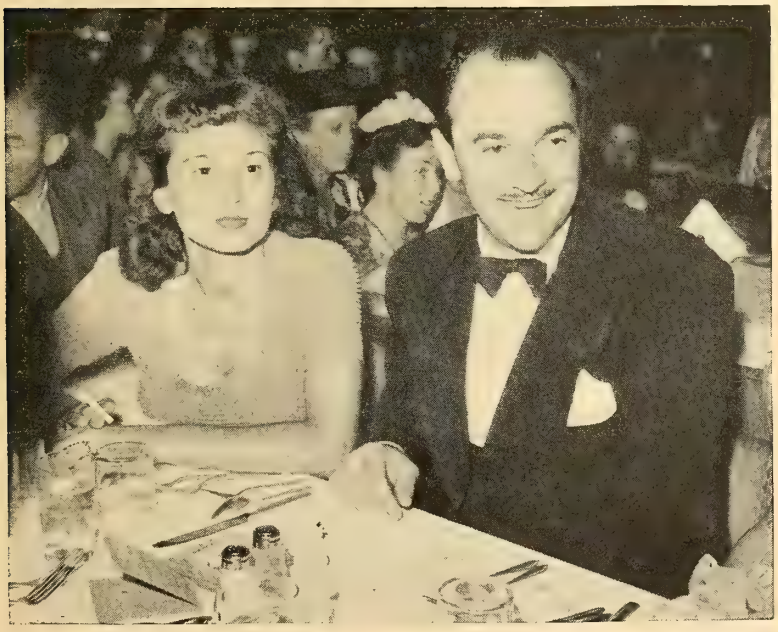
SEVEN SWEETHEARTS ★★★
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Kathryn Grayson

■ Light and airy, *Seven Sweethearts* is a bright little movie which will provide you with an evening of pleasant entertainment. It is Producer Joe Pasternak's first venture for Metro since severing his connections with Universal where he was the guiding factor in the career of Deanna Durbin. The star of *Seven Sweethearts* is pretty little Kathryn Grayson, who possesses one of the loveliest voices in films. It is Metro's desire to build her up into another Durbin, and she acquits herself well in *Seven Sweethearts*.

The setting is Michigan in the tulip season, when the residents of Dutch descent have their yearly festival. S. Z. Sakall is an inn-keeper with seven daughters, all of whom but the eldest have boys' names. Marsha Hunt, the eldest, sets her cap for the young reporter, Van Heflin, who comes to cover the festival for a metro-

[*Continued on page* 76]



Lee Bowman, the man who never wins the girl, has succeeded all right off-screen. Here he is shown with the evidence—Mrs. Bowman, nee Helen Valle

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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 75*]

politan newspaper. He falls for the youngest, Miss Grayson. But—as has been the plot in a series of recent films—the youngest can not marry until the eldest is wed. How the six younger sisters contrive to marry off the eldest is the basis of the amusing little story.

WAKE ISLAND ★★★
Paramount

■ This is a thrilling factual story of the heroic defense of Wake Island during last December. The film begins with a dinner given by the officers of Wake Island to a special Japanese "ambassador of peace." It goes on to show the first attack, the gallant defense by the Marines, the continual bombings, and the final last desperate stand. The leading roles are handled by Brian Donlevy, Macdonald Carey, Robert Preston, and pretty Barbara Britton.

ORCHESTRA WIVES ★★½
20th Century-Fox

■ The trials and tribulations encountered by the wives of orchestra men are shown in an amusing little movie. George Montgomery plays a trumpeter in Glenn Miller's band who falls in love with Ann Rutherford, a pretty young girl he meets on one of the band's one-night stands. They are married and she travels with the orchestra. The cattiness of the other wives of the orchestra men causes trouble, with Ann getting the worst of it. Everything turns out happily eventually, of course.

Carole Landis, Lynn Bari, Cesar Rom-

Lithe Patricia Morison was snapped clambering over the hull of a beached derelict ship. The attractive star is in Paramount's *Night in New Orleans*

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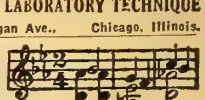
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ero and Virginia Gilmore are in the supporting cast.

THE FOREST RANGERS ★★½
Paramount

■ The nicest thing about *The Forest Rangers* is that the entire film is in Technicolor—and you know how gorgeous Paulette Goddard, the leading lady, looks in color. In addition, the film has Susan Hayward who is also far from hard on the eyes. Fred MacMurray plays a District Ranger who marries Paulette, an Eastern society girl. Miss Hayward is a tomboy lumber mill operator who is determined to win him back.

There is a spectacular forest fire sequence you'll enjoy.

If you like your movies rugged, you'll enjoy this. Otherwise, you'll find it only so-so.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall.* The picturization of the popular book was voted the best film of 1941. See it for the unforgettable performance of young Roddy McDowall.

MRS. MINIVER (M-G-M) Cast: *Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Teresa Wright.* Jan Struther's best seller adapted into a vibrant, poignant film that brings the war home. Showing how the English people can take it, it's one of the finest war films to date. Greer Garson is a good bet for the Academy Award.

SUSPICION (R-K-O) Cast: *Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Nigel Bruce.* Compelling film in which Hitchcock again proves himself the superb master of direction and production. Miss Fontaine, as the young wife who suspects that her husband plans to murder her, won 1941's *Oscar* as the year's best actress.

TARGET FOR TONIGHT (War Documentary). In a simple, unpretentious little short, the story of the heroic fighters who drop bombs on Germany is told in straightforward, engrossing fashion. There are no women or professional actors in the film.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES (R-K-O) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright.* The life story of Lou Gehrig, who rose to the heights of baseball glory only to meet a tragic death at the pinnacle of his fame. Teresa Wright is outstanding as Mrs. Gehrig. Babe Ruth makes his screen debut as himself.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR (M-G-M) Cast: *Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy.* Loaded with laughter. It's a new twist to the old story of the battle of the sexes, with Hepburn and Tracy giving sparkling performances. Katy's satire of a brilliant woman columnist is brittle and beautiful. Men will love the scene at the ball park where Tracy patiently tries to explain the game to Miss Hepburn.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (Warners) Cast: *James Cagney, Joan Leslie, Walter Huston.* A rousing tribute to that grand old man of the American theater, George M. Cohan, portrayed by Cagney who was never better. All the famous Cohan songs.

★★★½

BAMBI (Walt Disney) Disney's most realistic animated cartoon is the enchanting adaptation of Felix Salten's classic. The story concerns a fawn and his life and friends of the forest. *Thumper,* the comic rabbit, is most entertaining.

EAGLE SQUADRON (Universal) Cast: *Robert Stack, Diana Barrymore, Jon Hall.* An authentic picture of the American squadron in the RAF. Thrilling shots of air raids, sky battles and maneuvers.

HOLIDAY INN (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, Virginia Dale.* Great entertainment bubbling over with Crosby's crooning, Astaire's dancing and Irving Berlin's melodies. All about an inn opened only on holidays. Excellent performance by a talented newcomer, Marjorie Reynolds.

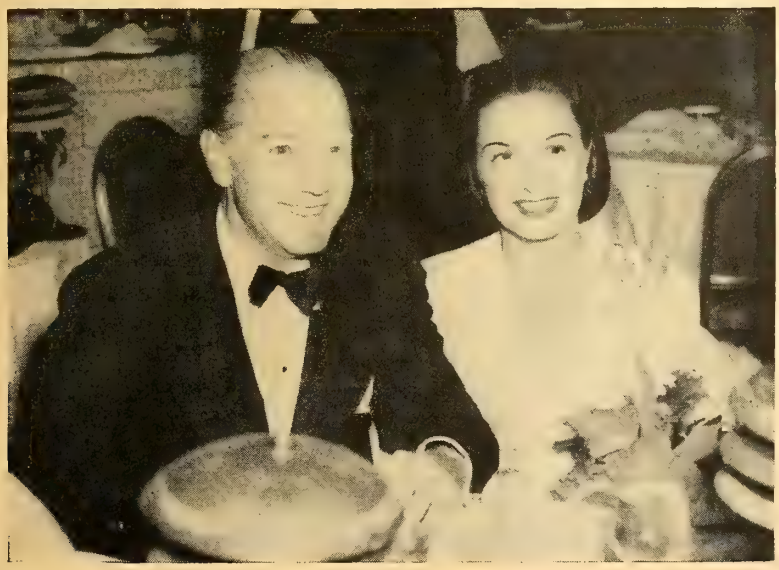
TALES OF MANHATTAN (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda.* Star-studded film depicting adventures of a tail coat as it is handed down from one character to the other, bringing fortune or disgrace to the wearer. Each episode of the story is complete in itself. The huge and glittering cast is awe-inspiring.

★★★

CROSSROADS (M-G-M) Cast: *Hedy Lamarr, William Powell, Basil Rathbone.* Dramatic story of a high French official suffering from amnesia, who does not know if he is a criminal or not. Tense moments throughout. Hedy, as always, is lovely to behold.

KINGS ROW (Warners) Cast: *Robert Cummings, Betty Field, Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan, Nancy Coleman.* A gloomy adaptation of the popular best-seller. If you like psychiatric studies, you'll enjoy this. Otherwise, you may find it pretty depressing.

[*Continued on page* 78]



That gleam in the eyes of Gail Patrick and Freeman Gosden, *Amos* of radio fame, may be that certain thing. 'Tis said that wedding bells will soon ring out for the beaming couple. Gail's in 20th Century-Fox's *Tales of Manhattan*

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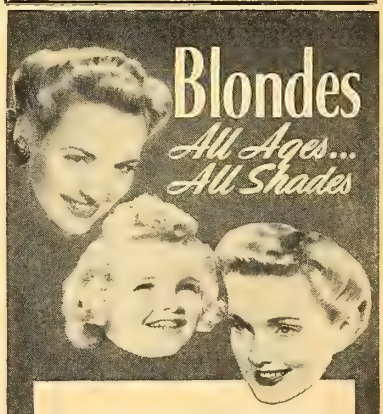

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Important Pictures

[Continued from page 77]

LADY IN A JAM (Universal) Cast: *Irene Dunne, Patric Knowles, Ralph Bellamy.* Zany tale of a wacky heiress who goes bankrupt and starts mining gold in Arizona to win back her fortune and her man. Slapstick at its best.

ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING (United Artists Release) Cast: *Hugh Williams, Eric Portmann, Pamela Brown.* This is a British-made film which United Artists are releasing in this country. It's a war picture, exciting in spots, with good performances by the entire cast.

REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Cast: *Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard, John Wayne.* With its excellent cast, brilliant Technicolor and fast-moving story, you won't want to miss De Mille's latest production. Complete with hurricane, shipwreck, an undersea fight and a gala ball.

RIO RITA (M-G-M) Cast: *Abbott and Costello, Kathryn Grayson, John Carroll.* Those funnymen are loose again and run riot through a rather weak story, uncorking new and better gags. Very entertaining.

TAKE A LETTER, DARLING (Paramount) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray.* Plot concerns a woman executive and her male secretary with ensuing complications. Comedy fare with Roz carrying off the honors.

THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY (M-G-M) Cast: *Mickey Rooney, Donna Reed.* The latest chapter in the Hardy saga is the most appealing yet. Throughout there is the endearing warmth of the Hardy family and their typical life in a small American town.

THE GAY SISTERS (Warner Brothers) Cast: *Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Gig Young.* The rather heavy story of the three Gaylord sisters, their trials and tribulations in marriage and their attempt to regain the family fortune. Engrossing and well performed.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (R-K-O) Cast: *Dolores Costello, Tim Holt, Joseph Cotten.* Orson Welles' second film doesn't measure up to his *Citizen Kane*. Slow-moving, rather depressing story of a spoiled young man. Agnes Moorehead shows possibilities.

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR (Paramount) Cast: *Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland.* Ginger masquerading as a 12-year-old is taken under the protective wing of a young army major with merry complications ensuing. Ginger does a grand job.

THE PIED PIPER (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Roddy McDowall, Monty Woolley, Anne Baxter.* A quiet, moving story of a reluctant hero and his trip across occupied France with the children he has promised to return safely to England. A warm, human film.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN (Columbia) Cast: *Ronald Colman, Jean Arthur, Cary Grant.* You won't want to miss this combination in an exciting and credible story of a fugitive from justice who seeks refuge in the home of a school teacher.

THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE (Columbia) Cast: *Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas.* Joan plays with relish and enjoyment the role of a successful young business woman who is afraid of men—until Melvyn comes along. The jitterbug sequence is side-splitting.

THIS ABOVE ALL (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Tyrone Power, Joan Fontaine.* The moving love story of a WAAC girl and a deserting soldier and the conflicting emotions that engulf them in war-torn England. Excellent performances. From Eric Knight's novel.

TORTILLA FLAT (M-G-M) Cast: *Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr, John Garfield.* Adapted from John Steinbeck's stories of the picturesque *paisanos* of northern California, it tells the story of the romance of Hedy and John Garfield, which Spencer Tracy tries to break up. Very colorful.

★★½

BERLIN CORRESPONDENT (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Dana Andrews, Virginia Gilmore, Mona Maris.* Espionage film with Berlin background. Dana Andrews is an American commentator who attempts to get valuable military information out of Germany.

CAREFUL, SOFT SHOULDERS (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Virginia Bruce, James Ellison, Sheila Ryan.* Another spy story, this time with a Washington setting. Highlighted by Miss Bruce's beauty and the gorgeous gowns she displays.

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Betty Grable, John Payne, Victor Mature.* An indifferent story, indifferently acted. Betty's legs are its only recommendation.

HERE WE GO AGAIN (R-K-O-Radio) Cast: *Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Fibber McGee and Molly, Ginny Simms.* Second in the series starring Bergen and the popular radio comics. Ray Noble's orchestra adds interest.

JOAN OF OZARK (Republic) Cast: *Judy Canova, Joe E. Brown.* Fairly amusing little comedy in which Judy and Joe get tangled with Nazi spies.

JUKE GIRL (Warners) Cast: *Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan, Richard Whorf.* The tale of two hitch-hikers who wander into the Florida tomato country and get mixed up with a juke girl (Sheridan) and a battle raging between farmers and packers.

MAISIE GETS HER MAN (M-G-M) Cast: *Ann Sothern, Red Skelton.* The *Maisie* followers will like this. In addition to Ann Sothern's amusing escapades, it has Red Skelton.

MISS ANNIE ROONEY (United Artists) Cast: *Shirley Temple, Dickie Moore,* Shirley Temple comes back as a young lady in a rather weak story of a poor girl and a rich boy. Lots of jive talk and jitterbugging which youngsters will like.

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Given by Ginger Rogers in *Tales of Manhattan* and *The Major and the Minor*

Ginger Rogers hits a double header. Her twinkling feet no longer stand in the way of first-grade acting parts. Disheartened because her singing and dancing talents threatened to type her for musicals alone, Ginger demanded dramatic roles to prove she could really act. Ever since her memorable academy award winning performance in *Kitty Foyle*, Ginger's histrionic stock has soared meteorically. And now her deft and delicate handling of two entirely different characterizations should merit Ginger a top berth in the Hollywood roster of fine actors. In 20th's *Tales of Manhattan*, Ginger is seen only in one sequence, yet this brief interlude is one of the brightest spots of an all-around good picture. In Paramount's *The Major and the Minor*, Ginger has a difficult assignment; that of a grown-up girl masquerading as a teen-aged youngster. Her interpretation of this role is one that can not fail to delight. Hats off to a girl whose strange handicap was the possession of one talent which had to be submerged before another talent could be seriously applied for recognition

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee

"Only Tangee gives your lips Satin-Finish," says Constance Luft Huhn

"How often have you wished for a lipstick that would literally *smooth* on to your lips; that was perfectly balanced... *neither too moist,* nor yet *too dry;* that, once applied, would cling for hours and hours—a lipstick, in short, that would bring to *your* lips the lustrous, lasting softness of a true SATIN-FINISH?

"I can say with assurance that each of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks is a combination of *all* these qualities. Each one graces your lips with a softer, glossier sheen than you've ever known before... gives you the perfect grooming only possible with this exclusive SATIN-FINISH.

"And, remember, whichever Tangee shade you choose, it will do the most for you if worn with the matching rouge and Tangee's unpowdery Face Powder."

New **TANGEE MEDIUM-RED**... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush-rose.

TANGEE
SATIN-FINISH
Lipsticks

Lasting Beauty for Your Nails!

24 Fashion Colors
Choose according to your wardrobe

GREEN DRAGON—*wear with white, gray, yellow, navy, fuchsia, beige, brown and black.*

MING YELLOW—*wear with gray, bright greens, rust browns and yellows.*

BLACK LUSTER—*wear with black and white polka dot, bright plain colors and white skirts.*

BLUE DRAGON—*wear with white, peach, light blues and other pastels.*

ROYAL PLUM—*wear with deep purple, fuchsias and gray.*

HEAVENLY MAUVE—*wear with mauve, tans, pinks and pale blues.*

RED-REDS
For Wear With:
White
Gray
Yellow
Black
Green
Mimosa
Mustard
Navy
Black and White check

BROWN-REDS
For Wear With:
Brown
Gold
Chartreuse
Beige
Lime Green
Coral
British Tan

BLUE-REDS
For Wear With:
Fuchsia
Pink
Peach
Orchid
Mauve
Flesh
Blue
Navy
Watermelon Pink
Norwegian Blue
Purple

CHEN YU Nail Lacquer . . . so durable . . . so hard to chip you wonder if it NEVER wears away. One trial will show you . . . it's so lasting . . . so lustrous . . . so flattering to your hands. Now we offer to send trial bottles so you may try NEW shades . . . so you may discover the keen excitement of Fashion's newest idea . . . CHEN YU *nails, and clothes in perfect color harmony.* (*Use new shades of* CHEN YU *to add newness and glamour to your various outfits!*) Choose any two colors . . . mark them in coupon . . . send today. Each trial bottle contains many manicures. CHEN YU Nail Lacquer at the better stores . . . fast, long-lasting CHEN YU manicures at the smarter salons.

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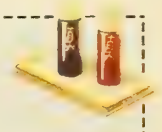

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☐ TEMPLE FIRE	☐ WISTARIA	☐ BURMA RED
☐ COOLIE	☐ WEEPING WILLOW	☐ CANTON RED
☐ JOSS HOUSE	☐ OPIUM POPPY	☐ MANDARIN RED
☐ GREEN DRAGON	☐ BLACK LUSTER	☐ ROYAL PLUM
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TWENTY COMPLETE STORIES — NEW PLAYERS AND OLD

HOLLYWOOD

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DECEMBER

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JOAN LESLIE

NO FILM CAREER FOR MY SISTER—GENE TIERNEY

ROSALIND RUSSELL WARNS—FIGHT THOSE WAR TIME BLUES

Open His Eyes with New Beauty! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling beauty care, based on skin specialists' advice, is praised by lovely brides!

A MOONLIT night . . . sweet music . . . you two dancing! Does he have eyes for you alone? Do you hear him whisper, "You're so lovely"?

If romantic words like that don't come your way, perhaps your skin care is to blame. Without realizing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your complexion—or you may be using a soap that's not mild enough for skin as delicate as yours. But here's a promise. Change to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet. Thrilling compliments—new complexion beauty—may soon be yours!

Proved Milder by Actual Tests

You know, skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine—with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not just *mild*—it's actually *milder* than the dozens of other popular beauty soaps we tested. No wonder the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped lovely Mrs. Aldridge—and thousands of other happy, enchanting Camay brides.

Follow the Camay Mild-Soap Diet faithfully night and morning for 30 days. The *first time,* your skin will feel fresher! But continue—your dreams of new beauty may soon come true!

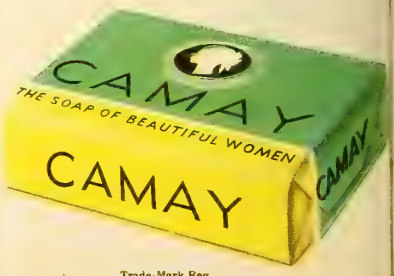
GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Every night, work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.

While you sleep, the tiny pore openings can function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

FOR 30 DAYS . . . LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

This lovely bride, Mrs. John F. Aldridge, Jr., of Arlington, Va., says: "Soon after I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, I began to get compliments about my complexion. I wouldn't use any soap but Camay now."



Trade-Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

I used to hop in the car to dash around the corner. Now I walk—and carry my bundles, too.

Who's a war worker?

YOU ARE!

Every woman in the country hasn't suddenly deserted her home to wield a blow torch—in spite of the pictures you see in the magazines.

The truth of it is, you're doing a war job—even when you walk to market, instead of riding; when you carry your scrap to salvage centers—instead of throwing it carelessly away.

Every woman is a war worker today! Every woman is doing more. Every woman is more active—even at certain times of the month!

And because you're more active, you need the extra protection that Modess gives you!

When we say Modess gives you extra protection, that's no idle boast.

5 o'clock used to be my quitting time! Now I cover my typewriter—and go to work! Two nights at the U.S.O. Three at my air-raid post.

Keeping house is a 24-hour job these days. With my folks on different shifts—I serve 5 meals a day, instead of three.

Actual tests of Modess and a layer-type napkin show—again and again—that Modess is far less likely to "strike through." (A)

In these "do more" days you'll find the greater softness of Modess another reason for putting it on your MUST BUY list. (B)

And—vanity doesn't vanish—just because there's less time to primp. Slick-fitting frocks aren't taboo any day of the month with Modess—for it won't give you away. (C)

Find out what it's like to forget you're even wearing a napkin! Try Modess!

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Get Modess in Regular or Junior Size. For extra economy and convenience buy the big bargain "56-Pack."

FACTS FOR YOU!

A. Modess gives extra protection because it has a triple safety-shield, instead of a single one. A full-length shield instead of a short, half-size one. A shield at the back, instead of part-way through.

B. Modess is softer because it's made of downy fluff-like filler instead of close-packed layers. In a nationwide test, 3 out of 4 users of a layer-type napkin voted Modess softer to the touch!

C. Modess fits better because it's so soft it conforms naturally to body outlines. Where other napkins have hard tab-ends, Modess has merely sheer gauze, filmier than your finest slip.

Because your busier wartime life demands extra protection . . . GET

MODESS

SANITARY NAPKINS

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

A lion like an elephant never forgets—

★ ★ ★ ★

She was twelve, she came from Grand Rapids and had rhythm. She sang like a lark on the beat. While her mother accompanied her on the pianoforte. M-G-M cheered.

★ ★ ★ ★

What an electric little spark was Judy. She was destined for stardom.

★ ★ ★ ★

Today is destiny day. See "For Me and My Gal."

★ ★ ★ ★

Judy Garland is a great star. As a matter of fact, she is the second most popular actress in the nation by actual poll. And no wonder.

★ ★ ★ ★

How she sings and dances and acts! But above all, she has feeling—that's what makes her so good.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's what distinguishes "For Me and My Gal" from all other musical movies you've seen. Feeling.

★ ★ ★ ★

The plot is as warm and friendly as your fireside. Convincing dialogue. Infectious song rendering.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Murphy and Gene Kelly play with Judy. Murphy is at his best. Gene Kelly is a "find." Broadway saw him first in "Pal Joey," but you'll never forget him in "For Me and My Gal."

★ ★ ★ ★

It's not necessary to predict a future for Gene Kelly. His future is here. What a performance he gives as a heel with a heart.

★ ★ ★ ★

The dramatic and humorous screenplay has been provided by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers from Howard Emmett Rodgers' original yarn.

★ ★ ★ ★

Busby Berkeley, the screen's greatest director of musical pictures, directed it and Arthur Freed produced it. The two work well together.

★ ★ ★

"The bells are ringing For Me and My Gal."

—Leo

P. S. We recommend "Random Harvest" as the greatest dramatic film since "Mrs. Miniver." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, of course.

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GRAB YOUR GIRL - HUG YOUR BEAU - HERE'S A DARLING MUSIC SHOW!

JUDY GARLAND
FOR ME AND MY GAL

M-G-M'S OWN ZIEGFELD GIRL GOES TO TOWN IN A MUSICAL FILLED WITH HEART-THROBS AND GLADNESS - BLAZING WITH BIGNESS!

GEORGE MURPHY · GENE KELLY · Marta Eggerth · Ben Blue · Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Screen Play by Richard Sherman, Fred Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers · Original Story by Howard Emmett Rogers · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

Between scenes of Columbia's *Laugh Your Blues Away*, Constance Worth and John Beal enjoy a cigarette, a chat and a little hand-holding

■ The call sheet on the Samuel Goldwyn lot for *They Got Me Covered* read—"Bob Hope and Six Dummies." Bob Hope studied it for a moment and then turned to the assistant director to inquire, "Since when have you started putting my writers on the call sheet?" But, not counting his writers—and you only have to look at his material to know he was only kidding—Hope really had to spend the day dashing in and out of display windows and playing his scenes with wax figures. Bob, who was supposed to be running away from some Axis agents hot on his trail, was dressed in shorts and draped in a sheet. The dummies were up-to-the-minute in the latest creations. "Remind me," cracked Hope, "to change my agent. The dummies I play with in pictures wear better clothes than I do."

■ Here's the story behind the story on why Priscilla Lane turned down the feminine lead in *Powers Girl*. Although reported ill, Pat was in the best of health. She turned down the part when she read the script and discovered Carole Landis had a much bigger role.

■ Difference between Rochester, the film and radio comic, and Eddie Anderson, former Negro character actor, is the smallest toupee in the world—just an inch and a half in diameter. "When I found out that there was a bigger future in pictures for me by being funny instead of playing a parson," Rochester says, "I had to discover some way of not looking so solemn. It's not that I'm exactly bald, but just that my forehead goes back too far for laughs. So after experimenting, I hit on this toupee idea. It's a just a little spot of fuzz, but it makes a world of difference to my character."

■ Paulette Goddard plays the role of a straight-shootin' gal from Texas in Paramount's *The Crystal Ball*. In fact, she's such a whiz with rifles, pistols and assorted firearms that she lands a job as a "shill" at a shooting gallery. That's what the script says. What happened on the shooting gallery set was something else. Paulette jumped a foot every time a gun went off, spoiling innumerable "takes." Finally, in the fifth try, Paulette didn't flinch. "How'd you do it?" asked Director Elliott Nugent. "Simple," replied Paulette, I stuffed my ears with cotton."

Sparkling Jane Frazee is currently one of Universal's best bets. She is shown with Allan Jones, with whom she co-stars in *Moonlight in Havana*

Rosemary Lane and her sailor husband, Buddy Westmore, snatch a few moments together at one of the more popular night spots during Buddy's shore leave

■ Now it can be told. Several days before enlisting in the Marines, Tyrone Power was fired on by a Coast Guard gun battery! It happened like this: For sequences in Power's new picture, *Crash Dive*, on location at Newport, R. I., the studio rented a World War I subchaser. The company, including Director Archie Mayo and Power, went to sea one morning, with Navy permission, to film scenes for the picture. Returning to the harbor, the skip-

[*Continued on page* 10]

WE'RE OFF ON THE ROAD TO MOROCCO

We're off on the road to Morocco
This taxi is tough on the spine
Where we goin'? Why we're goin'—
How can we be sure?
I'll lay you eight to five that we meet
Dorothy Lamour.

We're off on the road to Morocco,
Hang on till the end of the line.
I hear this country's where they do the
Dance of the seven veils . . .
We'd tell you more but we would have
The censor on our tails.

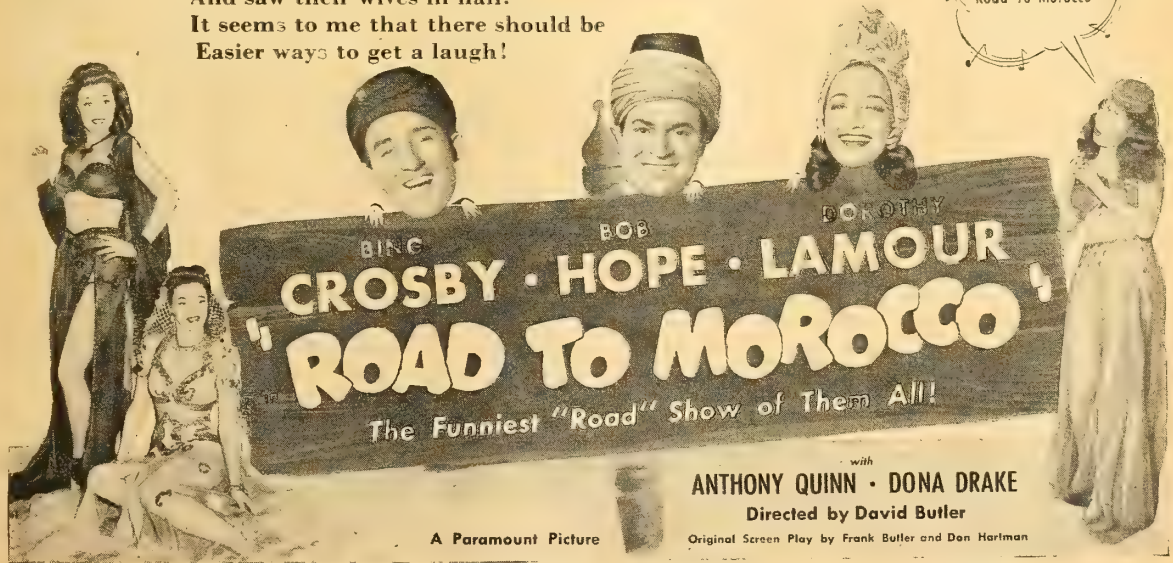
We're off on the road to Morocco
Look out! Well, clear the way!
Cause here we come.
The men eat fire, and live on nails,
And saw their wives in half.
It seems to me that there should be
Easier ways to get a laugh!

(Dance of the seven veils)

(They saw their wives in half)

FOUR BIG SONGS

- "Moonlight Becomes You"
- "Constantly"
- "Ain't Got A Dime To My Name"
- "Road To Morocco"

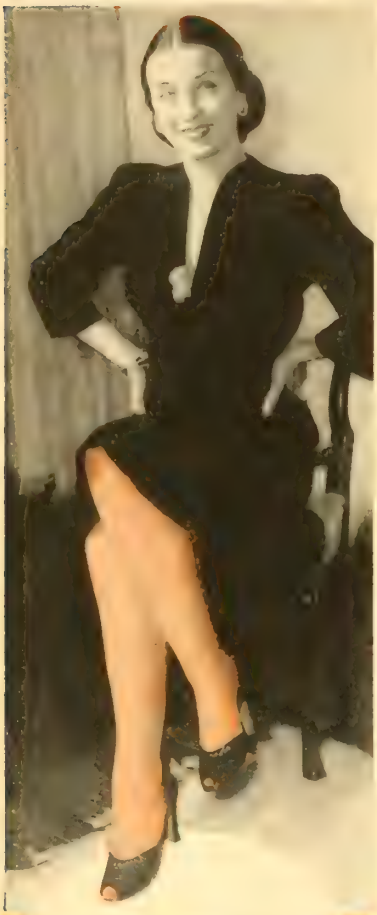


with
ANTHONY QUINN · DONA DRAKE
Directed by David Butler
Original Screen Play by Frank Butler and Don Hartman

A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Patricia Morison
"ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY"
Paramount



Posed especially for

Townwear

Stockings of Matchless Beauty

Beautiful stockings are stock-in-trade, not only with the stars —but with business girls, and smartly dressed women in all walks of life . . .

With those of you who insist on the best looking, best wearing hosiery war-time conditions can provide, nothing takes the place of—

Townwear

RAY de CHINE

THE STOCKING OF TOMORROW

An R-K-O importation, tempestuous Mapy Cortes, makes her American film debut in *Seven Days Leave.* The Puerto Rican star is famous on the Spanish screen

This is what a dance set looks like between shots. On the set of Columbia's *Something To Shout About,* Bobby Harrison, assistant dance director, and a bevy of chorus beauties await their call for the film's exotic dance number

ABSOLUTELY THE FUNNIEST THING ON FILM!

"George Washington Slept Here"

A WARNER BROS. RIOT!

With CHARLES COBURN
PERCY KILBRIDE • HATTIE McDANIEL • WILLIAM TRACY
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY
Screen play by Everett Freeman • From the stage play by Moss Hart and Geo. S. Kaufman • Produced by Sam Harris

...ailed to reply to a Coast Guard signal ...dentify his craft. The Coast Guard gun ...ttery wasn't taking any chances. They ...ent a five-pound shell whizzing in front of the ship's bow, followed by a Coast Guard cutter which overtook and identified the movie boat.

■ It happened on a battleship somewhere in the Pacific. A husky Marine walked up to Lieut. Commander Gene Markey, former film producer and ex-husband of Hedy Lamarr, and kissed him smack on the cheek. Markey looked aghast and said, "What's wrong, man?" "Oh," replied the Marine, "I just wanted to kiss the cheek that had been kissed by Hedy Lamarr."

■ The Leif Erickson-Jon Hall fight in *Arabian Nights* looks like a screen fight to end all screen fights. It runs five minutes on the screen and the two 200-pound actors use knives, swords, clubs and bare fists. But with sultry, half-clad Maria Montez in the picture, I wonder if anyone will notice the fight.

■ Lois Andrews, ex-wife of George Jessel, thought she heard a burglar one night when she was alone in her Beverly Hills home with her baby. She was frightened and called the police. They arrived at the house, looked around and said not to worry . . . there was no burglar. Lois apologized and said if she became frightened again she hoped they'd come back. "Oh, we'll be back," said one of the policemen, "even if we have to bring our own burglar."

■ Not in the script: "An actress is a girl who can walk to the side of a film set, peer into the wings filled with jumbled theatrical props, dirt and dust, old costumes and other claptrap and say, 'What an enchanting view there is from this window!' "—Director Harold Schuster.

Jeanette MacDonald admires the rare butterfly collection assembled for scenes of her new M-G-M film, *Cairo*

Ann Sheridan makes a glamorous Martha Washington in the dream sequence of Warners' *George Washington Slept Here*

■ Republic studio wanted the title *Johnny Doughboy* for Jane Withers' new picture because of its timeliness. But the studio is going to great lengths to advertise the fact that *Johnny Doughboy* is not a war picture. In fact, all ads for the picture will state that it's a musical and not a war film.

■ A letter to Heather Thatcher from a friend in London related this story. After a night of air raids, a little English girl was late for school. Her dress was covered with dirt, her face was blackened, her hair bedraggled. With her she brought a note from her mother to the teacher. It read: "Please, ma'am forgive Maggie for being late. But she was only dug out at eight."

■ Glenda Farrell tells a funny story on herself. She was lunching at the home of a friend and there was a huge bowl of flowers on the table. Allergic to certain blooms, Glenda viewed the flowers with alarm. "Promptly I began to sneeze," she relates. "Then I coughed, then I cried." The friend finally laughed and said, "I'm sorry, Glenda, but I made those flowers myself—from cotton batting and lacquer."

■ Ballet Master George Balanchine walked into an embarrassing situation when he checked in at Paramount to stage the dances for a new filmusical. His wife, Vera Zorina, and his former wife, Tamara Geva, are under contract to the same studio—and are working on adjoining sound stages.

■ Whenever a 20th Century-Fox actor goes on a cinematic jag, chances are ten to one you'll find Rolla Flora mixing the "drinks." Flora is vice-president in charge of inebriation at the studio. He's sent more actors into a state bordering on delirium tremens than any bartender. And he's done it without the benefit of a single cocktail. All he uses is colored water and a camera lens, known to the trade as the "drunk lens." He's putting the 100-proof sign on Jack Benny and Priscilla Lane right now in *The Meanest Man in the World*. One scene shows Jack and Pat drowning their sorrows in an infinity of Martinis, and they wind up seeing one another as blurred and shifting images. Cameras can't be made to take a drink so Rolla merely slaps his pickling gadget on the camera lens and—there it is, the world seen through the eyes of a person tighter than a tick. Essentially it is synthetic astigmatism. In plain English it makes the image seem cockeyed.

■ One of those movie queens with a mind of her own was being bawled out by the producer of her latest picture for being late to work on three successive mornings. "You've cost the studio $20,000," screamed the producer. "Listen," snapped back the movie queen, "have you ever figured out how much you cost the studio for being on time every morning?"

■ Tip to George Sanders' fans. The actor was lying on the sand at Laguna. Approached by a lady seeking his autograph, George said: "Look, I'm down here

[*Continued on page* 12]

The most romantic figure on the Warner lot is Paul Henried, the Austrian actor, currently stirring all feminine hearts with his performance in *Casablanca*

It's Bigger AND BETTER THAN "SUN VALLEY SERENADE" BECAUSE IT'S GOT UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTING NEPHEWS...THE U. S. MARINES!

Sonja
HENIE
John
PAYNE
in

ICELAND

with **JACK OAKIE**

FELIX BRESSART • OSA MASSEN • JOAN MERRILL • FRITZ FELD • STERLING HOLLOWAY

SAMMY SWING and SWAY **KAYE**
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE
Produced by WILLIAM LeBARON
Original Screen Play by ROBERT ELLIS and HELEN LOGAN

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Songs by
MACK GORDON
HARRY WARREN

"You Can't Say No To A Soldier" "Lovers Knot" • "Let's Bring New Glory To Old Glory" "There'll Never Be Another You" • "I Like A Military Tune"

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

"A CANARY'S SONG IS SUNSHINE THAT LIGHTS-UP ANY HOME"

ANN RUTHERFORD
20th Century-Fox star appearing in
"ORCHESTRA WIVES"

Are you longing for a bit of extra sunshine these dark and troubled days? Then buy a Canary — and let his happy song light-up your home!

Get a Canary *today!* Learn to talk to him, and have him answer you in song. You'll thrill to his cheery response that helps drive away care and makes you feel like singing, too.

FREE! *Every lover of pets will want French's superb new book about Canaries, just off the press. Specially posed photographs—some in full-color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings. Send for FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail your request—with name and address—on a penny postcard, to The R. T. French Company, 2525 Mustard St., Rochester, N.Y.*

IN HOLLYWOOD
4 out of 5 Canary Owners demand FRENCH'S BIRD SEED

Keep your Canary happy, healthy and singing! FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Feed *your* Canary FRENCH'S—today and *every* day!

LARGEST-SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

Down but still quipping is the perennial prankster, Bob Hope, who is funnier than ever in his latest film, *They Got Me Covered*. This Goldwyn production is based on Bob's adventures outwitting fifth columnists in Washington, D. C.

to relax and enjoy myself. I'm about to go in swimming. If I sign that autograph book I won't enjoy my swim. Sorry. Goodbye."

■ Now that our tires are wearing out, and we've returned to street cars for transportation, M-G-M has a brilliant

[*Continued on page* 14]

Rita Hayworth in black mesh negligee presents a seductive figure against a white satin couch. From a scene of her Columbia film, *You Were Never Lovelier*

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER

HAYWORTH'S Glowing Beauty!

ASTAIRE'S Glorious Rhythm!

KERN'S Greatest Score Since "Show Boat"!

Fred ASTAIRE · Rita HAYWORTH

in

You Were Never Lovelier

with

ADOLPHE MENJOU

Music by JEROME KERN

Screen play by Michael Fessier & Ernest Pagano and Delmer Daves
Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
Produced by LOUIS F. EDELMAN
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Hits

Thrilling tunes everyone's already humming:

'I'M OLD FASHIONED'
'YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER'
'DEARLY BELOVED'
'WEDDING IN THE SPRING'

America's favorite!
XAVIER CUGAT
and His Orchestra
Hear their song hit . . .
"CHIU, CHIU"!

Ruth Hussey and her husband, Robert Longenecker, celebrated their wedding supper with members of their families and close friends at a quaint inn in Riverside, California. They were married at the Pala Mission, nearby

idea . . . Robert Benchley in one of those daffy short subjects titled *How To Ride a Street Car.*

■ Lillian Gish is very happy about her screen comeback in *The Commandos Strike at Dawn.* "The primary reason I took the role," she says, "is that it has few spoken lines. It's a good role, but I say little. I feel almost like I'm acting again in a silent film."

Colorful Lupe Velez hardly steps out of character as the fiery Latin dancer in the latest of the popular R-K-O series, *Mexican Spitfire's Elephant*

■ Not in the script: "If there really were such a place as Shangri-la and if I thought I could find it, I'd go there myself. I'm tired of Hollywood."—James (*Lost Horizon*) Hilton.

■ It happened on the set of a new naval picture at M-G-M. Director Robert Z. Leonard was instructing his sound effects man to give him the background sound of a fog horn and the swish of the sea. Said Charles Laughton, who loves to give impersonations, "Let me be the swish of the sea."

■ Not long ago a lyric writer on Hollywood's tin pan alley was led away by some boys in white suits to an insane asylum. In no time at all he recovered, and was permitted visitors. A group of his pals went down to see him and were surprised to hear that the warden of the asylum refused to release him. Weeks later he finally returned to tin pan alley. "Why did they keep you in so long?" he was asked. "Well," he explained, "it was like this. That so-and-so of a warden was an amateur song writer, and he just about drove me nuts writing lyrics for his lousy music."

■ Here's a story typical of Hollywood. Anna Lee, the British actress, was selected for the feminine lead in *The Commandos Strike at Dawn,* partly because of her blond hair and fair complexion. Several brunette applicants for the role were turned down. But when Anna Lee reported for work in the picture, she was ordered to darken her hair.

■ The other day John Carradine was swimming with a group of Hollywoodites at the home of Bill Goodwin. The actor swam up and down, but never put his head entirely in the water. The effect was so funny that Goodwin laughed and said, "What's the matter, Carradine, afraid of getting water in your ears?"—"Oh, no," replied the actor, "it's simply that total immersion keeps one out of the public view too long."

■ Randolph Scott and John Wayne portray coal miners in Universal's *Pittsburgh.* Their dialogue throughout the film is the colorful lingo of the coal fields. So when Wayne and Marlene Dietrich play a love scene—and he tells her they are alike—he says it as a coal miner would—"You know, baby, we're cut from the same chunk."

***Laugh Your Blues Away,* the title of a Columbia comedy, is taken literally by glamorous Jinx Falkenburg and Douglas Drake who are featured in it**

■ On the set of Judy Garland's new picture, *Presenting Lily Mars,* Judy, in an old-fashioned flannel nightgown with a lighted candle in her hand, is playing a sleep-walking scene from Shakespeare's *Macbeth* for a sequence in the film. Only she doesn't play it—she butchers it. As a stage-struck young girl, she's giving her all to impress a young theatrical producer, played by Van Heflin. Heflin covers his face in embarrassment at Judy's interpretation of the famous scene. As she ends the scene with a broad gesture, Director Norman Taurog comments: "That, without a doubt, Miss Garland, is the worst piece of acting I've seen in all my years in show business. It's exactly what we want. It's terrible." [*Continued on page* 41]

Claudette Colbert STARRING IN "THE PALM BEACH STORY"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Face Powder!

1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin

2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up

3...it clings perfectly—really stays on

Color...lovely color that flatters the beauty of your skin...is the secret of this face powder created in original color harmony shades by *Max Factor Hollywood.*

Whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette, or redhead, there is a Color Harmony shade to individualize your type and give your skin a more beautiful, more youthful look.

Superfine in texture, *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder imparts a soft, satin-smooth appearance, and it clings perfectly, too, so that for hours your make-up looks fresh and lovely...One dollar.

FOR VICTORY

BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

... FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

First step toward sparkle is a flattering touch of mascara to darken lashes

Eyebrow pencil is the stroke of genius that gives her eyes so much character and individuality

BEFORE—Margaret Hayes strikes a pensive pose. No bright and beguiling glances without the artistry of eye cosmetics!

Optical Illusion

By MARY BAILEY
Beauty Editor

■ You've heard of hitching your wagon to a star—who hasn't? But how about throwing a little stardust on your own account—with magic eye make-up?

Paramount's scintillating Margaret Hayes has lovely eyes, large, expressive, luminous. But she remarked recently, "Any girl who overlooks the possibilities of make-up for her eyes is deliberately shutting them to compliments and romance." Then, she promptly demonstrated.

Margaret sat at her efficient dressing table and completed a neat face-do—smooth film of powder, soft glow of rouge, smart blaze of lipstick. Then she stopped and asked: "What's missing?" And that is the picture you see here. A pretty girl without benefit of eye cosmetics is just another pretty girl!

The first step of Margaret's eye allure campaign was a creamy hint of shadow. She placed a dot on her upper lid, close to the lashes and soothed it vaguely upward.

Then, with a pencil held parallel to her skin, she strengthened the natural arch of her brows. Not with a harsh, unbroken line, but with short, light feathery strokes.

Finally, mascara; brushed deftly across her lash tips, then up from roots to tips for a graceful, flattering sweep.

Result:—sudden depth and intensity of color, a wide-eyed sparkling loveliness. In other words, the difference between a pretty girl and a real beauty. ■

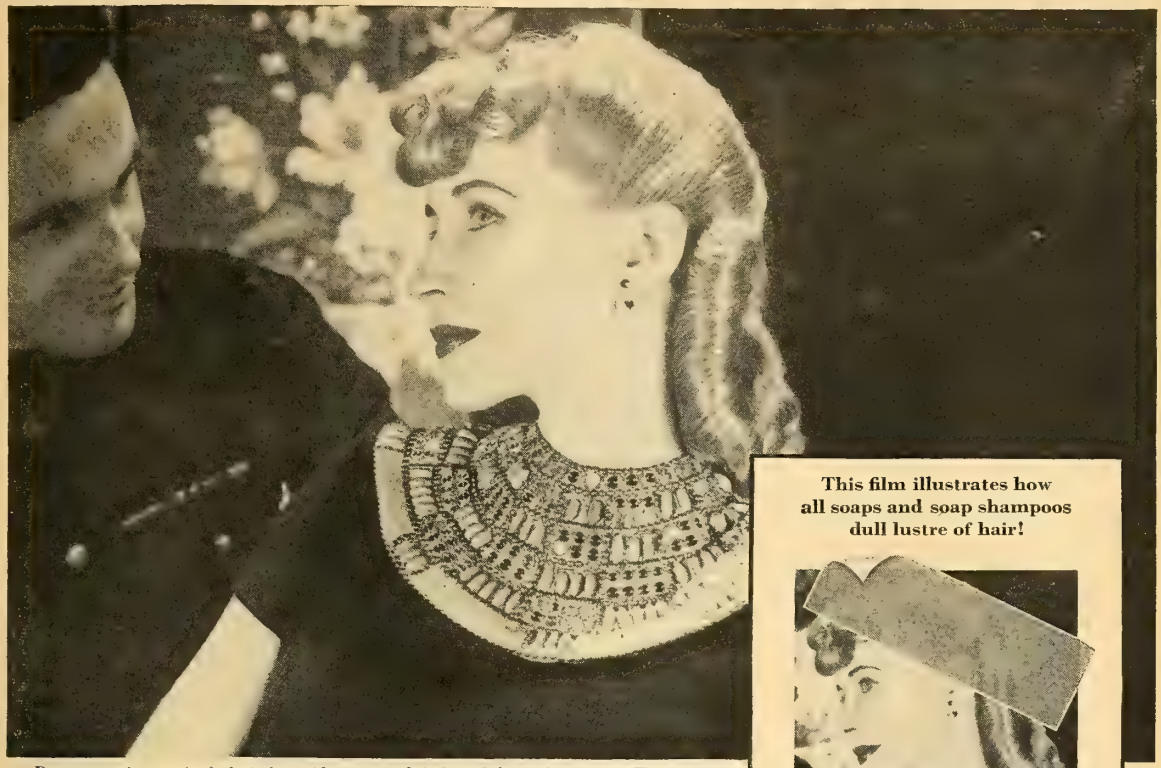
And this is the Margaret we see in Paramount's *The Glass Key!* Her natural beauty is brilliantly appealing with the aid of a few simple steps in eye allure

WINKING AT BEAUTY . . .

Our special leaflet describes procedure and application of complete make-up. Address your request to Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Make-up problems are answered too—so be sure to state your own particular ones.

First on your list of glamour aids!

SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR...EASIER TO ARRANGE!



Dress up and vary a simple, basic dress with smart new hair-dos and change of accessories! The gorgeous, beaded collar shown here ties at back. Makes an office dress look like a "date" dress. The lovely new hair-do is suitable for any evening occasion.

This film illustrates how all soaps and soap shampoos dull lustre of hair!

All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—always combine with the minerals in water, to form a sticky scum. (Bath-tub ring.) This scum leaves a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre—and clings stubbornly, no matter how thoroughly you rinse with clear water.

But Special Drene is different! It is made by an exclusive, patented process. Its action in water is different. Special Drene does *not* combine with minerals to form a scum—so it never leaves any dulling film on hair. Instead, Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

New Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added gives thrilling new beauty results! Leaves hair far more manageable, more alluring, too!

Every beauty expert knows that lovely hair, beautifully arranged, is any girl's first step to glamour! So don't put off trying our new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! Because Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it, to leave hair silkier, smoother, and far easier to arrange—right after shampooing! If you haven't tried Drene lately you'll be amazed at the difference!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene. For Special Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

Be sure to ask for this wonderful improved shampoo by name . . . Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or get a professional shampoo with Special Drene at your favorite beauty shop!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble

Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

He Kissed Her All Over The Map

ON ANOTHER FELLOW'S HONEYMOON!

Whirlwind romance that races headlong through the tumbling capitals of Europe! ...A truly great picture that catches the courage, the drama, and the flaming spirit of a blitz-torn world, in the most *exciting* story of this war!

HER Finest Since 'Kitty Foyle'... THEIR First Time Together... THE YEAR'S Greatest Love Affair!

Ginger and Cary ROGERS GRANT *are coming soon in "Once Upon A Honeymoon"*

Produced & Directed by Academy Award-Winner **LEO McCAREY** His Greatest Hit Yet!

With
WALTER SLEZAK · ALBERT DEKKER
ALBERT BASSERMAN
Screen Play by Sheridon Gibney

See it at **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**
Or At Leading Theatres

Greer Garson

Lovely Greer Garson cuts loose from her matronly roles and kicks up her heels as an entertainer at a music hall for a scene in M-G-M's *Random Harvest*, adapted from James Hilton's popular novel

The Picture Hollywood Dared to Make!

BY CONNIE CURTIS

It took Hollywood 20 years to get up enough courage to film *White Cargo*. In her role as *Tondeleyo*, a native tramp whose shenanigans stir up plenty of tropical trouble, Hedy Lamarr has her best role to date. Below, Hedy is shown with Walter Pidgeon, who has the role once played on the stage by Tracy and Gable

With one picture, Hollywood is proving that it can do two things they said couldn't be done.

No. 1—they have made Hedy Lamarr look more beautiful and seductive than she ever has looked; and there was a universal opinion that it was impossible to gild the Lamarr.

No. 2—they have just filmed and had passed by the Hays office a play that, in its twenty years on the stage, has been raided more often and landed more of its leading ladies in jail on charges of a too-hot performance than any other theatrical production.

No one ever thought Hollywood would dare film *White Cargo*. It's a torrid tale of passion running rampant in the tropics of Africa. Its heroine is *Tondeleyo*, a scantily-clad native siren, who stirs up all kinds of trouble for the small group of lonesome white men who are working on an isolated rubber plantation. The tropics have made them susceptible to *Tondeleyo's* shameless goings-on. All but *Witzel* (Walter Pidgeon), the hard-boiled overseer, the one man who can withstand both jungle fever and the wiles of the African "oomph" girl. But newcomer *Langford* (Richard Carlson) can't resist her come-hither eye. *Tondeleyo* goes on the make for him in some of the hottest love scenes ever to sizzle on celluloid, and he falls for her charms in spite of *Witzel's* warning. He even marries her, and her first wifely act is to poison him. *Witzel* catches on to *Tondeleyo's* tricks and forces her to take some of the stuff herself. She eludes his grasp and runs away. That's finis for the screen's most flaming five-letter female.

For twenty years *White Cargo* has been playing all over the world. It ran six straight years in New York and twenty-three separate companies toured the United States. Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable, at various times in their younger days, took a fling at *Witzel* in the road shows. Brian Aherne was once *Langford* and the *Tondeleyos* are legion. Road companies stressed the sex angle and police departments did a landoffice business hauling half-clad *Tondeleyos* into court. But all this sensationalism promoted the box office receipts and the cash returns were enormous.

The movie makers eyed this fabulous play greedily, but couldn't figure how a black girl could marry a white man and get by the censors. M-G-M wanted to make use of Hedy Lamarr's high voltage, and *Tondeleyo* was the role that could do it. But before the studio attempted to film it, they had to foil the censors. This they did neatly by making *Tondeleyo* half Arab and half Egyptian, instead of all African.

Although Hedy's costume is modest compared to the strip tease designs that were seen in the stage productions, it still is something that outsarongs Lamour. She scampers through the picture wreaking havoc on the helpless males, wearing only brown paint, some brass bracelets, a skimpy brassiere that's pasted to the body, and what passes laughingly in South Africa as a skirt. It took Hedy five minutes to get into her wisp of a costume—"lurong" she called it—but two hours to put on the body make-up which transformed her into a dusky jungle belle.

That body make-up was quite a production. It took make-up man Jack Dawn one month to develop it. Hedy wore five successive layers of a fluid foundation. Each layer was put on separately with a sponge and had to dry thoroughly before the next one was applied. When her entire figure was covered for the fifth time, she was sprayed with a mistlike gold dust to give her the oiliness that dark skins have.

Once Walter Pidgeon noticed the make-up man stop Hedy to spray additional gold dust over her. "Never thought I'd live to see it," he muttered, "but the lily really gets gilded."

It was a fine bit of irony that Hollywood's top glamour girl was surrounded by six disreputable-looking men during production. Walter Pidgeon, Richard Carlson, Frank Morgan, Bramwell Fletcher, Henry O'Neill and Reginald Owen never appear in anything but dirty white linen. Ties were unknown on the set, their faces were grease-stained, eyes made up to look bloodshot, their hair was matted, fingernails broken to the quick, and for the duration of the film no one shaved. Pidgeon and his wife made a pact to stay out of each other's way until the end of the picture; but Hedy not only had to face this gruesome crew every day, but she had to pretend she was in love with every one of them.

Hedy wouldn't allow any visitors on the set the first ten days. Usually amiable about having spectators around, this started the rumor that she was moody about her broken engagement to George Montgomery and wanted to be left alone. Somehow the tale got to her and she laughed. "That isn't the reason at all. I feel a little self-conscious wearing so little and I want time to get used to it. Besides, I'm afraid my costume might fall down on me."

But it was Pidgeon, and not Hedy, who suffered the first casualty of her scanty "lurong." Hedy sat in a chair, bare legs curled under her, reading her script. When she got up, Walter plunked into it. Came time for him to do a scene, he rose, walked out before the cameras and the set broke into guffaws. Neatly planted on the rear of his trousers were the heavy, dark, greasepaint spots left by Hedy's legs. From then on her chair was marked: "Private! Keep Off!"

That costume and make-up confined Hedy's activities. She couldn't go to the commissary to eat because she would have disrupted the place, and she couldn't throw a coat over her because it would have smudged the paint. So she stayed on the set until it was time to go home. To make things pleasanter for her she was given a new dressing room—but even that was short lived. The decorator did it over in light blue and white. Hedy was delighted with it and started to sit down on the tufted divan. Suddenly she jumped up, remembering in time that her dusky make-up would ruin everything. To play safe she banned herself from her own dressing room!

Richard Carlson gets the biggest chance of his career as the white rubber planter who can't resist *Tondeleyo*. "They'll have to notice me now," he grinned. In one scene he watches Hedy as she does a bit of African jive to a wheezy phonograph recording of "Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider." Every time the phonograph broke down—as it often did—Hedy did a bump. The layout was very tropical, with bamboo screens, lazy moving fans and heat-drugged flies. Dick's lines called for him to resist Hedy and shoo her away.

"Go away . . ." he started. "Get out of here . . ."

Director Richard Thorpe interrupted him. "Put more feeling into those words. You don't sound as if you mean them."

Carlson turned red and said, "Now seriously, do you suppose I do?"

When Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable learned that *White Cargo* was being filmed, they decided to visit the set and see how it had changed since they last played *Witzel* in stock. No sooner had Walter Pidgeon gotten into one of his virile, he-man scenes, than Tracy and Gable began a loud off-stage commentary on his acting.

"Now when I played *Witzel* in Chicago . . ." began Tracy.

"And when I did him in Boston . . ." added Gable.

Pidgeon was writhing. After a little more ribbing he said, "Okay, fellows, I'm bad, but I'm doing *Witzel* in Hollywood and I have Hedy Lamarr for *Tondeleyo*. Try to top that." ■

Some of the most romantic scenes on record take place between Hedy and Richard Carlson, who can't resist her come-hither eye. It's also Dick's biggest chance to date—and he makes good

Dateless Cinderella

By GLORIA BRENT

■ At this very moment there are thousands of girls who wish they were in the boots of Joan Leslie. How wonderful to be a star at seventeen! Just think of the boy friends, the good times, the rush, the glamour, the whoopdedo!

By all the laws of nature and Hollywood, that's the way it should be. Young, new faces in the movie village cut a giddy swathe. At seventeen, Lana Turner was whooping it up high, wide and handsome; Judy Garland got around to some of the gayest places, and even little Jane Withers stepped into an evening gown as soon as she outgrew her socks.

But not Joan Leslie. Joan may be a Cinderella in her sudden leap to fame and stardom, but she's a dateless one. Saturday nights you'll find this glamour girl having a wild time chewing a chocolate bar at a local movie house with her parents. Other nights she goes to bed at the ripsnortin' hour of ten. She went out with boys only twice this past year, and those two dates were about as exciting as a bowl of cereal and milk. The brother of a girl friend took her to a school dance; and Harry Lewis, a young actor at Warners, took her to the annual studio party, properly chaperoned by Joan's dramatic teacher. There you have the full extent of her social life.

If you're wondering how come a girl as young and lovely as Joan Leslie doesn't go out, you're not the only one. Hollywood can't make her out either, and the long line of boys who have been turned down by Joan are nonplussed. But to Joan her dateless state is neither mysterious nor crazy.

"I'm not interested in going out with boys yet. Now that may sound strange, because I know it's normal for girls my age to want to have boy friends. But my situation is a little different from that of the average seventeen-year-old. I'm just getting started on a career that is very exciting and takes most of my time and interest. It means a great deal to me to make good, and I feel that I would rather be doing something connected with my work than going out.

"Look," she said earnestly, "I've been in one picture after another this past year and I've been working hard. For *Yankee Doodle Dandy* I had to sing and dance besides act, and that took many hours of long, tedious rehearsals. That's just one picture. In the others, I put in a long, hard day, and when I come home I'm tired. The next day there is more work before the cameras. I want to compose myself, go to bed early so that I will feel fresh the next morning. I have been playing opposite some of the finest actors on the screen and that means I must work particularly hard so that my performance doesn't look unfinished in contrast to theirs. That is why relaxation and study are more important to me than dates.

"Not that I want any sympathy. I love to work in the studios all day and come home and practice some more. That's the point. I would rather do that than go through the strain of going out on dates, worrying about my appearance, trying to make conversation and wondering what impression I'm making on the boy.

"This doesn't mean that I'm a hermit," Joan continued. "The other day someone told me that if I didn't go out when I was young, I would deprive myself of the experience of knowing people and understanding human nature, that some day I'd want to get married and wouldn't recognize the right man when he came along if I secluded myself. How wrong she was; for I am with people all the time in my work—the most interesting people any young girl can meet. I've learned so much from Jimmy Cagney, Gary Cooper, Ida Lupino and others with whom I've worked and come to know, that when I do start going out I won't be a wide-eyed little Alice in Wonderland who has escaped contact with the world.

"Most seventeen-year-old girls want to be popular, but that desire usually develops when she is part of a clique in school. I don't go to a regular high school—there's a private teacher on the set for me—so I'm a stranger to school rushes and dances that make a girl my age date-conscious.

"It's just as well for me that I don't care about going out, because with whom would I go out? I haven't worked in a picture with players my own age. The men with whom I've worked, like Mr. Cagney, Humphrey Bogart and Dennis Morgan are usually married and are way out of my age class. As for the non-professional boys—they don't have much of a picnic taking out an actress. A boy would rather be with a girl with whom he can be natural than with someone he thinks he has to impress.

"Besides, it puts the girl on the spot too. If you overdress, you've gone Hollywood. If you dress too simply, then you're not doing so well. If you're exuberant at a party, then you're showing off; and if you stay quietly in a corner, you're pulling a Garbo.

"A few months ago I went to the Warner Brothers' annual party with Harry Lewis, an actor on the lot. It was a very nice affair and I did have a good time, but it wasn't such a thrilling experience, after all.

"I have good times at home, so I really don't have to look for outside diversions. My sisters, Betty and Mary, and I are very close and we have fun when we're together. Neither one of them went out before she was eighteen or nineteen, and they say they've had their fill of good times and never lacked beaux when they wanted them. I'm not a man-hater by any means! But I am having my share of fun and excitement without going out with boys. Most girls go out to have a good time. I have a good time without dates, so why change?" ■

Seventeen, lovely to look at and dateless is Joan Leslie. This Cinderella girl is too busy with her career and studies for the boys. Below: when she steps out it's usually with Mother. She's in Warners' *The Hard Way*

HOLLYWOOD

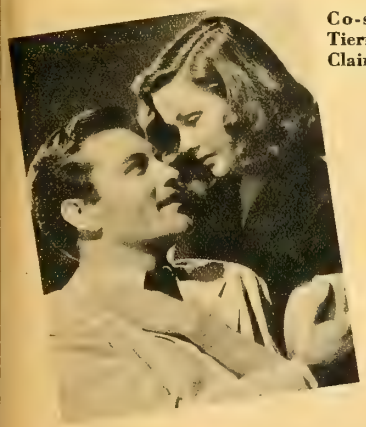
Popping Questions at George Montgomery

George doesn't like dish-washing. Has no objection to working in his Victory garden though

George thinks Rita Hayworth has more sex appeal than any other actress on the screen

This month it's good-looking George Montgomery who pops the answers back at HOLLYWOOD'S quiz reporter

By HELEN HOVER



Co-stars with Gene Tierney in *China Girl*. Claims it's his best so far

Q. What early experience has most affected your philosophy?

A. I come from a place where people had money but didn't spend it as ostentatiously and as fast as they do in Hollywood. I've learned from my early experience in Montana not to be a spendthrift either with money or with time.

Q. Who are the five most beautiful women you've ever met?

A. Ingrid Bergman, Hedy Lamarr, Linda Darnell, Kay Williams, Rita Hayworth and a girl I knew in Great Falls, Montana, named Helen Ellis. Sorry I had to make it six, but not one of them could be left out of the "most beautiful" class.

Q. What is your reaction to all the romance rumors built around you?

A. The same as any other sane human being: annoyance. But you become immune to them after awhile. I'd hate to think I was as fickle as they make me look, or that the public believed all that hooey.

Q. What is your greatest economy?

A. Servicing my own car, doing my own gardening, raising all the vegetables for my family even before the Victory Garden days. I enjoy it.

Q. And your greatest extravagance?

A. Sending flowers to girls.

Q. Were you ever involved in a publicity romance?

A. No, but the papers sure make 'em sound like it. Just because I've liked a couple of girls who are big stars, there have been all kinds of versions of the supposed "publicity romances." I got tired of it and went out with a girl who wasn't in pictures, so what happens? Metro has just signed Kay Williams to a 7-year contract! She deserves it, but just let me catch anyone calling it a romance designed for publicity purposes!

Q. About what are you most careless?

A. Dress. I dress for comfort, which means I'm always in blue jeans.

Q. What type of clothes do you like best on a woman?

A. Evening clothes. Women look so feminine in long, trailing frocks. Next best, I like 'em in bathing suits. Need I say more?

Q. What bad habit have you which annoys your friends?

A. Not showing up at parties.

Q. Which fault are you trying to correct?

A. Being too early for appointments. I have a horror of keeping people waiting.

Q. What famous person would you like to meet?

A. I'd like to have met the late Floyd Gibbons. I think he was a great adventurer and a great reporter.

Q. Would you like to settle down, marry and have a family?

A. Definitely I want to marry and have kids. After all, I'm the youngest of 15 children, 13 of whom are alive, and I'm used to a crowd at home.

Q. On what occasions have you been a bum sport?

A. It all depends on what you consider a bum sport. Sometimes when you don't drink—and I don't—you're considered a bum sport.

Q. What qualities do you like best in a woman?

A. Femininity, sincerity and naturalness.

Q. What qualities do you dislike in a woman?

A. Selfishness and cattiness.

Q. With what actor and what actress would you most like to work?

A. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman.

[*Continued on page* 38]

Lady Bountiful

By DRAKE HUNT

■ Don't let the maps fool you—Paris isn't in France anymore. It's just ten minutes' drive from Hollywood's Brown Derby. Paris is a French peasant house and an old swimming hole, perched on an acre-sized sunny ledge high above Hollywood. And there lives a kind and beautiful Lady Bountiful named Michele Morgan.

Does this sound like a fairy tale to you? Well, it did to hundreds of desperate French refugees, but they found the dreamlike French provincial farm as real as its lovely mistress. The legend began many months ago, and it goes like this:

One Sunday morning last November, Mademoiselle Michele sat in a pink wool bathrobe eating a typical French breakfast of hot chocolate and rolls. She was tired after six days' work in *Joan of Paris*, and as she sat in her bright kitchen with its shining copper pots and gay pottery figurines, she drank her chocolate and read the American comic strips lazily. She was absorbed in *Blondie* when the doorbell rang and she hurried to answer it.

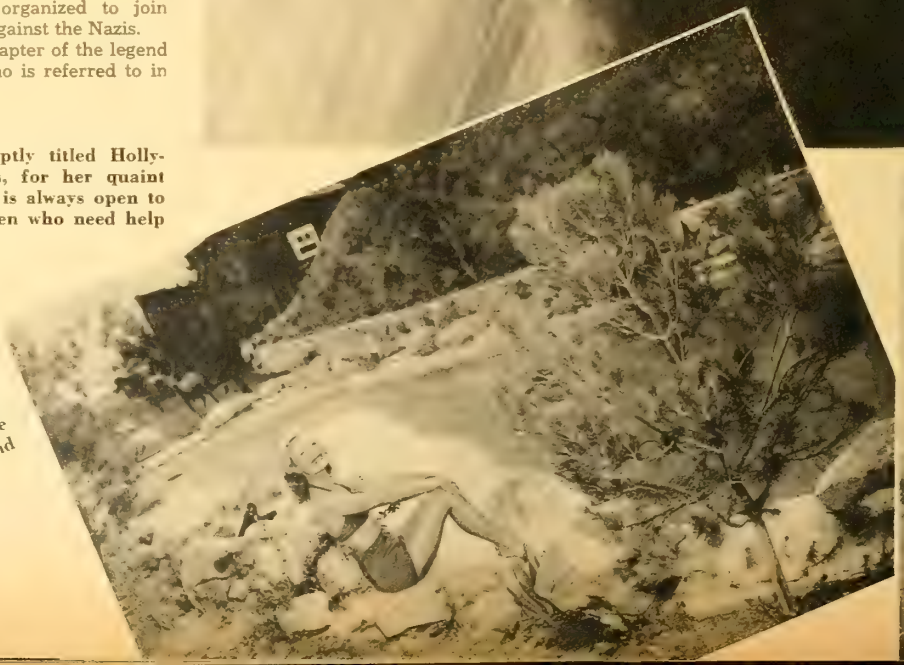
On the front porch stood a strange, haggard young boy. At sight of Michele he began talking in rapid French—wildly, as if afraid she'd bolt the door in his face. He explained that he had escaped from Nazi-held France, sailing across the channel in a small boat after killing two German officers, and that he was in Hollywood without a single friend, and with money enough to last him only three more days. He looked at her desperately. "I've written a story about my escape, hoping to sell it to some studio," he said. "I wondered if you . . ."

Michele asked him in. "I shall try to sell it for you," said she, "and meanwhile may I sell you some breakfast?"

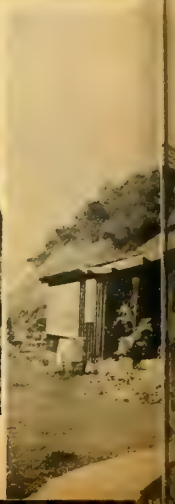
She fed him hot chocolate and rolls that morning, and immediately began calling her friends at studios about his story. While it was being read, he ate endless meals at her home. Then overnight he found himself a Hollywood author working on the story of his escape. You'll see it in due time. It will be the story of a French kid-army, organized to join De Gaulle in the war against the Nazis.

That was the first chapter of the legend of Michele Morgan who is referred to in

Michele Morgan is aptly titled Hollywood's Paris Princess, for her quaint French peasant home is always open to her refugee countrymen who need help



A step from her door is Michele's swimming pool designed like a forest lake even to the bronze deer in background



moviedom as the "Paris Princess of Hollywood." Since then Princess Michele has helped hundreds of other homeless refugees. Somehow they all manage to find her remote hillside home—and once they've found it, they become a part of it. To all of them it is home . . . it is France.

Maybe it's because of the hay wagon left carelessly, as if by a farmer, right beside the front gateway. Or maybe it's the elegant black French baby carriage on the low front porch, filled to bursting with green ferns. Or maybe it's the unbelievably charming one-story house itself, whose gay and ginghamy living room has one wall of natural mountain rock—and a hay loft stretching half way across the ceiling. Green vines reach down from it instead of hay, but there's a ladder leading to it just as there would be in any French peasant hut. Or maybe it's the enchanting little swimming pool, edged with great rocks so that it looks exactly like a forest lake. Or perhaps it's the realistic-looking brown deer that stands in the foliage near the pool. Or maybe it's twenty-two-year-old Michele herself, with her fascinating green eyes and her quick graciousness.

At any rate, they all come streaming up to the quiet ledge in search of Paris and Michele—writers, actors, businessmen, every kind of Frenchman in trouble. And they all have one thing in common, these refugees—all of them want constructive help in finding little jobs, so that they can learn American ways from the bottom. Like the middle-aged woman who had been a famous designer, and who, thanks to Michele, is now a seamstress in an American dress firm. And the young accountant who appeared at dinner time one night, told Michele his story, and found himself employed in a Hollywood studio the next day.

But when it came to one thing, Michele turned her back on France. That one thing was marriage. She has snatched the biggest, blondest and handsomest American in Hollywood, by name of Bill Marshall. Mr. Marshall, far from being a French refugee, speaks nothing but American slang and hails from Chicago. All of which entranced Miss Morgan when they met.

They almost didn't meet, for that matter. Michele glimpsed him and gazed thoughtfully after him the first day she arrived on the R-K-O lot, fresh from a lonely, frightened flight of 8,000 miles from Paris to Hollywood. She continued watching him from afar for months, with no chance for an introduction. Meanwhile, he failed to notice (apparently) that she was always underfoot—walking near him, eating near him in the commissary. Once she saw him in a public phone booth and rushed there, hoping for a chance meeting. But no. He came coolly out the door, nodded politely, and was soon a speck on the R-K-O horizon again. When they were finally introduced on the set of *Joan of Paris*, she had about lost hope. She never guessed that their meeting had been carefuly arranged by him. (He'd been just as eager as she, but a bit shyer.)

From the moment they met it was roses every day and orchids every night. Bill didn't realize that she treasured them until they fell apart from age. She pinned the wilted orchids to the roof of her car, the curtains of her boudoir and the backs of her easy chairs. Finally her women friends were praying aloud that he'd propose—to ease the strain on their ears.

It took Del Monte and desperation to bring this end about. Michele went off alone to the beautiful resort hotel to rest and relax. She had barely registered before the unpredictable Bill appeared too. "Just stopping off," he explained nonchalantly, "on my way to San Francisco." But any such decision was changed that evening, while he and Michele were dancing in the hotel ballroom. They waltzed past an elderly couple sitting at a table; and as they did, the woman's voice came distinctly to their ears. "What a handsome couple!" she told her white-haired husband. "They belong together."

There was a small pause, and then Bill looked into Michele's green eyes and said, "I think we do, too. Do you?"

You know Michele's answer. A short while later they were quietly married.

He's taking up French and the tango to please her, and she's uneasily learning shooting and tennis—to satisfy him. Some day they'll have a villa on the Riviera and a ranch in New Mexico. And Michele plans on seeing America with Bill. But meanwhile, due to the war, the Yankee-French pair will have to postpone traveling. And Michele must first finish *100 Girls and a Man* at Universal.

She must also move from the Paris she's created on that ledge over Hollywood. "My French home is too feminine for a man," she says, "and also it is mine. We must live in ours." So it will be a small English cottage from now on.

But English cottage or French hut, Michele's home will still be a haven to all her wandering countrymen. Because the little French actress will always give welcome and help to those who need it—and being Mrs. Bill Marshall won't change her title, "Paris Princess of Hollywood" one bit. ■

She is shown with her actor-husband, Bill Marshall. Michele was mad about him even before they were introduced. They were quietly married recently

Michele and her dog await guests on the porch of her unusual provincial farmhouse. The lovely French star is in Universal's *100 Girls and a Man*

Michele lounges in the bedroom of her hilltop home, overlooking the enchanted woodland garden. Her room is utterly French, feminine and charming

Why Ginger Is Hollywood's Loneliest Star

Ginger Rogers' broken romances have left her a lonely girl. Top right: her marriage to Lew Ayres failed. Center: George Montgomery swore devotion, then switched to Hedy Lamarr. Right: Ginger and Jean Gabin were a twosome until he went back to Dietrich. Ginger's in *Once Upon a Honeymoon*

By GEORGE OWENS

If you were young, wealthy, famous and beautiful, and, in addition, dressed exquisitely, danced like an angel, and enjoyed tennis, horseback riding and fishing, you'd imagine that no man who fell in love with you, would ever want to leave you.

Ginger Rogers is and does all that. And yet she has not been successful in holding the men who loved her. Hollywood is beginning to wonder why she always loses out in the love game. Why do her romances end so unhappily?

Ginger's two marriages flopped. The first was a youthful, impetuous union which was doomed to failure. When Ginger fell in love with handsome Jack Pepper, the vaudeville actor, she was only seventeen—too young to know her own mind and heart. The romance was cataclysmic while it lasted, but love's young dream faded fast. Ginger was too young and turbulent to face the responsibilities of marriage at that age.

But when she married Lew Ayres, she really believed it would last forever. There were stars in Ginger's eyes and a prayer in her heart the day they were wed. She thought that the mistakes of her first marriage would teach her how to handle the problems of her second.

Yet Ginger didn't succeed in holding Lew Ayres.

Lew is a strange, moody and philosophical person. Ginger at that time was a gay, warm girl. She loved people and they loved her.

When their marriage failed, Hollywood blamed it on career trouble. Ginger's career began to boom, while Lew's remained at a standstill. Hollywood implied the marriage failed because Lew couldn't take it. But that was only the shadow of the truth. The real reason was that while they loved each other, they couldn't live together in peace and happiness.

It would have taken a woman of great tact and understanding to get along with Lew . . . a woman whose career didn't matter in comparison with the man she loved. But Ginger, exhausted from her work at the studio, couldn't cope with his moods. She wasn't self-effacing enough to succeed in holding him.

When they parted, Hollywood waited for the divorce suit. But nothing happened.

Ginger retired to her hilltop mansion, away from everyone. She pretended gaiety and went out with Jimmy Stewart, David Niven and Robert Riskin. But Ginger wasn't in love with any of them. Her heart still cried out the name of Lew Ayres.

Secretly, she began meeting Lew again . . . quietly in out-of-the-way restaurants. Ginger knew she would have to kill the love he kindled in her heart. If they went back together again, she knew the same thing would happen.

It was almost four years after they separated before Ginger fell in love again. She had met Howard Hughes, who is one of Hollywood's greatest heartbreakers. He has, at one time or another, captured the heart of almost every glamour girl in Hollywood. But few of them ever fell harder than Ginger.

Hughes became a constant caller at Ginger's home. A new light of happiness began to shine in her eyes. She didn't talk about their romance, but her joy was as visible as a rainbow. It wasn't until after she sued for divorce that Hollywood learned that Howard Hughes had captured her heart.

Ginger appeared at the studio one day wearing a giant emerald surrounded by huge baguette diamonds. It was the symbol of Howard's devotion. Hollywood waited breathlessly for the announcement of their marriage plans. No other Hollywood actress had been able to lead him to the altar. But Ginger was different, Hollywood thought. She shared all his interests from dancing to flying.

However, something went wrong. The romance was broken, and Ginger went into seclusion. Her interest in her career grew lukewarm. She had always rehearsed for hours even when directors hadn't asked her to, but now she showed up late for work, her eyes smudged with weariness from lack of sleep. Yes, Ginger was carrying a torch.

Though her heart was not in it, she began going out again with other men.

At about this time George Montgomery came into her life. He swore he was madly in love with her. [*Continued on page 32*]

Daddy Long Legs

By DOROTHY HAAS

"Being tall, dark and handsome" is gratifying to many a movie star, but not to Fred MacMurray.

Fred admits quite frankly that being six feet three and one half inches tall has its drawbacks. Such height requires a very tough skull, indeed.

But that's not all. Beds and sleeper berths are too short; tables, chairs and doorways are too low; automobile seats are uncomfortable; bicycles not high enough.

Fred MacMurray modestly says that he and Gary Cooper are the same height, but the wardrobe department at R-K-O claims that Fred has a slight edge on Gary, who looks taller because he's lanky. That means Fred is the tallest star in pictures.

"Even when I was a kid I had trouble because I was tall," recalls Fred. "Going to the movies, on trains and trolleys, people stopped me, wouldn't believe I was under twelve years and wanted full price admissions or fares. If my mother was along, she could convince them, but alone, I never won. After all, who would believe a kid nearly six feet tall was only eleven?

"Later, when I was playing vaudeville and trouping with the band, I always had to take an upper berth, because it's an inch longer than the lower. But getting in and out without a good bump on the head was a rare achievement.

"After I got in pictures and saved some money, the first thing I bought was a custom-built bed, *eight feet long!* That was real luxury." Fred beamed as he added, "I still have it. It's the only comfortable bed I've ever slept in."

Clothes are a problem, too. Fred can't walk into a store and buy a ready-made suit or pair of slacks; they're always too short. They must be made to order. Nor can he ever wear clothes from studio wardrobes, as R-K-O learned with regret recently during the filming of *Stand By To Die.*

Fred and Rosalind Russell were sitting on a strip of sand, representing Virginia Beach, carefully constructed on a sound stage. Waves, created by men just out of camera range, were to roll up and reach just to the stars' feet.

Unfortunately, the trick-effects men miscalculated. A wave rolled up, but didn't stop. It completely soaked Fred. This wouldn't have been too disastrous if he could have stepped into another suit, but none in the wardrobe would fit. He needed one of his own to encase those long legs, and it was too late in the day for him to make the round trip to his home. Shooting was called off for the day!

Fred MacMurray's height is constantly causing the star undue trouble. Above photo is typical of his wardrobe problems

During the same picture, Fred, playing an aviator, was doing scenes in a small covered-cockpit plane, but kept bumping his head so hard on the hood that the effect was ludicrous. The problem was solved by getting an open-cockpit job so that Fred's head would meet nothing but wind and possibly a few stars. Fortunately the sequence was set in 1932 when open planes were common.

Fred isn't very fond of dancing. Perhaps it's a subconscious reaction to his first movie, in which he had a dancing scene with petite Mary Carlisle.

"I felt the camera made me look like the Eiffel Tower going around that floor," Fred recalls. "I was so embarrassed, it was the worst scene I've ever done."

After Pearl Harbor, Fred decided he would save auto tires and ride a bicycle, but in all of Los Angeles one could not be found to accommodate his long legs. Eventually he ordered one specially built and extra high.

The subject of transportation reminded Fred of another problem in the shooting of *Stand By To Die.* He and Rosalind Russell were doing a scene in a taxi. Fred's legs were just too, too conspicuous, although he turned them this way, then that. In desperation, Director Lothar Mendes had the prop man cut a hole in the floor for Fred's feet!

"That wasn't really so bad," admits Fred. "In a picture a few years ago, I was even too tall for a horse! One scene called for me to saddle the nag and stow some duffle in the saddle bag. I towered so high over the horse that the effect was silly. Finally a hole was dug in the ground for me to stand in while I went through the action."

Fred's bumps on the head have been many and varied. The most embarrassing occurred recently when, helping his wife prepare for a party at their home, he moved a table out from under an antique student lamp which was inverted and hanging from the ceiling.

"Then I walked right into the lamp and broke both globes. My head was of small consideration. Lily can't replace those old glass shades!" he confesses sheepishly.

Another bump was more serious. During the filming of Paramount's forthcoming *No Time for Love,* Fred played a sandhog, working in a New York tunnel. In one scene Claudette Colbert, portraying a woman photographer, is in a compression

[*Continued on page* 33]

Even bicycling presents complications for Fred. He is forced to use a specially-built vehicle. He's in R-K-O's *Stand By To Die*

"I've Got My Fingers Crossed" —Diana Lewis

BY HELEN WELLER

Diana Lewis hopes that the leading role she has in Metro's *Whistling In Dixie* will break the long-time jinx that's been hovering over her. Until then, she's got her fingers crossed

Of all the starlets in Hollywood, you would think that the one to whom success would be served on a silver platter would be Diana Lewis. Married to Bill Powell, enjoying a social position where she swaps olives at the same dinner table with the most important picture people in town, and being extremely pretty besides, it should be duck soup for Diana to get a picture break.

If that's the tune running through your mind, you'd better change it. For Diana won her first good role in *Whistling in Dixie* with Red Skelton—by blood, sweat and tears—her own. Diana has tried to get a break in pictures since she was fifteen, but she has had so many false starts, that a less ambitious soul would have ditched the project.

"Now I've got my fingers crossed," she grinned. "But if I hit the bumps again. I'll do what I've done before—brush myself off and start all over again."

Diana's first contact with Hollywood came when she visited her sister Maxine, who was singing there. Fifteen-year-old Diana made a beeline for the studios, but no one would hire her. Tiny and baby-faced, she looked like a mite of thirteen. It was only after she landed a job as a chorus girl and outmugged all the other girls, that a Paramount talent scout gave her the go-ahead.

"I thought it was my big chance," she said. "I was patted on the head and sent to the studio dramatic school with two other promising newcomers, Ray Milland and Ann Sheridan. After making several pictures, I was going along fine—when suddenly I stopped. Just like that. I never was told what happened, but there I was —out.

"After I got over my hurt feelings, I joined several little theater groups and knocked myself silly in them, doing everything from adolescents to old hags. Bill Grady, M-G-M scout, sent for me, and I was sure this would be my chance. But when I went to his office he was swatting flies. For half an hour he swatted flies, then looked up and said, 'I saw the show. Thanks for coming in. Goodbye.' He went back to swatting flies. I was chagrined, but not discouraged.

"I joined up as singer with a band," Diana continued, "and when we got to Texas (wouldn't you know it?), I received a wire from Warners to report at the studio. I had been there three years ago, and someone suddenly thought of me. So I made quick tracks back to Hollywood.

"My big opportunity at last! I signed a contract, even did the lead in one of their 'B' pictures, and was so excited I used to report an hour before the gateman opened the doors! I went through the works—diction, dramatics, bathing suit art and so on, which meant the studio was giving me a build-up. I couldn't have been happier. Then one day, an assistant director came up to me on the set and said, 'Your option wasn't taken up. As of tonight you're through!' Plunk—I came down to earth again.

"When I picked myself up, I learned that Milton Bren was about to produce *Housekeeper's Daughter* and wanted me for the lead. In the book, the daughter is a fifteen-year-old love-crazy scatterbrain. I tested, Bren was sold and said the part was mine. It was just the role I dreamed of. I was walking on air. Two days before the picture was to start, old lady jinx caught up with me. Milton Bren left the studio! He was my chief booster and without him I was left high and dry. The other producer wanted a big name and the part went to Joan Bennett."

Diana sighed. "Let's draw the curtain over my feelings then. I was groggy from all those knockout blows, but still punching. This time it was producer Edward Small who thought I was a find. He signed me to a long term contract and talked about putting me into *My Son, My Son.* I was even fitted to the costumes. This time nothing short of an act of God could stymie my chance. But, by heck, the act of God happened! A week before I was to report for work, the studio phoned me. 'England is now at war with Germany, so your contract is cancelled,' I was told.

"There is a war clause in every contract, and it was my luck that war had to break out just then! My contract broken, there were no ties to hold the studio to their promises, and when the picture was made Laraine Day got the part.

"That was the end. I was never going to face a camera. In the midst of this brooding, a call came from Bill Grady again. He had seen one of my tests and was interested. This time I got a contract. Hallelujah!

"Did I play opposite Taylor? Did I push Crawford off the map? Of course not. I spent the first month posing in bathing suits. Then I met and married Bill Powell. Some people thought that my marriage to a prominent star would clinch my chances, but that was far from true. Bill has never used his influence to help me get a role, and I have never asked him to. When we married we had an understanding that I would handle my own career and do my own battling. And as for the Hollywood producers I have met as Mrs. Powell, that means nothing. If I ask them about a certain role they stop me with: 'Honey, you don't want to work, do you?' Because they know me socially, they don't take me seriously.

"After my marriage," Diana related, "I was given a part [*Continued on page* 33]

She's Engaged!

HOPE BULKELEY of New York—another beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be—is engaged to Arthur Clarke Sutherland of Canada. *Hope's Ring* (below) is set in platinum, a smaller diamond each side of the blue-white solitaire.

HE IS GOING TO SEA—SHE IS MAKING THE SEAS SAFER—Her deft fingers turn out miraculously sensitive aircraft instruments. Hope studied for a stage career—"But, I wanted to do something *specific* in this war," she said, "so I went to the U. S. Employment Service, and the next day started work. I'm thrilled by my job, and every little glass tube I handle, I think, '*this* one may help Arthur.'"

She's Lovely! She uses Ponds!

HOPE IS TYPICAL of so many plucky, darling girls today who have given up all personal ambition so as to become "production soldiers" behind their fighting men.

"We like to feel we *look* feminine, even if we are doing a man-size job," she says, "so we tuck flowers and ribbons in our hair and try to keep our faces pretty as you please.

"My stage work taught me how awfully important a good cleansing cream is if you want a really lovely complexion. I use and *love* Pond's Cold Cream because it's such a splendid cleanser and softener. It's a grand value, too. A great *big* jar of Pond's *costs you less* than a *small jar* of many creams."

Every night Hope smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats in. Then tissues off well. This is to soften and remove dirt and make-up. Then, she "rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues off again—and "my skin feels angelic—so *clean* and so *smooth*," she says.

Do this yourself—at night, for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Victor du Pont, III, use Pond's, why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

HOPE AND ARTHUR greet two R. A. F. friends at the Waldorf, before Arthur enlisted. With her adorable smile and flower-fresh look, it's no wonder the boys can't see anyone else.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!

My Most Embarrassing

Each month our roving Studio Reporter, Eleanor Harris, will bring you delightful unpublished episodes from the private lives of the Hollywood Stars. Don't miss this fascinating new series.

Cary Grant

Appearing in *Once Upon a Honeymoon*

■ Pinning me down to my *most* embarrassing moment means picking the worst from a lifetime of butches and blushes. I seem to have strolled down life's highway in a continual coma of absent-mindedness. At my marriage to Barbara Hutton, I heard guests whispering, "But his cuff-links! Where are they?" They were safely at home in my bureau, of course! Whenever I invite people out to dinner, the guests find themselves fishing for greenbacks when the check comes around—because my wallet is inevitably snuggled back home with those cuff-links, much to my confusion. (The next day I have to wire the money to my proxy host!)

However, my most embarrassing moment happened on a boat crossing to Europe a couple of years ago. It was a crossing fraught with frigid dowagers. As I got dressed for the costume ball the last night out, I couldn't help congratulating myself on my good behavior. Meanwhile I completed my dressing—I was going as an absent-minded professor who'd forgotten his shirt.

Well, I entered the ball, started toward my elderly dowager friends—and they all began screaming and fainting! As the waiters hurried me out I discovered I hadn't just forgotten my shirt—I'd forgotten my pants as well. There I was, out in public, clad only in my bright purple shorts! I was out of circulation on the boat from then on, I might add. My popularity with the dowagers was zero.

Bonita Granville

Appearing in *The Glass Key*

■ Like many another woman, my most embarrassing moment has to do with Attempts to Hide Age. (Or, in this particular case, Youth.) I have long desired to convince Hollywood and America that I have outgrown my childhood acting roles, and a few months ago at the preview of my picture *Syncopation*, I decided that the great moment had come.

I prepared for it the entire afternoon. At preview time, I came downstairs triumphantly dressed from head to foot in my mother's clothes. After Mother's first shock, she had to admit I looked surprisingly well, and considerably older. So we set off for the preview, with me sitting in the back seat of the car setting a new high in dignified, adult demeanor. Until we came to a stop-light—and a taffy vendor. I peered out hungrily from beneath Mother's hat and let out a shriek for my favorite food. I was still chewing it when we reached the flood-lit entrance of the theater . . . where we ran smack into my greatest hero of the screen, Clark Gable. He stopped, grinned admiringly at my hat and dress, and congratulated me on my role in the picture.

Meanwhile, my lips never opened. I kept staring at him frenziedly until finally I gave a smothered moan and dashed for the ladies dressing room. When Mother caught up to me, she found me wailing and prying taffy out of my teeth.

The taffy had locked my mouth all the time he was talking to me! The biggest moment in my life was the most embarrassing!

Gig Young

Appearing in *The Air Force*

■ My most embarrassing moment occurred in a screen test—and was definitely mixed up with a woman.

The woman was beautiful Alexis Smith, and the case was a passionate love scene. I was made up in immaculate white tie and tails as a continental man-about-town, and I'd been working all night on my lines and actions. So when the great moment came before the camera, I gave my all—particularly in the final embrace. I clasped Alexis tightly to my chest, murmured into her ear, and ardently pressed my lips against hers. A few seconds later I heard the director's voice call "Cut," and I stepped back, feeling smugly that I had done well.

Then my eyes crossed in horror. Resting gently above Alexis' lusciously curved lips was the moustache that had perched above my own! I realized desperately that it had drifted from my face to hers during the kiss—because the spirit gum had melted under the hot impact!

I never lived it down! They kidded me unmercifully about it. The boy who kissed so warmly that he melted spirit gum! Never in all my life have I been so red from embarrassment!

NEXT MONTH!

HOLLYWOOD BRINGS YOU THE FAVORITE RECIPES OF CHARLES BOYER, MARLENE DIETRICH, JOHN WAYNE, DEANNA DURBIN, ALLAN JONES AND DIANA BARRYMORE.

Moment

As Told to
ELEANOR HARRIS

Ann Sheridan

Appearing in *Edge of Darkness*

■ My most embarrassing moment was all tied up with glamour. It occurred at a party given by the Basil Rathbones. My escort was Cesar Romero. I spent hours on my dressing, since I was still at the point in my career when important parties meant making a good impression on important executives. In fact, I devoted my whole day to my dressmaker and beauty shop. When I was ready I felt I was perfection, from my draped white evening gown to my long rosy false finger-nails.

The party was worth any young actress' effort. I found myself knee-deep in famous executives, and I moved among them with all the charm and dignity I could muster. All went well until midnight.

I reached for a cigarette and started to light it myself. Meanwhile Hollywood's most brilliant director strolled up to Cesar. I looked up, thrilled over the chance of meeting him. Overcome with flustered excitement I forgot all about my lighted match until a small bonfire called my attention back to my hands. Before my horrified eyes two of my false finger-nails were burnt into cinders!

While the director watched in shocked surprise and Cesar roared with laughter, I made an urchin's dash for the door. Embarrassing! I'll never forget that moment. Never since then have I worn those false signs of beauty!

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee

"Satin-Finish Lipstick! You wanted it, we produced it," says Constance Luft Huhn

"A lipstick with a new and glowing satin-finish, with a texture that was *not too dry . . . yet not too moist!* A lipstick that would literally flow on to your lips . . . that would protect them against chapping or drying and *stay* perfectly smooth for hours. That was the lipstick you wanted . . . and, in Tangee's SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks, you have it!

"Try one of our Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks . . . actually bring your lips to life with a lustrous grooming only possible with our new SATIN-FINISH. And, for the loveliest possible effect, wear it together with its companion rouge and Tangee's *un*-powdery Face Powder."

New **TANGEE MEDIUM-RED** . . . a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light . . . just right.

TANGEE RED-RED . . . "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED . . . "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade" . . . always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL . . . "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

TANGEE SATIN-FINISH *Lipsticks*

If LOVE rules You_

Maureen O'Hara and Tyrone Power starring in "The Black Swan," a 20th Century-Fox picture. Easily cultivate love-worthy hands, yourself—with Jergens Lotion.

A man's dream girl has soft, feminine hands—

Maureen O'Hara

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

ROMANTIC HOLLYWOOD STARS care for their lovely hands with Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1!

You see, Jergens helps *protect* the youth-like smoothness and adorable softness of a girl's hands; helps *prevent* disillusioning roughness and chapping.

It's like professional care for your hands. Blended in Jergens Lotion are 2 ingredients, so exceptional for helping rough skin regain delicious softness that many doctors use them. So—always use Jergens.

Maureen O'Hara's Alluring Hands. Oh, yes,—Maureen O'Hara helps to keep her hands adorable with Jergens Lotion. "It's so easy," she says. "Jergens never feels sticky." The first application helps!

Jergens Lotion

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

Why Ginger Is Hollywood's Loneliest Star

[*Continued from page 26*]

They were seen everywhere together, dining and dancing. George raved about Ginger. "I think Ginger Rogers is the loveliest girl I have ever met," he said.

Shortly afterwards Montgomery became engaged to Hedy Lamarr.

Then came Jean Gabin. Gabin's name had been linked with that of Marlene Dietrich. But Jean had worshipped Ginger ever since he'd seen her pictures back in France. Soon Jean and Ginger were going everywhere together. But so were he and Marlene.

If there was rivalry between the two women, it was Marlene who won. Gabin still dances attendance on her.

Today Ginger, in spite of her wealth and success, is one of Hollywood's loneliest women. She has escorts to take her places, but no man of her own. Why?

Perhaps it is because Ginger allowed herself to be hurt too much by the failure of her marriage to Lew Ayres. Until then she had been warm, friendly and interested in other human beings. But after her marriage failed, she retired into a shell. She was convinced that nothing mattered any more except her career, and turned all her energies to it. The blow dealt to her by the failure of her romance with Howard Hughes made her draw still further into her shell and retreat still more into her career.

Today Ginger is a hard-bitten career woman, who is more interested in creating box-office successes than she is in capturing any man's heart. When a woman grows less warm toward the people around her, men may be charmed by her for a while, but eventually lose interest, when they see that she places her career above everything else. Men may fall in love with Ginger but when they discover how ambitious she is for herself, they turn to women who listen to their hearts.

The day Ginger forgets the heartbreak that Lew Ayres and Howard Hughes caused her, she will not have any difficulty in holding the man she wants. ■

AMERICA IN 1950

IF THE NAZIS WIN . . .

. . . even our rationed supplies of autos, gas, sugar, oil and clothing, will seem like paradise. For, under the Axis, such commodities will go only to the chosen few—all loyal Nazis and Japs!

IF AMERICA WINS . . .

. . . our present autos, foods and clothing will be obsolete, for progress will bring us such developments in these fields that we'll virtually be living in a dream world. If you want the Nazi way, then don't support your government; but if you want the American way, start buying your share of War Bonds.

Daddy Long Legs

[*Continued from page* 27]

chamber with Fred, Rhys Williams, Grant Withers and John Kelly. A fight ensues, and unlike most movie fights which cover vast territory, this scrap is confined to a small circular chamber about six feet in diameter.

Fred's problem was to protect Miss Colbert, beat up the other sand-hogs and keep his head down. He suffered not at all from the very real blows delivered by his opponents, but at the end of the scene he cracked his head so hard on the ceiling that he had a deep gash on his scalp.

Fred has appeared with more popular leading women than any male star. Besides Claudette and Rosalind they include Madeleine Carroll, Mary Martin, the late Carole Lombard, Ann Sheridan, Katharine Hepburn, Barbara Stanwyck, Irene Dunne, Alice Faye, Jean Arthur, Jean Parker, Gladys Swarthout, and many others.

Few of the stars are tall, so the love scenes presented problems. Sometimes the girls stand on boxes, so that Fred need not bend down too far for a fade-out kiss. But the usual—and more practical dodge is to have tall Fred swoop the girl up in his arms *before* he kisses her.

Ah, there, Mr. MacMurray. Is that bad? ■

"I've Got My Fingers Crossed"—Diana Lewis

[*Continued from page* 28]

in *Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante.* The *Hardy* pictures have been lucky for many a newcomer, and I thought they would launch me. But my part consisted mostly of Mickey mooning over my photograph, not me. My 'launching' fell flat. After that there was the lead in a Marx Brothers picture, but no one pays any attention to the girl when the crazy Marxes are around.

"I was getting nowhere fast. Then I was given a scene with Clark Gable in *Somewhere I'll Find You.* At the last minute, the scene was cut out!

"That was the straw that broke my spirit. No use trying any longer. I decided to leave for Palm Springs with Bill one morning when the studio called for me to report for *Whistling in Dixie.* 'I won't go,' I said stubbornly. 'It's probably a tiny part, or else I'll be cut out again." The script was sent to me and I refused to read it. I didn't want to be hurt again. So Bill read it. When he was through he said, 'Honey, I think you ought to look at this.' I did, and as I read it my eyes popped. My part was on every page. I couldn't possibly be cut out unless they rewrote it. I told the studio yes, I'd take it—and how!"

Diana's eyes sparkled. "Now the picture is finished, I can hardly believe that I have a full length role. I've been promised more on the strength of it, but I have nightmares wondering if the film will get lost or go up in smoke, or maybe they'll shelve it. Something will happen. You can see why I've got my fingers crossed!" ■

"Your Satin-Smooth Face IS A MAGNET FOR KISSES"

Before your next "Big Date"—smooth on feathery-light Jergens Face Cream; leave on a moment; remove. Then, a second light film of this same lovely cream—a splash of cold water—and your face is satin-smooth for fresh make-up.

But . . . Dry-Skin Wrinkles get no nice compliments

FORGET expensive, complicated beauty treatments. Use this *one new cream* for lovely, complete smooth-skin care. Use Jergens Face Cream—

(1) for cleansing;
(2) for softening your skin;
(3) as a silken-textured foundation;
(4) as a Night Cream that helps to smooth dry skin while you sleep.

This new cream is a "One Jar" Beauty Treatment—made for *just these times* by the same skin scientists who created Jergens Lotion for your smooth, soft hands. 10¢ to $1.25 a jar. Over 6,000,000 jars have already been used.

ALL-PURPOSE...FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

JERGENS FACE CREAM

FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

CHRISTMAS CIRCUS!

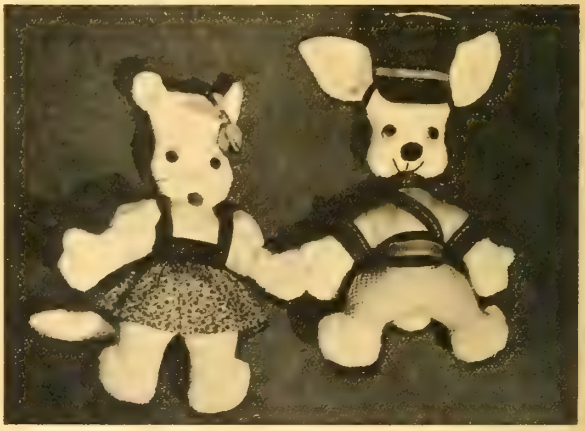
By CATHERINE ROBERTS
FASHION EDITOR

[See "CLUES ON CLOTHES" page 66]

LEFT: Crazy over animals? Who isn't when they're as cute as this quizzical giraffe. Cut him out of a scrap of calico, McCall Pattern No. 419, sew him up on your Singer, wrap and give with cheers

ABOVE: Barbara Britton, *Star Spangled Rhythm* beauty, can't bear to part with the Cuddlee-Cut-up animals she's made. Makings are packaged, about 50c each, Art Needlework Depts., leading stores

Beribboned mama and daughter elephants in gay, plaid dress. Easy to make with McCall Pattern No. 419. Hard to part with



Mr. and Mrs. Pussy, right out of a Paragon package, cost about $1, are fun to make. Sold in Art Needlework Depts., everywhere

If you start right now you can turn out a dozen or more animals for Christmas gifts. None of them are hard to do and you'll be amazed at how quickly they're completed. The packaged ones are all ready for you to start work on. The ones made from paper patterns mean you can use any short pieces of fabric. Ransack the scrap bag or remnant counter. Try a purple velveteen elephant or a plaid giraffe. Let imagination be your guide.

Solve your Christmas gift problems by getting instructions on HOW TO MAKE 35 GIFTS. Send 5c to Catherine Roberts, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

"Back-talk" from a Tough Customer

"...LISTEN, you Karo people! You needn't tell me that everybody is calling for more Karo these days. You needn't tell me the Army wants more, the Navy wants more, and my Mother wants more. I've heard all that before.

"All that interests me is the little bit of Karo that goes into my feeding bottle. It must be *good*. It must be *pure*. It's all right to speed up production, but *don't let down on quality*. I won't stand for it!"

* * *

There, folks! You see what we're up against. Our great syrup plants are operating at full speed, 24 hours every day. Only a small part of their output is used in infant feeding; but because *any* drop of Karo may be served to a baby, *every* drop must come up to the very high standard of quality and purity our "toughest customer" sets for us.

If, at times, your grocer has difficulty getting your favorite flavor of Karo, you'll know why. And you'll also know that when you do buy genuine Karo, it will be the same fine syrup you have always known.

Because there is no substitute for quality, there never can be a "substitute" for Karo.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
17 Battery Place New York, N. Y.

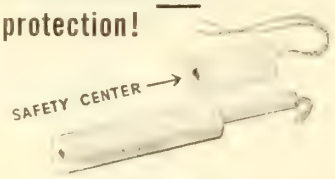
LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

KARO IS RICH IN DEXTROSE...FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR

This tampon was really your idea!

Women have *always* longed for the kind of freedom internal protection makes possible today. That's why tampons were first made. But it was because modern-minded women like you wanted a *better* tampon—that Meds were made. Yes, *this* tampon was *your* idea because . . .

You wanted real protection!



That means *quick, sure* absorption! So Meds designed an exclusive "safety center" feature—to make absorption *fast* and *sure!* Meds—made of finest, pure cotton—hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

. . . combined with comfort!

Meds were scientifically designed—by a woman's doctor. So comfortable, you hardly know you're wearing them. Meds eliminate bulges, pins, odor, chafing. Each Meds comes in an individual applicator—so sanitary, so easy to use!

. . . at no extra cost!

Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators! So, try Meds—the tampon designed for *you!*

BOX OF 10 — 25¢ • BOX OF 50 — 98¢

The Modess Tampon

HOLLYWOOD'S WAR EFFORT

Salute To Jeanette MacDonald

By HELEN HOVER

This month's salute goes to Jeanette MacDonald, whose thrilling voice has brought happy hours to the boys in service all over the country. She's in M-G-M's *Cairo*, with Robert Young

■ It's no wonder that Jeanette MacDonald has won an A-1 rating with the men in service. Since Pearl Harbor Jeanette has devoted all of her time, exclusive of picture work, to sing before, or for the benefit of, Uncle Sam's fighting men. There's no doubt about it, the thrilling MacDonald voice is right in there doing its job for the nation's war effort.

Once a year Jeanette gives a series of concerts throughout the country which draw tremendous paying crowds. This year the concerts go on as usual, with one change. They are for the benefit of the boys who are fighting for you and me. Jeanette was the first Hollywood star to give a full evening's solo performance in the camps. It isn't only the contribution of her talents that gives Jeanette a high place in Hollywood's war effort, but the wholehearted spirit with which she has entered it. When she offered to sing for the boys in camp she asked to be given the "heat belt," the most undesirable route of all. "If the men can train in blistering temperatures, I can sing and travel in it," she said.

When she sang at Camp Leonard Wood in Missouri, the temperature hit 110. After the 26th song her accompanist fainted, but Jeanette carried on!

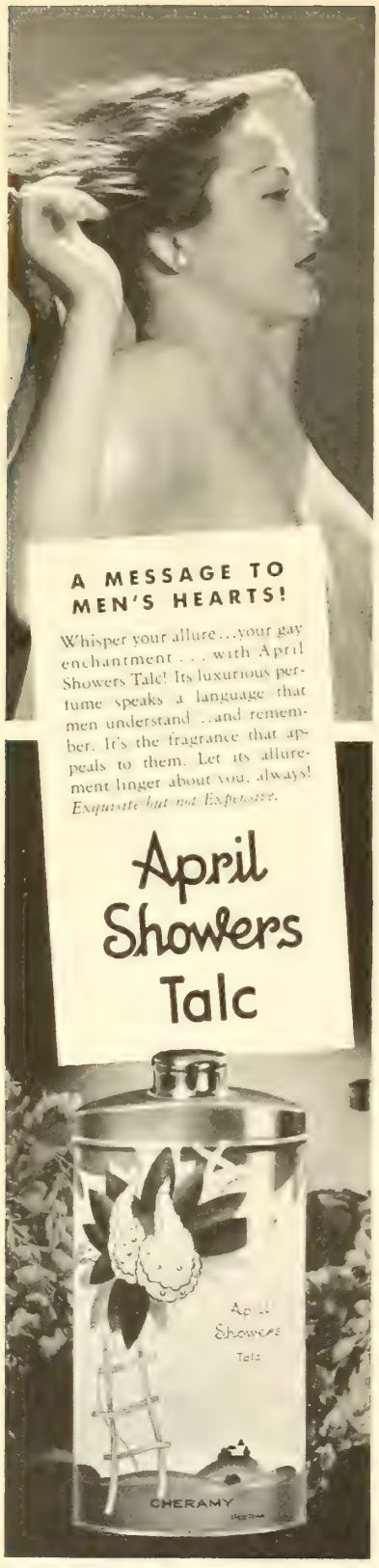
The concert halls were so crowded in some camps that the soldiers removed all the chairs to make more room. Outside stretched long lines of men in uniform waiting to see Jeanette. With such unprecedented turnouts, the recreational facilities weren't adequate for all the men at any of the camps. As soon as she learned that some of the boys had to be turned away from her concerts, Jeanette wired Hollywood asking that a sound truck be shipped to her immediately. "Just give me the sound truck and something to stand on, and I'll sing in the field, if necessary. I don't want a big stage and fancy lighting effects. All I want to do is sing for as many of the boys as possible."

She was tireless. After a two-hour concert at a hospital for servicemen, many of whom were wounded at Pearl Harbor and at Bataan, she toured the wards. She spent considerable time at the bedside of one particular soldier when she learned that his name was Gene Raymond. He was a reminder of her husband now serving overseas as Lieutenant in the Army Air Force Combat Command.

Her tour of the Army camps over, instead of resting, Jeanette promptly prepared to start another nation-wide tour, this one to have regular admission prices. But the Army Emergency Relief Fund will be richer by it. Jeanette doesn't receive a cent. Her entire proceeds go directly to the A.E.R. Jeanette's concert tours have always smashed all attendance records, and in some cities ticket bids were as high as $100 a single seat.

Jeanette is contributing the most valuable thing she has: her voice. And that famous voice is paying off, over and over again, to the boys who are fighting for us. ■

Dennis Morgan will soon realize his ambition to sing on the screen. His new role in Warner Brothers' *The Desert Song* gives him a long awaited opportunity. Lovely Irene Manning co-stars. Irene and Dennis should make a vocal team well worth watching



CHERAMY perfumer
Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

Popping Questions at George Montgomery

[*Continued from page 23*]

Q. What are some of your idiosyncrasies?

A. I eat too fast, hate formal clothes, ties, being tied down to hours or anything else, and being told what to do. I know my responsibilities both to the studio and to my family and I like to take care of them on my own without being reminded constantly of my duty.

Q. What task do you usually put off doing?

A. Writing letters, giving interviews and having fittings.

Q. What is your most persistent nervous habit?

A. Pulling my tie loose—when I wear one.

Q. What unkindness have you done which you most regretted?

A. I'm no lily, but I've never consciously hurt anyone. The worst thing I ever had to do was shoot a horse to put it out of its misery when it broke a leg in a rodeo accident. It was actually a kind thing to do, but I feel like a heel.

Q. Who is your severest critic?

A. I suppose the answer should be my mother or father or sister or brother, but the truth is it's my agent, Ben Medford. He worries more about me than my family, the whole studio and the columnists combined. But I've found his advice is friendly as well as good sense, and if he weren't much too young, I'd say he's been more than a father to me.

Q. Do you like to see women in uniform during their off-duty hours?

A. Definitely not. I like them looking feminine.

Q. On what subject do you like to argue?

A. Politics.

Q. On what subject do you consider yourself most uninformed?

A. The motion picture business and women.

Q. What experience in your life do you believe most strengthened your character?

A. Seeing myself in *The Cisco Kid and the Lady*, realizing I was no actor and getting subsequent parts I was equally unsuited for. I was ready to throw up the business and go back to Montana. Then *The Cowboy and the Blonde* came along and I realized that patience gets its reward.

Q. What actress do you think has the most sex appeal on the screen?

A. Rita Hayworth.

Q. Who is the best dancer?

A. Kay Williams.

Q. What was the smallest amount of money you ever had to get along on?

A. Thirty cents could always keep me for a week, so I never starved. I always grew my eats on the ranch and am growing 'em at home now. The smallest salary I got since working outside of Montana was $10 a week for painting decorations on a cafe, working from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., but I managed swell on that.

Q. What is your favorite form of entertainment?

A. Horseback riding on a cool morning; or out in a pine forest with a gun; listening to symphonic music—in the order named.

Q. What is your chief sore spot?

A. People who predict I'm going to go Hollywood.

Q. Before you started in pictures, who were your favorite stars?

A. Tom Mix and Buck Jones.

Q. What movie star would you like to meet?

A. Vera Zorina.

Q. What is your most highbrow taste?

A. Symphonic music. It makes me feel all the beautiful sounds and sights in a mountain forest.

Q. What failing of childhood have you had to overcome?

A. Big hands, but I can't overcome 'em; they're here to stay.

Q. In what ways are you lazy?

A. I'm not lazy. There are too many things to do to waste time being lazy.

Q. What moment of your life would you like to live over again?

A. My first bear hunting trip. My nerves were on edge and it was very exciting. I didn't know whether I or the bear was going to crawl up a tree. But it was exhilarating.

Q. In what ways are you stubborn?

A. I'm stubborn about taking advice. I like to think that my ideas and motivations are my own, but eventually I come around to reason and acknowledge the advice was good even if it wasn't my own idea.

Q. What kind of food do you like?

A. I like plain food, unadulterated and undisguised by fancy sauces; think gilding the lily applies to food as well as women. If there's anything I can't stand it's a good steak ruined by sauces that make it taste like anything from pineapple juice to chili con carne. I can eat anything that doesn't bite me first, but I like natural flavor in foods.

Q. If you could, what would you want changed in your life?

A. I've had a pretty good life and I'd honestly hope I could live it the same way. What's wrong with a Montana ranch and Hollywood, as long as you still have the Montana ranch?

Q. What talents have you outside of acting?

A. Painting, but I just dabble at portraits now between pictures. When I re-

tire it'll be on a Montana ranch where I can tend cattle, ride and paint. I can take any kind of motor apart and put it together in perfect shape. I had plenty of experience at that sort of thing when I repaired the tractors on the ranch. I did a lot of architectural drafting and mechanical drawing fairly well.

Q. What type of role do you like best?

A. Any good rough and tumble outdoor guy. I don't like drawing room, playboy roles. I really enjoyed my part in *China Girl*, not because it's my current picture but because it's a he-man part, about an adventurous newsreel cameraman in China.

Q. What would you say are your worst faults?

A. A bad memory for names, eating too fast and spelling.

Q. And your greatest virtue?

A. Being naturally healthy.

Q. What are your future plans?

A. I expect to be in service soon, and hope to continue on the screen after we've licked the Nazis and the Japs.

Q. What was your most exciting off-screen experience?

AMERICA IN 1950

IF THE JAPS WIN . . .

. . . there'll be poverty in this country of a type you've never seen—for the wealth will go back to Japan!

IF AMERICA WINS . . .

. . . there'll be a future to guarantee an American standard of living for every citizen in the country. But we have to *fight* for that standard—with more and more of those War Bonds and Stamps!

A. Being caught in a blizzard when I was rounding up cattle one winter in Montana. I lost my way (not to mention the cattle) in a gale so violent I couldn't keep my feet on the icy ground. I finally pulled some limbs off pine trees, built myself a shelter against the storm to try to keep myself from being blown off the map and freezing to death; then when I ran out of bullets I tried to scare the coyotes away, wondering how soon they'd get me. It sounds exciting and I suppose it was, but it was a little too close a call for comfort.

Q. What was the turning point of your life?

A. The time the studio was ready to drop me; they never said so but I knew I was going down and out. One day I met Producer Ralph Dietrich in the office of head cutter Hector Dods. I told him I was going to pull out of the business and go back to Montana. I got Dietrich interested enough to ask me about my life. Then he and Walter Morosco wrote a movie called *The Cowboy and the Blonde*, based partially on my own life and had enough faith in me to let me play myself. From then on I was set.

With deep pride and affection

Revlon

christens its new color of nail enamel and lipstick . . . the

"Mrs. Miniver Rose"

In the impersonal stillness of a motion picture theatre, we in America have met Mrs. Miniver and loved her completely. And like the gentle old station-master who grew the beautiful Mrs. Miniver Rose and said, so staunchly, "There'll always be roses," we of Revlon know there'll always be women like Mrs. Miniver. And so, we christen our proud new color of nail enamel and lipstick the "Mrs. Miniver Rose" . . . as a small, shining tribute to gallant women the whole world over.

PREVIEWED 100 TIMES

Remember . . . only Revlon gives you the assurance of PREVIEWED! Nail Enamel 60¢. Lipstick 60¢, 1.00

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Fight Those War Time Blues! Warns Rosalind Russell

As Told to SONIA LEE

■ "Women today have a job cut out for them. Only grown-up women will have the stamina and the courage to rise to the emergency. The woman with the baby-faced heart and the tear-stained checks had better take stock of herself. In this present day world of heartrending sacrifices and utter confusion there is no place for the whining, empty-headed woman who gives in to war time blues."

Thus Rosalind Russell discussed the vital problem facing American womanhood today, and she didn't pull any punches.

Rosalind has studied women. They have been her bread-and-butter. She knows what makes some women tick and what makes others run down. She herself has a crisp and cogent mind. It is completely bereft of indecision. Almost every role Miss Russell has ever played has been, if not a portrait, certainly a reflection, of her own personality. They have been women of purpose, competent, active; making a sturdy contribution to those in their immediate sphere.

"The time of privilege without responsibility is gone. We can't take without giving something in return. Do you remember that sign modest restaurants used to display—'Eat here and keep your wife for a pet'? The inference was that nothing should be expected of women, except to be decorative and affectionate.

"No woman chiefly concerned with her own wants, likes and comforts is going to fit into this new world that's in the process of being built. She has to acquire a sense of responsibility. She must stop thinking of herself alone, and begin thinking of herself in relation to others.

"That implies that she can't be selfish. She can't be a child, expecting every one to indulge in her self-pity.

"I don't say that overnight women must become mental and emotional Amazons. They must remain feminine—they must remain *women*. But that doesn't excuse helplessness. It implies doing their part, being not only an incentive to men, but also the helpers of men.

"There are a lot of jobs to be done today. Idle hands and minds are contrary to the tempo of the times. The day of the woman who spent her hours eating chocolates, while reading a romantic novel, is past.

"We must acquire new values. After all, every crisis should help us review and synthesize our attitude. The woman who pulls in her head, hoping that nothing will change her mode of living, that everything will pass before she, herself, is touched, is a third grade moron.

Rosalind Russell, one of Hollywood's most brilliant women, warns American womanhood to wake up to its new responsibilities. She's in *My Sister Eileen*

"Some women kid themselves into believing that if they go through the motions of Red Cross work, of having a man in uniform to dinner, or of buying a book of war stamps, they are doing their share. Their motives may be wrong. They are doing these things because of social pressure. If that's the basis of their activities, then they are still retaining their third-grade moron rating. Women must stop fighting the war in their spare time.

"The need today is for an adjusted mental attitude. Whether we like it or not, we have to grow up. Women have to be the balancers, the stabilizers, the sane faction of society. That takes women who have grown up to their responsibilities and have assumed them.

"All women seek security. There is no woman in the world who is completely happy if she has to stand on her own feet —make plans for her own future—provide for her own old age. Nature is pretty smart to fix things that way. It preserves and perpetuates the home.

"But in an effort to get and hold security, some women believe that if they are completely helpless, as dependent as children are, they are more likely to have it.

"Maybe that worked when men had nothing on their minds except bringing home the bacon. Now, they are impatient and scornful of such women.

"Men aren't falling for the rattle-brains, the cuties, any more. They don't want fluff, they look for substance. A woman with common sense, who is willing and does work, who thinks straight, who doesn't dissolve in tears, is the woman of the year.

"After a fashion, we are back to pioneer days. Everybody has a job to do. The useless women, the shirkers, the complainers, are the sand in the machinery.

"It is up to us to help create security for ourselves. We must do it with our hands and our hearts and our minds. The self-indulged woman, who expects everyone to humor her because she is a woman, will find herself pretty much ostracized. All of us are too busy to have patience with the whims or the moods of a childish woman."

Rosalind Russell conceives a new and a better world in which women will live after the war is over. It will be a world of homes. A world in which women have ceased their pinch-hitting and gone back to their fundamental tasks of homemaking.

But it will be a world in which their silent voices will be heard at every political conference, at every round-table on social adjustment, in every phase of national life.

"Men," says Rosalind, "are fighting for a better world. They are throwing the torch to their women. But it can't be caught and carried by women who aren't grown up."

And to the women who have grown up, who have set aside self-interest, who are stout of heart, who are doing a job of pinch-hitting in the emergency, she adds a final word of warning: "Wear a ribbon in your hair, a smile on your lips. Keep a woman's heart, while you take your mind out of a rut."

In other words, fight those war-time blues! ■

Hollywood Newsreel

[*Continued from page* 14]

■ Talkie town talk: Dick Davis, ace Hollywood stunt man, being rejected by the Army as physically unfit. Although he earns his living jumping over cliffs, crashing automobiles and leaping through plate glass windows, he still carries wounds from World War I . . . . Martha O'Driscoll's line of dialogue in a new film, *Youth on Parade*.—"We've no more chance to get boy friends than we have to get three lumps of sugar in our coffee" . . . Henry Wilcoxson plays an author with whom Jane Withers falls in love in her new picture, *Johnny Doughboy*. In 1938, Henry Wilcoxson played Miss Withers' uncle in a picture . . . Duke Ellington's collection of "jam session" clothes for his role in *Cabin in the Sky*—seven pink sport coats and seven pairs of baby-blue slacks . . .

■ Life becomes more complicated every day for Mickey Rooney. The day after he separated from his wife, Ava Gardner, an old flame of his bachelor days, Rita Quigley, was cast by M-G-M studios as his screen sweetheart in his next picture. The picture is appropriately titled, *The Human Comedy*.

■ Here's a Hollywood romantic triangle that rivals anything ever written into a movie plot. Before she married Lieut. Joe Howard of the Army Air Force, Priscilla Lane was engaged to John Barry, a Victorville, Calif., publisher. At that time Lieut. Howard and film actress. Helene Reynolds, were a romantic item. Now, in a strange love-go-round, John Barry and Helene Reynolds have discovered each other.

Typically American Janet Blair becomes an Oriental charmer for a sequence in Columbia's *Something To Shout About*

■ Three years ago Bobbie Breen retired from the screen when his voice changed and doctors warned him to stop singing for several years. Breen's voice is still changing, but he'll be heard singing again on the screen in Republic's new film, *Johnny Doughboy*. In one scene, Breen, now sixteen, will play a phonograph record of himself singing, "Ave Maria"—recorded seven years ago.

■ It happened on Hollywood Boulevard. Two actors met. Said the first actor: "How about you and your wife coming over for a game of bridge tomorrow night?" "Well," replied the second actor, "I can't promise. You know how uncertain marriage is in Hollywood."

■ Jack Benny isn't taking any chances. For his role in *The Meanest Man in the World* the script writers dreamed up a whole series of bad-boy tricks for the comedian. Such as cheating pigeons of their peanuts, sneering back at a woman whose street car seat he grabs, and snatching a lollypop from a small boy. But Benny objected to putting a slug in a church box and throwing a rock through an orphan asylum window. Said he: "I'd like to have a *few* fans left after the picture is released."

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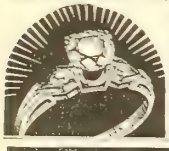

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Master of Nonsense

Nonsense is a business to Cliff Nazarro who originated that perplexing lingo known as double talk. He's appearing in Monogram's *The Rhythm Parade*

By JACK DALLAS

■ Cliff Nazarro has Hollywood precisely where he wants it—in the bag.

He doesn't have to keep beautiful, on his toes, in condition, or heckling his agent to get him bigger and better parts. As the undisputed monarch of a loony lingo known as double talk, he can even yawn at the very mention of the word competition. When a part comes up demanding that peculiar Nazarro nuance, the studios know where to find him, as they have been doing for some twenty-five pictures, including *Arise My Love, Dive Bomber, Blondie Goes to College, You'll Never Get Rich,* and *Hillbilly Blitzkrieg.*

Mr. Nazarro makes no bones about it: he's doing okay. Last year his verbal shenanigans netted him exactly flamas softis stormis dollars and nineteen cents.

"I was brought up to be an honest entertainer," the diminutive master of nonsense would have you know. "So what happens? I become a professor of perplexing palaver. So what happens? People start throwing money at me. So what happens? I give in to the inevitable."

The bringing up Mr. Nazarro refers to was launched at New Haven, Connecticut, where natives still remember him as a convulsing one-man variety show who had grown too big for his pants (and New Haven) by the time he was thirteen, put up with the hamlet for four more years, and took off for the Big City.

He certainly cut no great swathes in the Big City. "Nobody pays any attention to a runt unless he's in somebody's hair," he said dolefully, harking back to his harassed youth. He went from agent to agent and got brushed off regularly with a "Nothing today, sonny" by agents who didn't even inquire about his specialty, which at that time was singing.

He was all set to go back to New Haven in disgrace, when he managed to trap an agent in an elevator and proceeded to

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serenade the flesh peddler with a bit of fancy tenor. The agent, who knew when he'd been bested, took a shine to the lad from New Haven and put him down on his client list.

"Change your name, pee-wee," the agent suggested.

"What's wrong with Cliff Robbins?"

"The name Robbins doesn't rattle. That's all."

"What's a better name?"

"Nazarro."

"Why?"

"It happens to be my name."

So he changed his name and his luck. From one-night stands he graduated to night clubs, from where he dished out so much conversation with his crooning that the inevitable happened—an enterprising manager suggested that he double as m.c. Nazarro did more talking than trilling, but nobody objected.

Then he became a vaudeville headliner, hit the top, tobogganed downhill when vaudeville went out, and became a crooning m.c. all over again, this time with big name bands.

Memphis, according to legend, sired the blues, but San Francisco, according to fact, sired double talk, as Cliff Nazarro, himself, can tell you.

"Do I remember the details? What a question! I was in Frisco singing with Meredith Wilson's orchestra, and I got to ribbing a piano tuner. I'd say to him, dead pan: 'Say, bud, you have an annoying habit of leaving a soffin on the keyboard and every time I start to sing, it dwilfins. Now dash it all, watch yourself.'

"That piano tuner told the manager of the radio station which picked up our band every week that I was a swell guy but drank too much. The manager asked me about this crazy talk of mine. I gave him a short demonstration and he decided it might go good on the air. We tried it and it did."

"Good" is rank understatement. On the air double talk was a sensation. The big shows perked up, tried him out with solo spots. Double talk, with Nazarro at the controls, laid them in the aisles. In time he landed, feet up, on Jack Benny's program. Where do you go from Jack Benny's program if it isn't the movies? You know what he did in Hollywood.

"Double talk is old stuff," he admits. "Actors have used it as a rib for years, but only among themselves. The late John Barrymore told me that his father used to hear it wherever ham actors congregated. They'd go into a restaurant and say: 'Gimme one sorfa with two zeatins and a small zeatus on the side, and a demi-tasse." The waiters used to go nuts. But nobody, so far as I know, used it on the general public until I tried it in Frisco."

Thirty-nine and happily married, he lives in Hollywood in a modest little mansion which double talk built.

"It's a modern colonial," he says full of pride, "with ten big rosebushes in front, and inside, right in front of the stairway—practically under the chandelier—there's a phenomenal thing, a sorgin dimita flam. It's really a honey, and most people, including some prominent engineers, think it was caused by a dalafoss of our lighting system. Either that or by the drongins." Probably the drongins. ■

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Through these and other measures, medical science this year will save the lives of over 100,000 U. S. babies who would have died at less than one year of age had they been born 20 years ago.

Modern hospitals have played an important part in this achievement through precautions like these: Nobody enters the nursery but a few special nurses. Doctors and nurses wear sterile garments. While baby is in mother's room, no visitors may enter; they come only at certain hours, and must stay away from the bed, to prevent transfer of germs from outside.

In the nursery, baby's entire body is anointed at least once a day with *antiseptic* oil. This helps protect his skin against harmful germs . . . helps prevent impetigo, pustular rashes, prickly heat, diaper rash. It is known now that *germ* infection plays a part in these common skin troubles.

Mother, continue these protective measures after you take baby home! Keep visitors at a distance from baby. Anoint his entire body with *antiseptic* oil every day. Be sure the oil is *antiseptic*. Look for the word "*antiseptic*" on the label; don't be satisfied with anything less. Remember . . . the basic rule of modern baby care is *antiseptic protection against harmful germs*.

And take baby to the doctor, *regularly*.

Most hospital nurseries use Mennen Antiseptic Oil because of two outstanding features which no other widely-sold baby oil possesses: (1) It is *antiseptic*. Remember, germ action plays a part in many *common* baby skin-conditions, such as diaper rash and prickly heat. There is no substitute for *antiseptic* protection. (2) Mennen Antiseptic Oil contains *anodyne* ingredients which help relieve smarting and itching of skin, help prevent discomfort and scratching.

Do as hospitals and doctors recommend: use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on baby's body daily, and on buttocks at every diaper change, at least through the first year.

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She Doesn't Want to be a Star!

To Irene Hervey her husband, Allan Jones, and two children (right) are more important than stardom. She's in Universal's *Destination Unknown*

By LEE BENNETT

■ Among the mysteries pondered by Hollywood folk is why Irene Hervey is not a star. She has the face a camera loves and a figure on which the eyes linger. Her voice is soft; her diction perfect. Her talent is the kind producers are happy to reward with upper-bracket checks. But she's not a star. Why?

No one ever thought to ask Irene herself to dispel the state of confusion. It happens that she is quite willing to explain why she is content with a ripple and not the roar of stardom most actresses crave.

"I have never been ambitious to be a star," she declared frankly. "It has always seemed to me that the advantages of stardom hardly compensate for its disadvantages and sacrifices.

"Only recently my small daughter, who is just becoming keenly conscious of motion pictures and movie personalities, asked me why I didn't want to be a star. She seemed to disapprove of my lack of interest. She shares the disapproval with some of my friends.

"But I have always parried this question with another—'What will I get out of stardom?' To date, everyone has been vague and general about the answer.

"In this life we have to pay for what we get. I have always tested my ambitions and my actions by one yardstick—'What do I want out of life?'

"The most important thing to me is the

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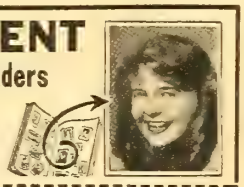

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privilege of belonging to myself. I have yet to see a star who does. They belong to their careers. They are slaves to glamour.

"When I go into a picture I have one concern," Irene continued. "I have a part and I want to do it well. I don't carry the burden of the production on my shoulders, nor do I have to worry about the story, the direction, the costuming, or how the other roles are cast. If the picture is good, then, I am fortunately in a well-received production. If it is bad, then my responsibility ceases with my share in it.

"But a star is judged or misjudged not by her own accomplishments, but by the whole. She may have given a magnificent performance, she may have done the very best possible with the material at her disposal, but if the picture is bad, it is her personal failure. Give a star three bad pictures and her star status is usually damaged beyond repair.

"It is no tragedy if I should happen to photograph badly. It doesn't slow up my career if I happen to look older in a scene or two. But a star faces danger if she is shown at a bad angle. You can almost hear audiences murmur—'Gee, she's showing her age.' I should hate to be in a position where a wrinkle or a line would be a catastrophe.

"Frankly, I wouldn't like having to organize my entire life around a single purpose—which would be the maintenance of stardom. I couldn't stand the tension. Or the results related to my personal life.

"I want to be in pictures for a long time. I love acting. In the past six years I've been free-lancing, doing anywhere from four to six pictures a year. And I have liked the privilege of accepting or refusing a role. I signed a long-term contract with Universal because I still retain that freedom.

"To me, the only sort of life worth living is a relaxed, easy-going one. I don't like ostentation. I like simplicity. I have yet to see a star who can live as she wants to live. I want to enjoy my work and my private life, even though I am an actress.

"Frequently I have been asked for the secret of my happy marriage. There is no secret to it. But I believe I know the reason for it."

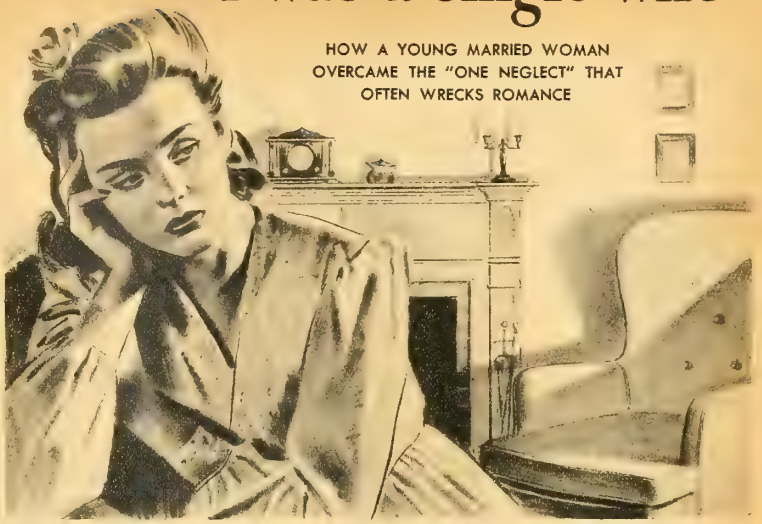
As she spoke, her eyes wandered often into the garden, where her husband, Allan Jones, was tinkering with his scooter-bike, which he uses now to ride to the studio. The two children were having a tea-party for the small fry of the neighborhood.

She continued. "Women are essentially monogamous. A woman can either be married to a job or to a husband and a home. You can't be married to both. I've heard actresses say that it is possible to handle a big job with the right hand and their marriage with the left. But I don't think you can give either of them an even break that way. You have to short-change one or the other. I certainly wouldn't take the chance of setting up competition between my marriage and my career.

"Being Mrs. Allan Jones is a pretty important job to me. I want to keep it forever." ■

"I was a 'single' wife"

HOW A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT OFTEN WRECKS ROMANCE



1. Ours was the Perfect Marriage . . . at first. But slowly, gradually, a strangeness grew up between us. I couldn't believe Jim's love had cooled so fast!

2. One day, Miss R., a nurse from my home town, found me crying and wormed the whole thing out of me. "Don't be offended, darling," she began, shyly, "I've seen this happen before. Many wives have lost their husbands' love through their neglect of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."

3. Then she told what she'd heard a doctor advise. Lysol disinfectant. "You see," she went on, "Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. No wonder this famous germicide is the mainstay of thousands of women for feminine hygiene."

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Streamlined Fantasy

Arabian Nights, Universal's streamlined fantasy, brings to the screen the lavish splendor of the Orient. Right: The beautiful princess Scheherezade (Maria Montez). Scenes from the film show the exotic luxury of the sheik's harem with its tents of silk, marble pool and luscious beauties; and Jon Hall, suitor of the princess, battling slave traders

Beauty Headliners

■ COMMOTION OVER COLOR this year, according to HOLLYWOOD's Fashion Editor Catherine Roberts.

There'll be a variety of dark colors, but you and your friends will be wearing lighter, brighter colors for a very good reason; they look gayer, younger, more attractive.

Naturally enough, up pops the question of color accents for lips and nails—the proper shade to carry you through your entire wardrobe and at the same time glorify your complexion.

Rosy red takes a bow with Tussy's Jeep Red . . . as attention-getting as a major. Like its namesake, the Army Jeep, this vital make-up can go anywhere, any time.

Also in the rosy range, but softly muted, is Revlon's Mrs. Miniver Rose. Nail Polish and Lipstick are packaged together in an adorable miniature florist's box.

Attention, soldiers, sailors, marines! Here's something to help keep your girl interested, though miles away! The little kit, all set to mail, contains a message classic in its simplicity: KEEP YOUR "LIPS" FOR ME! Besides this, the gal in question receives a large-size, long-lasting Pond's "Lips" in any one of five shades. You can be sure both gift and message will be very welcome—however, Pond's refuses to prophesy the results! About fifty cents for the kit at Post Exchange stores.

Deep and dramatic describes the new Vita Ray shade, Rich Red. This clear, full-bodied red is especially good with the popular greens and tobacco tones.

Dorothy Gray presents a sparkling blue-red, Smiling Red, created to combine with the whole fashion color palette. Lipstick comes in a gay package, suggesting a uniformed figure, a watermelon smile as the chief feature of its amusing face.

A LOT OF SCENTS to give you a lift! There's Matchabelli's Potpourri, for instance, a mixture of roses and spice . . . fresh and frankly unsophisticated.

Conversely, Varva's Follow Me is vital and animated . . . especially appealing to the girl who's first with the new, who's copied by others.

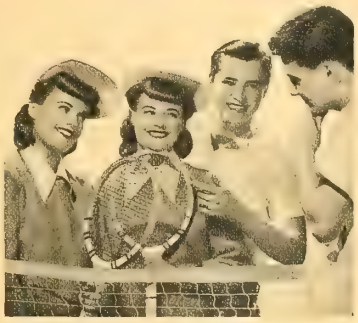
Twelve different fragrances, at least one for every mood, every occasion, every temperament, are offered in the new Ric Perfume Stick. Big news is the novel form—a solid perfume, non-spilling and non-evaporating. Its attractive wooden case is about the size of a lipstick . . .

Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor.

Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick of Palatine, Illinois.

They captured the gleam of an electric eye

Rick Twins discover Pepsodent Powder can make teeth far brighter to the naked eye, too!



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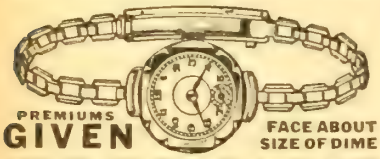

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Understudy Makes Good

It took Van Johnson to explode the old tradition that understudies never get a break. He's in M-G-M's *The Human Comedy*

By MAY DRISCOLL

■ Van Johnson looks like a cross between Nelson Eddy and Mickey Rooney, and added to that he has a smile that would be worth a million votes to a politician. If you've seen him as the tow-haired, breezy young soldier in *The War Against Mrs. Hadley* you know what we mean. He's good news to a movie public hungry for new male faces to replace the vanguard of Gable, Stewart, et al who have retired for the duration.

Like all other well-stacked young American men, Van's career may be terminated at any time by Uncle Sam, but in the meantime his M-G-M bosses, fresh in a whoopla about him, are preparing for the emergency by cramming him into a string of films to keep the Johnson personality beaming on the screen as long as possible.

In spite of a booting he received when he first came to Hollywood a year ago, Van takes his booming status at the studio with the aplomb of a bellboy walking a dog.

"I always wanted to be an actor and I knew I would some day, even if it meant growing pink whiskers to get a part," he explains with a half-moon grin. "When I was a kid in Newport, Rhode Island, I was Hollywood-struck. The other fellows cut out pictures of baseball players; I nicked photos of film stars and pasted them on my wall. In school I was the dope who sweated over the class plays while the others were making the honor roll."

Much to the chagrin of Johnson senior, a worthy purveyor of real estate who wanted his son and heir to follow in the line, Van packed up for New York with his high school diploma still wet in his pocket. No subdivision in the community was so attractive in his eyes as a stage set, and no sale of property was as desirable as a berth with a Broadway show. He left without parental blessing or financial aid. This necessitated pulling in the belt for Van. He lived in a hole in the wall in Greenwich Village with three other young actors and they made up the lack of space by sleeping in shifts. "Didn't mind it a bit," says Van. "We felt like starving Barrymores—all for our art, you know."

Nerve and bad lighting got him his first job. One afternoon he walked into a rehearsal of *New Faces* to see a friend in the show. The director waved a signal for the members to go into action and Van calmly headed for the stage with them. "If the theater hadn't been so dark, I would have been spotted and tossed out," he recalls. "As it was, no one bothered me and I became part of the cast."

That started him off. His salary disappeared in singing and dancing lessons, and between times he applied for every role available on Broadway.

"I would try out for the lead and end up as understudy. Everybody told me understudies never stood a chance. The star would rather go on half-dead than miss a performance. You could just hang around hoping and praying for a break that never came. They tried to convince me that not only was it practically impossible to get the chance, but it was a long, cold day when an understudy ever made good—the competition with the star always worked to disadvantage.

"To earn my keep, the director had me dancing in the chorus. This wasn't what I wanted but it

kept me from hotfooting it back to Dad's office and subdividing lots."

It's proverbial that understudies never get a chance, but by a fluke as rare as finding a pearl in every oyster, Van stepped into Eddie Bracken's shoes in *Too Many Girls* when Eddie received the Hollywood high sign and quit the show. That led to a part in *Pal Joey,* where a Warner Brothers' talent scout cornered him backstage and got his signature on a dotted contract.

"I packed my dogs, cats and books and headed for Hollywood, expecting a reception at the station. But nothing happened. No one was there. Not even a flashlight popped in my face. As the days passed, it became increasingly apparent that I might just as well have saved myself the 3,000 mile trip. As far as the studio was concerned, I didn't exist. Never a peep from them, no one there was interested in even looking me over to see if I were fish, fowl or vegetable.

"I got my paycheck in the mail every week, so I didn't even have an excuse to visit the studio. Once I went there to have lunch. There were George Brents, Errol Flynns and Bette Davises all around me, but I ate alone in miserable silence. I never returned. When I called up to remind the studio that I was alive, they sent me a publicity form to fill out and that was practically the extent of my picture work. I was beginning to wonder vaguely if perhaps I shouldn't have stayed in Newport. Consequently it didn't come as too much of a shock when my option fell as flat as an old tire. My bags were already packed and I was all set to make the trek back East again."

He was having a farewell dinner with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz—friends from Broadway—when Billy Grady, talent scout for M-G-M, passed the table. Lucille introduced him to Van and Grady asked him to come by and see him the next day. But Van was all for pushing off for New York that night. Lucille grabbed him by the arm and hissed, "Listen, you big goon, you're going to see Grady tomorrow even if I have to push you through the door myself."

So he postponed his trip another day and went to M-G-M where Grady had arranged a test for him. The make-up department viewed his shock of straw-colored hair with alarm and promptly dyed it black, then they covered up his freckles. "I looked," he says mournfully, "like a poor man's Cary Grant."

He was sure he was done for and picked up his bags again, when Grady called him into his office. He looked at Van sourly. "Wash that shoe black out of your hair and we'll talk business."

This time there was no doleful waiting around. He was tried out in various small parts and then came the role of the happy-go-lucky Irish boy in *The War Against Mrs. Hadley.* His frank farm-boy face and his manner, as natural and simple as a home-grown potato, shone out among the conventional Hollywood handsomes. After the picture was previewed, his original contract was torn up and a bigger one drawn up.

In view of this official pat on the head, Van has unpacked his bags and is now ensconced in a little house in Beverly Hills with a victory garden, a fence in need of paint and a fat, shining colored cook named Essie, who presides over all and bosses Van around.

Van is a bachelor who wants to get married. He hasn't met the girl yet, but he knows what he wants—a girl with good teeth, a nice smile and a pair of legs that can rhumba. He prefers actresses, which should be good news to Hollywood lovelies hard-pressed by the male shortage. "They have a better sense of humor," he explains, "and they don't ask too many questions."

His prime delight is cutting a mighty fancy rug at the Palladium and other dance palaces, and next to that he likes the movies. He drags his girl friends to as many horror movies as their stomachs can stand, and then winds up at a Swedish smorgasbord restaurant where his favorite food is pickled eels.

Here's a unique movie actor. He's natural and unassuming, doesn't talk shop and never plays gin rummy. And he's one understudy who made good. ■

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Prescription for Happiness

Jane Wyman has won everything her heart desired through applying her prescription for happiness. Below: with her husband, Lieutenant Ronald Reagan; and (left) her baby, Maureen Elizabeth. She's in Warners' *Princess O'Rourke*

By DON WOOD

■ "Happiness Ahead" is the theme of Jane Wyman's life. Even with her husband, Lt. Ronald Reagan, away with the Army, pert, button-nosed Jane can smile and reaffirm her philosophy.

Gay and friendly, Jane is hardly the person you would expect to spout philosophies. You would never suspect that her pretty blond head bothered about such weighty matters. But Jane Wyman is a smart girl who has blueprinted her future and marked it for happiness.

Jane isn't one to give out advice. She had to learn everything for herself—the hard way. She admits her blueprint worked for her, but she had to do plenty of the work too. It called for patience, a firm belief in the things for which she was striving and complete confidence in her future. Along the way there were plenty of hard knocks and there were mistakes, but in the end she achieved success as a feature player at Warners, and more important, as Ronnie's wife and the mother of two-year old Maureen.

"It wasn't until I learned that my credo was all wrong, that I earned any real success or happiness," Jane explained. "I was really on the wrong track until just a few years ago. When I was quite young, I heard a friend of my father's, a brilliant man whose cynicism I then didn't recognize, say: 'Live for the present. Forget the past and don't worry about the future. That's the only way to be happy.'

"I adopted that for my motto and lived by it. I was an opportunist, living only for the present. But," admits Jane, "I had no perspective. Without considering the past and profiting by it, I had no adequate

idea of how to handle the present. With no thought of the future, there was no incentive."

Then Jane drew up a new blueprint for living.

She has been under contract to Warners for nearly seven years and has played in fifty-nine pictures, sometimes working in as many as three at one time. She started as a stock player, then was jumped into the lead of the *Torchy Blane* pictures, following Glenda Farrell. She wasn't quite the type and the pictures were not world-beaters.

There followed pictures on loan-out to other studios, in which lots of Wyman footage ended up on the cutting room floors; then bits in big pictures, and leads in what she calls "horrible B's". Within the last year she had a series of sweet, unexciting ingenue leads, but nothing to attract Oscars. And now a very happy Jane has her first big, meaty, straight dramatic role with Olivia de Havilland in *Princess O'Rourke*.

Not only that, but she was selected recently in the annual nationwide movie exhibitors poll as third in the ten "best bets for stardom" next year.

"Now I realize that all those years of experience were good for me," declares Jane. "They were training which I needed. Before I went in pictures I had no acting experience; I had trained only as a dancer. Most of the girls who are skyrocketed to stardom go down just as fast. I'm glad I went slowly.

"I would not have been ready if I had had a big break at the beginning of my career. Sometimes I was discouraged, but I learned to be patient, work hard, profit by past mistakes and make sensible plans for the future. I learned to depend on myself, rather than a 'lucky break.'

Helmut Dantine's magnificent portrayal of the German aviator in *Mrs. Miniver* won him a strong role in Warners' gripping film, *Edge of Darkness*

"Most important, I learned to have faith in myself. If one has ambition, some talent and believes whole-heartedly in it and is willing to work, then one usually achieves a goal. Breaks have little to do with it."

This is a far cry from the former Jane Wyman who lived only for the present. What made her change?

Jane's brown eyes twinkled. "I think meeting Ronnie, a little more than three years ago, helped a lot. He never sat me in a corner and gave me 'good advice,' but I guess I absorbed some ideas from him. Ronnie is that rare man—level-headed with a sense of humor!

"Another thing I've learned," Jane confessed, "is that nothing is ever perfect, because there is always some greater perfection ahead worth hoping and planning for. I shudder when I think how I used to ignore the future.

"When Ronnie and I were first married, I felt I was completely happy. But I was even happier after the baby was born. Then we both had better pictures too.

"Then came the war and Ronnie joined the Army. Although I felt he should go, it would be ridiculous to say I'm happy with him away. But I firmly believe in 'Happiness Ahead,' after the war is over and he's back."

Jane uses this motto to good advantage; she takes her role of war-widow completely in stride because of it. ■

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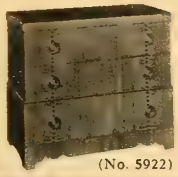

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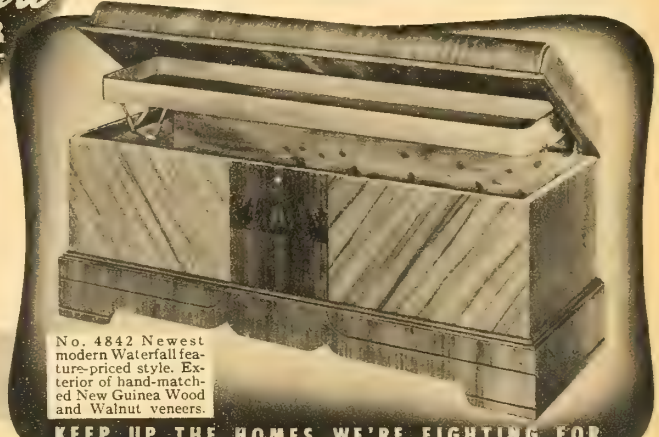

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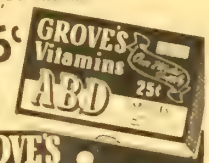

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Cornel Wilde once had to fence for a living. Now he's filmdom's newest romantic rave, appearing in *Life Begins at 8:30*

Hollywood's Going Wilde!

By CHARLOTTE KAYE

■ The dreams of several movie talent scouts are being haunted these nights by a tall, young, black-haired, gypsy-eyed lad named Cornel Wilde. And for a good reason.

A couple of years ago Mr. Wilde was turned down flat by every talent scout in New York for a startling number of reasons. He could never hope to succeed as a romantic lead in the movies, they said, because (1) his head was too small; (2) he looked too young; (3) he was a character; (4) his eyes were too dark; and (5) his hairline was all wrong.

In view of such a concensus, it is a trifle disconcerting for these gentlemen to learn that the aspiring young actor to whom they gave "thumbs down!" is now considered one of the brightest hopes under contract to 20th Century-Fox and has just finished playing the lead opposite Ida Lupino in *Life Begins at 8:30*.

It was by pure luck that Cornel got a chance to show the boys how wrong they were. When Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh decided to do *Romeo and Juliet* on Broadway, Cornel won the role of *Tybalt* because of his remarkable dexterity as a fencer. (The role calls for three snappy duels with an assortment of swords and daggers.) From early manhood Cornel had been a whiz at fencing and in 1936 had been selected for the United States fencing team.

Because Laurence and Vivien were busy making a movie in Hollywood at the time, Cornel was instructed to join them there. While rehearsing for *Romeo and Juliet*, he was spotted by a Warner scout, who was a little more astute than the earlier scouts. After *Romeo* had finished its New York run he was signed to a contract. He made four pictures for Warners and then moved his make-up kit to Fox where his stock has been booming like a skyrocket.

"Things look rosy now," he said with engaging frankness, "but I certainly must love acting to have taken the beating I have. Particularly when there are so many other ways I could earn a living. Selling toys in Macy's for instance."

It was that toy-selling job that started Cornel on the road to Hollywood, but it was only one of many pursuits he followed during his lean pre-movie days. Deter-

mined to become an actor, he wrote 150 playlets for the New York Theater Guild; worked as a commercial artist (he had studied art in Budapest); was employed by a real estate company; sold space in a French newspaper published in America; served as counselor in a boys' camp; translated plays from German and Hungarian; and whipped up ad layouts for an advertising firm.

At one period when the wolf had his snout through the Wilde door, he threw caution to the wind and picked up a few hundred dollars by a fantastic method. In partnership with Aldo Nadi, world's fencing champion, he staged blood-curdling sword and dagger duels without mask or other protective covering at swank Park Avenue parties!

Cornel was born in New York City in 1915 of Hungarian parents. World War I forced the family to return to Europe, where Cornel, a mere baby, lived through the harrowing revolution which terrorized all of Hungary. In 1920 the family returned to the U. S., and promptly became citizens. In 1931 Cornel entered Columbia University, enrolling in the medical school. In two years he won a scholarship to the Physicians & Surgeons College, only to throw over all thoughts of becoming a doctor in favor of the theater. He began studing dramatics at the Theodora Irvine Studio.

It was a bumpy road to success he traveled in the next few years. There were a few outstanding hits like *Moon Over Mulberry Street* and *Daughters of Etreus* with Maria Ouspenskaya, numerous seasons with summer theater stock companies, and a discouraging number of New York flops. These became doubly serious because he had acquired a charming actress wife, Patricia Blake, to support.

"Looking back, I call those my patsy days," Cornel reminisced. "Each time I was set for a good job, something happened and I was out looking for a new job."

There was the time he was set for an important role in a play, and was told to report to the dialogue director for certain instructions. He discovered the dialogue director was a chap with whom he had had words when they were members of the same stock company some time before. Everything was polite during the interview, but the next day Cornel was told he was not "the type." The dialogue director had turned out to be a relative of the producer's.

"However, the ledger wasn't all one-sided," Cornel admits. "I got my breaks too. When I was clerking in the department store, I made friends with a salesman who gave me a letter of introduction to the director of a prominent dramatic school. That letter resulted in a scholarship and eventually—Hollywood!"

One of Cornel's first acts after ringing the bell in Hollywood was to send a fat check to the school.

"There was no reason I should have been given that scholarship except that I wanted so desperately to become an actor," he wrote. "Please use this toward giving some other kid the same kind of a break." ■

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Luscious Rosemary LaPlanche climaxed a career of contest-winning by walking off with the 1941 Miss America title and a screen contract. She's in *Prairie Chickens*

By KAY PROCTOR

■ "Ladeez an' gennelmun! The winner is Miss Rosemary LaPlanche!"

On at least 180 occasions during the brief eighteen years of her life lovely Rosemary has heard that welcome pronouncement. She is, by all odds, the contest-winningest girl Hollywood has ever seen—and she is a native product. The first one was a purely local affair, a baby contest, which she won at the age of three months. The last one was national in scope and the super-duper of them all, *Miss America of 1941*, before a cheering, crying crowd at Atlantic City.

"They tell me it was the wettest coronation of a Miss America on record," Rosemary said. "I was so thrilled and so happy, I began to cry. Pretty soon the crowd began to weep too, and it ended up with even the august judges bawling in their beards! We all had a fine time!"

Now that she has copped the title every girl in America would love to win, Rosemary has decided she is through with contests and hereafter will devote herself exclusively to getting somewhere in the movies. She got off to a flying start as a feminine lead in Hal Roach's *Prairie Chickens*, and from the commitments now lined up for further pictures, she should get there in a hurry; the LaPlanche family isn't one to let grass grow under its feet because lawn mowers are scarce.

"Being an actress always has been my goal," Rosemary explained. "I participated in contests to get a start. I figured I would stand a better chance if I started out as a *somebody* instead of a *nobody*. And besides, all those contests taught me a lot. From commercial modeling, which always comes with the *Miss America* title, I learned grace and poise. From the competition I learned how to get along with people. Even the contests I lost taught me how to take defeat and come up smiling."

Rosemary was born in the white frame colonial house in Los Angeles where the family still resides. Her father is a telephone repairman and her older sister, Louise LaPlanche, is under contract to Paramount. Louise is a dark beauty and the indoor type in contrast to Rosemary's blond beauty and outdoor girl personality. LaPlanche is the true family name and French in origin although there is Irish and Austrian blood in the present generation.

You can't get away from the word "contests" and Rosemary; it keeps popping up in unexpected places. In John Marshall High School, for instance, she took the commercial course with emphasis on typing, shorthand, business English, etc. Such a background, she felt, was a good ace in the hole. So—she won the California high school typing contest sponsored by the board of education, with 120 words per minute, which is twenty-five less than the world record, and then went on to win the coveted gold pin for shorthand.

It was a couple of years ago that Rosemary really got down to business about her future. Up until then she had been acquiring numerous wrist watches, trophies by the dozens and a little cash now and then for being Miss Cinderella, Best Business Girl, Miss Bathing Beauty of 1938, Miss Popularity, and so forth. In August of 1940 she agreed to enter the Miss California contest, not because she thought she had a chance, but because it would please her mother, who, incidentally, is a beauty herself. The Miss California winner automatically becomes a contender for Miss America at Atlantic City. A ravishing appearance in a bathing suit is only one of the requirements; the entrant also must qualify as to appearance in an evening gown (for grace and personality); and in the talent division via singing and dancing.

Rosemary became Miss California and went to Atlantic City. There she won the trophy for Miss Personality and Prettiest Girl in a Bathing Suit but lost out on Miss America of 1940 by one vote! It was a tie for five hours at that.

Back she came to California, one day late for school. Already plans for a second try at the title the following year were buzzing around in her head. Between buzzes, however, she managed to keep fairly busy in school. At any rate, by the time she was graduated the following June she had been elected an Ephebian (one of the ten students with the highest scholastic grades plus popularity).

In August she again entered the Miss California contest, having first qualified by winning the title Miss Los Angeles and Miss American Legion. The night of the finale Rosemary did her talent stint—a fast tap dance routine—in pouring rain on a floor covered with huge puddles of water! Her short red chiffon skirt drooped crazily and her soaked hair was plastered over both eyes by the time she was through—but Rosemary LaPlanche emerged Miss California!

Back she went to Atlantic City, a tight little ball of determination and hope. Quickly (and smartly) she became known as The Girl in Blue because every outfit—bathing suit, talent costume and evening gown—was fashioned in a luscious shade of that color. Again she won the preliminary titles of Miss Personality and Prettiest Girl in a Bathing Suit, and then at last the great moment was at hand. Forty thousand people strained to catch the judges' verdict. Rosemary was like ice inside. Then the words came.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we give you Miss America of 1941—Rosemary LaPlanche!"

It was then she began to cry.

After thrilling months in New York, where she made numerous theatrical appearances, modeled for John Powers, fulfilled commercial obligations and otherwise reaped the reward of being Miss America to the tune of $15,000, Rosemary returned to Hollywood. A few weeks later she was at work on her first movie with Jimmy Rogers (Will's son) and Noah Beery, Jr., for leading men. Soon she will begin her second picture. Meantime—

"Every time President Roosevelt makes a speech on the radio I take it down in shorthand," Rosemary said. "You know, to keep in practice. Just in case." ■

A new romantic screen twosome are Olivia de Havilland and Robert Cummings. This attractive combination appears in Warners' forthcoming *Princess O'Rourke*

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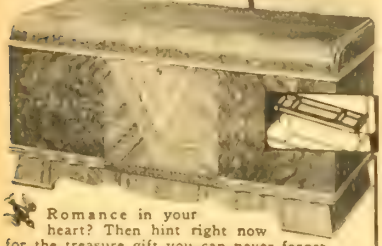

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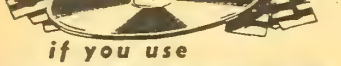

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Science of the Sandwich

Joan Bennett has sandwich-making down to a science. As director of army camp recreation rooms for Southern California, she has plenty of opportunity to learn what appeals to all the boys in service. She's in 20th Century-Fox's *Girl Trouble*

By BETTY CROCKER

■ "Sandwiches? Seems as if I've served millions," smiled Joan Bennett.

She had just finished serving these tasty snacks to some four thousand guests at her home. She certainly ought to know what's what in a sandwich!

Joan is the Southern California director of camp recreation rooms organized by the American Women's Voluntary Services. There are twenty-six of these recreation rooms under her direction. They are located on military reservations, and provide the informal atmosphere of the home living-room, in contrast to the USO centers which are for entertainment, largely for soldiers in town on leave. To raise $5,000 for these recreation rooms, Joan had a party for four thousand guests, at which she served fruit and cookies, and, of course, sandwiches.

"Soldiers have definite preferences in sandwiches," she said. "It's surprising how little we know about the science of the sandwich, until we have to make them in large quantities."

The soldiers, for instance, don't like tomato sandwiches. do like strong cheese and nut mixtures for spreads. They like sweet sandwiches, too.

Since all of us must serve sandwiches on occasion, whether for picnics, lunch pails, bridge clubs or soldier boys, some of Joan's ideas on the science of the sandwich may come in handy.

Joan likes to see everything organized in advance. Set out a large, very sharp knife, a bowl of soft, creamy butter (not melted), different spreads and a variety of bread.

Your bread should vary according to the fillings—whole wheat, white, rye and brown. Bread "works" best if a day old, although oven-fresh bread should be used for rolled sandwiches. Trim the crusts with the sharp knife before spreading butter or filling. However, if you want

dainty tea sandwiches, butter the loaf first and then cut off a very thin slice. Always spread the butter and filling right to the edge of the bread, not just in the middle.

Sandwiches for soldiers must be masculine. Here are some spreads that are very popular with them.

FRIZZLED BEEF AND CHEESE

Shred one-half cup of dried beef. Saute in one tablespoon butter or similar fat until crisp. Remove from stove. Finely chop one small bunch chives, or two green onions. Work to a smooth paste two, three-ounce packages of cream cheese, moisten with cream or salad dressing to good spreading consistency. Add onion and beef. Spread between slices of buttered whole wheat bread.

CORNED BEEF ON RYE BREAD

Shred corned beef, or have it so well chilled that it can be cut in thin slices. Put between slices of rye bread which have been spread with butter and a small amount of prepared mustard.

HAM, EGG AND CUCUMBER

Chop equal parts boiled or baked ham and hard-boiled eggs. Season and moisten with salad dressing. Spread on thin slices of whole wheat or rye bread, cover with slices of cucumber which have been marinated in French dressing. Cover with a second slice of buttered bread.

CHICKEN AND HAM

To two parts chicken, add one part of finely diced ham. Moisten with Thousand Island dressing and spread between slices of buttered white bread.

MAPLE WALNUT SANDWICHES

Add maple syrup to butter when creaming it, adding enough to give good spreading consistency. Spread on thin slices of white bread and sprinkle with coarsely chopped nut meats.

After making your sandwiches, cover with a damp cloth and keep in a cold place. Avoid fillings that will soon grow soggy on the bread if you can't serve the sandwiches right away.

You'll find lots of opportunity to use your imagination, if you plan the sandwiches in relation to other food. With meat salad, serve cucumber, lettuce, and radish sandwiches. With vegetable or fruit salad, sandwiches should be heartily substantial, with meat, cheese or nut fillings.

Here are some excellent fillings for sandwiches:

DEVILLED CHEESE AND HAM SANDWICH

To one cup grated cheese add one-half cup chopped ham. Blend together well. Moisten with salad dressing and season with one teaspoon prepared mustard and one-half teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Spread between slices of white, whole wheat or brown bread.

RADISHES

Place wafer-thin slices of radishes between slices of white bread. Season lightly with salt. Very refreshing.

COTTAGE CHEESE AND PEANUT SANDWICHES

Spread cottage cheese, well drained, on slices of buttered nut or brown bread. Sprinkle generously with the small salted peanuts, and cover with a second slice of buttered bread. Raisins may be used instead of peanuts.

CHEESE AND JELLY

A favorite combination. Spread rounds of white bread with cream cheese moistened with cream. Top with rounds of white or whole wheat bread, the centers of which have been removed with a doughnut cutter. Put a cube of tart jelly in the center.

ROLLED SANDWICHES

(1) Mix devilled ham with grated cheese, add a bit of horseradish and moisten with mayonnaise. First butter slices of bread, then spread mixture. Roll as you would a jelly roll and chill before serving. Toast, if desired.

(2) Mash yolks of three hard-cooked eggs, blend with one-third cup caviar and one-third cup softened butter. Spread on bread, roll and serve cold, or toast just before serving.

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"No Film Career For My Sister!"—Gene Tierney

Pat Tierney is sixteen and movie-struck, but she turned thumbs down on a screen career at sister Gene's advice. Gene's in 20th Century-Fox's *China Girl*

By MURIEL REED

■ She's more of a hoyden than her sister Gene, but aside from that, sixteen-year-old Pat Tierney is the image of her. She has the same broad cheekbones, the same wide-set, teasing blue eyes, the same full mouth and the same exotic facial cast that have made Gene one of the most arresting girls in pictures. "And her legs," raves Gene proudly. "Long and slim. Like exclamation points."

So it was no wonder that when Pat came to Hollywood recently to visit Gene, producers and agents who saw her wanted to clamp her directly into pictures. "If one Tierney is such a box-office wow," they panted, chasing Pat with contract and fountain pen, "think of what two Tierney's can do!"

But to everyone's amazement, Gene's kid sister smiled and said "No." It was an unexpected reaction because Pat has always looked up to Gene and admired her. She is as normal as any of the sixteen-year-old girls at Miss Porter's school, where she is a student, and whoever heard of an American youngster who didn't want to be a movie star?

There was a reason in back of Pat's refusal to take up any one of the film deals handed her on a platter. And that was a heart-to-heart talk between the two sisters one evening in Gene's bedroom.

"Pat and I are very close," explained Gene, "and because she is my one and only sister, I don't want her to have her heart broken. That's why I don't think she should accept the movie offers right now. I told her why. I've been in Hollywood almost three years; I've made mistakes, and I've also been pretty lucky. But by being a star I've sacrificed some of the ordinary things that bring happiness. I'd like to spare Pat a few of my experiences.

"When I first came to Hollywood I had a six months' contract with a studio that brought me here before they had a part ready for me. I collected my paycheck but with that my picture work ended. I never saw a camera, a dressing room or a script. But it turned out to be a blessing in disguise, for I wasn't ready for pictures yet. If I had been cast in a film, I would have shown myself at my worst. Either Hollywood would have dropped me or assigned me to minor roles that would do me no good.

"So I returned to New York, received more coaching and stage experience, and when 20th Century-Fox signed me I started on a better footing. There were definite pictures in mind for me and a solid buildup that has done my career a world of good.

"I told Pat if she accepted a film bid now because people were attracted by her pretty face, she would be in a vulnerable spot. There are many girls in pictures today who continue year after year in unimportant parts because they began before they were ready. They took the first thing offered them. I wouldn't want Pat to be just another pretty face in pictures. If she is to have a career at all, she must aim for the top."

Gene continued seriously, "I steered her toward the idea of finishing school in the East first. After that if she knows in her heart that she wants to be an actress and is willing to make the necessary sacrifices for it, then it would be better for her to try the theater first, make a name and come to Hollywood as an actress of some experience.

"Right now Pat is going through a transitory period in her life. Only a few months ago she was a happy-go-lucky youngster interested in dogs and sports, then suddenly she was changing into a young lady. Like most girls her age she is more interested in fun than in settling down. I doubt that at this stage she is ready for the work and self-discipline that a movie job entails. I wouldn't want her to jump into pictures because she's misled by the easy life and the glamour. She should know before she starts that it's the toughest work laid out for any woman. It means staying home and going to bed early when you've been invited to a wonderful party. It means doing a swim scene in a sarong on a very cold day. It means acting cheerful even if you're bluer than a Gershwin rhapsody. It means having everything you say or do cut into tiny molecules and blown up beyond all proportions. All these things have happened to me and you have to develop a certain immunity to them or they can make life miserable.

"When I got married, what should have been a private affair turned into a situation that was laid bare for everyone to see and talk about. My father's objections became news for public gossip and many facts were exaggerated and colored. This hurt me terribly.

"I think Pat should wait until she can accept this sort of thing before venturing on a career. She's young and impressionable and I wouldn't want her to be hurt. She's just beginning to go to parties and have fun, and it's all too new and thrilling to her to give up for the business of acting.

"I didn't try to paint the picture black, however. There are many rewards that come with picture work—a beautiful

home, fame, attention and the feeling that you're important to a production. Every star-struck girl knows the bright side of a film career; few know the serious business that goes on behind the stage sets.

"There's a distinct advantage that Pat has over me. When I broke the news at home that I wanted to be an actress, it created a furore. That wasn't what my family had planned for me. Now that I am an actress, and my family sees that it hasn't spoiled me, their disapproval has vanished and I've paved the way for Pat.

"If Pat should decide to go into pictures, I'd want to set her right about a few more things. I think she should change her name so that she wouldn't risk the danger of living in the shadow of a sister who started first. There's a great physical resemblance between us and to accentuate that further with the same family name would be bad for Pat. Joan Fontaine might never have been taken seriously if she had kept the De Havilland name. It would have identified her forever as Olivia's kid sister.

"Pat and I are not the same type inside. I'm an open book—emotional and enthusiastic. Pat's feelings are more deeply hidden and when they come to the surface they're astounding. She read *St. Joan* to me the other evening and she was magnificent. She has tremendous possibilities but she can ruin her chance if she starts now. That's why I talked my sister out of a career for the present." ■

Betty Hutton hardly looks like a jitterbug in the glamourous get-up she wore at a recent preview. Her escort is Perc Westmore. She's in Paramount's *Happy Go Lucky*

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GREYHOUND

Marta Eggerth was one of Europe's most celebrated singing stars, but it took a trained seal to land her in American films. The Hungarian beauty will be seen in M-G-M's forthcoming *For Me and My Gal*

Hungarian Rhapsody

By JOHN FRANCHEY

■ There's a bewhiskered party who can cut capers in Marta Eggerth's swimming pool any time he feels like it, provided, of course, it isn't being occupied by scarey old ladies. His name is Sharkey, as slick an article as ever hit the water. A little eccentric, to be sure, but true blue.

Eccentric or not, Sharkey occupies a corner all his own in Miss Eggerth's spacious and loving heart. They're buddies. Or were. And they know each other like a book. Back in New York Miss Eggerth would get drunk every night in the week but Sundays, and he would show his disgust by spitting at her—in public, yet.

Sharkey is a seal, and Miss E's nightly drunk was "just pretending." The guzzling and the spitting were part of a Broadway show called *Higher and Higher*, a show which did lots for Marta Eggerth. It got her to Hollywood to stay, a destination which had eluded her for six years, despite the fact that the lady happens to be among the top ten box-office draws in the world. Number One in Rio de Janeiro.

Miss Eggerth would just as soon forget that six-year trek to Hollywood. Except for the four-month romp with Sharkey, it was a voyage brimming with chagrin and sorrow. And it advanced her American career not a step.

Any number of actresses have spent six years getting to Hollywood, but with Mlle. Eggerth it was different. When she was summoned to our shores in 1935, she reigned not only as the Hungarian Rhapsody Number One, but also as the leading cinema chanteuse (coloratura) of the Continent, having made pictures at such important film capitals as Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, and London.

She was getting a little bored with the continental circuit after several fabulous years when she received a cable from Mr. Carl Laemmle, then head of Universal Pictures. She packed her trunks, and quit Budapest with an appropriate tear.

The picture Mr. Laemmle had in mind was a musical minuet to be called *The Song of Joy*. After three months of diddling around with a script and score, Mr. L. decided that *The Song of Joy* was not for him. Or for Miss Eggerth. In something of a huff, she stomped off the lot, and quit Hollywood with tears—bucketsful.

Back home again, she married the celebrated Polish tenor, and movie star, Jan Kiepura; resumed her career, resigned herself to dominating European audiences and prepared to forget Hollywood. But not for long.

In the fall of that same year Mr. Kiepura received an enticing cable from Paramount imploring him to come to America and make a movie. Mr. K. thought it would be a nice thing—the change of scenery would do them both good.

Loitering around Hollywood doing nothing while her spouse sang all over the Paramount lot for six weeks gave Miss Eggerth a sad case of depression, the more so since the marriage had been kept a secret. She was glad to get back to Europe and to work.

The following year it was a concert tour that brought the Kiepuras to America. It was the old routine: Jan sang, she listened.

That next fall, Jan was drafted by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Only this time she didn't wait to be asked to be a nice wifie and come along. She insisted on it!

The very day Jan saw his business manager was the very day Marta saw Mr. Dwight Deere Wiman, the Broadway producer, who, according to an announcement in the papers, was about to stage a musical called *Higher and Higher*. Musicals needed singers, didn't they?

They did, indeed. Mr. Wiman agreed, pop-eyed, after catching a glimpse of the lissome lark, but this particular part, alas, called for comedy. "The girl in question, according to the script, is a scullery maid who rises . . ."

"Scholarly maid!" exclaimed Miss Eggerth who botches up the English language a bit. "It is Eggerth to an E."

What could Mr. Wiman do but sign her? And what did Marta Eggerth do but wow the critics, dazzle the talent scouts, and get herself deluged with screen offers, including one from Universal. Not to mention striking up a splashing good friendship with Sharkey, who, friendship or no friendship, was out there every night hell-bent on swiping every scene from her. When Miss Eggerth began to sing, Sharkey diverted attention from her by diving into the tank.

Ironically enough, hardly had our Marta reported at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for her maiden cinema chore in *For Me and My Gal* when she chanced upon an item in a Hollywood trade paper advising that Sharkey, the seal, was due to arrive on the morrow to make his debut in pictures.

The day Sharkey first appeared on a rival lot to do his turns before the camera, Miss E. rushed over to wish him luck.

Sharkey took one look, flapped his fins, unleashed a string of joyous yips, and tapered off by spitting at his caller.

"No, no, Sharkey," Miss Eggerth said, mildly reproachful. "You mustn't do that. I'm not a scholarly maid any more. I'm a movie actress." ■

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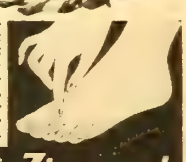

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Farewell to Frivolity

Leslie Brooks has not only changed her appearance and her name, but also her personality. She's in Columbia's *City Without Men*. Right: As a brunette under the name of Lorraine Gettman

By LAURA POMEROY

■ Many a movie star has a skeleton in the family closet, but Leslie Brooks has a bathing suit in hers.

"From now on the knees stay covered," she declares emphatically. "I've traipsed around in so many bathing suits and sequined scanties that I've practically developed carbuncles on my knees."

For a while Leslie was in danger of being typed as a curvacious cutie, for her role in *You Were Never Lovelier* is mostly decorative. But immediately after her stint in that opus was seen by the wise heads of Columbia Studios, she was promptly put into *City Without Men*, where her chores stress the dramatic rather than the show girl.

This makes Leslie very happy, because it completes her transition from good-time gal to just plain good. Being pert-faced and possessing a topography that has got her photographed more frequently in the almost-altogether than any other starlet, Leslie was pursued by the candid camera boys and the Hollywood stags and came perilously close to being classified as a hey-hey girl whose ambitions were confined to Ciro's dance floor.

Her name was Lorraine Gettman then, and she was the favorite belle of Burgess Meredith, Franchot Tone and other gentlemen who have a connoisseur's eye for beauty. She used to dance until three and sleep until noon, and was rewarded for this accomplishment by the envy of other girls, a few wilted orchids and a screen career that was skidding along in neutral.

"Some girls who want to crash pictures think it's a smart idea to be seen with eligible men on the night club circuit. Well," she said, raising a shoulder quizzically, "maybe it is for some, but it never worked that way for me. It didn't do anything but wear me down. Sure, I used to meet producers and directors that way, but when they saw me in the night spots

dancing my feet off, they thought, 'Aha, she's more interested in good times than in reporting for work at six in the morning.' They never took me seriously, and when my name came up for a role they passed me up. I could only get parts as showgirls in the musicals, and for picture ambitions that's equivalent to being shut up in a vault.

"Acting is a tough business. The Davises and the Lupinos shy away from night clubs and spend most of their evenings with a good script or just resting for the hard day ahead. Even a girl as beautiful as Hedy Lamarr saves her glamour for her work; and Rita Hayworth—believe it or not—steps out only occasionally. I've learned my lesson, and now that some solid acting parts are coming my way, I'm reversing the old policy. My career was a mess until I settled down, so it's the serious life for me from now on."

She was born in Lincoln, Nebraska. "A good place," she reflects. "Half way between New York and Hollywood." Her parents separated when she was an infant, and she was boarded out with neighbors. When they wanted to adopt her, her father took her to live with him. But he couldn't take care of her properly, so shortly afterwards she went to live with an aunt in Omaha. Her mother in Chicago then claimed her and Leslie left to be with her. Just as she was getting used to one home, one parent and one set of friends, she was picked up and switched to another home, another parent and a totally new group of children.

Tragedy struck when she was 13 years old, for her mother died and Leslie was alone, with no one to comfort her or remove the responsibility from her shoulders. Her aunt took her back to Nebraska, and in order to heal her grief urged her to join all of the school's gayer activities.

"There wasn't a school pageant or songfest that I wasn't a part of," she says. "I may have gotten poor marks, but I was 'A' in the dramatic clubs. I used to toil and sweat over every little play that was put on."

But she wasn't really inoculated with the acting germ until her grandmother whisked her off to spend the summer with her. "Grandma had a hotel in a small town that was a stopping-off place for vaudeville people touring the Midwest. I used to tag on their heels and those who didn't shoo me away as a pest taught me some theatrical turns. When I returned to my aunt again, I had learned how to play a uke, imitate Al Jolson and walk a tight rope. I also knew that I wanted to be an actress. From then on I badgered my aunt to move to Hollywood. My persistence might not have amounted to a thing if she hadn't lost her job as costume designer for the Federal Theater when that project closed. There was nothing to hold us in Omaha so we tackled Hollywood."

Leslie enrolled at Hollywood High School, but took a lofty attitude toward formal education and after classes pursued her yen for a career by entering beauty contests. Tom Kelly, a big-time Hollywood photographer, was a judge at one of these contests and thought so much of Leslie that he signed her up as a model. Her pictures began appearing in the

[*Continued on page* 68]

I WOULDN'T LET HIM GO

DRAFT officials have announced that married men, and even men with children, soon will be called into the Army. In many cases, married men with working wives, as well as husbands who have taken their vows since Pearl Harbor, already have been called to the colors!

But what happens to the women these men leave behind when they march off to war? What changes does it make in the lives of those who must remain at home?

You'll find these vital questions answered for you in a dramatic, true life story, "I Wouldn't Let Him Go," in the December issue of LIFE STORY, now on sale at your newsstand! In this gripping revelation, told by a girl who saw *her* man taken from her side and sent off to war, the author tells you, frankly and intimately, just what you will have to face when the man *you* love is called to his duty. It's a story as vital as life itself, a story no member of your family can afford to miss!

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Water Venus

By JILL LANG

Biggest screen splash in many moons is charmer Esther Williams, ex-swimming champion. Her first role is in Metro's *Andy Hardy Steps Out*

■ Have you ever seen a dream swimming? Well, you will. In Hollywood, they're calling Esther Williams the Sonja Henie of the water. That sounds like a gag, but behind it is the implication that Esther is likely to become a mighty big splash in pictures. Just as Sonja started a trend in skating films, and incidentally earned a little mint for her studio and herself, so M-G-M is planning to build a gala swimming musical around their mermaid. She's not only a knockout in the water but a stunner in looks, and when she finished her first film, *Andy Hardy Steps Out*, studio officials were further delighted with the discovery that she could also act.

Esther is mildly dazed about her position at the studio. Whoever thought that the Williams kid, who was all legs and arms and lived in a pool, would end up as a movie star?

It was the war which inadvertently put Esther into pictures. When the outbreak in Europe forced cancellation of the 1940 Olympic Games, it was a catastrophe to Esther. But it turned out to be good fortune for it kept her in the water tanks of California, under the observant noses of alert studio scouts who clamped her into films.

Esther was born in Los Angeles and lived across the street from a swimming pool. While the other little girls played with dolls, Esther flapped around in the pool, plaguing the lifeguards.

"The only way they could get me out of the pool was to drain it," she grins. She swam with the guards and learned from them, with the result that her strokes became as powerful as a man's. Swimming became her life and she won every meet she entered. She became Pacific Coast champion in 1938 and had rosy hopes of going to Finland for the Olympics when the war blew up that dream. Esther is still disappointed about that, movie career or no, and says grimly, "I have a private grudge against Mr. Hitler."

She wouldn't relinquish her amateur standing even though the Olympics had gone flooey, so she got a job modeling at Magnin's. She was strutting about one morning showing off some fetching models to the clients, when a call came in from Mr. Billy Rose. He was opening an Aquacade in San Francisco, was in hot pursuit for a star and had heard about her.

"Come to the Ambassador Hotel pool immediately and swim for me. I have a plane to catch."

Instead of collapsing with joy at this opportunity, Esther said calmly, "I have a perfectly good job here and I don't leave until 5. Catch another plane."

The mighty Rose exploded, but he waited. When Esther arrived, he was fuming and decided to give her an exhausting test.

"Swim back and forth ten times, do a spiral, do a corkscrew, sprint me a hundred," he barked. Rose kept her paddling, waiting for her to give up. He was wasting time. He didn't know that she swam six to twelve miles in the Pacific regularly and this workout was like loafing to her.

"Okay, you win. I can't think of a thing you can't do. You have the job. Forty a week."

"There's water in my ear," yelled Esther. "I can't hear what you're saying. How much a week?"

"Fifty, then."

"Still can't hear."

Esther's eardrums managed to function when he lifted the ante to $150.

Her nonchalance and naturalness were at constant tilts with the promoters of the Aquacade. When she told them that she and Leonard Kovner, a young Los Angeles physician, were going to be married they were horrified. "You can't get married! Every man in the audience thinks of you as a potential love."

"Really," drawled Esther. "I thought they came to see me swim. My life is my own when I'm not wet."

The show's press agent had an idea. Since their star was so determined to get married, they would make a big jamboree out of it and nab reams of publicity.

"They planned to have Johnny Weissmuller give me away," she groaned, "and Morton Downey, also in the show, was to sing, 'Oh Promise Me.' For the final touch, a chorus of girls in bathing suits were to be my bridesmaids. It was a nightmare. I saw that I couldn't talk them out of it, so I let them go ahead with their plans. They invited every newspaperman in town, and even pulled some people off the street for the ceremony. But the morning of the wedding, Leonard and I left them flat. We drove until we found a lovely, vine-covered chapel with stained glass windows and a sweet old minister. It was the sort of wedding I've always wanted. When I returned to the Aquacade for the evening performance, no one would talk to me. To put me completely in the doghouse, the press agent approached me the next day with a hurt look. 'You ungrateful wench,' he sneered. 'Not only did you gum up the wedding, but you got married the same day that Wendell Willkie was nominated for president! Now how can I get newspaper space?'"

At this time, something else arose to harass Esther. An M-G-M executive had seen her in the show and tried to convince her that she should be on their contract list.

"Not interested," said Esther.

"Aha," they thought. "She's playing hard to get. Smart girl." So they upped the inducement, but Esther was still uninterested.

"Look," she told a flabbergasted agent who was hot on her heels, "I don't want to be an actress. I'm married and my husband wants a wife." Esther is very much in love with her husband and she had some old-fashioned but solvent ideas about mixing marriage with a film career.

Finally her resistance dissolved when she was promised a test with Gable. "After that," she admits, "I was sold on pictures."

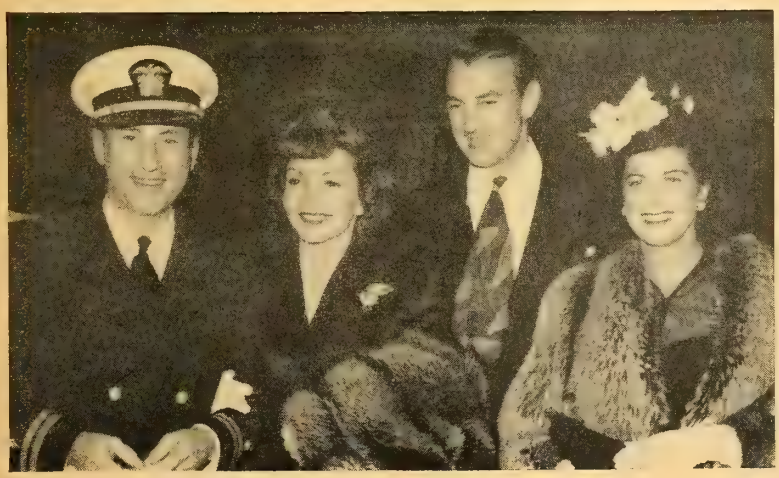
She was sent to the studio school to learn how to walk. "I had a swimmer's stance. Loose and lopey like a seal. The school tightened me up," she explains wryly.

Her first advent before the cameras was in an *Andy Hardy*. When she heard that she was going to play opposite Mickey Rooney, she thought someone had gone bats. "Do you realize," she said, drawing herself up, "that I am five feet seven?"

"That's all right," she was told with a fine display of Hollywood ingenuity. "We'll have you sitting when you're not swimming."

Even before the picture was finished, studio executives were making fancy plans to produce a lavish Technicolor swim musical around her. Esther has a film future as bright as a pre-war neon sign, but it leaves her normal and undisturbed. She gets up at six every morning to prepare breakfast for her husband, lives in a modest little apartment in an unfashionable section of Los Angeles because it is near his hospital.

"Leonard and I have wonderful times together," she says happily, with a love-still-in-bloom expression. "We golf and ride and bowl together, and we have everything in common, except one thing. He refuses pointblank to go swimming with me. Now I ask you!" ■



Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, now a lieutenant in the United States Navy, step out with Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper

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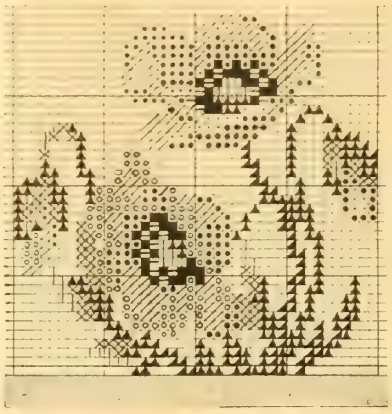
CLUES ON CLOTHES

Buttons MAKE the DRESS

By CATHERINE ROBERTS (FASHION EDITOR

Petit point buttons and belt buckle easily made by you. See chart, instruction below



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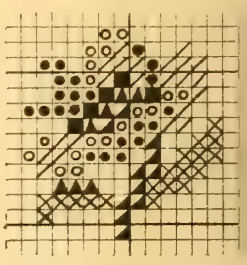
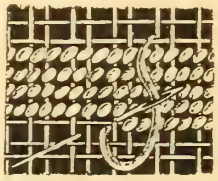
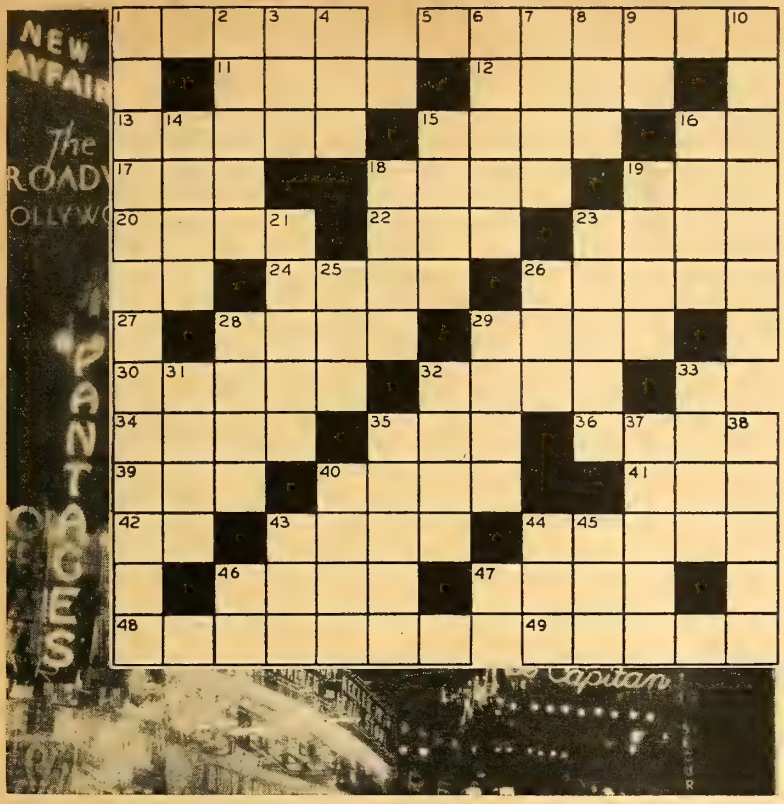


Above is diagram for buttons; to left, diagram for buckle or pocket. Below is detail of stitch used. Hiawatha Real Needlepoint Wool and Tapestry canvas are used. On sale in Art Needlework Depts.



Detail at left illustrates method of making petit point stitches. Charts above give pattern and different symbols indicate various shades of wool used. Materials needed; ¼ yd. Hiawatha Needlepoint Canvas; 1 skein each of: Victorian Rose Nos. 601, 603, 605; Springleaf Green Nos, 639, 640, 641, 642; Plymouth Grey Nos. 609, 610 and Black No. 611. Plus 2 skeins of desired background color. Each square on chart represents one stitch of wool used in a single strand. When cutting apart leave border of canvas ½" around. Turn in edges of pocket, face with fabric of dress. Mount buttons on wooden molds lacing firmly across back.

MOVIE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. They once fell on Alabama; now they're in Hollywood.
5. Judy, whose show always packs a punch.
11. Tales from Hitler's Vienna Woods.
12. Heflin's heart.
13. Paramount hired a Hall for this South Sea siren.
15. What Ginger has.
16. Junior's daddy (abbr.).
17. Zoot-suitors.
18. This will help in a pinch.
19. Something pitched in pictures.
20. Comedian slipped up on this.
22. This has priority over beauty.
23. Kind of house you may get by raising the roof.
24. Fairytale villain.
26. Lead for Asta.
28. Good drawing cards in poker plays.
29. They gave it to Scotch comic and now he's stuck with it.
30. Fourth at bridge when Charlie is dummy.
32. Bulbous, theatrical thing, often lit.
34. Inebriate's dance specialty.
35. What hero hopes to make with heroine.
36. This may get Cheeta out on a limb.
39. Place for actor who decides to retire.
40. Who said that this ain't hay?
41. Kind of business you can best attend to.
42. Beginning of bashful boy's proposal.
43. Any of Hollywood's leading male citizens.
44. He didn't stir when St. Nicholas made an entrance.
46. If this appears dead, it really won't pay.
47. Lad named Larry.
48. What sound effects man stole from Thor.
49. Sugary pill taken by vamp.

DOWN

1. It has cornered the fan mail.
2. If you feel this way, there's nobody home.
3. This is always on edge.
4. If you cross it, it may get rough.
6. Really a Rooney.
7. McCoyish.
8. This disappeared in movie mystery when hero stood up.
9. Gallagher called him Mr. Shean.
10. Paramount's (G)Lamour girl.
14. Villain's look when heroine is looker.
15. There's no money in this mint.
16. Their ancestors were *Pioneers.*
18. You won't see better if you buy glasses here (pl.).
19. What you'd do with lurong if director said "Don it!"
21. This has more stops than a telegram.
23. Point of *Maisie's* conversation.
25. There are Frankfurters here, but few have rolls (abbr.).
26. What loving lout is laughingly labeled (slang).
27. He woo-woos and wows 'em.
28. Give hero the right lines and he'll appear thus.
29. What stooge is expected to do when partner talks in riddles.
31. Stag party at Disney studio.
32. If Crosby has a mudder, here's a place for fodder.
33. Paramount's will give you an eyeful as well as an earful.
35. Author who had *Luck* with his *Roaring Camp.*
37. *Pittsburgh Kid* had a fighting chance in this.
38. Kind of agents *Ellery Queen* met.
40. This should be strung up.
43. Dumb cluck whose performance laid an egg.
44. What subject's name is when Hollywood gossipers dish the dirt.
45. She made culprits take their medicine in *Drums of the Congo.*
46. Not kisses, just a few pecks (abbr.).

(Solution on page 74)

Eyes that won a chance at stardom

"Loveliest eyes", was the thrilling verdict judges gave MARY ARMSTRONG, of Beaumont, Texas, first prize winner in the "Lovely Eyes" contest sponsored by Camille Glamor-Eyes Makeup. Now, as guest of *Republic Pictures,* Miss Armstrong goes to Hollywood to begin work in a Republic film. She also will be presented with a stunning fur coat by *I. J. Fox,* "America's largest furriers".

OTHER PRIZE WINNERS: *Doris Jackson,* Long Island—a striking 6-piece wardrobe by *Townley Frocks; Bettie Reid,* Sacramento—an exquisite diamond wrist watch by *Gruen; Mary Brennan,* Philadelphia—scholarship in fashion modeling at *Mayfair Mannequin Academy; Dolores Miller,* Hollywood — genuine *Tecla* pearl necklace. And the following winners each receive a set of lovely *Karu* costume jewelry—*Mary Le Blanc,* Baton Rouge; *Jean Burkhart,* Louisville; *Rosanne Perry,* Buffalo; *Olive Midgetto,* New York City; *Adeline Andreis,* Long Island.

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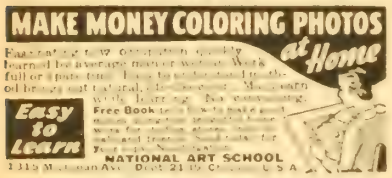
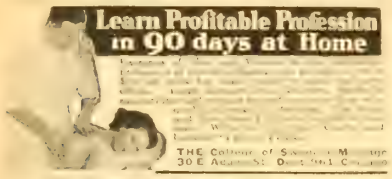
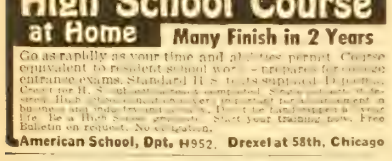






Farewell to Frivolity

[*Continued from page 63*]

papers and magazines with such regularity that Hollywood's wolf pack started to deluge her with calls. She made a decorative item at the night clubs, but her picture work consisted solely of a showgirl part in *Ziegfeld Girl*, where she did nothing but look beautiful and bored.

Warners signed her up but she had the same luck. Her career there was as a member of a curvesome group called the "Navy Blues Sextette," a creation of the publicity department to develop interest in the picture, *Navy Blues*. The girls were photographed and shipped all over the country to make personal appearances.

It was fun," she admits. "Stage door johnnies, keys to the city, parties. But since then, a bathing suit hasn't looked the same to me."

It was a lively life, but not for a girl with ambitions. When her contract was up she took stock of herself and decided that it wasn't enough. Columbia had seen her photograph and wanted to sign her up, but this time Leslie was a wiser girl. "No more loss," was her ultimatum. "This time I act."

She changed her phone number to thwart the male element, changed her name from Lorraine Gettman to Leslie Brooks to break away from her old identity with night clubs and the Sextette, and went in for dramatic lessons with vigor. Since then her progress has been rapid. She changed her hair to blond, not for photogenic purposes, because she was devastating as a brunette, but because she likes the part a blonde gets, brittle and sophisticated.

She doesn't smoke or drink, and she is rather a trial for the young men who take her out these evenings. "I'm like Cinderella. Home by midnight." She lives with her aunt in a small apartment close to the Hollywood Bowl. "When the concerts are on, we open the window and have Stokowski in the room." She has scuttled most of her evening clothes, and evenings she reads scripts and studies French and Spanish.

Her goodbyes to the gay life have been said without a flicker. "It doesn't get you anywhere. It didn't," she adds, "even get me a proposal!" ■

AMERICA IN 1950

IF THE JAPS WIN . . .

. . . your salary (if any!) probably will be less than is now paid to the Japanese soldier, Nippon's very favorite son, who gets 26 cents a month!

IF AMERICA WINS . . .

. . . the prosperity that only freedom can bring will be here for you and your family. But we *must* win! And the way to insure that victory is to buy all the War Bonds you can.

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

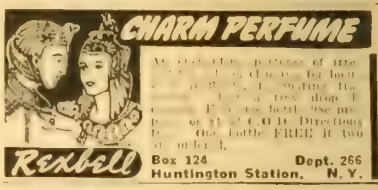
She's as Lively as a Youngster—Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used success fully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tube. Flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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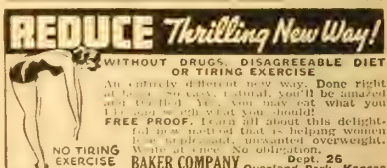

NEW FACES! NEW STORIES!

ALL THE FACTS ABOUT THE YOUNGER STARS!

MOVIE ALBUM is the only film magazine devoted exclusively to Hollywood's "new" faces! The new issue of MOVIE ALBUM is bigger and better than ever. It contains 15 additional pages, all packed with exciting stories and pictures of Hollywood's up-and-coming young starlets. There are dozens of stunning portraits and intimate life stories of colorful newcomers.

Don't miss the big, sparkling All-Youth issue of MOVIE ALBUM No. 4, now on sale at newsstands everywhere for only 15c!

Jane Russell and Harry Wilson, Hollywood agent, share a quiet corner at one of the popular nightclubs. Jane's film, *The Outlaw*, is still unreleased

Fred MacMurray, Ann Sothern, Robert Sterling and Fred's beautiful wife, Lily, make a good-looking foursome as they arrive at a Hollywood premiere

WHENEVER I NEEDED a laxative, I'd take down the bottle, pour out a spoonful and hold my nose while I swallowed the nasty-tasting stuff. And how it upset me! It was just *too strong!*

THEN I WENT to the other extreme. I tried another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But the medicine only stirred me up and left me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*

ONE DAY, I GOT a bright idea! I decided to give Ex-Lax a trial. It tasted swell—just like fine chocolate! And it was so pleasant to find that it works *easily* and *effectively* at the same time. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a *gentle* way! It won't upset you; won't make you feel bad afterwards. No wonder people call it:

The "HAPPY MEDIUM" Laxative

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"When lines and blemishes appear — I SMOOTH your worried face, I make your skin look soft and fresh — I'm Hampden's Powder Base." I'm SMOOTHIE

Use HAMPDEN'S powder base before making up, to give soft radiance to your complexion. Keeps make-up fresh. In 5 "tints," to match your coloring, mood or costume.

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Over 20 million sold

hampden

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Brush Away GRAY HAIR . . and Look 10 Years Younger

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brush-in-brush-out stroke does it—or your money back. Used for 40 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Calm confident waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Seconds, beneath as new gray appears. Easy to prove by trying a hidden lock of your hair. 60c and $1.00 (3 times as much) at drug or toilet counters or on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

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Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases Cystex (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. Only 35c.

Cystex
Helps Flush Kidneys

The three beautiful dahlias Marjorie Woodworth holds have been named the Woodworth dahlias in honor of the star by William Haller, horticulturist

Lucille Ball is fast becoming one of Hollywood's brightest stars. M-G-M's *DuBarry Was A Lady* is her biggest role to date. Here she is shown nightclubbing with her husband Desi Arnaz, who is scheduled to appear in a film with Lucille

IMPORTANT PICTURES

By MURIEL STOLIER

ROAD TO MOROCCO ★★★★

Paramount

They're at it again—those irrepressible Paramount fun boys, Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. And that's our good luck, for *Road to Morocco,* the latest in the side-splitting *Road* series, is the funniest yet. Need we say more? For the unconvinced, we will. This time the boys get shipwrecked and land on the African coast. Broke and hungry, Bing sells Bob into slavery which backfires by turning out to be the closest thing to heaven Bob has ever known. He is taken to the palace of Dorothy Lamour, and he is her chosen bridegroom. Bing becomes smitten of her as well, and from there on it's a potpourri of fun and action, occasionally relevant to what started out as the story. The boys run berserk in one of the funniest scenes on record when they pull all manner of gags on the tribesmen of the African desert.

This is escapist fare *par excellence.*

MY SISTER EILEEN ★★★½

Columbia

Janet Blair

Everyone will enjoy this thoroughly delightful adaptation of the popular Broadway show. The story concerns the adventures of two young ambitious girls (Rosalind Russell and Janet Blair) who arrive in New York, fresh from Columbus, Ohio, to seek careers in writing and acting. They rent a basement apartment in Greenwich Village from a phony Greek artist (George Tobias), and then their adventures begin. The laughs come thick and fast as weird characters and amusing situations follow each other through the startled girls' room.

Rosalind is kept busy trying to make ends meet on the little money they have, peddling her stories to publishers and protecting her pretty blond sister, *Eileen,* from the advances of every man she encounters. Romance and success finally enter her life in the person of Brian Aherne, a magazine editor, but not before several hilarious mishaps occur, including a visit from the Portuguese Merchant Marine, a conga line that ends in a street riot and a night in jail. Wonderful entertainment.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE ★★★

Warners

When a city slicker takes over a farmhouse in a back-to-the-land gesture, the results are bound to net some comical situations. This is Jack Benny's dilemma in *George Washington Slept Here;* and he and Ann Sheridan, who plays his wife, make an excellent team in an all-around entertaining film.

Everything happens to the pair in their attempt to make livable an old ramshackle colonial house in which, they are told, George Washington once slept. An unwanted relative even moves in to add to their woes. Percy Kilbride plays the dour old caretaker who has his own ideas on how to run the place. He is a fine character comedian. This is fun for all.

JOURNEY INTO FEAR ★★★

R-K-O Radio

In *Journey Into Fear,* Orson Welles leaves the directing chores in the hands of Norman Foster and contents himself with enacting one of the leading characters. What might have been an absorbing melodrama turns out to be only a moderately good movie. The performances are all excellent—especially Welles as *Colonel Haki,* head of the Turkish secret service, and Everett Sloane, a Turkish agent. However, the plot and the characters are confusing throughout. The audience is never sure who's playing on whose team. Joseph Cotten is the hero of the film, an American naval engineer who has just completed an important survey of the Turkish Navy. The Nazis are determined that he shall not return home with his valuable information. *Colonel Haki* takes him in hand and re-routes him on a slow freighter. On the boat, Cotten encounters other weird and bewildering characters and gets several good scares, but eventually the enemy agents are polished off and he is happily reunited with his wife, Ruth Warrick.

Dolores del Rio makes her screen comeback as an Eurasian dancer, and is still very lovely to look at. There are any number of superb photographic scenes, but the pace is much too slow to hold attention.

EYES IN THE NIGHT ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Donna Reed

A fast-action yarn involving murder, Nazi spies and sabotage. Donna Reed finds her fiance, John Emery, murdered and accuses her step-mother, Ann Harding, of doing the deed in order to prevent the marriage. Edward Arnold, a blind detective, is called in to solve the case and clear the step-mother. He stumbles on a nest of enemy agents and cleans them up in the bargain. Some of the action credit goes to Friday, Arnold's seeing-eye dog.

This is Ann Harding's first film after five years' absence. She handles the role well, although it is a deviation from the parts she has portrayed in the past.

[*Continued on page* 73]

RELIEVE HEADACHES NEURALGIA & MUSCULAR ACHES WITH QUICK ACTING "BC"

"BC" contains not just *one* but *several* effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
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FLYING FREIGHTERS OF THE FUTURE!

SO YOU KNOW HOW TO WALK?

ARE ships obsolete? Are the railroads doomed? Will cargoes soon be whisked across the country, over oceans and even around the world in giant winged freighters weighing 500 tons or more—eight times as much as the B-19, biggest plane ever made? This question is one of the hottest controversial subjects today. SPOT gives you the answer and in a fascinating drawing by Lieut. Douglas Rolfe, formerly of the Royal Air Force, shows you what the titanic aerial transports of tomorrow, carrying hundreds of tons of cargo 8,000 miles without a stop, will look like. Don't miss *Flying Freighters* in the December issue, on sale November 11.

You may think you know how to walk—but you probably don't! There are a lot of ways to walk, and most of them are wrong. The right way is the easiest, but few of us practice it. In this day of curtailed transportation services and autos stored for the duration, walking is necessary and patriotic. It might as well be fun and health-giving too. SPOT for December tells you how to make friends of your feet in *Wake Up and Walk.*

Plus *Mexico's Movies Come of Age,* an inside view of Mexico's own Hollywood; *Working Girl,* a day in the life of a two-year-old professional glamour girl; *Frederic Goudy,* the story of the greatest living type designer; a sneak preview of the latest movie hit; SPOT's album of new personalities in the news, and twenty other fascinating picture features. Get your December SPOT today, 10c everywhere.

NOW 16 PAGES BIGGER!

SPOT

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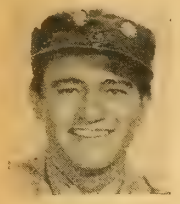
Important Pictures

[Continued from page 71]

FLYING TIGERS ★★★

Republic



John Wayne

■ A rousing tribute to those intrepid adventurers of the sky, the American Volunteer Group or, as they are known, the "Flying Tigers." As long as two years before Pearl Harbor, American boys in the employ of the Chinese Government were flying over the Burma Road protecting China's lifeline from the marauding Japs. The saga of their unequal battle, their heroism and daring is told in this thrilling film packed with action and fire. A cocky American pilot (John Carroll), who joins the AVG only for the money in it, through witnessing the magnificent, unrelenting resistence of the Chinese people even to the smallest child, learns that their fight is our fight, that they are battling for all that America actually stands for. John Wayne plays to perfection the role of the outfit's stalwart squadron leader, who is in love with the Red Cross nurse stationed there (Anna Lee). The sky battles are breathtaking. This is a film that will stir all who see it.

FOR ME AND MY GAL ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Gene Kelly

■ *For Me and My Gal* takes us back to the hey-day of vaudeville, before the first World War, when an entertainer's greatest ambition was to play the New York Palace. Gene Kelly, a delightful new personality who's going places, plays a small-time hoofer, who wins Judy Garland away from George Murphy, as a partner. Judy falls hard for Gene, but a big-time singer (Marta Eggerth) almost snares him until he realizes it's Judy he loves. They plan on being married and to complete their joy, the Palace comes through with a booking. In the meantime war has been declared and Gene receives his draft notice. So he won't miss the Palace engagement, Gene deliberately smashes his hand. When Judy discovers that Gene is dodging the draft, she calls off their wedding plans and sends him away. How Gene finally straightens out and wins back Judy and his self-respect is told dramatically when the action shifts to the war front. Good entertainment with lots of music and dancing.

GIRL TROUBLE ★★½

20th Century-Fox

■ *Girl Trouble* has little to redeem it except a few comedy situations and a cast that tries hard. Story concerns the playboy son (Don Ameche) of a Venezuelan rubber planter, who arrives in New York to negotiate a loan to expand rubber production. Ameche rents an apartment from Joan Bennett, whose wealth is frozen in England and who stays on as maid of the apartment. Of course, the two fall in love, after a series of squabbles, but end up in the inevitable clinch. Fair entertainment.

THE GLASS KEY ★★½

Paramount

Alan Ladd

■ Paramount pitted Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd against each other with such spectacular success in *This Gun for Hire* that they've done it again in *The Glass Key*. It's a fairly exciting mystery film, but it lacks the punch of their first success. Alan Ladd, a really talented newcomer, is fast falling into the gangster groove, and it is to be hoped that Paramount will do better by him before he's irrevocably typed. The leading role is portrayed with gusto by Brian Donlevy. He's a get-as-get-can politician who falls

[Continued on page 74]

LIBERTY LIMERICKS

Said a movie fan, Edward
G. Mallory,
"I may have to sit in the
gallery,
But War Bonds will get
My savings, you bet—
Right up to a tenth of my
salary!"

Lend the Stars and Stripes a tenth of your earnings. Buy War Bonds and Stamps! Be sure your County makes its quota.

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Don't hide your face and "miss out" any longer because of embarrassing blackheads that mar your appearance. Now keep your complexion clear with this new invention. Enjoy a clear, clean blackhead-FREE skin! It's easy...accomplish it scientifically in seconds with

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

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SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman $1.00 ONLY if for one or $1.69 if for both, plus small postage charge and Federal Tax. State if gold or silver, giving size! RINGS are of the finest craftsmanship. Every jewel Hand set and imported and U. S. Gov't duty has been paid. These are America's greatest imitations.

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Wear ring 10 days, if for any reason you are dissatisfied, return rings and your money will be refunded by return mail. Greatest sale in our history. RUSH ORDER. Limited quantity. MAIL COUPON NOW!

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Kindly send the following Ring or Rings.
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Important Pictures

[*Continued from page 73*]

for Veronica Lake. His love for her almost sends him to the electric chair when her brother is murdered and he's the suspect.

The hit of the picture is William Bendix, who walks away with the whole works as the big, rough bully who uses strong-arm methods to enforce his boss' orders. He's terrific.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall.* The picturization of the popular book was voted the best film of 1941. See it for the unforgettable performance of young Roddy McDowall.

MRS MINIVER (M-G-M) Cast: *Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Teresa Wright.* Jan Struther's best seller adapted into a vibrant, poignant film that brings the war home. Showing how the English people can take it, it's one of the finest war films to date. Greer Garson is a good bet for the Academy Award.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES (R-K-O) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright.* The life story of Lou Gehrig, who rose to the heights of baseball glory only to meet a tragic death at the pinnacle of his fame. Teresa Wright is outstanding as Mrs. Gehrig. Babe Ruth makes his screen debut as himself.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (Warners) Cast: *James Cagney, Joan Leslie, Walter Huston.* A rousing tribute to that grand old man of the American theater, George M. Cohan portrayed by Cagney who was never better. All the famous Cohan songs.

★★★

BAMBI (Walt Disney) Disney's most realistic animated cartoon is the enchanting adaptation of Felix Salten's classic. The story concerns a fawn and his life and friends of the forest. *Thumper*, the comic rabbit, is most entertaining.

BETWEEN US GIRLS (Universal) Cast: *Diana Barrymore, Robert Cummings, Kay Francis, John Boles.* Diana Barrymore's first starring role gives the talented young actress opportunity to play a variety of roles ranging from a 12-year-old youngster to the ancient Queen Victoria. Diana is remarkably good.

EAGLE SQUADRON (Universal) Cast: *Robert Stack, Diana Barrymore, Jon Hall.* An authentic picture of the American squadron in the RAF. Thrilling shots of air raids, sky battles and maneuvers.

HOLIDAY INN (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, Virginia Dale.* Great entertainment bubbling over with Crosby's crooning, Astaire's dancing and Irving Berlin's melodies. All about an inn opened only on holidays. Excellent performance by a talented newcomer, Marjorie Reynolds.

NOW, VOYAGER (Warners) Cast: *Bette Davis, Paul Henreid.* A psychiatric study of a frustrated, dowdy woman who transforms herself into a glamorous figure, and falls madly in love with a man she can never have. Stark drama.

TALES OF MANHATTAN (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda.* Star-studded film depicting adventures of a tail coat as it is handed down from one character to the other, bringing fortune or disgrace to the wearer. Each episode of the story is complete in itself. The huge and glittering cast is awe-inspiring.

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE (United Artists) Cast: *George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley.* The absorbing story of a man who scorned society by leaving his family, breaking up other men's homes and running off to the South Seas to devote his life to painting, only to be destroyed by his own obsession. Adapted from W. Somerset Maugham's great novel.

★★★

ACROSS THE PACIFIC (Warners) Cast: *Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre.* Following the pattern of *The Maltese Falcon* with the same cast, the plot revolves about the capture of a spy ring operating in the Pacific.

CROSSROADS (M-G-M) Cast: *Hedy Lamarr, William Powell, Basil Rathbone.* Dramatic story of a high French official suffering from amnesia, who does not know if he is a criminal or not. Tense moments throughout. Hedy, as always, is lovely to behold.

ICELAND (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Sonja Henie, John Payne.* Just to watch Sonja Henie twirl over the ice is worth the price of admission. An adequate story but secondary to the skating sequences.

KINGS ROW (Warners) Cast: *Robert Cummings, Betty Field, Ronald Reagan, Ann Sheridan, Nancy Coleman.* A gloomy adaptation of the popular best-seller. If you like psychiatric studies, you'll enjoy this. Otherwise, you may find it pretty depressing.

LADY IN A JAM (Universal) Cast: *Irene Dunne, Patric Knowles, Ralph Bellamy.* Zany tale of a wacky heiress who goes bankrupt and starts mining gold in Arizona to win back her fortune and her man. Slapstick at its best.

ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING (United Artists Release) Cast: *Hugh Williams, Eric Portmann, Pamela Brown.* This is a British-made film which United Artists are releasing in this country. It's a war picture, exciting in spots, with good performances by the entire cast.

REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Cast: *Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard, John Wayne.* With its excellent cast, brilliant Technicolor and fast-moving story, you won't want to miss De Mille's latest production. Complete with hurricane, shipwreck, an underseas fight and a [illegible].

RIO RITA (M-G-M) Cast: *Abbott and Costello, Kathryn Grayson, John Carroll.* Those funnymen are loose again and run riot through a rather weak story, uncorking new and better [illegible]. Very colorful.

SEVEN SWEETHEARTS (M-G-M) Cast: *Van Heflin, Kathryn Grayson, Marsha Hunt.* A tulip festival provides the setting for a delightful film concerning the efforts of seven lovely sisters to find husbands.

SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU (M-G-M) Cast: *Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Robert Sterling.* Gable's last film for the duration teams him again with Lana in a fast-moving picturization of the war in the East and the last days of Bataan.

TAKE A LETTER, DARLING (Paramount) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray.* Plot concerns a woman executive and her male secretary with ensuing complications. Comedy fare with Roz carrying off the honors.

THE GAY SISTERS (Warner Brothers) Cast: *Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Gig Young.* The rather heavy story of the three Gaylord sisters, their trials and tribulations in marriage and their attempt to regain the family fortune. Engrossing and well performed.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE SOLUTION

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P	E	E	L	■	A	G	E	■	P	E	N	T
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H	■	A	C	E	S	■	B	U	R	R	■	Y
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R	E	E	L	■	H	I	T	■	T	R	E	E
B	E	D	■	B	A	L	E	■	■	O	W	N
E	R	■	H	E	R	O	■	M	O	U	S	E
R	■	B	E	A	T	■	N	U	N	N	■	M
T	H	U	N	D	E	R		D	A	D	D	Y

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (R-K-O) Cast: *Dolores Costello, Tim Holt, Joseph Cotten.* Orson Welles' second film doesn't measure up to his *Citizen Kane*. Slow-moving, rather depressing story of a spoiled young man. Agnes Moorehead shows possibilities.

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR (Paramount) Cast: *Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland.* Ginger masquerading as a 12-year-old is taken under the protective wing of a young army major with merry complications. Ginger does a grand job.

THE PIED PIPER (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Roddy McDowall, Monty Woolley, Anne Baxter.* A quiet, moving story of a reluctant hero and his trip across occupied France with the children he has promised to return safely to England. A warm, human film.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN (Columbia) Cast: *Ronald Colman, Jean Arthur, Cary Grant.* You won't want to miss this combination in an exciting and credible story of a fugitive from justice who seeks refuge in the home of a school teacher.

THE WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY (M-G-M) Cast: *Fay Bainter, Jean Rogers, Van Johnson.* A rich widow who refuses to face the realities of the world at war is finally brought to her senses by the example of her friends and family. An apt and moving study.

TORTILLA FLAT (M-G-M) Cast: *Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr, John Garfield.* Adapted from John Steinbeck's stories of the picturesque *paisanos* of northern California, it tells the story of the romance of Hedy and John Garfield, which Spencer Tracy tries to break up. Very colorful.

WAKE ISLAND (Paramount) Cast: *Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey.* The thrilling factual story of the heroic defense of Wake Island against the Japs. Very stirring.

★★½

BERLIN CORRESPONDENT (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Dana Andrews, Virginia Gilmore, Mona Maris.* Espionage film with Berlin background. Dana Andrews is an American commentator who attempts to get valuable military information out of Germany.

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Betty Grable, John Payne, Victor Mature.* An indifferent story, indifferently acted. Betty's legs are its only recommendation.

GET HEP TO LOVE (Universal) Cast: *Gloria Jean, Jane Frazee, Robert Paire.* Lively entertainment for the teen-agers, with Gloria Jean singing in superb voice.

HERE WE GO AGAIN (R-K-O-Radio) Cast: *Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Fibber McGee and Molly, Ginny Simms.* Second in the series starring Bergen and the popular radio comics. Ray Noble's orchestra adds interest.

JOAN OF OZARK (Republic) Cast: *Judy Canova, Joe E. Brown.* Fairly amusing little comedy in which Judy and Joe get tangled with Nazi spies.

MAISIE GETS HER MAN (M-G-M) Cast: *Ann Sothern, Red Skelton.* The *Maisie* followers will like this. In addition to Ann Sothern's amusing escapades, it has Red Skelton.

MANILA CALLING (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Lloyd Nolan, Carole Landis.* A band of Americans attempt to set up a radio transmitter in the Philippines to combat Jap propaganda. Plenty of gunfire.

MISS ANNIE ROONEY (United Artists) Cast: *Shirley Temple, Dickie Moore,* Shirley Temple comes back as a young lady in a rather weak story of a poor girl and a rich boy. Lots of jive talk and jitterbugging which youngsters will like.

ORCHESTRA WIVES (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *George Montgomery, Ann Rutherford, Lynn Bari.* The trials and tribulations encountered by the wives of orchestra men are shown in an amusing movie.

PANAMA HATTIE (M-G-M) Cast: *Ann Sothern, Red Skelton.* Not the gay, racy musical it was on the stage, the screen version emerges as only fair entertainment. The barest thread of a story weaves through the song and dance routines. The three gobs, Red Skelton, Rags Ragland and Ben Blue are the funniest.

THE FOREST RANGERS (Paramount) Cast: *Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray, Susan Hayward.* It's chief attraction is a forest fire in Technicolor. Otherwise only fair.

MEET MRS. JOHN DOE

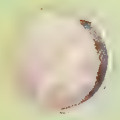
Mrs. Doe felt very, very hurt.
John completely forgot their tenth anniversary!
She had worn her new dress,
And had carefully made-up, with just
The right shade of powder and lipstick —
But he merely remarked that she looked
"A little tired around the eyes".
After a good cry, she took stock of herself —
Her eyelashes *had* become wispy
And her brows were a *puzzle!*
No wonder she looked tired and washed-out.
That very day she read about MAYBELLINE
Just as you are doing —
And look at Mrs. Doe NOW!

MORAL: *It's a wise wife who keeps a pretty eye on her husband!*

Mrs. Doe's lashes now appear long, dark and lovely, with a few simple brush-strokes of MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form — both are non-smarting and tear-proof).

Mrs. Doe's eyebrows now have character and expression, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mrs. Doe blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her eyelids —her eyes appear sparkling and more colorful!



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